

## HOW BILL ARP FEELS.

Declares That North Has no Right to Dictate to South.

SAYS LYNCHINGS WILL GO ON.

The Bartow Philosopher Declares That we Must Settle the Question—Scores Some of the News.

I am not happy. Some months ago I wrote to our yankee friends that if they were gentlemen they would apologize for all they done to us during that devilish letter on the line and that was from a native born federal soldier who said he was friendly and that if I would write out an apology and send it to him he would sign it. He seemed to be properly repentant. And now comes to this editor of The New York Herald down here to investigate our lynching business and to philosophize upon it, and he says the north made a mistake in giving the negro the right of suffrage, but he doesn't apologize. He was one of the prime leaders in the whole business and speaks of it as a mistake. It was no mistake. It was malicious ignorance, and why doesn't he say so? It has taken him and his folks thirty years to find out they knew but little about us and nothing about the negro. Senator Ingalls has got more sense and more candor. He came down to Texas ten years ago to investigate and went home and wrote a letter in which he said the negro was not fit for the ballot and that the north had made an egregious blunder in giving it to him. He didn't apologize, but he came pretty near it.

Now, a mistake doesn't involve any moral turpitude, but a malicious blunder does. The time has passed for any more trucking. The stage of desperation is upon the South and political humility to the North has passed. We have never felt that humility, but our politicians have preached it and tried to get something from the public crib by pretending we were humble when we were not.

The truth is that the North is responsible for every outrage and every lynching at the South. Here is the Atlanta Age, a negro paper that is published by W. A. Pledger, that copies every venomous article from the New York papers about the Sam Hose business, and Pledger writes to The New York Sun that he is shocked at Governor Candler's utterances and he says the good negroes at the South are opposed to these outrages on our women. The paper is pregnant with comment on the lynching. I reckon that is all right, for the liberty of the press must not be restricted. But nevertheless these utterances from Pledger's paper go through the educated negro element and settles its convictions and thereby comes some more outrages and some more lynchings. New York niggers come out in their papers and advise the shotgun and the torch in retaliation, and those things are copied in the nigger papers at the South.

But here is the comfort: Uncle Sam is still helping me in my garden and doesn't know and doesn't care anything about all this business. He says he was born a slave and for thirty years has been a freeman and has always found that if a colored man done his duty the white man done his. Uncle Sam has a large family and through these Republican influences they have been corrupted and demoralized and he has a lot of grandchildren who don't know their own father and the old man is grieved.

I was ruminating about all this and how these negroes have all been fooled about Grant and Lincoln being their friends and were fighting to free them, when there is not a word of truth in it. Neither of them cared a continental dime for the negro and both of them were more concerned about their own successes than anything else. But I have had great regard for Lincoln.

He was a much better man than his party and his death was a calamity to the South. I have recently received a little volume entitled "The Genesis of Abraham Lincoln." It is carefully and affectionately written by James H. Cathey, of Western North Carolina, and its unprejudiced perusal will convince any man that Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe, and that Nancy Hanks was a good orphan girl who served in Enloe's family. The affidavits and other evidences establish this beyond dispute. Old Father Abraham Enloe was a second Abraham and poor Nancy Hanks a second Hager and for the same reason she was sent away from the paternal homestead to keep peace in the family. The father of her child had great regard for her and placed her with his relatives in Kentucky, where she afterwards married Thomas Lincoln. Some of the witnesses to these facts are now ninety years old and have passed all desire to deceive anybody. The descendants of this Enloe family are numerous and their testimony has been taken from North Carolina, Missouri and Texas, and all confirm the story. All the very old people in North Carolina were familiar with the girl Nancy Hanks and the Enloe family and old man Enloe's acknowledgment of the child's paternity and why he sent this modern Hager and her Ismael away.

But this is no new thing. During the war it was talked of in the army and Lincoln was denounced by the entire Todd family, into which he married. Fifteen years ago, while I sojourned in Western North Carolina, I found the story current that Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe and was named for him by his mother, Nancy Hanks. Now, Mr. Cathey writes a pretty little book about it and his excuse is that the truth cannot hurt the living or the dead; that Abraham Lincoln was America's most remarkable man, and there should be no attempt to cloud the life of a real hero. Cicero says that the first law of history is that it should neither care to say anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true.

It is, therefore, the sole purpose of this little book to prove that this wonderful man was not without ancestors. His mother was Nancy Hanks. If he was the son of a worthy sire the world is entitled to know who that sire was, whence he came and what his characteristics. The custodians of this history of Abraham Lincoln are numbered by scores and hundreds of the first people—men and women of western North Carolina, for the Enloes were a large and influential family and their descendants have intermarried with many distinguished people. But I do not propose to review the book. It is an interesting and remarkable revelation, and is written by an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Lincoln, and establishes beyond question his paternity. Abraham Enloe was himself an extraordinary man—the father of thirteen children; and his photo-ra his likeness to this particular son is very striking, both in form and feature. Both were the same height and had the same long, unshapely limbs.

This little book of 175 pages was written by James R. Cathey, of Bryson City, N. C., and is kind in motive and classic in style. I thought when I first opened it that perhaps it had better not have been written, but on its perusal I believe that it is better for the whole truth to be told than that this remarkable man's gensie should continue to be uncertain and unknown.

I am now trying to solve another problem: the problem of how best to destroy the potato bug or beetle. Last year I tried Paris green and was not satisfied. I am now knocking them off morning and evening and hoeing the ground around the plants, and think that I have whipped the fight. This will do for the garden, but not for the field. Professor Starnes will tell us a better way, I hope, for he is a scientific genius and the most enthusiastic experimenter I have ever met. Last week I visited the experiment station at Athens, of which he has charge, and was delighted with the progress he has made on the university

farm. He is absorbed in his work and I am sure he will make it a great success.

"How is it," said I to him, "that you can be so enthusiastic over something that you do not own and never will?" He smiled and said:

"Six years" work in this business at Griffin and here has created within me an absorbing love for it and I feel like this little farm and garden and orchard were all mine. My ambition is not only to make it a success practically, but to benefit the people by improved methods and by remedies for the failures and disasters that are incident to the profession."

He has now ten pupils under him and expects to have half a hundred in August. I hope the state will encourage him in his good work, for like Smithson, his desire is to disseminate knowledge among men.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

### Sugar and Its History.

Sugar is a constituent of most plants, in greater or less degree, at some period of their growth. The cereal grains, formerly supposed to be merely store-houses of starch, have lately been found to contain notable quantities of sucrose or saccharose, the specific name used by chemists to distinguish the substance in question from its carbohydrates possessing a sweet taste. The popular name for this substance, however, cane sugar, indicates the plant containing it in sufficient abundance to first attract the attention of mankind. This plant probably originated in Asia, whence it has spread gradually to all tropical regions, its easy propagation from eyes on the cane itself assisting materially in its dissemination. The cultivation of this plant for its sweet qualities stretches far back into the past, "sweet canes" being mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, and its use in China probably antedated even this mention; yet the extraction of sugar from its juice, and especially the use of the substance as a separate article of food, is a matter of comparatively recent date.

For centuries it was used in Europe only as a confection or as a medicine, and it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, a hundred or more years after it was first cultivated in the Eastern Hemisphere, that it began to be an article of commerce and was imported to any extent into Europe. Once begun, however, its modern development down to the present day, when it constitutes one of the world's greatest industries, the product of which reaches the consumer for the greater part as a chemically pure article, is little short of marvelous; in truth, its history cannot be surpassed in interest by that of any line of human endeavor.—North American Review.

### Plight of a Nurse in Cuba

An army nurse but lately returned from Cuba to Washington declares that never again will she go to a country whose language she cannot understand. It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked. The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered, and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst.

In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life or death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death. She led the Cuban woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says," he whispered feebly, "she says the stripes in your pink shirt waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."—Washington Star.

### Do Birds Eat Butterflies?

Naturalists have as yet been unable to give a decisive answer to the question, Do birds eat butterflies or not? Some unhesitatingly answer it in the negative, while others as positively maintain that owing to lack of sufficient data no one is as yet warranted in giving a decisive answer. In the last number of the Revue Scientifique there is an interesting article on the subject which seems to show that some birds certainly eat butterflies. The writer, referring to the recent journey of M. Katharina through Central Asiatic Turkey, says: "On one occasion M. Katharina saw a large number of butterflies hunted by birds. In a short time many butterflies were killed. The survivors managed to conceal themselves under some herbage and the birds did not disturb them any more. In spite, therefore, of certain assertions to the contrary, it can safely be stated that birds do to some extent prey upon butterflies. At the same time it is worthy of note that birds do not pursue butterflies except when the latter are flying."

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