

LETTER FROM BILL ARP.

AUTHORSHIP OF A POEM STARTS A DISCUSSION.

Rejoice of Heretofore Hamination Over Many Things That Are and Others That Might Be.

The last letter I had about the poem was anonymous. Of course, it was, for it read:

"Men want but little here below, So young and foolishly they say, But woman wants it all, you know, And wants it right away."

Mrs. Arp was sewing on some infantile garments as I quietly laid the machine on her lap. She neither smiled nor frowned nor stopped the play of her needle as she remarked: "Maybe they do, but they don't get it nor expect it."

"I reckon," said I, "that some stinging old benedict wrote that; some fellow who would spend more money on his horse than on his wife."

"No," said Mrs. Arp, "it was some old bachelor whose rejected addresses have made him cynical, and like Byron he vents his rage in doggerel. When you go down town I wish you would see Mr. Hlick about that ding-dong chair. Maybe he can put a new case bottom in it. We need it sometimes when we have company; and that old sideboard ought to be revamped and have new knobs. Do you know how old that sideboard is?"

"Yes," said I, "Jim Sumter made it in 1840. He was one of the best men and best workmen I ever knew. I paid him \$50 for the sideboard. He was a well-read, well-bred man, a good neighbor and a good citizen, and I have respect for the sideboard. It is like an epitaph on his tombstone and seems to read: 'Sacred to the memory of... Yes, I will see Mr. Hlick about the sideboard. Is there anything else in his line that you want?'"

"No," she said, "but you know we are obliged to have another extension table. We gave one to Jessie when she was married and have been using one that was left here three years ago and now the owner has settled down and wants it. You had better attend to this right away."

"Right away, right away," I mused. "But woman wants it all, you know, And wants it right away." Mrs. Arp looked at me and remarked "I want these things for you and the children. It's precious little that I want for myself now."

"I know it, I know it, my dear," said I. "There was a time when you wanted a good deal for yourself and it pleased me to gratify your every wish and more than you asked for. Nothing was too good for you when I had the money. Silks and satins, lawns and muslins, carriages and horses. Wilton carpets and damask curtains, and so forth, and so on, at catera, a paribus unum. But Anno Domini kept rolling on and the war came and I discovered that you were gradually losing your concern for yourself, and all your care was for your children. I was ruminating about this while you were stitching away so earnestly upon that little garment for now your love and care have lapped over to another generation. The little grandchildren have come in for a share of your maternal love, and your personal wants have come down to a minimum. Of course, you must be clothed as becomes the maternal head of numerous and lovely offspring, for you are not a queen you have retired to your home nearly as long as Queen Victoria has in England and—"

"Well, that will do now," said my wife. "You had better go to town, Aunt Ann says the rice is out and the coffee too."

I was ruminating, said I, "how fortunate it was that your ambition surrendered about the time my money did. You ceased to crave fine things as I used to get you. You adapted your wants to our misfortune. Why 40 years ago I would not have let you go about in that grizzly gray muslin. I had a contempt for cheap things, especially for you; didn't I, my dear?"

You certainly did, said she, with a kind of ad, reminiscent smile in her tone of voice, "but this muslin is good enough now. But you better go to town. There are four little grandchildren here to dinner, and Aunt Ann wants the rice right away."

"And wants it right away," I hummed to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Somehow I can't get that refrain out of my mind—"And wants it right away."

Sometimes I think that men don't understand nor appreciate woman's wants. She is created with a love for the beautiful, for ornament, for flowers and gems and jewels and gold and silverware and diamonds and fine lines. She can't help her nature, and this very nature proves that she is nearer heaven than we are. What do I care for diamonds? Not a cent. I wouldn't give a dollar for a bushel of them. An old fashioned tin waiter with flowers painted on it is as good as silver open to me. I wouldn't wash the window glass more than once a year, and a wash basin suits me as well as a china basin. But I recognize the fact that I am a man with an unrefined nature. The 12 gates of the New Jerusalem that are made of precious stones are no attraction to me; neither are the gold-paved streets that St. John saw in his vision. But still I have hope of getting there and becoming more refined, for I do love flowers and pretty fruits and orange trees and luscious grapes and beautiful scenery and mountains and the great waters of the mighty sea. My wife and my daughters can spend half a day in looking at the beautiful things in the show windows in Atlanta, but I never stop to gaze or admire, except, perhaps, to look at the photograph's display or the life-like models of lovely women that seem smiling at my three-score and ten. Reading and observation teach me that all good

THE LAND OF THE SKY.

SOME OF ITS BEAUTIES PAINTED IN WORDS.

Others that think their way to the Sea—On the Mountains in the Heart When the Shallows Deepen—And Again When the Sun Comes in the Morning!—A Stairway on Whose Ascent of Gold Heart and Hope and Faith and Life Miss Heavenward Be Signs.

Dr. J. T. Johnson, Sec'y of the Baptist Home Mission Board.

Some years ago for the first time I crossed the Land of the Sky from Morristown, Tenn., to Salisbury, N. C. The greater part of the railway had been recently constructed, and the train ran cautiously and slowly over the newly opened line.

Leaving Morristown about 9 a. m., we reached Point Rock on the North Carolina line about 12 m., and began our delightful trip up the French Broad river. It was an October day, and with scarcely a cloud to cast a shadow upon mountain or river. The delay for dinner at the Warm Springs shortened the remaining hours of the never-to-be-forgotten day. With deliberate speed the train followed every curvature of the French Broad as it turned from side to side seeking, through that channel it has chiseled in the everlasting rocks, its pathway to the sea.

This noted river finds its birthplace among the cliffs of the Blue Ridge not far from Caesar's Head in South Carolina. Calling together its tributaries from every side it unites them into a broad flood that northeastward flows down the easy slope of the beautiful valley and wets at Asheville the sparkling Swannanoa that comes leaping like a few down the western slope of the living wall which separates the depressed mountain plateaus from the Piedmont valleys of the east. Thus reinforced, the two turn their faces to the west and prepare to break through the mountain ranges, chain after chain, until at last their imprisoned waters flow out into the great valley that from Pennsylvania to Alabama divides the Blue Ridge from the Allegheny. This contact of the ages is not yet ended. The mighty river has indeed cut its way through the mountain barriers and gained the wide valley down which it flows to the great Father of Waters, but everywhere the mountain ranges rising close on either side like broken battle lines still hold their position, seek to throw across the opening a new formation to imprison these flowing waters forever.

Nothing could exceed the varied beauty of the changing scenery as the train slowly followed every winding of the river, clinging closely to the water side. Here the stream with arrowy swiftness poured through the deep and narrow channel it had worn by the labor of ages into the locking rocks. Here, as though weary with its efforts, it dallied in slow running eddies under banks of ferns and wild roses, while the over-arching trees with their long willowy branches stooped over and kissed the sleeping waters. And here brawling over a rocky bed it broke into a wide sheet of foam, and hurried by as though it had heard its answer to the call for help from its far distant mother—the moaning sea.

As you lifted your eyes upward here the shadows on the mountains deepened the green of the forest verdure and there the floods of sunshine mellowed it into tints of gold. Here the bald and blackened cliff rose unimpeded to the clouds, and there clothed in a soft mantle of ferns and wild roses, like sentinels guarding the inner shrine of this sanctuary of the wild world. At last the parting beams of the dying day, like Moses, climbed to the mountain tops to bid the world farewell, and the silent shadows were lifted from the vales to cover the sleeping world.

As we reached Asheville just "as the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." The train resumed its journey to Salisbury with the morning light, so I sought the mountain hotel and retired to rest at the usual hour. I could not sleep. The recollections of the day lingered in my soul. Had I been permitted to walk through Eden before sin had stained its glories, and seen what, since its unopening gates have been forever barred, no human eye can see—I should scarce have been more enraptured by its remembrance than I was the night before.

Before the dawn I had descended from my chamber to the office where, fortunately for me, the proprietor was on watch. "You are awake early," said he. "It is more than an hour before your train. Have you ever been in Asheville before? Would you like to see the sun rise from the top of the hotel? You have plenty of time." In a few minutes an opening in the roof let us out into the cool air of the morning. At first all was dark except a streak of gray down upon the western horizon. Then as our eyes grew more accustomed to the dark, and the light slowly increased, there came out the dim and ghostly outlines of the giant mountains emerging from the floods of darkness.

Far away to the east the narrow line of glowing crimson was broadening on the upward-sloping sky. The stars were falling in the glowing light. The arrowy beams of the morning day were transforming the mist of morning into the light of heaven. Just in front of us old Pisgah's bold and craggy summit smitten by the coming star had fallen upon her and invited her with its molten glories.

Far away westward peak after peak in meeting the rising day. Balsam and Clingman and Serot and the Watchers are all glow as though the watchers of heavenly guards had been kindled on their summits. A hundred more are joining in the line of glory. Stand-

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BURNED HER MONEY.

But the Ashes Were Reunited Under a Microscope by the Treasury Department and the Full Amount Returned, New York Times.

On that day Mrs. O'Reilly, who lives at 247 East One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, was busy housecleaning, and little Tommy, who was on a visit to her, was playing in the kitchen. Seeing that his aunt was engaged and tiring of the usual forms of enjoyment, Tommy set about upon an exploring expedition. He started in at the bureau drawers, and soon discovered a fat pocketbook. His infantile fancy conceived that it would be capital fun to throw the pocketbook into the kitchen range and watch it burn. In an instant he had the lid of the range off, and in a moment he was clapping his hands and gleefully laughing at the flames as they danced about the leather pocketbook.

In the rear room his aunt detected the smell of burning leather, and, hurrying into the kitchen, asked Tommy what he was doing. He said he had heard her approaching footsteps, and hastily replaced the lid on the stove. He declared that he "was doing nothing." But the smell was there, and Mrs. O'Reilly opened the stove and saw the effect of smoldering. She hurried to the bureau drawer, and placed the pocketbook. She asked Tommy if he denied. She played a tacket on Tommy, and he confessed that he had thrown the pocketbook into the stove.

Mrs. O'Reilly quickly fished the smoldering leather from the flames and carefully opened it. Only a mass of burned paper confronted her. She was incredulous, for in the pocketbook had been one ten-dollar bill, seven fives, five ones, and one two-dollar bill, the savings of many months.

She tried hard to make something out of the ashes, but all that was visible was a corner of the ten-dollar bill. She took the burned pocketbook and its contents to the agent of the house in which she resides, John Messer, whose office is at 147 East One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, and explained the matter to him. On July 27 he drew up an affidavit, which she signed, setting forth the contents of the pocketbook and the manner of its destruction, and the following day the pocketbook and ashes were delivered at the Sub-Treasury, in Wall Street, together with the affidavit.

Mrs. O'Reilly was still brooding her loss Saturday morning, when the postman whistled in the hall and called out: "Mrs. Kate O'Reilly." Mrs. O'Reilly hurried down stairs and was handed an official-looking document, bearing the stamp of the United States Treasury Department. She tore it open, and was almost overcome on seeing a check for \$30 bearing the name of the Treasury Department and several signatures. Along with it was a letter, stating that the ashes in the pocketbook had been examined under a glass, and all that could be made out were sections of a ten, five five-dollar bills, and of a one-dollar bill.

The Judge's Daughter. The judge looked serious, and the judge's daughter was properly demure, says the Chicago Post. If there is anyone who knows when to look very quiet and demure it is the judge's daughter.

"Young Atkins was here last evening," said the judge, and the judge's wife was something awful to behold as he said it.

"Was he, papa?" asked the judge's daughter.

"Was he!" roared the judge. "Don't you know that he was?"

"Oh, of course, I know that he was," but you were making a statement, and not asking a question, and I have often heard you say that in a thing it was policy to admit anything. "It is true enough to admit a thing," I have heard you say, "after the other side has proved it. I have entered no denial, you know."

The judge mumbled something about the new woman being a little too smart at times, but finally waived the point and suggested that he had personally seen young Atkins on the porch the previous evening.

"Very likely," admitted the judge's daughter, calmly. "I am prepared to concede the fact that he was there, so that it is unnecessary for you to introduce the evidence."

The judge himself admits that no one can be more provoking than his daughter is at times.

"I not only saw him there," continued the judge with some impressiveness, "but I actually saw him kiss you."

"Yes," said the judge's daughter pleasantly. "George is an awful tease."

"A tease!" cried the judge.

"Oh, he just delights in bothering me," explained the judge's daughter.

"Oh, he does, does he?" inquired the judge sarcastically. "Well, it so happens that I saw you return his kiss."

The judge's daughter laughed merrily.

The idea of a man who has devoted his life to law not knowing any better than that, she said. "Why, I was returning the kiss he gave me. I was simply replying to the one he had stolen."

Then it was that the judge gave up the unequal strife and retired to his library, talking to himself in italics.

Four hundred miners went on a strike at Chicago last week.

A woman never really knows the meaning of happiness and content until she is the mother of a healthy, happy child. The health of the child depends on the health of the mother, both before and after birth. Most all women have more strongly influenced the health of children, come from some development or source of the maternity foundation system. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure weakness of the system, it should be taken regularly by every woman during the entire period of gestation. It gives strength to all the organs involved, it cleanses the system, it purifies the blood, it restores the health of the mother and child.



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