

A Trip to the Upper Part of the State.

A short time ago, by medical advice, I betook myself to the celebrated Harris' Lithia Springs which are situated in the lower part of Laurens County, about seventy-five miles as a crow flies from Aiken. I found it a charming place. Mr. Harris by his energy and perseverance has so thoroughly brought before the public the worthiness of his mineral waters, as to compel him to build at the springs a hotel capable of accommodating the influx of people seeking the benefit of the waters. We found the hotel beautiful, fully situated on a commanding site, with a view of almost mountain scenery around it. It is well kept and was well filled with guests from all parts. There was plenty of enjoyment for the old and young—especially for the latter, as a good band of music was on hand affording opportunities for dancing during the day and at night. The Harris Springs Hotel is a more pleasant place for a short visit than most of the mountain hostleries. The best way though to spend awhile from home recuperation is to first go to Harris Lithia Springs, drink the water for a week or two, get thoroughly renovated from feverish, rheumatic, renal and other troubles of the system and then go up to the mountains for a short time for the stimulating and energizing effect of the air of higher altitudes. Harris Lithia Springs is a popular half-way station to summer tourists now, and its popularity will increase every year under the management of its polite and attentive host. We found there several friends and acquaintances from near home and Augusta.

Near the Lithia Springs I was much interested in the "hotting house," where the water is made into "Ginger Ale," Carbonated Lithia Water, "Soda Water" and bottled simply for market. Wagons were constantly being loaded and driven off to the stations with these products of the springs. Mr. Harris will make a fine exhibit of them at the Atlanta Exposition.

From the springs I went up to Laurens and into the country for several miles on a visit. This is a thriving town and seems to think it has a future. The public square was filled with people selling country truck and buying. A new hotel was under construction, a canning factory was in full blast, and the ring of the trowel and hammer was heard a little distance off on the three story cotton factory, which will be the pride of the town.

I thought of our own beautiful Aiken—the prettiest town in the State—how slow she is to enter upon these enterprises, which are so necessary for her advancement, trade and prosperity, and yet she is as capable of them as any country town in the South. Let us hereafter keep up with the procession of prosperous places, which help themselves.

The crops in the up-country have suffered for rain and are not as good as they are in our section; but the people are hopeful and believe that good times are near at hand—Cor Aiken Journal and Review.

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