

Presbyterian Preaching.

Next Sunday, the 19th inst., the Rev. J. N. Plowden will preach at Roper's school house.

First Prize.

Little Curran Maud Hartley took the first prize at the close of our High School on last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Two New Ones.

Urbie George for Congress and H. C. P. Dixon, Esq. of Columbia, for Solicitor. These are the only two new announcements this week.

An Appreciated Invitation.

We are under obligations to Miss Lora Stevens, a matriculate of the Greenville Female College, for an invitation to the fourteenth anniversary of the Hudson Literary Society.

Board of Health.

Our town Board of Health will make, on next Wednesday, the 22nd inst., an inspection of the premises of each and all. Let there be a general getting ready for inspection.

Sundry, Succulent Sides.

Marshall Barnes, colored, was committed to our jail one day last week, charged with breaking into Mr. J. C. Ralston's smoke house and stealing sun-dry, succulent, savory sides.

Edgefield in Augusta.

Mr. M. P. Holstein, formerly of this place, is now a salesman in the dry goods emporium of Mullarky & Hart, 310 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga., where he will be pleased to serve his friends and the public.

Eight Pounds a Week.

A young gentleman from Augusta, who has been spending several weeks in Edgefield has gained eight pounds per week. Charles Dobson will tell you who it is, because he is the man who fattened him.

Watch Club.

If you wish to get a watch, gold or silver, by paying only \$1 a week, call at the jewelry establishment of R. L. Fox and he will let you into the secret. It is a good scheme for you, reader, if you need or wish a good time-piece.

A Big Fish.

Last week Messrs. Frank and Sam Timmons went to Langley fishing, and while there caught an enormous catfish which required their united strength to get it out of the water and safely landed on terra firma. It weighed fourteen pounds.

All Profit.

We have found it out at last and here it is. It isn't making too much cotton that hurts us, but too little of the other things. If you make enough of the other things your cotton crop is all profit. Don't you see? It's a wonder you hadn't thought of it before.

Said it on Tillman.

Boat Strom tells us of an old lady living near Parkville; an anti-Tillman old lady, who set a hen four weeks ago. Last week she came off the nest and not a single egg hatched. The old lady says Tillman was the cause of it.

Schedule of Abominations.

The present schedule which obtains in our "Old" Tumbler is a miserable makeshift—a schedule of abominations. Capt. Brunson says it's the worst schedule within his recollection so far as mails are concerned.

S. C. R. R. Sale.

The sale of the South Carolina Railroad, which has been ordered by Judge Simonton, may affect our own "Old Tumbler," as it is leased by the South Carolina Railroad. We don't mean that the sale will affect it disadvantageously for our town, in fact, the present schedule of abominations couldn't be more abominable if old Satan was in charge of it.

An Opportunity.

Messrs. A. J. Fox and A. B. Connor, two estimable young gentlemen from Lexington, S. C., are in Edgefield this week in the interest of the Carolina Teacher, a journal devoted exclusively to educational matters. These young gentlemen also represent the State agent, Mr. P. E. Rowell, in the sale of the American Encyclopedia Britannica.

Go and See.

If cotton is 9 or ten cents a pound next fall, as now seems probable, and if Edgefield makes a big crop, as also seems likely, then Edgefield farmers will have a heap of money, and they can't find a better thing to do with it than to spend some with Ramsey & Bland. Mr. John Schumpert is in charge of Ramsey & Bland's establishment in this place. If the good Lord ever made an honest man we believe he made one when he made John Schumpert. Read this firm's new and big advertisement in this issue.

Personal Mention.

Miss Minnie Lanham is visiting her aunt in the country.

Prof. and Mrs. J. F. Killebrew are in the city.

Miss Lillie Jones is visiting friends at Batesburg and Ridge Spring.

Judge W. F. Roath has moved into his new office in the new Advertiser building. This office is in the extreme north-east corner.

Miss Agnes Griffin has gone to Perry, Ga., where her father resides.

Miss Manie Lake has returned to Edgefield after sojourning a few weeks in the Elmwood section.

Miss Florence McDonald, of Philadelphia, will come this week to spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Capt. DuBose.

Mr. H. P. Holstein is clerking in Augusta for Mullarky & Hart.

Miss Permelia Jennings is on a visit to friends in Batesburg.

H. C. Patton, Esq. of Columbia, was in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. John Schumpert leaves today (Wednesday) for Brunswick, Ga., on a visit to relatives.

Miss Tweed Hill leaves today (Wednesday) to visit friends in Columbia.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

Mr. John E. Paul Murdered by Negroes.

On last Monday night about 11:30 o'clock Mr. John E. Paul was shot and instantly killed on the front porch or piazza of one Gus Longtree, a negro who lives in the Buncombe portion of our town near the Academy. Just before the hour indicated Mr. Paul, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Decker, and Mr. Leggett walked from town over to the house named, went up the piazza steps, and Mr. Paul asked to have the door opened. The question was asked from the inside of the house: "Mr. Paul, is that you?" And without more ado the door was thrown open. A gun fired and Mr. Paul fell and died almost instantly.

Dr. Tompkins testified before the Coroner's Jury of Inquest that the wound was inflicted by buckshot and was sufficient, in his judgment, to cause death almost instantly. One lung was badly lacerated and the abdomen was much torn by them.

Gus Longtree, Henry Griffin, Sydney Longstreet, and Ella Hodges were in the house at the time.

Gus and Sydney have fled and the testimony indicates that Gus did the shooting and Sydney aided and abetted. Henry Griffin has been arrested and lodged in our jail.

Mr. Paul will be buried from the Baptist Church this, Wednesday morning, by his comrades of the Edgefield Rifles, Mr. Booth preaching the funeral sermon.

LATER.

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury was "that Mr. Paul came to his death from a gun-shot wound in the hands of Henry Griffin. Gus and Sydney Longstreet being accessories to the same."

Teacher, Bible Class.

Our young friend, Joe H. Cantelon, now has charge of the Bible class in our village Baptist Sunday-school.

Home Again.

Miss Mammie Norris, the bright, winsome, and talented daughter of A. J. Norris, president of the Farmers' Bank, returned from Hollins Institute last, Friday, to the delight of a host of friends.

Fish Pond Cutting.

Mr. J. A. Holland will cut the Graham pond, near Red Bank Church, on the 22nd of June. Shares can be bought by application to him, in person or by letter. There will be a barbecue dinner on the same day at the same place. Candidates are invited in fact they couldn't be kept away.

Mine Creek Dots.

Mr. Editor: Again we endeavor to give you a few dots, which we hope may be interesting to the readers of your valuable paper.

We have had a great deal of rain for the last two weeks, which mars the progress of farming somewhat, but we still entertain great hopes that we will be successful. If we can't raise anything else, we have good gardens. I believe our gardens in this community are better than I have seen them in some time.

We feel sad to announce the death of our friend and neighbor, Mr. Amos Whittle, who died on Sunday last, June 5th. We tender our heart felt sympathy to his bereaved family.

My mother has two young spring chickens that fight a great deal, and my youngest brother has named one Ben Tillman and the other he named John Sheppard. John is the larger one of the two, and turns up his feathers and makes as if he is something grand, until Ben comes at him with a crushing vivacity that is intangible, but that necessitates John's capitulation, but it is not John's fault, but just his misfortune.

Our dear old friend, Prof. J. H. Lewis, one of Edgefield's most accomplished gentlemen, has been off to Anderson recently, and our anxiety to know what he went for can not be estimated, but there is one thing, I have several topics in solution, and one of my subjects sometimes calls young gentlemen to go far away to roam o'er unknown waters and lands, to mingle their sighs with the lonely birds of the great forests, to bid farewell to the dear ones at home. And all of this is the result of the fascinating smiles of woman. But the lady that wins the affections of our old friend will be fortunate as he is a man of exquisite taste.

Mr. J. P. Rodgers has a very fine oat crop on Mine Creek this season. Messrs. G. L. Salter and J. A. Rodgers have got a thresher this harvest. Look out, grain raisers, they will soon be around.

Mr. J. H. Lewis has a lovely line of general merchandise in stock at Clintonward now. Buyers, call and inspect his goods and prices, you will be pleased.

Mr. T. L. Storey, of our section, is undoubtedly one of the best orators in the county. He is young,

generous, and hospitable. Thomas bids fair to be a great man some day.

Politics are quiet at present in our vicinity. All, or nearly so, for Farmer Ben again.

The Rev. J. A. Carson preached one of the grandest sermons at Richland Church on Sunday last. He did not preach a political sermon, but touched on it occasionally by saying that he observed that when a political year comes round people fall away from religion. When politics rages, religion suffers, should be our watch words.

Hope to hear from many correspondents.

VAN STAR.

Mine Creek, S. C.

DOTS FROM SOPHIA.

Tillman Babies—Good Crops—And so Forth.

Mr. Editor: I ask space in your paper this week for a few lines from Sophia.

The farmers hereabouts are through harvesting their grain, which they found rather sorry, and they are now ready to go to work. They will have to hustle, or General Green and his army will possess the land. Up to this time, however, the crops are in good condition and the acreage in corn is a large one. We are under the impression that the people are going to eat their own hog and hominy and let the Western people eat theirs, or send it to some other place than Mountain Creek. A plenty of meat at home will help the poor farmer no matter who is Governor.

Tillman said on one occasion that he had the boys in his breeches pocket. I hope he won't be like Mr. Timmerman when he went to his neighbor's house to get some pigs. He put the pigs in a sack and went his way rejoicing, but the pigs kicked out of the sack and left him standing at the Sweet Gum Spring. We hope Gov. Tillman's pocket is made out of good ducking so he can hold the boys in.

I think Mr. G. S. Timmerman has been counting on making a fine chance of Tillman-Smyly beans, but Mr. Smyly has failed to send up his seed.

Mrs. Fannie Griffis is up from Augusta, spending sometime with her people and many friends.

Mr. J. T. Ouzts's school will commence again on the 13th inst.

A fine Sunday-school at Eureka Academy. It meets every Sunday evening, and some of the prettiest girls I ever saw attend, and some of the ugliest boys. They are so ugly that the girls have to slight them occasionally and I think it does 'em good. The little boys hang around the girls like a drove of black birds around a haystack.

It is so annoying to the girl to be bothered with the little ones who ought to be at home driving up the calves and bringing water and waiting on their mummies.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Timmerman are being congratulated on the arrival of twin baby girls. Mr. Timmerman says they are Tillman babies; they are beauties.

On Saturday before the third Sunday in June there will be a children's day at Mount Carmel Church, at which several able speakers will be present. We hope everybody will come and bring baskets well filled, and watch the candidates separate chicken and the bones.

Poor Boy.

Sophia, S. C.

Alumni Association.

Mr. Editor: Will you do me the kindness to announce in the news columns of your paper that the Alumni Association of the South Carolina College will give its first Annual Reception to the Graduating class, in the College Chapel, at Columbia, on the evening of June 28th, next.

Addresses will be made by the President of the Association, Mr. Lewis W. Parker, of Greenville S. C., and the orator of the occasion, Henry Mullins, Esq. of the Marion, S. C., bar. There will be other appropriate exercises.

All old students of the College are requested to attend, and to the public generally a cordial invitation is extended.

By so doing you will confer a favor on the Association, as well as on

Yours truly

FITZ HUGH MCMASTER, Sec. & Treas. Alumni Assn.

A Good Word for It.

Report comes from London of the discovery of the thistle as an article of food for man as well as beast. The thistle certainly has some very fine points.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

When you find a chronic fault finder you generally find a person who loafs too much.

An alloy of 78 per cent gold and 22 per cent aluminium is the most brilliant known.

Hope.

Did it ever occur to you what a world of thought is wrapped up in that little word "hope"? Its very pronunciation makes every bosom bound and burn. It is music to the ear of the young, health to the sick, and life rejuvenated to the old. Poetry makes hope a formation, grief makes it a solace, and desolation makes it the brightest flower that adorns earthly creation while even disappointment and delusion whisper darkness out of the sky of to-day into sunshine of to-morrow. Sobbing sorrow may crush and cripple the soul, but hope gives it new elasticity. Nay, it may be humiliation in the dust, but hope will raise it up again. Hope is man's birthright, which after all his blameworthy delusions, and mockeries, never makes him ashamed to hope, nor everts his airy fancies may allure him, and smiling faces beguile him into treachery, but hope fits eternal around the human head and breast, and hangs the rainbow on the blackest cloud in all the chaste sparklings of an angel from immortal life. Thunder-bolts may leap from the fair bow in the clouds, and hope vanish as a fair scorcher from that bright spot, but the fascinating form soon appears elsewhere in fairer robes than ever, and with a wreath of flowers to crown the child of endless disappointments. Now when you connect the word "hope" with "salvation," then what a wonderful word it becomes! At once it comes to measure man's most delightful Christian attainment. Indeed, so intimately it is associated with practical godliness, that religion itself is called a "good hope through grace. More than this, our God is called the God of hope, our Saviour called Christ our hope, and his finished work is known as "the hope set before us in the Gospel," while those who accept him are said "to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."—The Rev. Dr. Armitage.

Facing a Lion.

In one of the side shows connected with the circus was a cage with a single lion in it. On the cage was a placard reading: "This beast has killed ten men. One thousand dollars to any one who dares enter his cage. A big sign to the same effect was hung up out doors and those who didn't go in to see the fat boy and the mermaid surely wanted to gaze on the lion. There was a good crowd in, and the lecturer was about to begin on the mermaid, when a little old man, who was bowlegged, and humpbacked, crowded to the front and said:

"Look here. I want a try for that \$1,000. Gimme a show at that lion."

"My friend, do you want to be torn into dog meat?" asked the lecturer in reply. "You wouldn't live thirty seconds after entering the cage."

"Is he a Numidian?"

"He is, and one of the most savage beasts ever captured."

"Well, I'd like to tackle him."

"You want to run considerable risk. Gimme a fair show, will ye?"

"You keep right away from his cage. No man in liquor should get within ten feet of a Numidian lion."

"I have't drunk a drop of licker in ten years!" indignantly exclaimed the old man.

"You ain't willin' to give a man a show?"

He backed off, and the lecturer delivered the usual oration on the mermaid. He was about to begin on the fat boy when the Numidian lion uttered a series of roars, and everybody's attention was attracted to the cage. The little old man had slipped around and opened the door and entered. Not only that but he had that lion by the tail and was drawing him backward around the cage. Men shouted and women shrieked, and the lecturer rushed forward and shrieked:

"Man! man but you must be mad."

"Never felt better natured in my life!" replied the old man as he stopped to rest.

"Come out or you'll be torn to pieces!"

"I rath'er guess not! There's only one Numidian critter in here, and he don't seem to be on the tear very much. He up, here, you old mossa-back, and take another promenade!"

He was drawing the beast around the cage again when the lecturer entered it and said something in a low voice.

"Make it ten and I'll do it!" replied the old man in loud tones, "You said you'd give a thousand, but being it's hard times for money I'll let you off easy. Make 'er ten and pay me before I let go of his tail."

It was handed to him then and there and he descended, wiped his hands on the grass and feelingly observed to the circle of admirers:

"Durn my hide but when a man brings any sort of a thing into this town and sends out a defi I'm right on deck! That's the fust critter from Numidia I ever tackled, but I'll be lookin for more from this on. Everybody come out and have some red lemonade with me!"—New York Sun.

A steel rail lasts, with average wear, about eighteen years.

A recent census bulletin states that the national debt of the United States at the close of 1890 was \$891,660,000. The State and local debt of the United States was \$1,136,110,000. The aggregate national debts of foreign countries, \$26,621,223,000.

Dancing.

Here is what a purely secular paper, the New York Journal of Education, says about dancing:

A great deal can be said about dancing, for instance, the Chief of Police of New York City says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing, which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of the one increases the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skilful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of dances. So sex is the spirit of the dance. Take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungody balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sew to the wind and both rear the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality, and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

A Complicated Instrument.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a tool box, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect working order. Two of these instruments are exact counterparts of the surgeon's lance, one is a spear with a double-barbed head, the fourth is a needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and a pump going to make up the complement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lances or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all six of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the insect's stomach.

When Finished.

Busy persons, forced to defend themselves from interminable talkers, who have little to say, can appreciate a hint to which Henry IV. of France once resorted. A parliamentary deputy called upon him and made a long speech.

The king listened patiently for a time, then he decided that his visitor would do well to condense his remarks. He took him by the hand and led him to where they could see the gallery of the Louvre.

"What do you think of that building? When it is finished it will be a good thing, will it not?"

"Yes," replied the man of many words, not guessing what was coming next.

"Well, monsieur, that is just the way with your discourse," was the king's mild observation.—Youth's Companion.

Some one has said that a man never realizes how much valuable advice his neighbors have to give until he has had some of their criticism.

Teachers' Institute.

The Teachers' Normal Institute will be held at Edgefield commencing the 24th of this month and will continue for three weeks.

Professors LANIER and SPEERMAN and Miss WOODROW will conduct it. All teachers are urged to attend and those who do so will also be notified at once so homes can be prepared for them.

JOHN B. HILL, S. C. E. C.

Executive Committee of Edgefield Co.

YOU are hereby requested to meet at Y. Edgefield C. H. on the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m. Important business to transact.

By order W. H. TIMMERMAN, Chairman.

W. A. STROM, Secretary.

Notice.

A CONFERENCE of friends of the A. Reform or Tillman party will be held at Edgefield on the second Monday, July 1st, at 10 o'clock a. m., to consider matters of importance pertaining to the campaign.

It is desired that one or two representative reformers from the bounds of each club in the county shall attend this conference.

J. M. GAINES, W. H. YELDELL, R. B. WATSON, W. H. TIMMERMAN.

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EDGEFIELD COUNTY.

Court Common Pleas.

J. N. FAIR, et al. against Mrs. MARY F. BRUNSON, et al.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of the decree in this cause, I will sell at 10 o'clock a. m., to the highest bidder, the following described realty, to wit:

All that tract or parcel of land in Edgefield county, South Carolina, and being a portion of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Fair, on the south side of Horn's Creek, and containing one hundred and fifty-five and one-half (155½) acres, more or less, beginning at a stake in Horn's Creek on the north side thereof, being the corner between Frank Bettis's land and the Homestead land, S. 3d. 25 ch. to a large white oak marked III; S. 4½. E. 31.58-100 ch. to a stake; N. 65½. E. 18 ch. to a rock corner; S. 56. E. 18.27-100 to a rock corner, being the corner between Frank Bettis, Ben Jones and the Fair estate; S. 59. W. 2½ ch. to a poplar marked I; S. 30. W. 17.30-100 ch. to a willow by McCulloch branch, down McCulloch branch to the junction of said branch, with a smaller branch, and marked by a large poplar therein, in the said smaller branch; northeast section to a stake at its source, thence N. 15. W. 31.87-100 ch. to Horn's Creek and up said creek to the beginning.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half cash, and the balance on a credit of one year, with interest from date of sale. Purchaser to give bond and mortgage to secure the credit portion.

Papers extra.

W. F. ROATH, Master E. C.

To School Trustees.

Section 1 of an act of the Legislature, approved Dec. 22, 1891, reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That the trustees of the several school districts in the county shall report to the County Auditor the names of all taxable pollers in their respective districts, and said Auditor shall enter the same upon the tax duplicate to be furnished the County Treasurer. That said names so furnished shall be published annually in a newspaper published at the county seat once a week for three consecutive weeks, and where there is no paper published at the county seat, then in some other paper having general circulation in the county.

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by said section I call upon School Trustees of all the school districts in Edgefield county to make to me at once a full and complete list of persons in their respective districts who are liable to poll tax.

J. R. DAVIS, Co. Auditor.

Danger in Crowding the Toes.

It is well known that the connection between the nerves in the feet, and especially those in the great toe, and the brain and general nervous organization is strong. Dr. Brown-Séquard mentions a patient who, whenever he bore the weight of his body on the toes of his right foot, became violently insane. He also speaks of another case where pressure on the toe caused severe nervous paroxysms.

These cases simply show the importance of a proper care of the feet, a portion of the body that many people neglect. They think that they can crowd their feet into tight shoes and abuse them without serious results. They can't do it, however. This crowding of five toes into a space not large enough for three, results in pressing the joints out of shape and sometimes making them inactive and powerless. No man with his toes half paralyzed can walk properly. The control of the toes is necessary for a springy step. Broad soles and low heels give room for all the toes and allow perfect freedom of action to every muscle. People who have false standards of beauty for the feet, however, insist on wearing a shoe that is not natural in shape, and the result is great discomfort, and in some cases death.

As a consequence of these abuses we are forgetting how to walk properly. Perhaps you don't believe it, but just watch the parade on Broadway some fine afternoon and see how few men and women walk on the street as if they were not conscious of tight shoes and deformed feet.—Interview in New York Sun.

The Age of Coal Burning.

I have heard that when King Hudson, in the zenith of his fame, was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied, that by that time we should have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious.

A so-called "water gas" may no doubt be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal.

The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising free appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal—Robert Ball in Fortnightly Review.

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