

THE BOY PREACHER.

John Wesley Shields, Formerly of Anderson, S. C., Aged 8 Years.

Atlanta Journal. Atlanta has produced a prodigy in the person of John Wesley Shields, an eight year old pupil at Fair street school, who has developed wonderful oratorical powers.

They call him the "Young Sam Jones" around St. Paul's Methodist Church, on Hunter street, where he preached Saturday afternoon and yesterday, to large and attentive congregations.

John is an intelligent looking little black-eyed boy, and has all the air and dignity of a grown-up man. He is still in the second grade at school, but is very fond of Bible study and has learned his favorite chapter, John 14th, almost by heart.

He has a slight impediment in his speech, natural in one so young, but when he gets under way his delivery is splendid and he is a very interesting talker.

"If there ever was a born preacher in the world he is one," said his mother, who lives near the corner of Moore street on Hunter, his father being a barber in the Kimball house block. "He has been preaching for a year and a half and anybody listening at him might think that he had been taught what he knows, but this is not so.

"He says that whatever he utters God tells him to say, and he never repeats the same sermon, but talks in a different way every time and his delivery is as free as that of a trained minister.

"We came from Virginia about a year and a half ago. My husband is Rev. J. W. Shields, a local preacher connected with St. Paul's Church, and eight months ago John Wesley became a member of the Church. This summer we went up to Anderson, S. C., on a visit, and while there he preached twice in the Wesleyan Church.

Saturday afternoon he preached at the children's meeting at St. Paul's, and again Sunday afternoon. He preached in nearly every grade of the school and seems to be a born orator and preacher.

Rev. Mr. Diamond, pastor of St. Paul's, has been conducting a children's meeting on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and on Saturday afternoon he called on John Wesley Shields. The little fellow responded and preached a very strong sermon of fifteen minutes length, from the text "Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out."

"He told the children," said Mr. Diamond, in speaking of the sermon, "that they might sow their wild oats and do evil deeds while they were young, but that they might rest assured that their sins would find them out."

"He cited the cases of Tom Delk, Arthur Haney and young Spinks. 'See,' said he, 'what a drink of free whiskey cost Arthur Haney. It cost him his life. Be sure your sin will find you out. It found those boys out and they were made to suffer. It will find you out likewise if you continue in your sinful course.'

"His sermon was a surprise to all who heard him. Sunday afternoon I called on him again, and at first he told me that he had promised to preach for the holiness people up town, but he changed his mind, and at the children's meeting he appeared with his Bible in hand.

"I called him inside the chancel and he opened his Bible and read a lesson, announcing his text, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open unto me I will enter in and sup with him and he shall sup with me.'

"The sermon that followed was a masterly effort for one so young, and would have done credit to a grown-up preacher. He is a wonderful little fellow and is a natural orator and as fervent in his delivery as if he had been crained for the ministry.

"About a year and a half ago he was in our infant class, and he seemed to develop the idea of preaching from talks that he had with my wife. He first began preaching to the children in his mother's yard, and from that he began preaching at school, and now he is developing into a regular Methodist preacher."

The parents of the child are both deeply religious people, his father being a local Methodist preacher, and John Wesley has been brought up in a ministerial atmosphere.

He seems to absorb scriptural knowledge, and every night before his father comes home, John Wesley summons the rest of the family to family prayer just as if he were a man grown.

His mother says there is not the slightest levity in his makeup and that he is in earnest in everything that he does. He is very bright in every way and talks with much seriousness and gravity about his calling, and appears to have made up his mind as to his future vocation as a minister of the gospel.

New York city has a funded debt of nearly \$200,000,000.

Polk Miller's Yarn.

I was seated in front of the hotel talking to a lot of men, who, like myself, felt the oppressive heat of a still July night. There was a drummer near me who was the best ventriloquist I had ever seen. The rest of the company knew of his powers, but I did not, so he concluded to have a little fun out of me. I heard a voice from the third story saying:

"Won't you please come to No. 6. I would like to speak to you." I went up, but found No. 6 unoccupied, with the hallway leading to it filled with a lot of rubbish, over which I stumbled. Calling to the clerk, who was one of the gang below, I inquired who was in No. 6. He replied that there was no one registered for that room. I was puzzled, but never for a moment suspected that I was the victim of a practical joke. Returning to the pavement I began to comment upon the strangeness of the thing, when a voice called me again, saying:

"I made a mistake in the number. Will you please come to No. 16. I am sorry to trouble you." I immediately ran up the three flights of stairs to No. 16, but met with no better luck than before, for this room was dark and unoccupied. I began to get a little mad, for I thought some fellow was up there dodging me. I gave up the search and went back to where the group of men were seated.

"That fellow thinks he's doing something smart," said I. At this the crowd broke forth in a hearty laugh and the perpetrator of the joke made the most humble apology, saying: "We just wanted to have a little fun at your expense, sir. I am a ventriloquist."

His chair was next to mine, and the "sell" was so complete and so surprising that I enjoyed it as much as the rest of them. Some time after that this man and I met in a small town in North Carolina.

While standing on the street corner, talking, we saw an old darky coming toward us with a fishing pole thrown across his left shoulder, while in his right hand he was carrying a turtle, holding him by the tail. The old fellow's face was wreathed in smiles, for he was thinking of the "turtle" soup he was going to have that day for dinner. I called my ventriloquist friend's attention to the old negro as he came shambling along.

"Ain't he happy," said I. "Visions of turtle soup are floating through his mind." "Wait till he gets up close to me and I'll make that turtle speak to him," said my friend.

"Can you do that?" "Watch me," said he. Just as the old negro got alongside a voice as from the sky said: "What you gwine to drap me?" The old man turned his eyes heavenward and said: "Hi! who dat spoke?"

Just then the voice came again, but this time it was unmistakably from the turtle. Looking down with astonishment and fear he let go his prize, saying as he did so: "I so gwine to drap you right 'ere."

And he did so. I called to him: "Old man, come back and get your turtle."

"Nor, sub, he can stay d'yr. I doan' want him!" "Oh, come back," said I, "this man is a ventriloquist, and it was he that made the turtle speak."

Looking at my friend and moving off slowly in the opposite direction, he said:

"I doan' know nothin' 'bout yo whentriologus, but the devil's in dat turtle, an' I'm done wid him!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

A Preacher's Case.

In a Georgia city lives a popular divine who is liked by all classes. He is very fond of fishing and hunting, and does not object to telling a side-splitting anecdote occasionally. Here is one:

Once a party went fishing. There was some snake medicine along, and one or more of the party took too much aboard. In the evening a terrific storm came up. As it was nearing the party, one, more pious than the rest, knelt down at the root of a tree and began to pray for protection. About the same time one of those who had tapped the jug too often shouted:

"Come ahead, you blasted old cyclone! Tear us all to pieces! Blow us to Halifax! Hurrah for the United States and Kinchofones!"

When he closed, the humble supplicant at the root of the tree raised his horrified face to heaven and cried:

"Oh, Lord, don't mind what that confounded crazy fool is saying. He is blind drunk, as you can see for yourself, and he don't belong to the church, noway."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Rockaway Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co

What is our National Sin?

Through the perspective of history each nation is but a larger man. It has its birth, its childhood, its manhood and old age, its characteristic virtues, and, alas, its predominating vices and favorite sin. On the old nations, whose records we can view without prejudice or favor, and give judgment with judicial fairness, we have no more difficulty in rendering a verdict than on a prisoner in the dock. And just so in the future the United States must appear at the bar. Some Gibbon or Carlyle, with spectacles on his nose, will sit in judgment on the deeds we are now doing in the flesh, the chronicles of the day will present a brief and the evidence for the prosecution, and Irving and Bancroft and others who have loved us, not so wisely, perhaps as well, will appear for the defense.

The finding of that court we cannot forecast as yet, but at least we should decide what is our chief sin, that we may shun it and reform if possible. And that sin, marking our whole people with a brand as plain as that of Cain, is waste. The South wastes annually enough to pay the interest on our national debt; the waste of the nation could pay the principle in two years—waste of food, waste of clothes, waste of energy and brain force. Now, in this category we count nothing as waste that gives fair return of pleasure or health or rest. Money spent for these pays large dividends, and yet this is what most of us call waste.

Malthus teaches that the time must come when the earth cannot support its thronging millions, and therefore he calls war a necessity and wholesale death our earthly benefactor. And he is right if we must live as we do now or if our present mode of life is necessary to our healthy existence.

But here are a few figures to controvert both the theory and foundation upon which it is based: Two thousand one hundred and twenty-five acres near Paris produce all the vegetables necessary for the 2,000,000 inhabitants of that city and furnish a surplus for shipment to London. With no appliances more costly than a few frames for seeding, half an acre produces crops that sell for \$1,000.

Besides, it is now certain that not even soil is necessary for the perfection of plant life. The German, Professor Nobbe, grew in jars of water perfect rice plants, heavily fruited, merely by introducing the chemical food of the plant—principally nitrogen—into the water. Nearly all these constituents are in the air, are returned to it and may be used again forever.

And yet we are already talking about our "exhausted fields." What about Egypt and Asia Minor, that have fed millions since the dawn of history?—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.*

About Paying Debts.

Now that the crop is being harvested all creditors are anxiously looking to the collection of their bills, and, one year with another, it is best to sell cotton as soon as it is ready for market. It is always best to pay debts promptly. Let no man sacrifice his credit for the sake of a bale of cotton, or hold back his cotton in hope of speculating on that which is justly the property or the money of another. The wisest and best financiers in the country know nothing of the future price of cotton.

A good name is of great value to any man. The rich become richer by the use of their credit, and the poor are saved from great embarrassment by the fact of a good name. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. By a good name and by good credit, the man without money is set forward in the affairs of the world.

Therefore pay what you owe if it takes the last cent. You can then use your credit again. A man with a good name can pledge his word at any time and secure the needed help, but the man who labors under a bad name as to debt-paying is in a bad fix.

There is a great difference in being prompt and in delaying payment. The man who postpones the payment of a debt injures his credit and gains nothing. Two men pay all they owe—one pays promptly, the other delays—one has good credit, the other has not so good a basis of credit.

No man can afford to throw away a good name for the sake of a bale of cotton. A bale of cotton is trash when compared to that priceless boon—a good name.—*Exchange.*

It is a singular fact that red is made from madder, and that bulls are made madder by red.

The miners in Pennsylvania lost \$2,000,000 in wages by their protracted strike.

"Poor Jones met a painful end yesterday." "Dear, dear! What was it—heart disease?" "Oh, no. It was the end of a wasp."

She—"Woman's mind is clearer than that of man." He—"Certainly. She changes it oftener."

A note of the Bank of England, twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much as 329 pounds upon one end and not be injured.

Telephones for Farmers.

Among the greatest evils and burdens of farm life has never been reckoned the solitude which it entails on the women of the household. Many a wife has faded away because of the loneliness of her toil far from the associations of those in whom she has an interest. A new western experiment has opened a way to avoid this and substitute for the isolation of the farm a close connection with neighbors that means better enjoyment for all.

Situated in central Kansas are a number of farms and ranches owned by relatives and close friends. Growing weary of the long drives between residences—for the distances on the prairies are magnificent—the farmers began experimenting with telephones and have put in working order a neighborhood system that is attracting wide attention. It starts from a little railroad station, and the wires are attached to the barbed wire of the ranch fences, no insulating process being used, it being carefully arranged so that there shall be no broken wires. Where the wire crosses the road it is lifted on high poles until it will clear even the big loads of prairie hay, then comes down and is stapled to a fence post and connected with the barbed wire again. The residences along the route have plain \$6 instruments, which are the principle portion of the expense. The line is about six miles long and connects a half dozen homes. The women can talk with one another as well as if they were in the same room, and on pleasant mornings when all the instruments are in use it is quite a social affair. The men who have large stock interests receive semi-daily market quotations from the depot, dictate their orders for buying and selling, and one of them manages, largely by wire, a cheese factory in a neighboring town. Contrary to all expectations, there is no leakage in posts, and the conversation between the most widely separated points is carried on easily. The success of the line has encouraged the building of others, and it is probable that the barbed wire fences of the plains will soon be generally employed for telephone lines.

The recent experiments with rural delivery of mail in prairie communities have been very successful, and although there are such widely separated homes as are not known in the east the carriers found it much appreciated and were able to serve whole neighborhoods by a single visit. The families of the farmers were greatly delighted by the innovation.

The farmer has been the recipient of many labor saving devices, but his family has had far less benefit from the advancement of the times. The coming of these new achievements promises to make more happiness in the farmer's home and to remove the feeling of isolation which has been so great a barrier to the bringing up of a family far from the centers of population and business. With the telephone at hand, a buggy in the barn, mail delivered at the door, and a bicycle perhaps for an occasional spin, there ought to be a way to solve the ever present problem of how to keep the boys and girls on the farm.—*New York Independent.*

Maddox's Barking Cat.

James M. Maddox, superintendent of the Missouri District Telegraph Company, has a cat. Besides the usual feline complement of nine lives, this cat has a past, and, unless all signs fail, a future which falls to the lot of few cats.

His name is Towser, and, although his mother was a well-bred Tabby, Towser has all the characteristics, habits and frailties of a dog. In early kittenhood Towser's mother fell a victim to the deadly cat rifle of a small boy, and Mr. Maddox found a foster mother for the kitten in a kind-hearted pet dog, with a young family and troubles of her own. The canine mother took kindly to the little foundling, and Towser, the kitten, grew fat and sassy with a litter of puppy foster brothers and sisters.

When the kitten was weaned he showed no tendency to abandon the dog's life which he had learned to lead, and began to exhibit all the canine characteristics which he had nursed with his adopted mother's milk. Instead of mewling and uttering wailing like a melancholy orphan cat, he began to bark like the other puppies and growl like they did, and he became the wonder of the friends and visitors at the Maddox home. He was named "Towser," and responds to the whistle of his master like a sure-enough dog. Perhaps the oddest trick Towser has learned is that of wagging his tail, which he does not in the serpentine manner of his ancestors, but from side to side, in the vigorous, and unpromising style of a dog.

Towser expresses fear, too, with his tail, and when thoroughly scared will tuck his long appendage between his legs, as he has seen his foster brethren do, and run to cover. During the hot weather Towser suffered considerably from the heat, and might have been seen sitting about in the shade,

panting with his tongue out, in the manner supposed to be peculiar to the dog.

He has none of the sinister traits of his tribe, does not trade along the narrow edge of back fences in the dead of night, and gets from place to place in a dog trot, or a real gallop, instead of in the soft-footed and obsequious manner of other cats. Towser has mastered that mysterious free masonry of dogs which has been the wonder of naturalists for all time, and seems to have but little trouble in forming the acquaintances of strange dogs which he meets on the street corners and about the bases of friendly lamp posts and telegraph poles. Occasionally he has run across an ugly terrier, who, accepted no overtures, would attempt to rend Towser on the spot, and it is only on such rare occasions that Towser's feline propensities come to the surface. When a dog attacks him he will climb a tree or a fence, where he will sit growling and barking at the enemy until he satisfies himself that he is not really a cat, but a dog in all but physical conformation.

Towser is very fond of a run through the streets with his master, and from long jaunts over the granitoid pavements and rough streets his once velvet paws have been covered with callous corns, until his footfall is no longer inaudible, and his toe nails are as rough and strong as those of a dog.

Towser has a pronounced antipathy for women, and will rush at them, barking furiously and growling as if he would bite them; his bark is worse than his bite, however, for he has never been known to bite anyone and has earned for himself the reputation of being a very docile and intelligent dog or cat, as the case may be.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Same Result.

Ask any old man who has realized his pet object in life if he is satisfied, and he will probably answer "no." The man whose dream was to accumulate wealth is worried to death when he gets it. He fears that he will lose it or that his family will squander it.

The ambitious politician who finally reaches the high office which he has sought all his life is made wretched by his foes and false friends. Every man who wants to be famous, powerful or successful in any way will admit in his old age that the game was not worth the candle.

What is fame—what is wealth? Since Adam there have been millions of rich men and great men, but only a few of their names have been handed down. Their dust now mingles with the common clay of other mortals, and they are forgotten. The poor toiler who has serenely accepted his lot, loving his God and his fellow man, is far happier when his race is run than the so-called great ones of earth.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

When does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.

No person in Norway may spend more than six cents at one visit to a public house.

The unexpected would not happen so often if we did not bring it upon ourselves.

THE DANGER

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her bosom her babe.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful." JOHN G. FOLMELI, Macon, Ga.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Contains invaluable information of interest to all women. Will be sent FREE any address upon application. THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

We propose to give away absolutely for nothing, the following Presents on 15th January, 1898: . . . . .

- Present No. 1, one barrel Standard Granulated Sugar. Present No. 2, one barrel best Patent Flour. Present No. 3, ten pounds fine Rio Coffee. Present No. 4, ten pound box good Chewing Tobacco. Present No. 5, one pair Men's Fine Shoes. Present No. 6, one pair Ladies' Fine Shoes. Present No. 7, one Fine Decorated Bowl and Pitcher. Present No. 8, one Set Fine Decorated Plates. Present No. 9, one Fine Decorated (covered) Dish. Present No. 10, one Set of Fine Cups and Saucers.

The person who guesses, or comes nearest to the number of Bales of Cotton received and weighed by the Sworn Weighers in Anderson from Sept. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898 (inclusive), will receive Present No. 1, and the next nearest guess, Present No. 2, and so on through the list. Every one who trades with us will be entitled to a guess for each dollar's worth of cash goods purchased from us between now and 31st Dec. next; guesses to be made and dated on day purchase is made; in case of a tie, the guess bearing earliest date to count first. Guesses to be deposited in a locked tin box; Mr. J. H. Vandiver, Cashier F. & M. Bank, will hold key until 15th Jan.; when he and Mr. W. T. Harrison (cotton weigher), will award the presents to the best guessers.

We will not add one cent to the price of our Goods, but will sell you Goods as cheap as you can buy elsewhere, and somebody will get the presents that we will give away for absolutely nothing. If you get one, it will be a clear gain to you. If we don't sell you goods cheap, don't buy them. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a merchant in Anderson, as we propose to give you value received for every dollar spent with us. Guess early and often!

D. P. SLOAN.

Anderson, S. C., Sept. 29, 1897.

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Michigan Stoves, Capitola Stoves, Heating Stoves, Times Stoves, Garland Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves,

In fact the BEST and CHEAPEST STOVES are on exhibition and for sale by the NEW FIRM OF—

OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES, B. O. EVANS' OLD STAND.

They are making quite a reputation now by selling—Crockeryware, Glassware, Woodenware, &c., AT SUCH LOW PRICES.

Remember, they have the only TINNER in town with eighteen years experience, and who can make anything in his line. Just let him do one job of ROOFING and GUTTERING for you and you will have no other.

P. S.—All Notes and Accounts due Archer & Osborne are now payable to OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES.

YE BAREFOOTED NATIVES!

HEARKEN! Even as Israel journeyed into Egypt and camped in the shadow of her granaries, so ye in your desolation may camp beneath the shadow of our wing. Hoary Winter, grim despot, has served notice that Sandals and paper Shoes cannot stand his frigid reign; we, therefore, willing to shield you, have loaded our Storehouse with SHOES OF SOLID LEATHER for three and they have lasted our S. orphans with SHOE COMPENSATION in my private jeans, even into the fourth generation, that ye in future may have a jeans compensation for the comfort of your toes. You even one dollar will suffice to make the feet decent and in order. For thy inner man also needs to be clothed, and we will give him a pair of pants without detriment to the other. The fame of DEAN'S PATENT FLOUR has spread beyond our borders, and ere the sun himself begins to set Dean's Patent begins to rise.

Ye who wear PANTS and HATS may buy here for \$1.00, the best throughout the land. BAGGING and TIES at famine prices.

DEAN & RATLIFF, Cotton Buyers, Tobacco Dealers and Money Savers to the Trade.

Advertisement for CHINA goods, listing various items like tea sets, novelties, and prices.

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STOVES AND FRUIT JARS BY THE CAR LOAD. One Quart Fruit Jars 60c. per dozen. Two Quart Fruit Jars 80c. per dozen.

I AM now running two wagons selling STOVES and STEEL RANGES. I can sell you a Steel Range at about one-half the price they have been sold at before, and the Range is guaranteed by the manufacturer's bond, counter-signed by me. If you need a Stove drop me a postal card and I will deliver it in your cook-room for cash or on time for good Note until Fall. I continue to handle the old reliable IRON KING and ELMO STOVES. Nothing much need be said about them, as they are already so well known for their durability and quick baking, &c. Now is the time to buy, as I have the Goods on the floor and cannot afford to carry them in stock. I am leader this year in prices on FRUIT JARS, JELLY GLASSES, &c. Soliciting your patronage.

JOHN T. BURRIS.

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- TRACT NO. 1—Sold. TRACT NO. 2—Known as the Oscar Banks Tract, contains 125 acres. TRACT NO. 3—Known as the Mill Tract, contains 102 acres. TRACT NO. 4—A John Tract No. 1 and lands of Est. of Rev. Thos. F. Gadsden E. W. Taylor and others, and contains 154 acres. TRACT NO. 5—Sold. TRACT NO. 6—Sold. TRACT NO. 7—Sold. TRACT NO. 8—Sold. TRACT NO. 9—Sold. Each Tract contains a sufficient amount of wood and bottom land, and all are well watered. Plans may be seen by applying to Mr. J. D. Richardson at the Plantation or at the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank. SLOAN & VANDIVER.