

AS THE TREE FALLS.

No Matter in What Direction, There it Shall Lie.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Dr. Talbot to-day discusses a question that everybody sometime discusses. It is one of tremendous import. Shall we have another chance? The text is Ecclesiastes ii. 3, "If the tree falls toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life it will be on a beach upon which we may walk to a palace, that as the defendant may lose his case in a circuit court and appeal it and have it go up to the supreme court or court of chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case suspended, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impotent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation, but we have 10,000 instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them. Did the disaster heal them? No, they went on.

There is a man flung of dissipation. The doctor says to him, "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better. He begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business, and takes the same round of dog shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram, and the dram between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family, and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different from the roscate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a-jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he?

He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah, no! After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying, "Take these things off me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you."

The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again, but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times; punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects. Why, you and I cannot imagine any worse torture from another world than we have seen in this world, and without any salutary consequences.

Furthermore, the prospect of reformation in another world is more im-

probable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If starting with comparative innocence the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a scraph can be evolved? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure, white Parian marble than out of a blackrock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of half a century? Could you not write a last will and testament, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it up on a sheet scribbled all over with infancy and blotted and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so unconcerned as to believe that though a man starts in this world with infancy and its innocence and turns out badly in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well.

"But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the next world because our life here is so very brief. We scarcely have room to turn around between the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost striking against the marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got 300 years old, and worse at 400, and worse at 500, and worse at 600, and worse at 800, until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any pictures of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of cleanliness and kindness, but he got worse and worse, the path descending, until at 68 years of age he was a suicide. If 800 years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity.

"But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawn and good influences will be substituted, and hence expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chance, that will leave all those who have never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, alone—alone—and where are the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected that Dr. Duff, who spent his whole life in pointing the Hindus to heaven, and Dr. Abel, who spent his life in evangelizing China, and that Judson, who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to Burma—can it be expected that they will be sent down from some celestial missionary society to educate and save those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary or evangelistic influences will be gone forever, and the good, having passed up to their beatific state, all the morally bankrupt will be together, and where are the salvable influences to come from? Will a specked or bad apple put in a barrel of diseased apples make the other apples good? Will one who is down be able to lift others up? Will those who have miserably failed in the business of this life be able to pay the debts of other spiritual insolvents? Will a million wrongs make one right? Poneropolis was the city where King Rufus of Thracia put all bad people of his kingdom, and whenever there were iniquitous people found in any part of the land they were all sent to Poneropolis. It was the great capital of wickedness. Suppose a man or a woman had opened a primary school in Poneropolis, would the parents of other cities have sent their children there to be educated and reformed?

If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deteriorating, depreciating and down. You would not send to a cholera or yellow fever hospital a man for his health, and the great lazaretto of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. The Count of Chateaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made him sleep in the turrets of the castle, where the

winds howled and specters were said to haunt the place. The mother and the sister almost died of fright, but the son afterward gives his account, and he says: "That gave me nerves of steel and gave me courage that has never faltered." But, my friends, I do not think the turrets of darkness or the spectral world swept by sirocco and euroclydon will ever prepare a soul for the eternal land of sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum in the College Inferno, where a man, having been prepared by enough sin, enters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes and the diploma is signed by Satan, the president, and all the professional demones attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient time under their drill and then enters heaven. Pandemonium, a preparatory school for celestial admission! Ah, my friends, while Satan and his cohorts have fitted a vast multitude for ruin, they never fitted one soul for happiness—never.

Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness he can fix it all right up in the future. That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are men who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea coming into his soul, this idea of another chance, he says: "Go to, now, I'll get out of this world all there is in it. Come, gluttony, revenge and uncleanness and all sensualities, and wait upon me. It may abbreviate my earthly life by dissoluteness, but that will only give me heavenly indulgence on a larger scale in a shorter length of time. I will overtake the righteous before long. I will only come in heaven a little late, and I will be a little more fortunate than those who have behaved themselves on earth and then went straight to the bosom of God, because I will see more and have wider excursion, and I will come into heaven via gehenna, via sheol!" Hearers! Readers! Another chance in the next world means free license and the demolition of this. Suppose you had a case in court, and all the judges and all the attorneys agreed in telling you the first trial of it—it would be tried twice—the first trial would not be of very much importance, but the second trial would decide everything. On which trial would you put the most expenditure? On which trial would you employ the ablest counsel? On which trial would you be most anxious to have the attendance of all the witnesses? "Oh," you would say, if there are to be two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything depending upon that, I must have the most eloquent attorney, and I must have all my witnesses present, and I will expend my money on that." If these men who are impenitent and who are wicked felt there were two trials, and the first was of no very great importance, and the second trial was the one of vast and infinite importance, all the preparations for eternity would be post mortem, post funeral, post sepulchral, and this world would be jerked off into impenitency and godlessness. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you, we are on the same level, and though the platform be a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it or treats it in an obnoxious way. During 20 years you give 20 banquets, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After awhile you move into a larger house and amid more luxuriant surroundings, and you invite your friends but you do not invite that man to whom 20 times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For 20 years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house, will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a brighter house, a more luxuriant

abode. Let me in. Give me another chance." God has spread a banquet of his grace before us. For 365 days of every year since we knew the difference between our right hand and our left he has invited us by his providence and by his spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers of all this kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a larger place, in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say: "I ought not to be shut out of this place; give me another chance?" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life and then when the 12 gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying, "Give me another chance!"

A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the advertisement of the steamer's sailing. You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers. You see it placarded on the walls. Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf, and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back; swing up again to the docks. Throw the plank ashore that I may come on board. It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance." Here is a magnificent offer for heaven. It has been anchored within our sight year after year, and year after year, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, since it may sail at any moment. Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: "Send back that opportunity. I want to take it. It isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance." Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands of Navesink three days after the Majestic has gone out and shout: "Captain, come back. I want to go to Liverpool on the Majestic. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the docks. Give me another chance." You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered us a gratuity for a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: "Give me another chance." There ought to be, there will be no such thing as posthumous opportunity.

You see common sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous issues and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul, oh, my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparations for that trial to be made in this world or never made at all. Oh, my soul, oh, my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his army used to come around a city, and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender and all would be well, but if they let that light go out then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance: this the supernatural chance. In the time of Edward II, at the battle of Mueselburg, a private soldier saw that the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntley and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to earth and heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in another!

A dream. I am in the burnished judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we

are waiting for his arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America 40 years ago, and I heard the Gospel preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour I had great opportunities, but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day waiting for another chance." "Strange, strange," says the soul just come from Madagascar. "Strange. Why, I never heard the gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain, and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power. The latter replies: "I had great power on earth, I must admit, and I mastered languages, and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power, but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul, and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance."

Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says: "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it. "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there is an aisle between them; a great aisle, and then a vacuum, widening and widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum and addresses the throng and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, he says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then he stretches out both hands, one towards the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the book of judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The hall of the last assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of eternity adjourned forever.

No man can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had endorsed his plea with, "Ver banner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's true for you," replied Pat; "but, then, your banner can't tell how lazy I feel."

Too Much Knife!

The use of the surgeon's knife is becoming so general, resulting fatally in such a large number of cases, as to occasion general alarm. Mr. William Walpole, of Walsworth, South Dakota, writes: "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea. It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S.S.S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after awhile ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and only a healthy little scar remained to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway."

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood. Books mailed free. Address Swift Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.
The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Amanda Glasby, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will, on the 9th day of February, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.
J. J. MOORE, Adm'r.
Jan 5, 1898

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.
The undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Asvon Hall, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will, on the 8th day of February, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.
P. C. HALL, Ex'r.
Jan 5, 1898

SLAUGHTER SALE OF TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED . . . LADIES' HATS THE FAMOUS!

ALL our Felt Hats heretofore sold for 75c. and 50c. go at 39c. Trimmed Hats, in good material, sold through the entire season for \$1.75 and \$1.50, go at 98c. Our regular \$2.50 and \$3.00 Hats, great variety in shapes, to be sacrificed now at \$1.50.

LACE BED SETTS.
Handsome Patterns, regular value \$1.50, now 75c. Full size, elegant designs, never sold for less than \$2.50, now \$1.25.

CHENILLE TABLE COVERS.
For less than manufacturers' cost, in order to make room for other goods.

CHAIR TIDIES,
10c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. These are worth more money in other places. Remember the—

THE FAMOUS,
14 Brick Range, West Side Public Square.
L. GEISBERG, Proprietor.

NOW IS THE TIME!

To Buy Shoes

Cheaper than you ever bought them before. . .

OUR Stock of Fall and Winter Shoes is entirely too large, and we don't propose to carry them over until next Fall, consequently we have—

MARKED THEM DOWN

To prices that will move them. We don't advertise selling out at cost, but our goods and prices speak for themselves. So call when in need of Shoes, and be convinced of what we say.

Remember, we will not be undersold by any Firm in Town.

Yours for Shoes,

The Yates Shoe Co.

Under Masonic Temple, Anderson, S. C.

CHRISTMAS GOODS FOR EVERYBODY.

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR XMAS GROCERIES! FRUITS, CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.

WE have the finest assortment of Fine Candies that we have ever had. Boxes to see it. Big lot L. Raisins, Seeded Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Glazed Citron, Candied Lemon Peel, Dated Figs, Shelled Almonds, English Walnuts, Brazil Nuts, Pecans and Almonds. All cheap.

FIREWORKS.

Fire Crackers, Cannon Crackers, Roman Candles, Red Lights, Whistling Bombs, Sand Crackers, &c.

Don't fail to come and see our Goods when you are in Town. Don't matter whether you buy or not. No trouble to show you our Goods.

Yours for Trade,
OSBORNE & BOLT.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

— THAT OUR — Groceries are Pure and Fresh?

ENTRUST us to fill your Holiday orders and see how well we can please you. Standard, high grade Goods, popular prices, FREE CITY DELIVERY is what the City Trade wants. We have all the requisite facilities to handle this class of trade. Our Goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

- Cottolene, Pulv. Sugar, Royal Baking Powder,
- Gelatine, Raisins, Shelled Almonds,
- Currants, Citron, Spices,
- Flav. Extracts, Etc. Etc.

TENNEY'S CANDIES, in packages and in bulk, always fresh.

Phone 89. **H. B. FANT & SON.**

TREED AT LAST!

ALL successful Possum-hunters have been fooled; so are we this time. Our game to limb, winks one eye to itself, and in its own that bespeak the anguish of its stricken heart, wails to the singing winds—at Cost! at Cost! at Cost! Now, ain't that a pretty mouth to put up.

People of Anderson County, believe it or not, as you will, the fact remains that never in our experience have we ever had such a large trade as now. We are not complaining about hard times. We are buying our share of the Cotton, and of course we are going to have our share of the trade. We hardly ever do sell out at Cost, and sometimes we don't; therefore, we don't have to do it now, because we haven't the slightest idea of going out of business—besides, our Goods are going out fast enough of a reasonable profit.

When Christmas comes once a year, when we can't sell more Death's Patent Flour than any other trade sold in Anderson County and prove it; when we can beat the town on Shores, and when the good people of old Anderson County say to us that we have imposed upon them and duped them, then, and not till then, will your humble servants throw up the sponge and close out at Cost. Until then you can get what you want—Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Jeans, Flour and other Groceries and Canned Meats as cheap as our Store as anywhere else, but you'll not get them at Cost.

DEAN & RATLIFF,
Olton Bure's, Guano Dealers and Bargain Vendors to the Trade