



"Be True to Your Word, Your Work and Your Country."

Vol. 5. CONWAY, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1890.

No. 17.

TEMPERANCE.

JUST TAKE A DROP.

A drop? One drop of wine or beer? It isn't much to take. If it would only stay a drop, it would no trouble make.

One drop! If that indeed were all I'd ever wish to drink, surely it would not, could not cause My soul in woe to sink.

But here's the trouble; one small drop Quick to another leads; Then to a third, and on and on The appetite each feeds.

The first drop cries, "I'm not enough," The second, "Give me more," The third says, "I must have a glass: My thirst is sharp and sore."

Each one tastes better; each one makes Me thirstier than I was; And so a drunkard I become— That first we drop the cause.

There's only one thing I can do, Before the first to stop, And say, "I'm not a drunkard yet, So I'll not touch a drop."
—Mrs. Helen E. Brown, in Banner.

OLD RYE MAKES A SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten, And not to be drunk; To be thrashed in a barn, Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing, When put through a mill; As a blight and a curse, When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves, And your children are fed; But, if into a drink, I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant, The eater shall rule; In drink I am master, And the drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning, My strength I'll employ; If eaten, to strengthen; If drunk, to destroy.

HISTORIC MOTHERS.

Upward of a hundred years ago a passer along the streets of Edinburgh might have noticed, perched at a window, a pale, childish face, lighted by deep-blue eyes, and framed by sunny, clustering hair. Had the passer entered the house he would soon have seen a slender, limping figure descend from his perch (where he had climbed to watch his companions as they started on some boyish expedition), and turn with a beaming smile to a fair woman whose responsive smile was as bright as his own. The child was Walter Scott, the woman, his mother.

A delicate child, lame from infancy, Sir Walter spent the larger portion of his time with his mother, who encouraged his fondness for romance, trained his imagination, educated his taste, and so converted the accident which threatened such depressing results into a blessing, not only personal and temporal, but which shall be as enduring as English letters, and as general as the rays of the sun. She gave impetus to the sunny current of humor and humanity which gladdened his life; and she inculcated in the child the energy and perseverance which prompted the old man to take up his pen to write out a debt of half a million.

Sir Walter said of her: "She had a mind of natural brilliancy, well-stored with acquired information. She had an excellent memory, and could draw, without the least affectation, the most striking pictures of past ages. If I have been able to do anything toward painting the past, it is owing to the studies she gave me, and the influence she exerted over me."

Sir Walter records many instances of his mother's tenderness, and gives many evidences of his devotion and gratitude to her. After his death his executors found in his desk, arranged in careful order, a number of little objects so placed that his eye might rest on them as soon as he raised the lid. Prominent among them were the old-fashioned bottles that had garnished his mother's toilet table, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room, and the silver taper stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee.

When the heart is filled with those vivid pictures of border and feral life; when the imagination revels in the splendid portrait-gallery where Louis XI, Elizabeth, and Richard Coeur de Lion stand forth in historic fidelity, and Jeanie Deans, Col. Manering, and Dominic Sampson invest fiction with the force of reality, let the reader remember her whose guiding hand led to those fair and fertile provinces, and who, in the words of Richter, "furnished the

clew to his genius."

The man who was destined to add a fresh and a higher charm to the lovely shire where Bruce was born and Burns was buried, Thomas Carlyle, thus writes of his mother: "I am proud of my mother, though she is neither beautiful nor learned. If I ever forget to love and reverence her I must cease to be a creature worth remembering. She never shrunk from me in my desolation; never tired of my despondencies, or shut up, by a look or tone, the expression of any real or imaginary grief. She stands out in my memory as beautiful in all that makes the excellence of women."

Mrs. Oliphant has given a charming description of Ecclefechan, "where the low, gray hills close in around the little hamlet." But a far more charming description of the old village—the Entepful of "Sarator Resartus"—has been left by the inimitable artist, who spent there the happy days of his childhood, when, in his own language, "Time was no fast hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean."

There, in the humble cottage, the peasant mother, wise as she was patient, molded the character of the vindicator of Cromwell, and the most brilliant historian of the French Revolution. It is said that his father wanted Thomas to "gang and work," Thomas wanted to keep to his "bulks"; the mother sided with the boy, and her influence prevailed.

There can be no doubt that Carlyle owed much that was best in his nature and his writings to his mother. She possessed strong common sense, clear judgment, stern adherence to truth, and a rare faculty for classifying and assimilating knowledge. She had long been a great reader, but was unable to write when Thomas was born, and taught herself writing for the purpose of corresponding with her son. The strength and independence of her mind are indicated by the fact that she suggested to her son the new theory in regard to the character of Cromwell, which he was the first to make public.

Dr. Gillilan records a pleasant visit to Carlyle: "I had the great pleasure of meeting Carlyle's excellent mother, in company with her illustrious son, and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender reverence and her motherly love, and to her fine old Conventual accents concerting with his transcendental tones."

When the "inevitable hour" came, and Carlyle's mortal remains were consigned to the dust, they rested, not amid England's great and kindred spirits in Westminster, not in Haddington by the wife he so tenderly loved, but by his request in the burying-ground at Ecclefechan by the side of his mother, and in the midst of his kindred.

The products of skill, the treasures of nature, the material wealth of the universe, have a purchasable value, and may be accurately estimated; but the vessel that brought Louis Agassiz to our shores, bore a treasure inestimable, imperishable, unpurchasable.

His greatness was not an accident, according to the logic of events, it was a natural conclusion from certain premises. "The reason firm, the temperate will," of the mother fashioned the character in the old home at Neufchatel.

Having lost her first four children during infancy, she watched over Louis with intense anxiety. She discovered that his love of natural objects was not a child's propensity to make playmates of the animals around him, but a strong intellectual tendency destined to give bent to his life. She aided and encouraged him in his childish researches, often preparing herself by study to give the information he sought. From sympathy with the lower animals, she developed that sympathy with human beings which so conspicuously distinguished him.

From her he inherited the wonderful personal magnetism, which Lowell has so aptly expressed in a single line, "Whoever he met a stranger, there he left a friend."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mme. Agassiz to her son: "To do all the good you can to your fellow-beings, to have a pure conscience, to gain an honorable livelihood, to make those around you happy—this is true happiness; all the rest are but mere accessories."

When Agassiz was separated from his mother he kept her advised of all his undertakings, and his work was none the less interesting to her when the ocean rolled between them than when he was able to discuss it daily with her. She remained his most intimate friend to the last hour of her life, and he survived her only six years.

fourscore. As soon as he told her that he was the friend of her son, and that his adopted county looked upon him as one of its choicest possessions, she was overcome with emotion. "The next morning she came walking alone some distance in the rain, to bid us farewell. . . . She brought for Mrs. Silliman a bouquet of pansies, and bade us tell her son that he penses were all for him."—Home-Maker

Willingness to Do Little Things.

There are some Christians to whom words of the servant to Naaman might be well applied. The captain of the host of the King of Syria was very angry because the prophet Elisha had told him to do a thing that seemed so small as to be ridiculous and contemptible. He felt himself too great a man to do such a simple thing as to wash in the Jordan, but his servant wisely said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it?" Certainly he would, and the servant could appropriately say to him: "How much rather wash and be clean"—that is, if you would do the great thing in obedience to the command of the prophet, you certainly should be even more willing to do the little thing he has commanded. This kind of treatment swept away the barrier of pride behind which the Syrian captain had placed himself, and we are told he did "according to the saying of the man of God," and was healed. Just so soon as Naaman was brought to a true spirit of obedience he was as willing to do the small thing as the great.

There are yet some people in the world who need to be brought to the same state of mind. Any man whom the Lord will use in great things must be willing to do any thing. There are a very few great things to be done in the Master's service, and a great many people would like to do them, while there are innumerable so-called small things to be done, and comparatively few who are ready to undertake them. Some one has said: "Once in a while, when a great fortress is to be taken, God will bring out a great field piece and rake it all with the fiery hail of destruction. But common muskets do most of the hard fighting. It took only one Joshua and the thousands of common troops under him to drive down the walls of cities, and under wrathful strokes, to make nations fly like sparks from the anvil. It only took one Luther for Germany, one Zwingli for Switzerland, and John Knox for Scotland, one Calvin for France, and one John Wesley for England. The most work is in the rank and file of life. No man can be idle. Put down love of place and pride. Look around, not above, for work. Remember the nobility of service is not in what men call prominent or great deeds, but in deeds, however humble and unknown, which the King has commanded. There is a blessing in the service, and a reward awaiting that kind of word for Christ, which is done so naturally as to be forgotten until he shall remind us by saying, "Inasmuch as yet did it unto one of the least of these, yet did it unto me."

Ex-President Cleveland Invited to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—The Press Club of Chicago has extended an invitation to ex-President Cleveland to speak at the Auditorium under the auspices of the club. If he accepts the invitation he will come about the middle of November. He declined an invitation to Chicago tendered by the Irons Club. The Press Club had Depew as its guest in June; it now wishes to have Mr. Cleveland come to speak in the Auditorium on any subject that he may select.

A writer in a Boston paper recommends women to study their countenances by aid of their mirrors. Good enough! But then if they do not cure their "cold" with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup they run the risk of breaking their reflectors and destroying valuable property.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel out of sorts, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

There's not a joy the earth can give, like the sudden succor of violent and terrible pain. It is like the rest at the gates of Paradise, but how can it be found? It is the simplest matter in the world. Buy a bottle of Salvation Oil and rub it in.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE SEALS.

They were Made in Philadelphia a Month Before the Fall of Sumter.

(From the Philadelphia Press.) Here is a fact which the Muse Clio has entered as an item in the great journal of universal history; March 12, 1861, John Forsyth and Martin J. Crawford requested Secretary Seward to appoint as early a day as possible, on which day they might present to the President of the United States the credentials which they bore as commissioners duly accredited by the Government of the Confederate States of America, to which request Secretary Seward, with President Lincoln's approval, three days later replied that he saw in recent events and the condition political affairs in the South not a rightful and accomplished revolution and an independent nation, with an established government, but rather a perversion of temporary and partisan excitement.

And here is fact, unpublished hitherto, which a Philadelphia die-smoker, P. H. Jacobs, 40 South 3d street, entered in his journal; March 8, 1861, filled an order for two seals inscribed, "Confederate States of America, department of State," and "Confederate States of America, department of war." The order was sent by Joel White, bookseller, Montgomery, Ala., to the Lippincott Company, and Thomas W. Hartley, of that company, transferred to me.

These seals were used in all official documents of the Confederacy until the seat of government was removed to Richmond.

Now let us add two other facts with their respective dates: At 4 20 A. M., April 12, 1861, the roar of a mortar from Sullivan's Island, quickly followed by the rushing shriek of a shell, gave notice to the world that the era of compromise diplomacy and misapprehension was ended; and on Sunday afternoon, April 14, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away his company and private property, and saluting his flag with fifty guns Major Robt Anderson marched out of Fort Sumter.

Looking back a few months to learn how Philadelphians felt before the crisis actually arrived, we find that on December 10, 1860, Mayor Alexander Henry issued a proclamation, by the advice of the councils of the city, summoning the whole people thereof to assemble on the 13th in Independence square. The result was the most imposing of all meetings which were held to discuss measures for placating the deeply offended South. In his address Mayor Henry said: "The misplaced teachings of the pulpit, the unwise rhapsodies of the lecture room, the exciting appeals of the press, on the subject of slavery must be frowned down by a just and law-abiding people. Thus only, may you hope to avoid sectional discord, agitation, and animosity." The Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll followed, saying: "It is a farce to suppose that this country will be divided." Charles E. Lex said: "Let us discountenance any denunciation of slavery, or of those who maintain that institution." Theodore Cuyler said: "Let us receive our brother of the South, if he will come among us for a little time attended by his servant, and permit this to come. We are bound by a sacred compact not to interfere or meddle with the institution of slavery as it exists in many of our sister States." The spirit of this great meeting was embodied in resolutions of the most conciliatory, friendly and apologetic tone.

These four concise statements of fact—in the few words which have been devoted to the Confederate commissioners, the Confederate seals, the fall of Sumter, and the mass meeting in Independence square—lies the substance of a whole chapter of history. There is no more interesting chapter in the history of civil war than that which deals with the sentiment which prevailed in the Northern States immediately before the outbreak of hostilities. Ask Mr. Jacobs if he thought at the time that there was anything strange in receiving an order for seals to be used by the "Confeder-

ate States of America," and he will reply simply: "Oh, no. I had other orders from Southern firms, and filled this among the rest."

Ask a representative of the J. B. Lippincott Company, whose memory goes back to that day, if this commission excited surprise, and he will answer: "If we should get an order for seals 'Independent County of Chester,' or the 'Confederate States of Delaware and Maryland,' we should fill it, payment being guaranteed. That's the way we felt about the order from our correspondency in Montgomery."

Mock Characters.

Mock characters, like false lights, are worse than darkness. There is any number of skin-deep saints in the world at all times; and sheep's clothing and long robes are always in great demand in the market. Indeed, we all use cosmetics of the moral kind to remove freckles or wrinkles. To meet the respectable, smooth shaved, decorous, venerable ornaments of society we sometimes see, you would not suspect that any slanders could find birth against men so soft-spoken, so frank, and so confidential. But they do. Raven black and dead eyes, and drawn-down corners of the mouth, and an unexceptional tie, don't always stand for goodness. *Cucullus non facit monachum*—"The cowl does not make the friar." That highly respectable board of directors, so hale, loud-spoken, well fed, seem every man of them, fit for prizes at an exhibition of commercial moralities; still they are in trouble about loans or contracts, or prospectuses. That manufacturer sing loud in his pew on Sundays, but makes thirty-five inches to the yard on Mondays; and that prosperous shopkeeper has strangely dark windows; and does that one believe his own puff? The millennium has not come yet, and can hardly be hoped for, by appearances, at any very short date. Somehow, the bottles do not show the same strawberries all the way down, in all cases; and jockeys sometimes forget to tell a horse's faults; and there have been books written on adulterations and tricks in trade; and men's words or writings are not always the unclouded expression of their thoughts. And yet to meet men, how nearly perfect they seem—in their suavity, innocence, and sentiments. There are a good many Siberian crabs, and apples of Sodom, and huge pears that look like honey and eat like wood. We have our panics, and thousand liquidations, and a hundred millions of railway stock unproductive, and bankruptcy court revelations. The crop of knaves and half knaves is by no means extinct. There is a dark side to a good many things besides the moon; and has not the sun its spots, not to speak of eclipses that happen pretty widely throughout the universe?

Be you, young man, a contrast to all this. Character that is only a mask is beneath you, and mere conventional goodness is a lie of the devil. Determine, from the first, to be transparent and truthful to God and your fellows, let Mephistopheles say what he likes. It is better, after all, to have the universe on your side than against you. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost, and so do falsities, if not outwardly, yet in your soul. I pray you don't offer a prophets chamber in your conscience to satan. Life is sacred; keep it so. We are born for a purpose, and can serve it only as we serve God. Humanity is a whole, not a mere mob of generations, and has a destiny in which every one has a set part. The little moment of our being is great enough to live well in and leave true work behind it. Play the man, and not the trickster. Evelyn saw men at Leghorn staking their liberty for life in mad gambling, and, having lost, presently led off into slavery. He who has to do with a lie stakes his soul, and loses in any case. Character, pure and noble, chimes in with the eternal harmonies; but falsehood is a hideous clangor, now and forever. What any life, however humble, can do is a secret with God. It may widen its influence through ages, or it may leave a trace seen only by him. But if valiantly, earnestly, nobly lived,

by the light of God's truth, and laws, it is holy forever. The City of God slowly rises through the ages, and every true life is a living stone in some of its palaces. You were made for God, young man, from eternity, and no lie is of him, be it in trade or profession, in act or in word. Insincerities are marks on the devil's tally, and so are all hypocrisies and shams. Let your character be real, the shining warp and woof of each day working out the part God has set you in the great loom of Time.

Objects of Education.

In view of the general discussion of the subject of education, it will be well to bear in mind the objects of education as given by Thomas Jefferson in 1819.

Objects of primary education:
1. To give every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business.
2. To enable him to calculate for himself and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and accounts in writing.
3. To improve, by reading, his morals and faculties.
4. To understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either.
5. To know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains; to choose with the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to notes their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment.
6. And, in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed.

Objects of higher education:

1. To form the statesmen, legislators and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend.
2. To expound the principles and structure of the Government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which banishing unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another.
3. To harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well informed views of political economy to give free scope to the public industry.
4. To develop the reasoning faculties of our youth; enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals and instill into them the precepts of virtue and order.
5. To enlighten them with mathematical and physical science, which advance the arts and administer to the health, the sustenance and comfort of human life.
6. And generally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering themselves examples of virtue to others, and of happiness within themselves.

GOLINDA (Texas) writes: "Please tell me how to pickle beef tongue." answer: Mix, in four gallons of water, a pound and a half of brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter or saleratus; if the tongue is to be kept a month, add six pounds of salt; if it is to be kept three months, add nine pounds. Boil all together gently till done, skim, and then let the mixture cool. Put the tongue in which it is to remain, pour in enough of the pickle to cover it, and set it away in a cool place. Once in two months, the brine should be drained off, boiled and skimmed, and be farther seasoned by half a pound of salt and two ounces of brown sugar. This pickle is excellent for preserving beef, pork and dried beef, as well as beef tongues.

Col. J. Henry Sellman, Collector of Internal Revenue, Baltimore Md. believes in it for rheumatism. He writes: I have tried Salvation Oil, and believe it to be a good remedy for rheumatism.

The seal hunters of Victoria, British Columbia, have decided to fix the price for next season at \$3 a skin.

When you are constipated have headache, or loss of appetite, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills; they are pleasant to take and will cure you.

GEESE FOR PROFIT.

How and Where Money Can be Made with Geese.

As compared with other classes of poultry but few geese are raised, and yet, with suitable facilities, breeding geese is doubly profitable. There is always a fair demand for well fattened young birds during the late autumn, and again at the holiday season, as well as the call for fine specimens of leading varieties for breeding and exhibition purposes. The market for what is popularly known as "live geese feathers" is never glutted, and therefore the yield of feathers adds a second and very considerable source of profit. It must be borne in mind, however, says the agricultural editor of The New York World, that geese are profitable only when there are suitable facilities. It is imperative that these include extended grass runs, for geese are great graziers, and free access to water, this latter being necessary to a plentiful growth of feathers of pure quality, as well as the thrift of the flock. An ideal place for geese raising is a hilly piece of grass land through which flows a brook. It is useless, from a commercial point of view, to breed geese in restricted quarter or in close proximity to small fruits and vegetables. In the first they will make but meager growth and they will destroy the second.

Autumn is a favorable time for making a selection of birds for breeding, just before the flocks are called for fattening. The two principal breeds of geese, when the birds are desired for profit, are the gray or Toulouse and the white or Embden. These insure hardiness, early maturity, heavy weights and proficiency. The Embdens require a pond, but the Toulouse, other things being favorable, will do fairly well with what water can be furnished in troughs. The standard weights, as set by the American standard of perfection, for an adult Toulouse gander and goose are respectively twenty-five pounds and twenty-three pounds, and for young ones, twenty pounds and eighteen pounds. The standard weights for Embdens are placed at the same figures, though the common opinion is that the Toulouse gain the heavier weights. Other and less well known varieties are the African, light gray plumage; Chinese, brown, also white plumage; Canada, gray, and Egyptian, colored plumage.

When geese are set early two broods may be obtained from each female, thus securing large flocks for each season's sales. The latter hatched birds make excellent flesh by Christmas time. A goose makes but a poor show upon the table unless it is very fat. For fattening geese ought to be penned up, half a dozen together in a dark coop or shed, and fed on barley meal and fattening grains. When raised for market old geese may be plucked three times and young ones once before killing time. Geese lay regularly, and rear their young well season after season but the ganders are not profitable kept more than three or four years.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And its a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as scrofula, salt rheum; sores, boils, pimples, tetter, ringworm, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.