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Aug. 1, 1889

### TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

#### AM I A GOOD TEACHER?

I propose that we have an examination to-day. I know that you are not pleased with this proposal, for in every examination there are two persons, or two classes of persons, who are dissatisfied. The examined and the examiner are each displeased with the other. The questions are too easy or too difficult, and the candidate too dull or too careless or too dishonest. To avoid any trouble that may arise from any of these sources, I suggest that each of you to-day be your own examiner; that you ask yourself the questions, and, in the silence of your own conscience, record the answer. If the examiner be unfair, or if the candidate be unequal to the task assigned, in either event it will be a difficulty of your own causing, and you will have only yourselves to blame for it. The only part I intend to take in the matter is to suggest some questions for you to use in this self-examination, if you think the questions appropriate.

One of the most important occupations in the world. The question of all questions which you ought to ask yourselves is, "Am I a good teacher?" You certainly ought to know as much about yourself as any one else. Can it be that while other people have formed some very definite opinions about your teaching abilities, you have never turned your investigations inward, and honestly asked, "Am I a good teacher?"

In some respects this is an unsafe question for one to ask or answer. It is very natural for us to ask ourselves broad questions, and let our inclination rather than our judgment, answer them. Honest investigation must precede an intelligent reply. In all self-inquiry, the general question gives way to the specific, if we would learn anything about ourselves. I will, therefore, divide the general question "Am I a good teacher?" into several specific questions which cannot easily be dodged, and which, honestly answered, will give you just that knowledge of yourselves that you need and desire to have:

I. Do I enjoy my work? Next Monday morning school will begin again. Next Monday, forty or fifty boys and girls will once more fill your school room. They will come with the inclination to have lots of fun, in school as well as out. Next Monday several schemes will be set on foot to get over many regulations which you have made. You will be surrounded by fifty varieties of character, in a growing and uncontrolled state. Next Monday the dusty spelling book and arithmetic and geography on your desk must be opened once more, and the same old subjects you have taught so often will again demand your attention. A goodly number will have poor lessons or no lessons at all, and under no satisfactory excuse for it. Next Monday an angry parent may call upon you and bitterly criticize your method of instruction or government. The janitor may not have his work properly done, and the principal or superintendent may ask of you some new and unexpected task.

In spite of all this, will you enjoy next Monday's work? If you enjoy your work, that school room will have no terrors for you; you will be glad to see your pupils--every one of them. The pranks of the mischievous will not disturb your temper, for if you enjoy your work you must enjoy children. The old speller will be as interesting to you as to them; and you will be glad to see the parent, angry though he may be, for you may be able to convert him to your way of doing things.

In this self-examination to which I am inviting you, remember that if you do not enjoy your work; if the ignorance and weakness and natural frailty of your pupils interfere with your enjoyment and upon your nerves, remember that you cannot be a good teacher. What men like to do they do well. You can never force yourself to enjoy that for which your disposition and training has not fitted you.

II. Do your pupils enjoy their work? Will they return to school next Monday morning eagerly and promptly? Will they look out of the windows with longing eyes and wish to be anywhere but in the seat assigned them? Will memories of turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie keep spelling and grammar and arithmetic out of their minds?

Notice the exact words I have used in the question, "Do your pupils enjoy their work?"

Your pupils--not a few, but the many. In answering, keep out of your mind those who always will enjoy study under any teacher or no teacher. It is natural for children to learn; unnatural not to learn. That must be granted to begin with. If it were your task and mine to keep children from learning anything, how unsatisfactory would our work be, and what a miserable failure would we make of it! It is rather your province to direct your pupil's learning. How are you doing it? Are you doing this in a way that makes his study a pleasure to him?

Enjoy. Think of that word a moment. Enjoyment on the pupil's part, like enjoyment on your part, cannot be forced. It is a flower that blossoms when and where it will. Fortunate that teacher whose school room where such flowers are abundant, shedding beauty and perfume upon all around!

The pupil's desire to be promoted, and consequent eagerness to get his lessons, is not enjoyment. He may be studying, not for the sake of learning, but that he may get out of your room.

Then notice that I say not do yourself enjoy your work? Do not ask yourself whether your pupil is enjoying his play, his schoolmates, the companionship of his fellows, or even your own acquaintance. Is enjoying his work? If he is not; if the great majority of your pupils do not find their highest enjoyment in the tasks assigned in the school room, then you are obliged to confess

### BILL ARP'S TALK.

There is a Great Deal of Friction in Life.

Atlanta Constitution.

An old man with a well balanced mind and a good memory and cheerful disposition is a treasure--when he dies it is a positive loss not only to the family but to the community. He is like a clock that tells the time, or like a mile post that tells the distance, or like a signboard where the road forks. Such men are not numerous, for old age generally has some infirmity, but they are about and about and it is a pleasure and a comfort to meet with them. Wisdom hangs upon their lips, and they quiet your apprehensions and give you courage to fight the battle of life bravely. They see life from a higher standpoint than we see valleys and streams, and fields and forests from a mountain's top. I was talking to such an one the other day, and when I mentioned Mrs. Canfield's letter, and her desire to be up in some safe corner in the white sky and see the negro heels upon the white folks' necks, the old man smiled and said: "Oh, well, she is a foolish, thoughtless woman, and I expect more than she felt. But we are obliged to have some friction. These little splutters and splatters don't amount to much. They are like the big rain drops that fall upon a pool or a pond of water. They dance up and down and make quite a commotion for awhile, but when the cloud passes over, the pond is as smooth and glassy as ever. I think that the north and south are harmonizing as they get better acquainted and mix up their money in southern enterprises, but we are obliged to have some friction. Nothing runs smoothly all the time--not your farm, nor your business, nor your politics, nor your domestic affairs, nor your church nor your religion. In fact, friction is a good thing if you will keep it greased good."

Mrs. Canfield's letter discouraged me for awhile, for I thought she reflected the sentiments of the northern women towards us, but when I learned that she was a sister of Senator Ingalls I felt relieved. Malice and venom runs in some families by inheritance and they can't help it. The Ingalls family hate the south just like shibboleth Christians. They would like the pound of flesh from nearest the heart and say, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge."

So with the boy who cares nothing for what you may say. Get near to him. Do not let the thought enter your mind that he should leave school. Do not condemn him to a life of ignorance. There must be a long and careful trial, and a painstaking sifting of evidence, before the judge will undertake the responsibility of sending a human being to the penitentiary. It is a serious thing to send from the school room forever any boy whose inclination is to do wrong and who appears to have little respect for any one. Rather change, if you can, the bent of his tastes and habits. In some ways, and every good teacher knows thousands of ways, secure his confidence, direct his thoughts, get down into his life and make yourself a partner with him, in his troubles and vexations. If you can do this--if you are not doing this very thing every day with some of your pupils--are you not a good teacher?

IV. Do you do your work easily? There are some people who think that the quality and quantity of work done is to be judged by the amount of flurry and excitement occasioned in doing it. The teacher who is working the hardest is often accomplishing the least. Thoughts can be sent home to the mind of the pupil without disturbing a whole school room or wearying yourself. The natural method is the easiest as well as the most effectual of imparting instruction. Every teacher should be calm, deliberate and self-poised in the school room, not for the pupil's sake more than for her own.

There are two ways of climbing a hill. One man advances firmly and steadily, now and then resting a moment to enjoy the scenery and glance back over the path already trodden, or look ahead at the difficulties soon to be encountered. When such a traveler reaches the top, he is not exhausted. He has enjoyed the journey, and his companions have enjoyed it, too. Another man takes one glance and starts upward on the run. He meets obstacles entirely unexpected, and encounters difficulties for which he is totally unprepared. He reaches the summit, if he reaches it at all, weary, disgusted, and with little that is pleasant to say about the journey.

What kind of a traveler are you? Remember that you are a guide as well as a traveler. The country, familiar to you, is new to your companions. All the more reason, then, that you care carefully, calmly, thoughtfully, that both you and your pupils may climb this old hill of learning with pleasure and profit.

The florist's labor is very interesting. If he is a successful florist, he enjoys his work. He handles his growing plants tenderly and delicately. He would not hasten if he would, and he would not if he could. The small, weak, diseased, demand and receive his most earnest attention. He removes the weed and not the flower. He prunes, and grafts, and cultivates, and waters, and waters, until every flower seems to rejoice in his presence, to express its gladness and thankfulness with open lips and perfumed incense. Are you a good gardener?--George G. Ryan, Principal of Leavenworth High School.

### A TUSTLE WITH THE JAMS.

The Horrible Experience of an Anti-Prohibitionist.

From the Jacksonville Times-Union.

No, I never had 'em but once, and not having any undue proportion of pork in my composition, I don't want to have 'em again. In the sublime language of the psalmist, I've got enough. I have heard of men entertaining several visits of them, but no more for yours truly.

I was living in Detroit, Mich., at the time; had splendid bachelor quarters at the Russell, an income up in the four ciphers, and neither kick nor nip, spent my time mostly at the club and the races when in season, first nights at theaters, and so on.

I had been drinking very heavily for about two months, but what started me on such a colossal toot I don't remember now. It might have been because a woman jilted me, or I broke my pet meerschaum, or some other such trifle; but, at any rate, I was two lengths ahead and still going like a house afire.

About this time I concluded I'd sober off, and found, to my great surprise, that I couldn't do it.

Were you ever so drunk you didn't dare get sober? No! Well, then, all I've got to say is that you have missed one of the most peculiar fascinations of sporting life. However, that is the condition I found myself in, and I made up my mind I'd try a trip in the country, and see if I couldn't gradually get down to bed-rock again.

I took the first train to Ann Arbor, and on arriving there hired a horse and buggy and drove out to Whitmore Lake, a beautiful little sheet of water about ten miles south of Ann Arbor. There were two hotels there then--remember that this was twenty years ago--and I put up at the West house, a good comfortable hotel, where the bar had some of the finest claret I ever drank. I took a couple of cocktails and a half tumbler of brandy, and then went in to supper. On the table was some delicious fried chicken, hot biscuits and a lot of other truck, but I couldn't eat a mouthful; appetite all gone, and my own voice sounding far off to me.

"How long have I been sick, doctor?" I asked in a thin, far-off voice.

"Two weeks to day. You've had a hard pull at it, William, but are all right now. Promise me you will give up whisky, William."

"Boys right then" and there I made a solemn vow that I would never again touch the stuff, and I have kept that vow inviolate. Since that time not a drop of whisky has passed my lips.

#### Concerning Cloud Bursts.

The deadly and destructive work of cloud bursts at the two Johnsons has drawn public attention to these dangerous catclysms.

Thirty years ago our people knew nothing about cloud bursts. For several years they were occasionally heard of in the far west, but they were not expected to visit the Atlantic States. The New York Herald gives the following condensed facts concerning this new danger:

The phenomena of a cloud burst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood. The whirl in which it forms is not a very broad and shallow disk, but a tall column of mass of rotating air, similar to that in which the Atlantic waterspout of the famous pillar-like dust storm in India is generated. While this traveling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating, the centrifugal force, as Professor Ferrel has shown, acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of exterior air from all sides into its interior, except at and near the base of the pillar. Their friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the fine-line interior as powerful ascending currents.

The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely filled with water vapor, as it was in the Cayaduta valley and as it was on May 31st in the Connecticut valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor laden clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were previously floating and hurl them aloft into rarified and cold regions of the atmosphere, where their vapor is instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level, and as their own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed, they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface--making, so to speak, a lake in high air.

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath this vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever increasing gravitational force to earth. In severe cloud bursts the water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloud burst of 1838, at Hollidaysburg, Pa., excavated many holes in the ground, varying from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter, and from three to six feet deep. In a similar but milder storm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures were cut in the streets eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and cart.

It will be seen that human skill can afford little or no protection against such a terrific force. We may guard against ordinary floods, and even cyclones, but when an immense volume of water suddenly descends in a solid torrent from mid-air, nothing can stand against it. The fate of the two Johnsons may befall any other town. It is not safe to say that because a region has heretofore escaped such visitations it will be exempt.

—A woman of Athens, Ga., who is 87 years old, it is said, does not remember to have ever taken a drink of water, and cannot bear to drink the fluid. Her eyesight has returned to her, and now she can do the finest needle work without the use of glasses. She is in fine health and bids fair to live a century.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In England check reins are now entirely out of use, being forbidden by law.

—Ex President Cleveland is said to have invented a new fly for trout fishing.

—A colored man at Albany, Ga., has served no less than twenty-one terms in jail for fighting.

—At Seymour, Ind., four sisters met recently who had not seen each other for twenty-five years.

—The most delicate, the most sensible, of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

—A gentleman living near Quitman, Brooks county, Ga., near a morsel of bread or meat in his life.

—The Alliance men of Alabama are going to build mills and manufacture their own cotton bagging.

—The negroes of Kentucky are holding meetings and declaring their independence of the Republican party.

—Senator Quay is said to receive more letters than any other man in the United States except the President.

—The New York Cotton Exchange has consented to fix prices on cotton regardless of the material used for covering. This will be good news for the farmers.

—When a father in Madagascar gets in the notion that his daughter ought to marry he puts a rope around her neck and leads her forth, and the first young man that he offers her to has got to take her or pay a forfeit.

—A boy living near Abilene, Texas, was recently bitten by a snake and soon taken with convulsions. An old Mexican scraped the bowl of a briar pipe and applied the scrapings to the child's wounds, and the next day the boy was well.

—Dr. Strong is authority for the statement that in the States between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains there is one saloon for every forty-three voters. East of the Mississippi the average is one to one hundred and seven voters.

—A hail storm in Villafraña, Piedmont, was of such enormous force that more than one hundred persons were badly hurt, and a boy and girl had several hallstones estimated at two pounds.

—Over a thousand six hundred people have been burned to death at Su Chow, China, making a half dozen stupendous calamities in the Celestial empire in as many months. Even the Chinese do not seem to grow very excited over such occurrences.

—The White Lead Trust has obtained control of the three leading factories of the United States. The trust now controls 90 per cent. of all the white lead produced in the country. The lined oil factories were consolidated into a trust two years ago.

—A lady who had lost her voice for nearly a year stumbled and fell while making her escape from the recent flood at Rockford, W. Va. In her excitement she tried to scream for help and immediately recovered her voice and can speak as well as ever.

—A young married couple in Ashtabula county, Ohio, have been making a garden for the first time. When planting onions they were at a loss to tell which end to put down, so they compromised the matter, he putting them in one way and she the other.

—The practice of keeping night lights in children's bed rooms is pronounced very injurious by a well known physician. Instead of allowing the optic nerves the perfect rest afforded by darkness, the light keeps them in perpetual stimulation, with the result of causing the brain and the rest of the nervous system to suffer.

—The practice of cremation is spreading rapidly in Italy. In forty-two communities it has been adopted to the exclusion of every other method of disposing of dead human bodies. In twenty-one communities funerals have been in operation for several years. In nineteen communities the authorities are trying to raise money for the erection of crematoriums.

—A verdant young man from near Delton drove to town, accompanied by his best girl, says the Hasting Democrat, to witness the wonders of a patent medicament, and, in the exuberance of the hour, bought a box of tooth powder and a package of corn medicine. He gave, as he supposed, the tooth powder to the girl and the corn medicine he kept for himself. But he made a sad mistake, and the package was divided vice versa. Sunday morning it was discovered that his once fair partner had used the corn annihilator freely on her teeth, Saturday evening, after her return home, and that during the night her teeth had all dropped out.

—A good story of old days in Massachusetts has recently been published. In one of the churches in the eastern part of the State a bass viol was procured to help the choir. One summer Sunday, while the parson was in the middle of the sermon, a bull got out of his pasture and came swarming down the road, growling as he came. The minister heard of the low bellow, and looking up towards the singers' seats with a grave face he said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune during service time; it annoys me very much." The choir was surprised, but nothing was said. Pretty soon the bull gave another growl, and then the parson was mad. He stopped short, and looking directly at the bass viol player, said: "I now particularly request Mr. L.--that he will not tune his instrument while I am preaching." This was more than the fiddler could stand. "Popping up in his seat he snatched out. 'It isn't me, parson; it isn't me. It is that darned old town bull!'"

—The Ladies Delighted.

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Session Opens Sept. 10, 1889.

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April 13, 1889

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May 23, 1889

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Nov 13, 1888

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