

The Anderson Intelligencer.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1891.

VOLUME XXVI.—NO. 13.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

GRAND OPENING SALE.

On Monday, October 5, 1891, promptly at 10 o'clock,

JAS. P. GOSSETT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes.

Will offer for sale a SPECIAL LOT of 200 pairs of the celebrated BAY STATE SHOES, at the following cut prices:

35 pairs Children's Solid Leather Shoes 45c.—regular price 60c.
50 pairs Men's Solid Leather Shoes 60c.—regular price 80c.
50 pairs Women's Solid Leather Shoes 60c.—regular price \$1.00.
50 pairs Women's Solid Leather Shoes 65c.—regular price \$1.25.
50 pairs Women's Genuine Dongola Kid Button Shoes \$1.50.—regular price \$2.00.
50 pairs Men's Solid Leather Shoes \$1.00.—regular price \$1.25.
We make this great slaughter sale simply for an advertisement—nothing more, nothing less. We want you to come to see us, and we know of no better way to get you than by offering bargains. We will have reduced sales again, but they will be confined to remnants only. We positively will not sell to any one person more than one pair of each style of these cut-priced shoes.
Come early, while the stock is unbroken.
Very respectfully,
JAS. P. GOSSETT & CO.,
NO. 2 CHICQUOLA BLOCK.

STRICTLY CASH—NO GOODS CHARGED.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR SHOES WEAR LONGER!

NEVER try to wear a shoe too small, or that is not the shape of the foot. Never let your shoe get hard or dry. Don't let it run down at the heel or side. A shoe repaired in time will retain its shape and comfort, and it is true economy.

Never put wet shoes by the fire to dry, but dry them gradually and carefully. Never dry a wet shoe without first applying some oil and grease. Don't allow a thick crust of blacking on your shoes. Wash it off occasionally and apply a little castor oil; you can polish it over in an hour or two.

We now have a complete line of the Celebrated Hamilton & Brown Shoe Co's. goods in stock, and it is a duty you owe to yourself to give these goods a trial. Our Ladies' \$2.50 Dongola and Goat Button Shoes—made on Opera, Half Opera, and Common Sense lasts—we believe stands without a rival. Our Gents' \$2.50 Calf, Button, Ball's and Congress—made on London and French toe lasts—will simply astonish you, to see how the shoe could be gotten up that cheap.

We have the Largest and Most Complete Line of Shoes in the State,

And according to the CLOSE PRICES at which we buy, and SMALL MARGIN at which we sell, we can safely say you will lose 15 to 25 per cent in buying elsewhere.

Very respectfully,

R. S. HILL, Manager,
No. 10 S. Main Street.

NEW STORE.

New and Elegant Stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

EVERYTHING FRESH, FIRST CLASS,

AND GUARANTEED.

FLOUR, MEAL,

MEAL, GRITS,

SUGAR, COFFEE,

LARD, HAMS,

MEAT, MOLASSES,

PICKLES, CANDY, CRACKERS,

In short, EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT.

Delivery Free to any part of the City.

This is a new department for me, and I want my friends to give me a trial. My chief thought shall be to please my customers.

Yours truly,
W. V. WHITE,

No. 16 North Main Street, just above C. A. Reed's Music House.



for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

ATTENTION, READERS.

We have moved into the Store Room recently occupied by A. G. Means, the Clothing man. We want all of our old friends and customers to come and see us in our new quarters.

E. W. BROWN & SONS,

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

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

MEMORY GEMS.

If you are told to do a thing, And mean to do it really; Never let it be by halves; Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse, Waiting, weak, unsteady; All obedience work the name, Must be prompt and ready.

—PROVERB CARRY.

The school desk question is one of importance. We can get them at very low rates now. This is a good time to secure desks cheap. Let us hear from you, Trustees.

Miss May Russell will teach the coming year at Calhoun, or Shady Grove, in Belton District. She secures a good location by this arrangement, and her patrons secure one of our best teachers.

Mrs. J. S. McCully has perfected arrangements to occupy Miss Janie Frieson's school house next year. Her school will open the first Monday in October. Mrs. McCully is a good teacher, and we hope she will have a good school.

Miss Nettie Hall has been employed to teach at Cross Roads, in Hopewell District, again next year. She is a teacher that does thorough work and gives satisfaction. We called to see her last week and found her, as usual, at her post of duty. Her patrons have acted wisely in securing her for another season.

One resolve should be made by every teacher this year, whether in the elegant school-rooms of the city or in the log or sod school house of the far West and South: "I will, God helping me, get a better understanding of the ways and means of teaching this year than I have had yet." And God will help; he is on the side of those who are on the side of the children.—School Journal

Miss Mary E. Anderson, one of our best teachers, has been elected a teacher in the Graded Schools at Spartanburg. This shows that Anderson County has good teachers, but it shows also that our own people here are losing some of our best educators, possibly because we do not appreciate them as much as other Counties do. We congratulate Miss Mary and Spartanburg, but we regret to see Anderson lose another of her best teachers.

The army of teachers, according to the educational statistics of the census of 1890, is great. It appears, according to a recent report, that there are 361,237 public school teachers in this country and 12,653,894 pupils attending our free schools. In private sectarian schools there are 698,106 pupils, and in sectarian schools there are 578,601 pupils. The army of scholars in our schools is nearly 14,000,000 young people, and within two months nine tenths of this vast number will be in the school rooms of our country.—School Journal

The question when should the public school term begin will have to be answered by each Board of Trustees some time in the near future. Some think the public schools should open first of November, others think they should begin first of December, and others think the first of January should be the time. This is an important matter and should be carefully considered. If possible, all the schools should open at the same time in all the Districts. We write this item so as to bring the matter to the attention of the Trustees.

We often hear teachers and those who are not teachers say, "I want to do good work. I want to be of as much benefit to the world as possible, but no opportunities present themselves." What a mistake! Opportunities are ever present. They may not be grand and great opportunities, but the opportunity to do good is ever present. The manner in which you do your part of the world's work, and the earnestness and sincerity with which you embrace and improve the opportunities as they present themselves, are all that you are held responsible for. God takes care of the results. What a pleasing thought to the teacher! What a relief that we are not held accountable for the results, only for the work—that is all.

SUGGESTIONS.

Do not ridicule a pupil for any physical or other unavoidable defect, even dumbness.

It is better to request than command. Do not manifest a lack of confidence in your ability to govern; nor display a love for domineering or commanding.

Be certain that the pupil understands your request; after that do not repeat it. Require prompt obedience.

Let everything be done decently and in order.—Popular Educator.

Women Never See a Joke.

"Brown, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed Brown, opening wide his eyes. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"Because your better half is stubbornness."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. Brown," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"

She recalled a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

—Boston Beacon.

Buckner's 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 Bros.

BILL ARP

Talks with His Friend Jake on Some Public Matters.

Atlanta Constitution.

Uncle Jake is not a scholar, but is a reader and a thinker. He takes some papers and borrows other. He is getting old and is quite amiable and tolerant. His natural disposition is not to criticize, but rather to apologize for everything and everybody. When there is conflict and excitement and bitterness he takes no side, but offers excuses for both.

"There are two sides to this thing," says he, "and folks ought to discuss it more calmly." It always interests me to draw him out on the perplexing questions of the day, and hear him express his "learnings."

"I haven't mind enough," says he, "to decide betwixt 'em, but it will all work out right after awhile. Our Heavenly Father is mighty good to His creatures as long as good people are in the majority. He would have saved Sodom if Abraham could have found ten good people there. I don't know how big the town was—big as Atlanta, I reckon, but it must have been an awful place. God puts up with a heap before He lets his wrath boil plum over. He never sent the flood until the number of good people was reduced down to eight, and I reckon one of them was a pretty hard case and was just saved on account of his kinfolks. I believe there is many a young man and young girl, too, who will be saved on account of their father and mother. Atlanta is said to be a right wicked town, but I reckon there are several hundred good people there—pretty good people—and I think she's safe. The towns are worse than the country, for you see the devil hasn't got time to run round from house to house and whisper his devilment in their ears. He wants 'em by the wholesale. He won't set his trap to catch one bird. He's got sense, he has. He won't waste his ammunition."

"Uncle Jake," said I, "what's your opinion about the alliance, and the sub-trotsky?"

"Oh, I don't know," said he, "it will all work out right after awhile. There are two sides to it, and whenever there are two sides it gets up discussions, and we will have to wait until the argument is over. It is in a right smart tangle yet, but the people will do right when they have time to see what's right. The farmers are raising a powerful rumpus, and if they are demanding too much it is a good way to get something. I remember when the war 'chord of our party was '\$6.40 or fight,' until we settled down to '\$5.40 and fight,' either, for that was all the territory we were entitled to."

"Folks will have to make a fuss sometimes, or they will be run over. You know Bob Smith actually quit his crop and went to preaching all the week, and when his boss made a fuss about it, Bob said: 'We is just obliged to go to preaching. You white folks done got dis here world, and we niggers is fixing to get do next one.' The farmers have been paying tribute to protection for seventy-five years, and they are tired. They want their time to come. They want a bounty in some shape. Sugar has got one, and why not cotton and corn, and wheat and rice? Five dollars a bale on cotton would help powerfully, and that would be only \$40,000,000 a year. That's nothing for a government like this. Suppose we paid \$100,000,000 a year to the farmers in bounties, they would get the money and their products be no higher. The poor people would get them as cheap as ever. I can buy my sugar at 6 cents, but the sugar planter gets 2 cents a pound more. This plan would stimulate farming and beat the sub-trotsky scheme. The manufacturers have had that much or more for fifty years through the protective tariff—why not the farmers?"

"But Uncle Jake," said I, "where will the government get the money to pay these bounties?"

"Oh, I don't know," said he, "where there's a will there's a way. There's the income tax, that they could make as heavy as they please, and they could put some more on whiskey—whiskey will stand a sight. It pays \$180,000,000 now, and could just as easy pay \$280,000,000."

"But suppose," said I, "the temperance movement abolishes whiskey—what then?"

"Why, then," said Uncle Jake, smiling, "we would have such a millionaires we wouldn't need any. If whiskey was abolished it would save a thousand millions a year to the country. Without whiskey we would all get rich. Whiskey runs porches and lunatic asylums and orphan's homes and jails and chain-gangs and prisons of all kinds. Whiskey runs the courts and the taxes and pretty much the lawyers and doctors, to say nothing of broken vows and broken hearts. We could afford to swap away every bounty and pension and protection to get rid of whiskey, but we won't talk about that now, for it's not in sight. It's only a hope, a dream. The devil will give up everything before he will whiskey."

"Uncle Jake," said I, "do you believe in a real, personal devil?"

"Why not?" said he, "the Bible tell us all about him and all his officers—Satan and Beelzebub and Apollyon and Moloch and Belial and all those fellows? Why, the old scoundrel came here first. He had possession when Adam was created, and he began right straight to work on him, and he's been working on his posterity ever since. Don't I feel it? Don't I know it? He's been working on me all my life, and I have to fight him every day. What makes me have wicked thoughts—thoughts of passion, revenge, envy, covetousness. When that mean old rascal, Jim Wilkins, was tore all to pieces by the cyclone, what made me glad of it? Don't I know that all such thoughts are unbecoming to a gentleman? What makes me love to hear Sam Jones sanctify the people, what makes a little child show passions and selfishness before it can talk? The Lord didn't make us that way, not at the start, He didn't. The old devil is at the bottom of every bad thing, and we have just got to fight him, that's all. If he whips the fight here, then we become his subjects, and go straight to his kingdom, fire or no fire. That's what I believe. If I tell my

boy not to go in a washing this evening, he is perfectly free and able to mind me or not mind me, and just so the Lord has made me a free agent, to do right or to do wrong. The good Spirit works on me and the devil works on me, and I can take my choice—that's what I believe."

Sam Jones and Sam Small have got together again, and they make a powerful team. It doesn't matter what some folks or some papers say about them, they are shaking up the people. I don't know what would become of us if it were not for the preachers. I saw a man shedding tears last night while Sam Small, 'was talking, who hasn't had a tender thought or a pure one in years, they say. Maybe he will come to himself yet, and like the poor prodigal, go back to his father's house. I hope so. Everybody hopes so. Some folks don't like the spasmodic, emotional religion, but it is better than none. It puts a man to thinking, and is a sign that he is not clean gone. Our tabernacle is an institution and a comfort. It is covered every day and every night, and all its influence is for good. Hundreds go there that won't go to the Churches, and some of them are gathered in."

There are but two great highways in this world, and one of them leads to the Churches and the other to the jail. Not that so many reach the prisons, but you can see the jail away off at the end of the avenues they are on. Their bent is in that direction. And you can see the spires of the churches away off at the end of the other. The churches are the freest houses on earth, and the best. They have no secrets, and the doors are wide open, and pay what you please, and everything that is done or said there is for peace. Nobody quarrels or fights. You can't say that much of any political meeting or any secret society or grand jury or all-gang meeting. I never heard of a young man being made worse by going to Church. There is a sad song that says, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" that a poor mother was singing. Well, if I was to step in and say, "He's at Church, madame," wouldn't she be happy? Parents are not afraid of the Church. They may not belong to it, nor go to it, but I never saw one who tried to keep his child away? Did you?"

Well, no; I never did. I have read of them, but I reckon it was a romance.

BILL ARP.

Lintless Cotton Seed.

Manager Cureton, of the Greenville cotton seed oil mill, is experimenting with the lintless cotton of H. T. Ferguson, living near Woodruff, in Spartanburg County, twenty six miles east of this city.

The object of Mr. Cureton's experiments is to find what value the seed has as a oil producer and as a fertilizer.

A New reporter yesterday saw several stalks of the cotton at the oil mill. They were not unlike the ordinary stalks in appearance and no difference can be seen in the green bolls until they are opened. Then the observer is astonished. He sees nothing but a boll full of green seed such as he would find on opening a pea pod.

The merest trace of lint is found. The stalks in the possession of Mr. Cureton contain one or two open bolls, and when a close inspection is made there is again surprise. The seeds stick in the bolls until they are well matured and if not picked drop out. When ripe they are intensely black in color and resemble the seed of the famous Peterkin cotton. They are larger than the ordinary seed.

Mr. Cureton has not fully completed his experiments, but he has made a few simple tests. He says the seed has much more oil than the ordinary seed and far more lint. He believes the cotton can be easily cultivated and will yield from 300 to 400 bushels on the acre. He believes, from what he now sees, that there is a great future for the cotton as an oil producer and fertilizer maker.

The seed are gathered much like peas and the cotton is harvested much like other cotton. Mr. Ferguson has an acre in cultivation this year.

The following are the claims made for the cotton in a circular sent out by Mr. Ferguson:

"Ferguson's lintless cotton is the grandest discovery of the age. For four years I have been experimenting with this cotton seed. It comes true to name every time. It is one of the most abundant bearers ever seen in cotton and will resist a drought ten to fifteen days longer than other cotton. Stalks bear from 100 to 400 bushels of seed, numbered from twenty to sixty seed in each boll. They contain more oil and more plant food than other cotton seed and will make this season 400 or 500 bushels of seed per acre, planted 3x3 feet and cultivated as for other cotton. Sowed broadcast as peas for fertilizing purposes up to the 10th of June, will stand on the land from 100 to 200 bushels of seed will put out any work. The cotton grows tall, putting out from six to eight long running limbs near the bottom of the stalk. They resemble potato vines. Each of these limbs will mature from eight to twenty bolls, besides the short limbs and brace limbs common in other cotton.

"For stock it is superior to all others. Chickens, turkeys and ducks devour it eagerly as they do corn. Stock of all kinds eat them."—Greenville News.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUBAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1891.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ART OF RAIN-MAKING IN TEXAS.

Col. Drenforth, Satisfied with Results.

Col. Drenforth, who conducted the recent experiments in Texas, with a view of testing the theory of rain production by great atmospheric disturbances, is not the kind of man to rest, but, at least, so far as that work is concerned, is taking matters easily, and receiving daily reports from his assistant, Lieut. Ellis, who is now in Texas pursuing the work.

"The work that we have done," said Col. Drenforth last night, "has convinced me that the subject is well worth being thoroughly investigated, and in my opinion it should be pursued still further. I do not say that what has been accomplished is sufficient, but enough has been done to convince any one conversant with the subject that we are on the right track. A further outlay of money would be profitable, but whether Congress will make an appropriation for future experiments I do not know. That is a matter the Agricultural Department will doubt take up. So far nothing has been done in this direction, but I feel pretty certain it will be brought before Congress in due time."

"As for myself I will not conduct any more experiments for my private business is interfered with too much. These experiments ought to be conducted under the direction of some one now in the service of the Government—an army officer for instance. You will see by the dispatches from Lieut. Ellis that he has noticed the force of the waves produced by a discharge of dynamite from the earth, while he was in a balloon some distance above. This same thing was noticed while he was at Midland. We had a captive balloon attached to a wire. It was at the time I speak of about 1,000 feet high, and a half mile from the operators. While it was in this situation a lot of dynamite was discharged. The charge was sufficient to produce waves of such force that they struck the balloon producing a noise similar to the flapping of a huge sail on a vessel when struck by the wind. The report was so loud that we thought our balloon had burst. There can be no doubt but that these concussions produce the atmospheric disturbances, and, properly conducted, bring about the gathering of clouds and precipitation of moisture. I believe that in time the theory can be reduced to an absolute art."

"There is still much, however, that we must determine. We do not know just how these discharges should take place. So far it is a mere conjecture, and can only be ascertained by being worked out. We must find out by experiment whether it is better to arrange our discharging force in a line, in a circle, spirally, or whether it should be concentrated. The question of altitude also has much to do with it. The method of producing the concussions has more, perhaps, to do with it than the mere discharge itself. We know of instances where powder mills have blown up, great quantities of powder having been exploded with no resulting rain. The same absence of rainfall has been noticed following the accidental discharge of a large amount of dynamite. Of course, it will cost money to make these experiments, but it will be money well spent."

"Had it not been for the utmost economy on our part during our recent expedition the very small appropriation of \$7,000 would have been used up long ago. The railroads and others have been very kind to us. The Iron Mountain and other southern roads furnished free transportation for our whole party and all of our goods and material. Mr. Nelson Morris, who put his ranch at our disposal, permitted his carpenters and laborers to do our work; and thereby saving us hundreds of dollars. Had it not been for all these things we would have run out of money long ago. As a matter of fact the Government paid for the materials used in the experiment at Midland only. While we were there citizens of El Paso and Corpus Christi waited upon us and desired us to make experiments there, but I did not think it right to spend all the money in Texas. At my suggestion El Paso agreed to pay for all materials used in an experiment there, and it was under such circumstances that we went there. Down there there is intense interest in the success of these experiments, and the people of Texas appreciate the fact that if rain can be produced by this means millions of acres of arid land will be redeemed, and the property in the State be increased in value amazingly."

I received a telegram from Lieut. Ellis this afternoon, stating that he was going, in a few days, to Corpus Christi to make another experiment. As I said before, we have discovered enough to know that these experiments ought to be pursued, and I believe this will be done."

CHARGES \$500 A SHOWER.

TOPEKA, KAN., Sept. 19.—Melbourne, the Australian rain wizard, has agreed for \$500 to make torrents of rainfall at Goodland next Saturday. Goodland is the county seat of Sherman County bordering on Colorado. He contracts to make it rain for fifty miles in all directions from Goodland.

His method is entirely different from Drenforth's. He takes his chemicals into a small building, makes the room dark and runs a small pipe out the roof. No one can see what produces the rain, but his brother goes about on the outside among the crowd and offers to bet any amount that rain will fall in torrents within forty-eight hours. Melbourne takes several revolvers inside the building to prevent any one from getting in while he operates. A heavy rain was never known to fall at that season of the year.—Washington Post of Sunday.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the I-quick fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effective in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

—There are times when the best of people would hate to tell what they are thinking about.

Raising Meat.

Mr. H. F. Horton, of Bullock's Creek Township, was in the Enquirer office yesterday. Mr. Horton is one of the farmers that a reporter of the Enquirer called on last summer with a view to getting some information as to the most successful way to manage a farm. He makes good crops of corn, cotton, wheat and oats, and is one of those farmers who believes in living at home. Knowing, as we do, that he does not believe in buying anything that can be raised at home, and that not a pound of Western meat comes on his place, we took occasion to ask him some questions about raising meat.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Horton, "I have always raised my own meat, and I consider that I have made money by it. Of course, I do not raise meat to sell to my croppers, but I insist, as far as possible, that they shall raise it for themselves."

"Well, how is it?" he was asked, "that there are so many farmers who claim that they cannot afford to raise corn to feed to hogs?"

"You can't do it. They are correct so far as that is concerned," replied Mr. Horton. "But then you do not want to raise your hogs on corn altogether. It is too expensive, and I don't believe they do it anywhere—that is, altogether."

"Then how do you manage?"

"Oh, there are several ways. The fact is there are so many ways in which it can be done, that it is difficult to tell which is the best way; but the idea of raising a hog altogether on corn is as foolish as feeding a dog on fried chicken."

"I raise my hogs in a pasture and feed very little corn except in the fall when I want to fatten; and if they have been managed properly there is very little fattening to do. All a hog wants is a good range in the woods. During a month or two in the winter you feed him a little corn. As the season advances, he gets more and more able to take care of himself. Along during the latter part of June, you can turn him on the stubble, and if you will sow peas in intervals so as to have a crop along from July until frost, you will have your hogs provided for all summer. When frost comes, you can turn them into a pasture in the woods, where they can get plenty of acorns; and these will keep them in excellent condition."

"A few weeks before I get ready to kill my hogs, I turn them into a small lot—never into a close pen, because they do not do so well—and feed them corn. During the whole year, it does not take more than from six to ten bushels of corn for a hog that will net 350 to 400 pounds."

"Then you think it pays to raise your own meat?"

"Of course I do. I don't know how much it really costs, but I would not be willing to buy my meat even if I had a guarantee of this Western stuff, at four cents a pound. I am satisfied that my meat does not cost me that much, and I would not be surprised at its costing a great deal less."

"The fact is," continued Mr. Horton, "raising as I do only enough meat for my own consumption, the time and expense given to my hogs is scarcely worth considering. But judging from my own experience, I am satisfied that if proper attention were given to the matter, it would be found almost anybody can raise meat cheaper than they can buy it."—Topeka Enquirer.

From the Wagon to the Pulpit.

Before Sam Jones went to preaching he ran a public dry in Cartersville, his native town. He was a familiar figure around the depot, and he at that time hauled all the drummers' trunks from the depot to the hotel. Many veteran drummers yet remember Sam as a drummer. His outfit was a small, rickety, rattling, ramshackling wagon and an old sorrel horse, that was old and experienced enough to have come down from the revolutionary war. This horse was a character in his way, and some people say he was the cause of Sam's reformation. He was as humble a horse as one would wish to see. He submitted to all Sam's cuffs and rebuffs without any protest other than mild backing his head bitten ears. He had an air of one who was always deeply engaged in thoughts and looked upon the frivolities of this life with supreme disdain. And then Sam's horse was extremely unsociable in his temperament. He never ceased to make any new acquaintances and seemed desirous of treading the wine press and getting alone. For many drawing Sam's rickety old horse by the sulbmet fortitude. It was never necessary for Sam to tie him when he left him, for he had such insurmountable constitutional objections to locomotion there was little danger of him taking his departure. So Sam thought, and so it went for many, many days.

But things do not always remain the same, alas!

One day Sam's horse was seen, to the most extreme surprise of the Cartersvillians, treading down Main street, followed by the dry, which was rolling about from one side to the other. Down the street he went like mad, and seems wonderful that he could acquire such speed. Sam, who had left him for some purpose, stood watching his mad career eagerly.

"He's decided to emigrate," Sam remarked, as the horse continued his wild flight.

Presently the horse swerved to the right and the wagon struck against a tree with a crash and came to a standstill. The spectators all went down to survey the wreck. It was a complete one, indeed. Sam stood and looked at it silently for some moments in deep reflection. There was a pathos in his voice when he finally turned around and said: "I guess I'll have to find some other way to make a living."

In a few weeks Sam left Cartersville and went down near Columbus.

"The next I heard of saw of Sam," said the gentleman who told me the story, "he came back to Cartersville and preached a sermon. I went out to hear him, and I never saw such a complete change in a man."—Atlanta Constitution.

Farmers Should Raise Their Own Horses and Mules.