

SARGE PLUNKETT.

In Months With an "R" Oysters Are Good.

Atlanta Constitution.

September has never brought any season of sadness to this neck of the woods. If you will try you may catch any old lady of the land humming little spatches of song that tell just as plainly as it could be told that their thoughts are of other days and that they are living over again the sweet days of their childhood.

It would be hard to make any old timer believe that fall was the "saddest of the year." It was some town fellow that got up such an idea. He surely could never have seen the wild grapes as they used to hang along the old fence rows and hedges, nor they could never have went chestnutting with the boys and girls as they used to go, nor such a man could never have hunted the 'possum and the coon and eat the roasted potatoes after the hunt was through, and I am sure that he never lived in a land where the country parties started with September and run till March.

After a few more days of sunshine I wish it could be that people everywhere could slip up on the cotton fields of DeKalb and stand off and watch the cotton pickers at their work. To watch these pickers would forever convince that the South is blessed beyond any other section.

When we come to think about it, the children and women do make the cotton crop almost, and they gather the greatest portion of it. The men do the plowing, the women and children do the hoeing and picking. If you could slip up on the cotton fields any day you would be convinced that the girls of the South can find plenty to do in cotton picking time. And they do pick it. As sweet young ladies as can be found in the world pick cotton right here in DeKalb, and they sing and laugh as they pick, and never a thought of it being a "low calling" enters their minds.

September and cotton picking had a tendency to make the girls coarse or in any way inferior to what they would have been. We know that it does not hurt these girls, but to the contrary, they grow in the sweet graces and in health. Many of them have talked to us about it and they declare that they feel so much better in every respect. They feel proud of themselves because they do work. It helps us all to know that we are doing some good in the world. The most miserable life on earth is to have nothing to do. Work makes these girls strong in body and independent in spirit—they feel proud of themselves and everybody feels proud of them.

It is the saddest of things to observe a family that is fast arriving at that foolish stage where they think themselves secure in their possessions of wealth and social position. Perhaps their very parents or grandparents were the "poor folks" of fifty or sixty years ago, and more than apt fifty years more will find the same blood and bone poor again. It strikes me children should be talked to about these things. They are reasonable and can be impressed with one idea as well as with another. Common sense is one of the great needs of the times, and the foundation for common sense is to understand that we must all live according to our means, that work is necessary and that false pride is an abomination.

But everybody is not going to work, everybody don't have to work. The thing to understand is that work is respectable. If people are able to live without work, it is all right, but they are not a bit better by not working. There will always be some fools who will strive to do as others do, and it amounts to crime for folks not able to strive to live without work. The cotton fields offer clean and pleasant work to girls and boys, and it is a credit to them to go about it. How proud we should all feel of the good girls who go out and help at what they can, and we should let them know that we are proud of them—tell them.

Serofula, Ulcers, Cancer, Skin Troubles.

AT LAST A CURE—TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.—Is your skin pallid, pale or blood thin? Are you easily tired or as tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Is there loss of strength? Are you all run down? Aches and pains in bones, joints or back? Weak eyes or eyes on the eyes? If so, you have the poison of serofula in your blood, and the least sickness, scratch or blow will bring to the surface all the horrible symptoms of this terrible blood disease—ulcers, swellings, eating sores, foul breath, bumps or rising boils, abscesses, white swelling, itching skin humors, eruptions, aches in bones, joints and muscles, cancer, catarrh, etc.

Large bottles drugs stores \$1. Trial treatment free by writing: Blood Elixir Co., 330 Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and we will include free personal medical advice given. Orr-Gray & Co., Wilkite & Wilhite, and Evans Pharmacy.

Rev. Wm. Henry Strickland.

Rev. Wm. Henry Strickland, an eloquent and faithful minister of the Baptist church, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thos. Fulton, on Friday evening, Aug. 9th.

He was born near Lawrenceville, in Gwinnett county, in 1839. Possessed of a bright and aspiring mind and a natural thirst for knowledge, his efforts took the direction of learning and the acquisition of an education. During the time of his attendance at Mercer University he received most helpful instruction from Dr. Crawford, the president, and the able faculty then engaged in the institution. Equipped with the culture such instruction and association could furnish, and moreover inspired by an irresistible call to the service in which his life was spent, he was ordained when about twenty-five years old to the ministry of the Baptist church.

During the last three months, increasing feebleness from frequent attacks of sickness gave warning to watchful friends that his life work was drawing to a close. His love for his divinely commissioned work, however, was unabating. He was a man of great natural industry. During the period of his ministry he prepared and delivered 6301 sermons, and at the same time devoted care for his family, and attention to all social duties, were not neglected.

During the closing years of his life he suffered many heavy afflictions from the hand of God. The destruction of his home by fire, the loss of a brother and two sons, and then the death of a lovely and affectionate young daughter, followed each other in quick succession. Yet all these trials served as renewed occasions to exhibit the wonderful courage, heroism and endurance his character ever displayed.

As a preacher he had, in a remarkable degree, the power of fixing the attention of those who heard him, causing him to be remembered and loved years after by even the little ones of the congregation. The charm of heartfelt sincerity was his. His words did indeed seem to burn and glow with the message his divine Master gave him to deliver.

His Christian life and death furnish the surest testimony to the value of the Christian religion. What are "all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them," what are all worldly honors, what are wealth, fame pleasure to him whose life work was finer and more enduring than any of these, and whose present possession and reward dazzle the mind with the radiant intensity of their glory?

And so after more than thirty-six years of almost unrelenting toil in the ministry he entered joyfully upon his citizenship in Heaven. Let us think of these things, and take comfort when we remember him, seeking to share his experience and to emulate his exalted service.—Kate R. Hillier, in Decatur, Ga., DeKalb New Era.

A Communication.

Mr. Editor—Allow me to speak a few words in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I suffered for three years with the bronchitis and could not sleep at nights. I tried several doctors and various patent medicines, but could get nothing to give me any relief until my wife got a bottle of this valuable medicine, which has completely relieved me.—W. S. Brockman, Bagnell, Mo. This remedy is for sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

His Stratagem for Exposing a Pass Fiend.

One of the best stories General Archie Williams ever drew from his vast repertoire is told on himself. Many years ago, when the Attorney General of Kansas, Mr. Williams had occasion to make a trip to the East. He had no railroad passes east of the Missouri River, so he borrowed an annual over an Illinois road from his old friend "Jake" Smith. It happened during the first stretch through Illinois that the conductor of the train on which the Kansas man rode was a former schoolmate of his.

"Yes, I know him very well," responded the pseudo Smith, after working his train and returning to have a chat with his passenger from Kansas, "I see you are from Topeka. Did you ever know a man out there by the name of Archie Williams?"

"Who, Williams? Attorney General? Well I'll be d—d!" ejaculated the conductor. "What kind of a people are they out there in Kansas to elect a chuckhead like that for Attorney General? Why, sir, I used to know Williams back here in Illinois—grew up with him, you might say—and of all the dundell pated, slabsided, step-on-himself-and-fall-over fellows you ever saw, Williams was the worst. That man Attorney General? Why, if you will believe me, Mr. Smith, he didn't know law enough to ward a shotgun. He was run out of here because—"

"Stop it! Stop it!" yelled Williams, springing to his feet. "There's your blankety blank Smith pass. Take it up and collect fare if you want to, but you can't abuse me any longer!"—Exchange.

"Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters." "Yes," agreed Craggs, "I have a dog like that myself." And then he wondered why they all laughed.

Not Her Finger.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children, he said, kindly:

"Are you hungry, little girl?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't my fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

"The little girl" looked at him and replied to his delight: "Not my fingers."—Youth's Companion

Baptist Home Mission.

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 3.—The Baptist home mission board today unanimously elected Rev. F. C. Connell, corresponding secretary to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Dr. F. H. Kerfoot. Dr. Connell has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lynchburg, Va., since 1894. Prior to that time he was assistant secretary of the home mission board in Atlanta.

She Knew Amos Keeter.

She was a very talkative old aunty and her memory was remarkable. Her nephew from the city soon realized the strength of both of these characteristics.

"Say, aunty," he put in when he found an opening in the old lady's continuous chain of reminiscences, "did you ever know the Skeeter family that used to live around here somewhere?" "Knew 'em all," said the old lady without a moment's hesitation. "Yes, indeed."

"Did you know Amos?" continued the joker. "Amos Keeter!" cried the old lady again. "Well, I should say I did. Many's the party he's taken me to. Amos Keeter? Dear, dear, how his name does call up the good old times!" And then the wicked nephew had to go out behind the woodshed to laugh.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases!

Sent absolutely Free on receipt of Postal—Write your name and Address Plainly

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There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourself, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel, NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901. DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.—Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, N. Y. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.—Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. Home address 235 Rivington street. Feb. 5, 1901. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

S. M. ORR, M. D. D. S. GRAY. W. H. NARDIN, M. D. J. P. DUCKETT, M. D.

Orr-Gray & Co.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: EVERYBODY will please take notice that the undersigned have bought out the Drug Firm and Business of HILL-ORR DRUG CO. They assume all liabilities and own all accounts. Their Specialty will be—

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WE are selling so LOW and on such EASY terms that there was some reason in the report. But we must insist that it is, to a certain extent, a mistake. Next time you come to town drop in and shake hands with us. You know we handle SEWING MACHINES also. THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.



A Well-Furnished Home Is not necessarily an expensively furnished one, as at TOLLY'S handsome, even sumptuous, FURNITURE is procurable without great outlay. Not that we deal in knocked-together made-to-sell sort, but because we are content with a reasonable profit on really good articles of Furniture. Our best witness is the Goods themselves. Yours truly, G. F. TOLLY & SON, The Old Reliable Furniture Dealers, Depot St., Anderson, S. C.

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There are more clothes rubbed out by using soap than are worn out. GOLD DUST

washes clothes better and is much less expensive than soap. It does not injure the most delicate fabric and requires only half the labor that soap does. It will clean pots, pans, dishes, floors, furniture—anything about the house. Send for our FREE booklet, "Golden Rules for Housework." THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston.

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\$9.00 WILL BUY A VARIETY OF ODD PIECES AND NOVELTIES.

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Three Thousand Bushels of TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS. One Car of that famous HENRY OAT (or Winter Grazing Oat.) The only Oat that will positively stand any kind of weather. Have just received Two Cars of fine FEED OATS at lowest prices. Have just received Three Cars of RICE FLOUR for fattening your hogs, and it comes much cheaper than any other feed and is much better. Yours respectfully, O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.