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The Lantern, Chester S.C.-October 19, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN

Vol. I. No. 4.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1897.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
Subscription Price, \$2.00 Cash.

The Colored State College.

Orangeburg is called by negroes, "The Athens of South Carolina" on account of its educational institutions for the race. Clafin is an old established institution that has long been a benefactor to its constituents, especially those of the Methodist church. Most of their best preachers were educated within these sacred walls. Up to ten years ago this school had control of the State appropriations from the State, United States and other funds for the mechanical and agricultural training of the colored people.

The Rev. L. M. Denton, D. D., has been president of Clafin for more than fifteen years. His executive ability was great, and the school was the pride of the colored people of Orangeburg county.

But two years ago, through the work of Mr. Thomas E. Miller in the constitutional convention, the State established a college separate and select from Clafin University, in speaking distance of the latter, and made Mr. Miller its president. This was quite a blow to Clafin, as it took away both money and students, and the burden of expenses fell heavily upon the M. E. church. It caused hard feelings, and made friends fall out. Dr. Denton and Mr. Miller have no love for each other, and the students of the two schools have very little communication. The Clafin students and the preachers are known by the badges on their coats that resembles Cirgurt badges, except all are marked "Clafin University."

Dr. Denton built a fence twelve feet high between the schools so as to separate the sons of Ham from the sons of Ham, but the girls in the State college building can talk to the boys from the second story windows "over the way," and if a good wind were blowing from east or west they can send notes from building to building on the "Wings of the Wind," but President Miller says he can "Watch as well as pray."

Dr. Denton says the outlook for his school is greater than last year. He has about two hundred students now. The faculty is composed of both white and colored teachers. The colored teachers are products of Clafin, but had other advantages in northern colleges. One of them, Prof. W. L. Burtley, was educated in Germany and France. The white teachers are from the best colleges north.

Mr. Miller talks freely of his work and the future prosperity of the State College. He says he wants to be let alone for five years, and be allowed to be president for that time, and he will build up a college that will be a credit to the State and the negro race. Then he will go back to farm in Beaufort county, practice law and farm, and prepare to die. He says the farm will produce one thousand bushels of corn, ten tons of fodder, thirty tons of hay, one thousand bushels of potatoes, five bales of cotton of four acres of ground and some syrup, all kinds of vegetables and oats. He raised eighty head of hogs and several calves, eleven head of milk cows furnish milk for the students, and the butter is sold in Orangeburg. He says he will soon begin to make cheese. Mr. Miller has managed well, and has pleased the trustees.

Some of the ablest colored teachers in the South are teaching here. Professors Palmer and Gilbert were educated North, and the other teachers come from the best schools South and Washington, D. C.

The opening this year is not as bright as it was last year, but Mr. Miller is hopeful, and says "they will be along after a while." My students are farmers, and can't come until December. He has three hundred students now, and about one hundred and fifty are boarders. No more Latin and Greek will be taught here, and this may be the cause of the slim attendance this year, as the

negro wants his Latin and Greek whether he gets English or not. This is true of some. The schools that teach these branches will get the best element of colored students. But Mr. Miller thinks it is best to give them English and the sciences that make bread of the earth, wood and stone. Mr. Miller says \$31 will carry a student for eight months. Board is only \$5 a month, and from what he says he thinks this is cheap. The students have beef four times a week, tea and coffee each day, biscuit and corn bread, peas, beans, cabbage or turnips, rice, hominy, milk and butter, fish once a month.

But it seems to me that the college ought to have been established in some other place, and not put so close to Clafin, and that as Clafin was willing to buy the State grounds, buildings, etc., it should have had them, or the State ought to have bought out Clafin. The best interests of the negro will not be served with the proximity of the two schools. R. Carroll in State.

The Sadness of Age.

There is no sadder sight than to see men meet who have grown up to maturity and settled manhood, who parted in life's morning full of affection for each other, of hope, of enthusiasm, and who now, with care-worn countenances and sad hearts, sit down to commune together of the bright and joyous past and to contrast it with the present, raking, as it were, in the ashes of the past to gather up its dying brands to light up the dreary and unsatisfying present.

Read the old books! Listen to the old songs! The books no longer stir and quicken the imagination, the old music falls now on cold and listless ears, the heart's quick sensibilities are now benumbed and cold. Life's cold realities and disappointments have robbed our hearts of their power to thrill and be moved at every touch that would give pleasure or pain.

Often does the mind fade. Strong, enterprising, independent, quick in decision, rejoicing to carry light into the intricacies and dark places of science, by mischance it loses its balance, and, like a shattered mirror, shows the glory that has departed. Sorrow, disappointment, disease, age, rob it of its strength. High upon the lists of her great men, England delights to write the names of Marlborough and of Swift—the one her glory in the field and council chamber, the other not less distinguished as a politician and a man of letters; and see these two men, the glory of their age and nation, surviving in the drizzling dotage of second childhood:

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of age flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

Is there no pean to follow this sad dirge? Is the fading leaf ever to be man's emblem? Does it fall to the ground in vain? Is there no "Resurgam" written on it?

Listen! and you will hear Him who sits upon the throne declare, "Behold, I make all things new!" He will give to his own a body that shall never know disease, decay, and age; a heart that shall never know unrequited affection, or mortified pride, or disappointed ambition, but whose every emotion shall be joyous and guileless; a mind that shall never know weakness and weariness, but shall find endless enjoyment and employment in contemplating God and his works.—Religious Herald.

Early on the morning of Oct. 10th, a four-foot water main burst on Madison avenue, New York. The water shot up like a geyser, emptied ten million gallons of water in the streets, flooded stores, basements and cellars, and did damage to the extent of thousands of dollars.

Why Cotton has not Advanced.

We clip the following from the *Yorkville Enquirer*:

In an article upon the subject in the current number of *Textile America*, Colonel Alfred B. Shepperson, of New York, the cotton expert, undertakes to explain why cotton has not advanced. The reason for decline from July-September prices, he says, was the fact that the higher prices which obtained during and between these months was purely speculative, and on many occasions the quotations were merely nominal. Meantime cotton cloths were selling at 5 9-16 cents per pound, being the lowest for 50 years. It has been found impossible to force the price of manufactured goods up to a parity with cotton at 8 cents per pound, hence the manufacturers have not gone into the market for more than immediate necessary supplies. In some instances, indeed, the mills have been working on short hours, for the very reason that raw cotton was relatively too high for the manufactured products.

Colonel Shepperson concludes, however, that prices have not reached a level at which manufacturers can buy at a profit, hence he looks for more purchases by them. He is also of the opinion, from Southern advices received by him, that the crop will be much short of the former estimates by experts, and that the manufacturers who go into the market now will get their stocks about as cheap as they can be had this season. Should an early frost come along the prices would go up "by heaps and bounds." Colonel Shepperson says, and the manufacturers would be left out in the cold.

"Those who entertain the idea that prices will fall to the figures of 1894-'95," he says, "are hugging a vain delusion. The conditions are essentially different, and never again expect to see middling cotton sell in New York for 5 9-16 cents, which was the price in November, 1895." If this view of the situation is correct, it is to be expected that there will shortly be an upward turn in the market. It is to be hoped that such will be the case.

The Trouble Continues.

The original package business continues to give the State authorities a great deal of trouble. No settlement of the issues involved has yet been reached. Indications point to the taxing of the o. p. stores by the towns where they are doing business. They will without doubt deny the right of the municipal authorities to levy a tax upon them and will carry the question at issue before Judge Simonton. The following dispatch to *The State* shows the present condition of the original package business at Greenville:

There is a new turn in the original package here. A special meeting of city council was held and the ordinance of the 5th was repealed and a new ordinance was adopted. The provisions of the new ordinance requires \$150 to be paid in advance and a graduated scale is adopted from \$2,000 to \$13,000. The limit is \$500 tax on any amount of liquor sold. J. E. Payne, F. M. Simmons and M. Flatan, the largest dealers, will comply with the ordinance and tomorrow will make the advance payment as required. The payment will be made under protest. A number of the smaller dealers have employed *Blythe & Blythe* as attorneys and propose to contest the right of the city to impose the tax. The city authorities are determined to test the matter and will proceed tomorrow to execute the ordinance.

A startling sensation is expected in connection with the action of the city in executing this attempt to force the original package houses to pay for doing business.

The Western Carolina Bank, of Asheville, N. C., closed its doors on the 17th, following the first National, on July 30th. It was overloaded with real estate.

A Letter to the Devil, and His Reply.

"To His Majesty, Satan, alias Beelzebub, Lord of the regions of Darkness, and King of Hell, Father of liars and foster brother to gamblers, rumsellers and hypocrites.

Greeting:
I have opened apartments fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer, and all its compounds. Our object, though different, can be best attained by our united action. I therefore propose a co-partnership.

All I want of men is their money; all the rest is yours.
Bring me the industrious, the respectable, the sober, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars. Bring me the child and I will dash to the earth the fondest hopes of father and mother. Bring the father and mother and I will plant discord between them and make them a curse and reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man and I will destroy his character, destroy his life and blot out the highest and purest hopes of his youth.

Bring me the young woman and I will destroy her virtue and return her to you a blotted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction.

Bring me the lawyer and the judge and I will prevent justice, break up the integrity of civil institutions, and make the name of the law a hissing byword in the streets.Awaiting your earliest reply, I am Sir,

Yours Truly,

A RUMSELLER.

HIS REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of spirits, and the great work we are both engaged in. I most cordially accept your proposal. For five thousand years I have sought for a man so fully after my own heart, to do business among men.

I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon murder and he slew a few thousand—generally the helpless and innocent. But this mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and a beautiful maidens in chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character in untime deaths and dishonored graves. But even then many victims escaped through the power of God—my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him. The twin sons, Pestilence and War, went forth and Famine strode along behind them, but these slew indiscriminately the old and the young, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessions as hell.

In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel of Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again. Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him! My dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve a place for you nearest my person, the most honorable place in my kingdom. (You can also assure those by whose aid and sanction you are enabled to secure license to transact your business that in the bestowment of my honors, they will not be forgotten.) Hard by your cell victims will be confined, and if I am not mistaken their shrieks will sometimes make you forget your own sufferings.

In your business are all the elements of success. Only carry out your designs and you shall have money, though it be rung from broken hearts, helpless women and mouths of innocent children. Though you fill the jails, workhouses, and poor houses; though you make arson and murder to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every town and city, you shall have money.

I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though your victim call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave and the solemnities of eternity. But when you come to see me your work shall produce you a reward forever. Yours to the last, SATAN."

Looking South for Armor Plate Site.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The naval armor board will leave Washington next Saturday for the South to look at certain places with a view to ascertaining their availability for sites for the proposed armor plant. The first stop will be made at Birmingham, Ala. Thence the board goes to Sheffield, Ala.; to Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Elizabethton, Tenn., in the order named. It is barely possible that later on the board will visit Piedmont, W. Va., in view of the urgent request of West Virginia public men. Great numbers of appeals are coming to the department from various localities possessing any kind of an iron plant to have the board sent there to look at their resources, but in view of the fact that the board has no authority to make recommendations as to the location of the plant, it is felt that such time would not be usefully spent. By the act of congress Secretary Long is charged with the duty of submitting a description of the lands, buildings, and machinery needed for an armor plant, but this is not construed to mean anything more than the submission of plans for a plant, although he may volunteer a recommendation as to the site.

Egg and Poultry Business.

According to the report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture, England exports for annual consumption \$48,000,000 worth of eggs. New York City and state alone consume \$48,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry every year. The United States yearly consumes \$500,000,000 of eggs and poultry. Canada exports \$30,000,000 of eggs annually. The egg industry is worth \$150,000,000 more than all the dairy products of this nation. The poultry products of this country aggregate more in a year than any single crop. Of all the country's industries the poultry industry is most generally pursued. In 1896 the poultry earning of the United States amounted to \$200,000,000, being a greater value by \$52,000,000 than our entire wheat crop, \$105,000,000 greater than our swine brought us, \$30,000,000 more than our cotton crop, more than three times as great as all the interests paid on mortgages during the year, \$112,000,000 more than we spend for schools.

When any great movement for the progress of humanity and civilization becomes an assured success, it is amusing to see how many new converts come to the front and, ignoring the pioneers, claim that they fought its battles and won its victories. Some time after our Civil War, Gen. Grant's attention was called to a book, just published, which made comparatively little mention of his services. After quietly looking it over he remarked that he expected to find out some day that he was never in that war at all.—Our Dumb Animals.

STATE NEWS.

Hon. Geo. D. Tillman, is frequently spoken of as a suitable man for our next governor.

Congressman Talbert says he has no idea of running for governor, as has been reported.

Mr. Lewis W. Cary, a cotton buyer, of Senaca, died on the 10th inst. Rev. W. T. Matthews, of West minister, conducted funeral services.

Mrs. J. G. Harmon, of Anderson, committed suicide last Saturday night, by shooting herself with a pistol. She had been in bad health.

There are now six original package houses in Newberry, not counting the beer dispensary, or "privilege" house. There are also six houses of worship, where the gospel of love and temperance is preached. Satan is fighting salvation with spirits.—Observer.

W. J. Cherry, Esq., of Rock Hill, is urged for the vacancy caused by the death of Representative L. K. Armstrong, of York county. Mr. H. E. Johnson, who made a close run at the primary last year, will also be a candidate.

At Bennettsville recently a fire occurred destroying six frame buildings of Col. C. S. McCall's and two of James E. Cox's, and the property of occupants in some cases. Estimated loss, \$2,000. Insurance, \$2,800. Col. McCall's loss is about \$6,000 with no insurance.

Ex-Senator T. J. Robertson, of Columbia, died on Wednesday. He was a graduate of the South Carolina College, and was in the same class with Dr. McFadden Gaston and the late C. D. Melton. He was a member of the United States Senate from South Carolina during radical times.

The operatives in the Charleston Shoe Factory, who were all white, went out on a strike a few days ago. Some of the places were filled with colored laborers.—Afterward some of the male strikers returned and were reinstated, but the distinct understanding that hereafter operatives will be employed without regard to color.

According to the Sumter Herald Chairman W. D. Evans of the State railroad commission has determined to leave Marlboro, his old county, and reside henceforth in Sumter county. He has recently purchased a fine farm of 287 acres located four miles from the city of Sumter, and will move to it about the first of next month.

Robert Hook, who, on the evening of September 18th, cut car from car the throat of Policeman John Gosso of Brookland, surrendered himself to the sheriff of Lexington county late on Friday evening. Hook has been put in jail to await his trial at the approaching term of court. Mr. P. H. Nelson has been retained by Hook's family to defend him.—The State.

Judge Buchanan differs from Judge Simonton in regard to the legality of o. p. stores. The former holds that "it is nonsense to say that a non-resident can do what a citizen cannot do." He also holds that "under the first clause of the dispensary act the sale of liquor is prohibited except as provided in that act," and that "if the sale by dispensaries is unconstitutional then we have prohibition."

There is a paper published at Hot Springs named the Arkansas Thomas Cat. Its motto is, "God help the rich, the poor can beg." It declares that it is a paper "of the people, for the people, to be paid for by the people." It advocates "one country, one flag and one wife at a time," and declares that it is in favor of the elevation of horse-thieves and public morals.—Kings-tree County Record.

Humbly on the Farmers.

"Such is the title of a communication in the *Yorkville Yeoman* of last Friday. The 'Humbly' complained of was not engineered by an outsider but operated by an association styled 'The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company' which has been doing business in York county for several years. The grievance is that an assessment of five dollars is called for although no loss has been sustained by any of the members by fire or wind. The assessment is to be paid on each one thousand dollars insured. 'There are others.'

We have clipped the foregoing from an exchange, the *Gaffney Ledger*, perhaps. As the *Yeoman*, has not paid us a visit yet, we have not seen the communication referred to, but if the only "grievance is that an assessment of five dollars is called for although no loss has been sustained by any of the members by fire or wind," that is, five dollars on a thousand dollars of insurance, then the communicator has a very slight grievance.

For membership in this organization, one pays an entrance fee of fifty cents on each one hundred dollars of insurance, and no further expense is incurred until there is a loss, however long it may be. If this one half of one percent were levied every year, the cost would still be less than the old plan of insurance, barring losses, but as we understand it, there are no periodical dues. So long as one remains a member, he has no further payments whatever to make except his share of the losses.

We are at a loss to know how the objector would pay necessary expenses of the association. We do not know how much insurance the company has in force in York county, but assuming it to be a half million, the entrance assessments would give an expense fund of only \$2,500, and this seems to us a very small amount to pay for the necessary clerical service, stationery advertising and soliciting requisite for, and incident to organization, to say nothing of subsequent expenses.

Furthermore, this assessment confronts a man as he is entering; if he objects to the conditions and does not enter, he is not humbugged, of course; if he thinks the goods are worth the money, it is his own choice. So we are unable to see wherein the "humbly" consists.

Another consideration is that each county association is independent. If the York county association should see fit to choose dishonest officials, this would not affect members in Chester county.

Then, there are never any funds on hand to squander. The greatest danger to the organization is in taking risks too large for the amount of insurance in force, making the rate of assessment necessarily high, in case of loss. Even then the insurance may be cheap, in the long run, yet as it seems heavy at the time, members may become dissatisfied and withdraw.

This is not an advertisement, whatever incidental advantage may accrue to the organization. We write it simply because we believe that this plan furnishes cheap insurance to property that would otherwise be unprotected, and we should regret to see it abandoned.

ACCORDING to the *News*, Greenville has had a "Presbyterian oyster supper." We had never thought of oysters as having any religion, but since the matter has been brought to our attention, we are inclined to believe that most of them lean toward Baptist practices.

THE "O. P." men of Greenville asked Judge Buchanan for an injunction against the license tax imposed by that city. He refused on the ground that their goods are confiscated to the State, therefore they have no interest in the same that can be protected by the courts. He intimated, though, that Greenville's license law is unconstitutional.

A Trip West.

Wednesday morning, October 17th, the Seaboard Air Line train for Atlanta. Mr. Buford Atkinson and Mr. Newbold got on the train with us. We did not enquire into the business that called them from Chester, but judging from the profession of the one and the eminent success of the other in scooping the conchard, we surmised it was litigation and liquor. These two things are in very intimate relationship now in South Carolina. I don't know whether it is because litigation loves liquor or liquor loves litigation, or South Carolina loves both, but sure it is, I think, that our State is outstripping all other States in the varied, novel, and multiplied character of our liquor-litigation combination. We are making our Attorney General and his assistants earn their salary.

Shortly after leaving Chester, we laid ourselves down to sleep in a Pullman sleeper, and, although we declared next morning that we had slept but little, we could tell nothing about passing any of the stations beyond Carlisle.

The next morning we had only time to eat breakfast and hunt up Brother Walter, who had taken the train at Abbeville, when we were soon whirling away toward Nashville. The day passed without unusual incident. The chief thing which impressed us by the way was that Tennessee had suffered very much from the dry weather. The old corn is injured and the later corn almost cut off by the drought. The stalk is good, but the dry weather struck it about earing time and made it unable to shoot forth the ear.

We became more than ordinarily interested in the train merchant, *alias* the "news butcher." We believe he is generally looked upon as a tough citizen who is not good for much else and wants to make his living easily. We came to the conclusion that he has some elements of heroism about him, and that if he succeeds upon the train he ought to succeed anywhere. He must have pluck, patience and perseverance. He must be quick to discover the least disposition to purchase. He must be keen to size up his crowd as to what portion of his wares each person will want. We watched him as he came through with books. He sized up a venerable old man in a long tail coat as a preacher, and had Sam Jones' sermons ready for him, but the old man shook his head grimly; and thus he went through the car, offering to each passenger what he considered a suitable book, but he found no purchaser. In a few minutes he came back with grapes, then with peaches, then with chewing gum "of all kinds and flavors." He seemed to make a sale about every tenth or fifteenth trip, but still he kept on coming as regularly as clock work, about every fifteen minutes, from 8 a. m. until 6 p. m. People would turn their heads away from him, and answer him shortly and pretend to be asleep as he passed by, but still he kept coming with his wares. My sympathies went out to him and his class, and I said they are a brave, persevering set of fellows and deserve success.

The railroad men told us that we could not get down to Franklin until after 10 o'clock. So we ate supper, and went out to the Centennial grounds. We heard the band led by Mr. Belstedt. We never heard better music. The variations of the "Mocking Bird," arranged by Belstedt himself, were the finest we have ever heard. The grounds are inexpressibly beautiful by night. Various colored incandescents lights are arranged over the grounds, and the buildings seem to be constructed of light. The view helps the imagination in forming some conception of the "City of Light," about which we read in the Good Book.

We came back to the depot at 10 o'clock, bought our tickets, started through the gate and were stopped by the gateman. He said we could not go upon that train. We went back to the ticket agent; he said we could. We went back to the gateman; he said we couldn't.

As he had the last word, we didn't. We got an accommodation train an hour or so later, without any accompaniment.

It is a pity that the treatment of the traveling public by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad on that night was nothing short of outrageous, and deserves the attention of the Tennessee legislature. While we were waiting impatiently for the Franklin accommodation, the Cowan accommodation was called. Cowan is a city of one class lower grade than Blackstock. After the people had poured out by the hundreds for fifteen minutes for the Cowan accommodation, one old fellow from the country, who was in the same plight as some of the rest of us, remarked that "Cowan must be a terrible place." The crowds about the Nashville depot were immense.

We got into Franklin after midnight. We found all the family had arrived at our sister's, Mrs. Curry. We had not all been together before for eleven years, and it was a delightful reunion. Friday afternoon we held short services, at which the writer read a sketch of the Moffatt family. Dr. John W. Moffatt spoke of the physicians of the family, Rev. J. T. Curry spoke of his connection with the family, and father, W. S. Moffatt, made a short talk to his children, and Brother Reams, pastor of the Methodist church, who was present, made remarks of a congratulatory character, and closed with an appropriate prayer.

Our father has five living children—three married, two unmarried, and nine grandchildren.

Franklin lies in a beautiful country. I doubt whether the Lord ever made a much prettier country. The farmers-hereabouts made an unusually large crop of wheat this year, got a good price for it, and are in fine spirits. Everything is going up wheat this fall.

One of the battles of the late war was fought upon the outskirts of the town. Houses are now being built upon a part of the battle grounds. A large brick school house stands upon the line of the breast-works behind which the Federals were entrenched. Near by is a stone monument which stands upon the spot where General Clayburn fell as he mounted the breast-works, leading the shattered remnants of his gallant ranks in the charge. Not far in front of the breast-works, which were on a small ridge, is a little level space which seems to have been the bloody spot. As the Confederates approached the breast-works, the deadly fire concentrated about that spot, and hundreds of brave men perished there. About a mile from Franklin, in a beautiful place, enclosed and well kept, sleep the bodies of the 1,600 Confederate dead who were killed in this battle. It was our pleasure to meet here in Franklin Rev. James Marshall, the father of our fellow townsman, J. K. Marshall. He is nearly 85 years of age, but is remarkably well preserved. J. S. M.

What the Papers Say.

Abbeville Medium: THE LANTERN is the title of a new paper started in Chester by J. T. Bigham, who has had experience in the journalistic field. It will be issued twice a week and the first number gives promise of a bright and prosperous future. The new enterprise has our best wishes.

Rock Hill Messenger: THE LANTERN, published by J. T. Bigham, of Chester, comes to us beaming with bright and sparkling news of much interest to its many readers. THE LANTERN is one of the neatest and cleanest sheets that comes to our exchange, and cannot help but be the pride of Chester.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MOORE.—Mrs. Ols Grant Moore was born in Chester county, S. C., July 18, 1828, and died June 21, 1896.

Mrs. Moore was the youngest daughter of B. A. and Sallie C. Grant, of Armenia Methodist Church. With her parents she attended this church and Sunday School from a child, and early in life gave her heart to God and be-

came a member. On December 2nd, 1896, she was married to H. Eric Kroese of York county, and lived with him for more than five months, when death came and served the earthly tie. Her father died a few years ago, and during her brief illness of intense suffering, she frequently said that she would soon be with her earthly papa and heavenly Father in glory. We thought she was only talking; nevertheless, it was true.

A faithful child, an affectionate wife and a bright young Christian has gone to her reward.

J. E. MAHAFFEY.

TRIPLETT.—Maud Triplett, eldest daughter of Glover and Claudia Triplett, was born May 19, 1887, and died August 10, 1897.

Little Maud was a most interesting child; amiable in disposition, kind and obedient both at school and at home. When it was feared that she would not recover, her mother asked her if she was willing to die, and this young child replied that if it was the Lord's will, she was ready to leave mamma to go and be with Jesus. When the casket was placed inside the chancel at the church it was immediately covered with flowers borne thither by the tender hands of her many little friends.

She leaves two little sisters, a widowed mother, and aged grand parents in the earthly home, while she has gone to be with her father in the home above.

J. E. MAHAFFEY.

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Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

Teachers and Others
Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are **MONDAYS and SATURDAYS.**
W. D. KNOX,
County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER, POPULAR BARBER.
NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Next door to Stahn's Jewelry Store.



THIS PLAT BELONGS TO

Jos. Wylie & Co.

KEEP TO THE GRAVELED WALK THAT LEADS INTO THEIR MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT.



THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, CASH.

ISSUED OCTOBER 18, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.

Go to Rader's Gallery, over bookstore, and get a life size Crayon Portrait, for \$1.00 extra, with every dozen Cabinets.

Stray Colt.

Dark bay, very heavy tail, hind feet white, apparently 18 months to two years old, came to my house Oct. 4th, will be delivered to owner on paying for feed on this advertisement. W. H. GRANT, Oct. 13th. Lando, S. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Mollie Byrd of Lando, died last Sunday morning.

General Rosser to-night at Opera House. General admission, 25c.

That is an interesting letter written by J. S. M. from Tennessee.

Gen. Thomas L. Rosser will lecture to-night at the Opera House on the Army of Northern Virginia.

Mr. Arthur Lynn, of Lando, will open school at Harmony the first of November.

Don't forget the opening of the Exposition, at the Armory, this evening.

Rev. J. A. Smith, of White Oak, called this morning, on his way to Synod in Tennessee.

Send THE LANTERN to your married daughter, and your son that is off from home. Nothing will please them better.

Miss Grace Gage's house, which is being pushed to completion, on York street, will be an ornament to that aristocratic street.

Cotton still trends downward. A lot was sold yesterday at 5.55 all around. The best would probably not bring over 5.60 this morning.

The largest glass in the city is that in the front window of Mr. J. R. Simrill's building, occupied by Pryor & McKee. It was put in last week, and is 72 1/2 x 21 1/2 inches.

Mr. F. M. Simpson, of Lando, who is one of the grand jurors, is a farmer who does not depend on cotton. He has enough old corn to fatten his hogs.

Kickers of Greenville have been exercising their talents against pipe layers, for the condition in which they leave the streets. It seems to us that we have heard of something like that before.

Mr. C. L. Moore, of McConnellsville, fell from a wagon recently, and was badly hurt. His friends are hopeful of his recovery, notwithstanding the seriousness of his injuries.

The Methodist church building now in use was dedicated, we are told, twenty-five years ago, in the latter part of the year 1872. The gifted Dr. Meynardie officiated in that service.

Mr. T. T. Cassels says he himself did not think it necessary to have a second wedding, but the party of the second nart to the contract thought it safer to strengthen the bond, and he consented.

Cotton continues to decline, to the great discouragement of farmers. Regardless of price, many of them will be compelled to sell on or about Nov. 1, as their fertilizer and other obligations fall due about that time.

Sammie Dixon, of Rossville neighborhood, was in town last week and left for the eastern portion of the county and Lancaster. He is delivering books which he has sold. He also carries samples of THE LANTERN and takes subscriptions, as a side line.

In speaking of the dry weather, Dr. McCollum stated yesterday that no rain of any consequence had fallen at his house since the 6th of June. Fortunately, it is only a small scope of country in his section that has suffered so grievously from drouth.

PERSONALS.

Mr. R. S. McConnell, of Yorkville, spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Isabelle Stringfellow is visiting relatives and friends in the city.

Mr. R. Means Beatty, of Charlotte, N. C., was in the city on Saturday.

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Dr. S. W. Pryor was called to Woodward Saturday to assist Dr. Smith of that place in an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Spence, of Ridgeway, were in the city Monday. Mr. Spence is an uncle of Mr. Willie Spence, our popular Irishman.

The venerable Maj. and Mrs. James Pagan are visiting at the home of their son-in-law, Col. W. L. Davidson, on Pinkney street. He is almost blind.

Fred McClure says every time he comes back to Chester it is harder for him to leave, so we conclude that he must, in time, either return to stay, or take her with him.

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Mr. W. E. Sledge left yesterday for Chester, where he has accepted a position as manager of the electric light plant which has been recently put in by that town.—Fort Mill Times.

Court Proceedings.

Court convened yesterday morning, Judge Benet presiding, and the other regular officials in their places.

The Judge said it would be a waste of time to give a general charge to the grand jury at this third term. He charged them, however, that they should examine the bonds of all the county officials.

Some of them that may have been good when made might now have become insufficient, from one cause or another.

The Grand Jury found true bills in the following cases:

State vs. Judge Woods, charged with rape.

Dan Moore, violation of dispensary law.

Martha Wilks, larceny from the field.

Augustus Gregory, murder.

John Fair, assault and battery, with intent to kill, and carrying concealed weapons.

Henry Love and T. H. Ward, violation of dispensary law.

Charles Whitus, violation of dispensary law.

Joseph Groeschell, violation of dispensary law.

Virgil Pratt, larceny of live stock.

R. P. Morgan, assault and battery with intent to kill.

Ben. Crawford, Sam. Crawford and James McCullough, riot, and assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature.

Moses Benson, Jr., assault, with intent to kill.

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The first case tried was that of the State vs. Allen Neal, indicted for assault and battery with intent

to kill. He was found guilty of an assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature, and sentenced to the county jail for two years, or to the State penitentiary for the same time.

Wednesday was appointed for the trial of Augustus Gregory, charged with murder, and Judge Woods, charged with rape.

Henry Love plead guilty and was sentenced to the chain gang for three months, or State penitentiary for the same period.

Dan Moore was tried and found guilty.

A Golden Wedding and a Marriage.

On last Tuesday, Oct. 12th, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cassels, of this county celebrated their Golden Wedding. The family, including children, grand children, and great grand-children, together with a number of invited friends, were with them on this memorable occasion. To the surprise of many, it proved to be the marriage of their charming grand-daughter, Miss Katie Cassels, to Dr. D. M. Provence of Longtown.

At eleven-thirty, while the wedding march was being played by Miss Mattie Mills of Blackstock, little Dolores Cassels and Leola Tobin entered the parlor, followed by Mr. Thomas Rawls of Winnsboro, with Miss Marie Tobin of Barnwell, then the bridal couple entered, and taking their places under a beautiful wedding bell of golden-rod, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by Rev. J. E. Mahaffey.

The bride is well known in Chester and county, and has many friends who will join in extending their congratulations.

Dr. Provence is a prominent and popular physician of Fairfield, having had considerable experience in his profession in Northern hospitals, also in the government service at Wilmington, N. C. While not so well known to many of the bride's friends, his honest, open face and impressive manners gave assurance that Katie was being given into safe hands.

At about one o'clock the guests were invited into the dining-room where a sumptuous dinner was served. After dinner the remainder of the day was very pleasantly spent in conversation. Some were in a reminiscent mood and many happy events were recalled. It was the wish of all present that Mr. and Mrs. Cassels might live yet many years, that they might have other such occasions surrounded by their children and friends, while for Dr. and Mrs. Provence, there were many good wishes for a long and happy married life and that they too may celebrate their Golden Wedding.

The Receivership Hearing.

We take from The State the following report of the hearing before Judge Simonton in Columbia last Saturday:

Judge Simonton was in the city yesterday hearing the arguments in the matter of the application for a receiver for the Catawba Cotton Mill of Chester. The argument yesterday, which was quite exhaustive, was devoted to the question of jurisdiction involved in the case. For the complainants Messrs. W. B. Wilson and J. K. Henry, of this State, and Judge Tompkins, of Atlanta, appeared. The respondents were represented by Attorney General Barber, in his individual capacity, and Messrs. J. L. Glenn and A. G. Brice. They also represented the trustees of the mortgages. Judge Simonton heard considerable argument, and then, at the request of the attorneys, allowed until Saturday next for the filing of briefs and authorities.

The Chester Mills case, which is somewhat different, is to be argued on the 26th, before Judge Simonton in Charleston. The same attorneys will represent the complainants, and Messrs. Jones & Tillett, of Charlotte, and Barber & Marion, of Chester, will appear for the respondent.

We have received the Albany Law Journal, in which we find a very interesting sketch of James L. Pettigru, by Walter L. Miller, Esq., of Abbeville.

A World of Truth in a Single Line!

R. BRANDT'S Goods Please Everybody.

Advertisement for R. Brandt's goods, listing various items like Sterling Silver Goods, Optical Goods, and Fine Watch Repairing.

New Goods

Jos. A. Walker's

NEW OAT MEAL, FIVE CENTS A POUND. NEW OAT FLAKES, FIVE CENTS A POUND. NEW SALMON. NEW CRUSHED SUGAR RAISINS. BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, HEINTZ'S RICKLES, Sweet and Sour. NEW CROP OF FINE TEAS and JAVA and MOCHA COFFEE. CHOICE FANCY PATENT FLOUR.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS at

WALKER'S.

Phone 84.

Blackstock.

It was the pleasure of this reporter to spend a good portion of last Friday in the neighboring town of Blackstock. A considerable time had elapsed since we were there, and many changes were observed. Mr. Macdonald had suffered the loss of his store, but immediately replaced it by another and more beautiful building on the same site. Mr. G. L. Kennedy also experienced a similar misfortune, and he, too, erected on the same spot a commodious and beautiful structure. These two store buildings would be an ornament to any town. Messrs. J. R. Craig, J. E. Douglas and W. S. Douglas have new and pretty stores, and all that was needed to complete the picture was a lot of customers, who will doubtless appear later on. Blackstock is a good business point, but like other places, is at present suffering from the low price of cotton and scarcity of money. The merchants are patiently waiting an improvement of the situation.

Blackstock is blessed with good preachers. It was our pleasure to meet two of them while there, Rev. J. A. White and Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick. They are both loved by their respective congregations, and are doing a splendid work. Mr. Kirkpatrick informed me that his charge extended from Cornwell to White Oak. This is a large field for one man. We regretted not seeing Rev. Mr. Ingraham, pastor of the Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Yarborough, pastor of the Baptist church. The latter, besides preaching at Blackstock, also fills the pulpit twice a month at Woodward Church.

Since our last visit our friend, Dr. L. S. Douglas, has gone the way of all flesh, and his departure makes a void that will be hard to fill. His practice will partly fall to Dr. Hayne, whom we had the pleasure of meeting. His youthful and handsome face has charmed a certain lady fair, and it is not surprising that the two are to be made one before many days. When they embark on the sea of matrimony may the waters be peaceful to the end.

It was our pleasure to meet Mrs. Durham, who has a comfortable home in the suburbs of Blackstock. She entertains her friends handsomely.

The friends of Mr. Ed. Craig will be pleased to hear that he has a pleasant position with Macdonald & Co. He is keeping books for that firm.

Mrs. Faulkner has been in charge of the postoffice for many years. The citizens, mindful of her faithfulness to duty in the past, hope she will be retained.

Mr. G. L. Kennedy, of Blackstock, and Mr. McKeown, of Cornwell, have given evidence of their enterprise in establishing a telephone connection with Chester. This is a great convenience to the people of the different places.

We had the pleasure of meeting our good friend Dr. J. B. Bigham. He has established his reputation as a dentist, and as a consequence has plenty of work to do. Chester entertains a kindly feeling for Blackstock and hopes for its continued improvement. May it progress until it too will have electric lights, water works, and sewerage.

Charles A. Dana Dead.

Charles A. Dana, the distinguished editor of the New York Sun, died at his home on Long Island, at 1:30 o'clock, October 17th.

Charles Anderson Dana, a scholar of rare attainments, was born in Hinsdale, N. H., August 8, 1819. He studied at Harvard, was one of the editors of The Harbinger, from 1847 to 1861 was connected with the New York Tribune, was assistant secretary of war from 1863 to 1865, edited the Chicago Republican for two years, and became the editor of The Sun in 1868, which position he held at the time of his death.

The Third District.

A special to the Greenville News from Abbeville, says: Wyatt Aiken, of this city, is an avowed candidate for Congress from this district. The name of J. R. Blake is also mentioned in that connection. It is taken for granted that the present incumbent, the Hon. A. C. Latimer, will be a candidate for re-election.

Administrator's Sale.

On Tuesday, the 24 day of November next, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the residence of Caleb P. Shurley, deceased, and by virtue of the power and authority conferred upon me in the last will and testament of said Caleb P. Shurley, I will sell at public auction the following property, to wit: All the real estate of said deceased in which his widow, the late Esther Shurley, held a life estate to wit: All that parcel or plantation of land in this County and State, on the head waters of Little River, bounded by the lands of John G. Colvin, E. M. Shannon, Mary Peck and others, and containing 318 acres more or less.

Where Will We Be?

When I think of the future—
 "Where will we be?"
 O! where will I be
 At the great Judgment Day—
 When the world and its glory
 Are all passed away.

We are told, there are mansions,
 For the good and the best;
 Where the saints of all ages
 In glory shall rest.

Where music, sweet music,
 Does sweetly ring,
 "And the smile of the Lord,
 Is the feast of the soul."

We are told of a place
 Full of sorrow and woe,
 Where the wicked, like waves,
 Are tossed to and fro;
 Where the bad of all ages,
 No redeemer can see;
 In which of these places,
 O! which shall I be?

"Is a matter most solemn
 For you and for me,
 To consider the future,
 And where we shall be.

The door of the "Ark" is wide open to-day
 For poor erring children, like you
 And Jesus our Jesus says: "I am the Way."
 Trust him, and with him, we forever
 Will be.

—D. In Christian Herald.

A Memory.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
 And there is stillness everywhere;
 Like troubled spirits, here and there
 The freight shadows fluttering go.
 And as the shadows round me creep,
 A childish treble breaks the gloom,
 And softly from a farther room
 Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer,
 And that sweet treble in my ears,
 My thought goes back to distant
 Years.

And lingers with a dear one there;
 Again I hear the child's Amen,
 My mother's face comes back to me;
 And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
 Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
 Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
 Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
 Yet as the shadows round me creep,
 I do not seem to be alone—
 Sweet magic of that treble tone—
 And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
 —Eugene Field.

Union's Public Works.

The contracts for the electric lights and water works were awarded on the 13th inst. The successful bidders were the Electric Light Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who received the contract for the electric lights at \$7,876.00, and Guild & White, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who got the contract for the water works at \$24,000. There were several bids but these were the lowest.

The contractors will begin work in thirty days or sooner if they can arrange to do so. They are to complete the work in four months unless prevented by some unforeseen cause.

The water supply will be obtained from Harris Creek. The stand pipe will be located on the Thompson place.

The commissioners now have on hand about \$36,000, having expended \$4,000 of the \$40,000 raised, upon the artesian well and other contingent expenses. It will thus be seen they will have a margin of about \$4,000 from which to provide against contingencies, and will probably revert a portion of the fund back into the city treasury.

While the abandonment of the artesian well is a sore disappointment to many, the commissioners are men of business judgment and experience, and command the undivided confidence of the people.

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The Round Cotton Bale.

One of the round cotton bales, a bale of this character was exhibited at the Cotton States and International Exposition, and excited considerable interest. The opinion was then expressed that the square bale would give place to the round bale. Agitation in reference to a change continues, and indications, foreshadowing the coming of the round bale. It is thought that great consequences will follow the adoption of this change. Advocates of the square bale are vehemently opposed to it on the ground that it would throw out of work a vast multitude of men.

Their sentiments are expressed by the New Orleans Times-Democrat as follows:

"The suggestion of this style of cotton bales taking the place of the square has, of course, created a great deal of interest among local cotton people. If it ever becomes the style in this section of the country, as one of the cotton men said yesterday, it will not only do away with local cotton factors, local buyers, local compresses, and screwmen, but will close up all the country compresses, obviate the necessity of having country buyers—in fact revolutionize the whole cotton business and paralyze those branches indicated above. It is proposed that the backers and promoters of the round bale buy their cotton direct from the consumer in the field, thus doing away with all middle-men. The cotton men here say that the system would result eventually in the most people dictating terms to the producer of cotton. They might give probably a better price than any one else for a year or two, but as soon as they get control of the staple they would dictate prices and terms to the farmer.

Not Used to His New Estate.

The best joke of the honeymoon season is told by a southern hotel keeper. The male half of the new partnership registered like this: "Augustus Burger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill, the clerk said it would be four dollars.

"Four dollars?" Mr. Burger said; "why your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not; that's only two dollars a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know, but it's four dollars," the clerk replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked, as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful features.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, two dollars; and there's your wife, one day, two dollars; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her, I'll eat my hat. Here take this V, I'll eat my hat. Here take this V, I'll eat my hat."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story.—Atlanta Constitution.

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Pomp's Defense.

Georgian that a certain poem by Mrs. Belle R. Harrison, of Tusculum, rivals the celebrated "Casabianca" in favor with elocutionists in the town in which we edit, gentleman resides. This is the poem:

I stole dem breeches, I 'knowledge de corn,
 But 'twan't no crime, ez sure ez you're born.
 Es de motiv' is right, den whar's de sin?
 I stole dem breeches to be baptise' in.
 Fur my onliest pa'r wuz clean wored out,
 Dey give up de ghos' when I 'gunter shout,
 But de 'figion is mighty en must prevail,
 Do it lands er darkey in de county jail.
 De chain-gings' got me en de coal mines too,
 But what could er 'fensiless colored man do,
 When de judge en jury 'lowed it was a sin,
 Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptise' in.
 Tell de folks all howdy en good-bye too,
 I'll meet em in hebban when my wuck is fru,
 Fur my heart is white do my skin is black,
 En I'm gwine ter trabble de shinin' track.
 When de Lawd is judge, I kno' He gwine say,
 Pomp's straight ez er shingle en fair ez de shay.
 He'll shout ter de worl' a t it 'twan't no sin,
 Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptise' in.

—Birmingham News.

No More Mistrials.

"It is easily possible that hereafter, in this State, a mistrial will be equivalent to an acquittal," said a Yorkville lawyer to a reporter of The Enquirer a day or two ago. "The point has not been fairly made yet, but will be, no doubt, and from the way the supreme court has been ruling on questions which bear a close relationship, the situation that I have indicated promises to come about."

The remark involved interesting possibilities, and the reporter asked for further explanation.

"It all depends upon the interpretation that may be given to a slight change in the constitution," the lawyer said. Section 18 of article 1 of the old constitution says: "No person after once having been acquitted by a jury shall again, for the same offence, be put in jeopardy of his life or liberty." Now as to what that meant there could be but little question. In fact, until after a person had been "acquitted," no question could be raised. But on this same subject the new constitution says: "No shall any person be subject for the same offense, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or liberty." Here everything seems to depend on what meaning may be ascribed to the word jeopardy. When a man is put on trial, it seems to me, and the supreme court has so intimated, he is in jeopardy, and in case of a mistrial he cannot be put in jeopardy again. The point is bound to be made sooner or later, and when it is, the probability is that thereafter, in a criminal case a mistrial will be equivalent to an acquittal.—Yorkville Enquirer.

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Startling Sweetmeats.

November, "Guy Fawkes' day," by exploding firecrackers, rockets and pinwheels, such as American boys celebrate the Fourth of July.

The Youth's Companion tells a story of what happened once in a school, not far from London, not many years ago, on the 4th of November. One of the boys had purchased a large package of these explosives, and taking them to school, one morning, was seen by the master to put them into his desk. Now some of the boys had been in the habit of getting sweetmeats in just such parcels and passing them around in school-hours. The master, seeing this parcel, jumped to the conclusion that the boy had sweetmeats.

"So-and-so," the master called to the boy, "take that parcel and throw it into the fire!"

"Please sir—" the boy began, according to the required formula of the school.

"No 'Please sir' about it!" thundered the master; "do as I bid you!"

"But, sir, they're—"

"Silence! Put the parcel in the fire, I tell you!"

Then the boy obeyed. He went to the open fireplace at the end of the room and threw in the parcel, taking care to withdraw quickly.

In a moment more, the whole school thought that Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot had come in very truth. The crackers went off in a fusillade, rockets whirled about the room, and fire-wheels, coming out of the grate, traveled madly about the floor, hissing and spluttering. The master hid behind his desk in terror.

Fortunately, nothing was set on fire; after the explosion had ended, and the smoke had been cleared out somewhat by the opening of the doors and windows, the school was dismissed, the master saying nothing about it to any one.

Gone to Pasture.

Mr. T. Monroe Oates, a prominent young farmer living near Tiraah, left for Baltimore Wednesday night, accompanied by Dr. W. F. Strait. His object is to take the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia.

Three weeks ago Mr. Oates was fondling one of his dogs which was drooping and looked sick. The dog bit him on the hand and a few days later disappeared. Sunday a pup in Mr. Oats's yard began to droop and act strangely and soon afterwards disappeared. Mr. Oates then began to fear that hydrophobia was the cause of the dog's action and disappearance, and, thinking that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," he hastened to Baltimore, and, if he cannot get the treatment there he will go to New York. His many friends hope that his fears will be proven groundless.—Rock Hill Herald.

Little Sister. "What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity an' lightning?" Little Brother: "You don't have to pay nothin' for lightning!" —Detroit Free Press.

He: "They tell me your husband is a great artist." She: "That he is. He painted a picture of some onions for the last exhibition, and they were so natural that the committee put them on the top line, so that people wouldn't smell them!" —Yonkers Statesman.

Ryder Hillard, colored, of Georgia, was released from the penitentiary a few days ago after serving a sentence of 22 years, the last 18 years in the mines, during which, it is said, he never saw the light of the sun. When he came out he had to protect his eyes with dark glasses.

Oliver Brumles, white, was killed last Monday night near Galavan by United States Marshall Hubbard. Brumles was a desperate character and said he would not be arrested alive, and when Hubbard went to make the arrest he was fired on, the ball passing through his hat. Hubbard returned the fire with fatal result.

Headlumium In America.

Announcement is made that Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the American variously estimated at from \$30,000,000, to \$40,000,000, will spend a part of that huge fortune in founding and maintaining educational institutions in different cities of this country.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, Etc.,

CAREFULLY REPAIRED BY

J. A. WESTERBERG,
 CHESTER, S. C.
 Mrs. Atkinson's Old Stand.

The Princeton Inn.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Oct. 14.—The Indiana Presbyterian synod has adopted the report of the committee on temperance recommending that the synod send up an overture to the general assembly for an investigation of the report that liquor is sold at the Princeton Inn, the resort of the students at Princeton University.

He is Like Most of Them.

"It is said that a New York girl kneads bread with her gloves on. That is no news to us. We need bread with our pants on, and if those subscribers who are so much in arrear don't pay us soon, we will need bread without anything on.—Exchange.

Four masked robbers held up a train, within twelve miles of Austin, Tex., last Tuesday. They took \$200 from the passengers, and tried to rob the safe in the express car but could not open it. They shot the conductor in the arm, and a passenger's collar was carried away by a bullet.

One feature of the entertainment of the Gala week at Macon, Ga., was a collision of two locomotives. They were started a mile apart on a straight track, with a full head of steam on. The result was just what was to be expected.

Good Coffee!

THERE ARE TWO THINGS TO LEARN IN BUYING GOODS.

1. To get the MOST for the PRICE,
2. To get the BEST for the PRICE.

In Buying Our Coffees

YOU GET THE SAME QUANTITY AT THE SAME PRICE THAT YOU PAY FOR OTHER COFFEES. BUT! GOOD JUDGES PRO-NOUNCE THAT THE MEASURE OF QUALITY IS MORE LIBERAL.

MORAL: Investigate; Give us an Order.

Wm. LINDSAY & SON.
 IN THE VALLEY.

NOTICE!

JOSEPH A. WALKER

Will move into his Handsome New Store Room about **OCTOBER 15th, 1897**, with a complete line of **FANCY GROCERIES.**

MY STORE

Will be arranged with Modern Improvements, with Improved Facilities, and a more **COMPLETE STOCK of the BEST LINE of GOODS.** I hope to merit the patronage in the future as in the past.

THANKING MY FRIENDS

For their kindness in the past, I hope to merit the same in the future.

RESPECTFULLY,
Joseph A. Walker.

Books that Help.

Bible Mode of Baptism, 15c.
 Mormonism Exposed, 10c.
 Practical Hygiene, 10c.

All three by Mail for only 30 Cts.

Order of
Rev. J. E. Mahaffey,
 LOWRYVILLE, S. C.

MELTON & HARDIN.

We carry in Stock Fresh Lines of everything usually found in a First Class Grocery, and can suit all tastes, from the Plainest to the most Fastidious.

We Shall be Glad

For you to call and inquire as to what we can do for you in the way of qualities and prices.

Melton & Hardin,
 CHESTER, S. C.

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