



The Chester Lantern 1897

The Chester Lantern

10-26-1897

The Lantern, Chester S.C.-October 26, 1897

J T. Bigham

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/chesterlantern1897>



Part of the [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [Social History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bigham, J T., "The Lantern, Chester S.C.-October 26, 1897" (1897). *The Chester Lantern 1897*. 6.
<https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/chesterlantern1897/6>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the The Chester Lantern at Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Chester Lantern 1897 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu.

THE LANTERN

Vol. I. No. 6.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1897.

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

The Gratuitous Work of a Country Bank.

Few persons are aware of the amount of time an officer of a bank must spend in looking after the business of others, and how little remuneration there is in it except good will. The cashiers and other clerks of country banks in towns of five and ten thousand inhabitants are perhaps the hardest worked men in their communities. In addition to the constant daily grind of their own business, they are referees and advisers for all their patrons and the public as well, and it is considered quite the proper thing to ask them almost any business favor save the loan of money without interest or security. These favors are freely granted; and but bespeak the honor which banking occupies in public estimation. It would be well, then, if the thoughtless man who has lately been sneering at the bank as an exponent of that hideous monster, the "Money Power," could pass one day of his life behind a bank counter.

The first thing is the opening of the mail and the consequent planning of the day's work. In the mail from day to day, are eight drafts or collections upon local merchants and individuals, sent by wholesale houses and manufacturing establishments from almost every part of the United States. They must all be presented, and if collected, remitted for; and if unpaid, returned with a reason endorsed for non-payment. This is a regular feature of the banking business, but one in which there is little profit. For one reason or another an average of half these drafts are returned unpaid. In this case the banker is out his time and postage and receives nothing. Upon the drafts collected, ranging from \$5 to \$50, a nominal fee of from ten cents to 25 cents is charged. Often there are mistakes, and in correspondence, for the reputable merchant jealousy guards his honor when drawn upon by his dealer.

Then again, the drawer of a draft is apprehensive and asks for special attention to be given to the collection, that partial payments be received, or that a confidential opinion be given as to the standing of the drawee and the apparent condition of his business. Drafts are usually drawn "with exchange and collection charges, protest waived." But custom has established the rule that where drawee refuses to pay exchange it is deducted from the amount remitted. In case a draft should be protested for nonpayment the fee goes to the notary and the bank attends to the matter gratis. Both in large and small banks, the collection department is a necessary but burdensome one, and it long has been a question in the mind of officials as to how it can be made to earn its proportionate share of profits. The solution seems as far away as ever.

But the mail is many-sided. Here is a letter containing a customer's check which the sender says must be remitted for at its face. In deference to a patron this is done. Here is one, enclosing a stamp, asking for a confidential report on the financial responsibility and character of a man who wishes to buy a bill of goods on credit. If the man be a customer, the banker wishes to aid him so far as truth and justice will allow, but extreme care must be taken; and if this party be unknown to him inquiries must be made in a guarded manner or the answer returned, "Have no means of knowing." There is no pay in this.

Another letter containing a deed to be delivered on payment of money under specific instructions. Only a nominal fee can be exacted for this service, yet it involves really the negotiations of a trade between widely separated persons, who, perhaps, as yet, have never agreed upon details. Lawyers must be seen, telegraphing done, frequently an hour

spent in explanations, all for practically nothing. A man living in a remote State writes to inquire if there is a "racket store" in town. He wishes to locate. A widow wishes to remove to town, take boarders, and educate her children. Will the banker please recommend an eligible location and say what will be monthly rental? Here is a letter containing a note sent at the request of a customer who wishes to pay, and will call. It has been running since 1890 with partial payments and it takes exactly half an hour to figure the amount due, for which the customary rate of one per cent is charged.

A constant stream of inquires; countless requests of names of "reliable and energetic" agents, the whole flotam and jetsam of the commercial world come to the banker. It is the ethics of the business to return courteous and rapid answers, the expense account grows for stamps and stationery, while there is a minimum of profit. The regular machine work of transmission of checks, drafts, bills of exchange, orders for shipping of money, all the regular features of the daily grind having been entered and checked, which is the banker's real work, the mail may be considered disposed of.

The cashier takes up the daily cash, taking great care as to the denomination of bills, the relative quantity of gold and silver and paper. But notice the calls made during a single day for change. Everybody comes for change, and everybody gets it. Farmers, who never again cross the threshold, come for assorted money to pay harvest hands; street fakirs to change bills; travelling men for a little silver; nickel-in-the-slot men for an abundance of nickels; showmen who are weighed down with Bryan dollars they wish to put in circulation; men come, as a matter of course, for change. No pay in this.

The day's work is supposed to be well begun. Two gentlemen, neither of them customers, but residents of the town, call, and they are in no even frame of mind. There is a dispute over the amount of interest on a note. Each has made the calculation and has confidence in his own estimate. Will the banker in the interest of harmony please make the computation, which will be accepted? He does so, and both are wrong, but go away satisfied.

And now comes one of that never-ending procession of possible customers. The gentleman is on the eve of a trade. Increase he makes it; can he borrow at an indefinite future time a certain sum for improvements? Or, again, he is thinking of feeding in the fall (holding his cotton until spring). In event that he should, what would be the chance to get some money? "How are money matters now?" asks another. "Thought maybe I might want a few hundred later on." All the possible projects of the brain must be met. Nine-tenths of them are never realized, and many of them were chimeras. Perhaps the most astonishing one of these was the man who wanted to borrow money on a madstone; and the one most easily satisfied he who wanted to borrow on a twenty-dollar gold piece.

There enters now the most inquisitive man who ever comes to a bank. He may pay his way or he may not, he certainly imparts much information that you know or need. He is the agent of Bradstreet or Dun and wishes to verify his report. Before he leaves town you are at least well acquainted, and maybe not sorry to see him go.

Under the impression that a check is a check, no matter by whom drawn or on what bank, a stranger, dressed in homespun, walks up and lays one down without a word. The signature is unknown, the bank in an adjoining county. Explana-

tions as to identification and endorsement follow at some length, and the man has hardly left the door when in comes the commercial traveler. He has been on a similar errand before. He is off his regular route, does not know a soul in town, is dead broke, and has a check for expense money he would like to have cashed, if possible. Here are his correspondence; his railroad tickets, and the laundry marks on his linen; are these sufficient identification and the house, of course the house is good. The payment would be a real favor. And the payment depends—in the end mostly in the banker's judgment of human nature. A quarter, however, does not pay for the risk, and is small wages for the time expended.

An old lady hobbles in. If not too busy, a private interview is desired. The lady has had quite a sum of money on deposit for a long time. She is old and crippled, and her affairs have taken a bad turn. Will the banker, kindly, in view of the previous use of her money, loan this sum on safe security? He will, but there is a tinge of regret about parting with a good account just the same.

"Can you obtain for me the name of a good commission house in the city?" You do. Banks have a way of knowing good business men the world over, and they trade information with each other; what could be a more reasonable request than this? But does the merchant realize what a vast intelligence bureau this banking system is? Before this letter is finished, for you sit down to write at once, you become aware that two men have seated themselves in the president's room and are waiting. You join them and are as affable as a man of unlimited leisure: for you are not "the banker," and is not this gentleman your friend? Nevertheless, your letter of inquiry is deferred a full half hour, on a busy day!

Enter an old man trembling. His wayward boy is in trouble; can you telegraph money? You do, conscientiously in your heart that the spendthrift is "working" an indulgent father. You are cautious, however, telegraphing money is dangerous, everything must be according to approved business regulations, though never a cent comes back to you.

"Will you kindly examine this deed and see if it is proper form?" The banker does; he is usually conversant with legal forms and modes of land transfers. The banker has now presented to him a contract, or deed in escrow, or check to be delivered on conditions, and valuable time is taken up in ascertaining the exact terms, that they may be fulfilled to the letter.

Here is a committee. The spokesman says they are promoting a small manufacturing enterprise. The local board of trade has promised aid, but parties are loth to subscribe stock. The profits are all right. Will the banker take stock and head the list? He will not. Then it is possible the new enterprise, such a boom to the city, will not do; and what is saved.

Meantime the daily business goes on, despite the many interruptions. Checks are paid and deposits taken in, which seems to be an almost constant stream, for business is heavy. The hours wane, and preparations are made for the final balance.

At exactly 2 o'clock a committee of ladies call. There is to be a collection of money for a great and worthy charity. Of course the bank will do all the attending work free of charge, but for fear of mistake or misunderstanding it would be well to explain. The explanation occupies seventeen minutes. It is particular, if not lucid. The banker listens most patiently, and bows his adieu with grace and gladness.

Returning to his counter the banker meets a commercial traveler, just arrived, never made the town before, wishes to know, in confidence of course, for the house, if certain parties are good for a small bill, say \$25? Then follows a list of merchants half a yard long—the man sells yeast powder on the tea-spoon plan!

And now, after giving advice to a newly married couple, as to the desirability of the purchase of a certain property, the banker meets the straw which ought to break the camel's back, a committee of citizens to lift over certain local improvements, and while the matter of paving a street is under consideration the closing hour strikes, and with due solemnity the committee vanishes.

Then this old skinflint and living picture of the money power sighs, and begins to gather up the tangled threads of his day's work, hoping he can reach home at 6 o'clock, at least, for the School Board meets at night and there is a vacancy to fill which he hopes to secure for the fatherless daughter of an old friend, —CHARLES W. STEVENSON in *Bankers' Monthly*.

How to Get on in the World.

Most of our successful men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are as a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.

2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety per cent of what men call genius is only a talent for hard work.

3. Enter into that business or trade you like best, and for which you have an honorable, and for which you are independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties.

4. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No one can rise who slights his work.

5. Don't try to begin at the bottom and you will be sorer of reaching the top sometime.

6. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner: "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."

7. Be punctual. Keep your appointment. Be there a minute before time if you have to lose a dinner to do it.

8. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket.

9. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

10. Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks and you can live on your salary.

11. Make all the money you can, honestly; do all the good you can with it while you live; be your own executor.—*Age of Steel*.

Vaccination for Typhoid Fever.

Surgeon Major Semple, of the British Medical School, at Netley, announces a successful improvement in the vaccination principle, so that now there is secured the characteristic reaction of the blood serum on typhoid bacilli, rendering the subject immune from infection. Dr. Semple has been using the serum at Maidstone with encouraging results. The vaccine produces only a slight local soreness and a few hours of discomfort. The medical profession has been greatly interested in his report, which is published in the *British Medical Journal*. The scientist who achieves the mastery over typhoid fever will have an undisputed claim to greatness, and there is something about the theory of vaccination for typhoid which holds out the hope that a successful weapon against this disease is almost within the hands of the doctors.—*Charlotte Observer*.

Report of the Grand Jury.

To the Honorable Presiding Judge Sixth Circuit.

We the Grand Jury of Chester county beg leave to submit the following final report and presentment: We have examined the county jail, and found the same to be in good order, and properly kept, and the prisoners therein well cared for. The stove in use at the jail, however, we found to be in a bad condition, and we recommend that the same be repaired.

We have examined the books of the Auditor's office and found them neatly and properly kept. The amount of taxable property returned for 1897 we found to exceed the amount returned for 1896 by sixty-two thousand dollars (\$62,000). The total amount of taxable property returned for 1897 is \$3,858,959.80.

We recommend that the Supervisor require the road overseers to give proper attention to their duties, and to put in their full time required by law in the repair of the roads under their supervision.

We have examined the bonds of all the county officers and found them to be in good condition, with the exception of that of the Auditor, due to the death of one of the bondsmen. We therefore recommend that the bond of the Auditor be strengthened by the addition of one or more sureties.

We have examined the Treasurer's office and found it neatly and properly kept.

We have had a committee appointed for that purpose, to visit the county poor house and farm, and to make a careful inspection of the same and an investigation of its condition.

Our committee reports that there they seem to be well cared for; that the pauper houses are in good condition, except for the plastering, which in some places is breaking in holes; that they found 4 mules in good condition on the farm; 800 or 900 bushels of corn and a fine lot of pea vine hay; about 200 bushels of oats and 80 bushels of wheat, fifty fine head of hogs and a head of cattle; that there are now on hand 15 bales of cotton.

Some of the fence houses need repairing and we recommend that they be repaired.

We find that the recommendations heretofore made by us in previous reports have been carried out as far as practicable.

We have examined the books of the county dispensary and found them correct.

We have examined the books and transcripts of the Magistrates submitted to us—all of which were so submitted—and found them to be correct, and that all fines collected had been properly accounted for and paid over.

We recommend that Alan Johnson, alias Allen Johnson, sentenced at the March term of the Court of General Sessions to serve 23 months on the chain gang of Chester county, and now serving said sentence, be pardoned at once.

In conclusion, we beg leave to extend our sincere thanks to your Honor and to the solicitor for valuable assistance and instruction in the performance of our duties and for uniform courtesy and consideration shown us.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN W. WILKS,
Foreman.

A Common Mistake.

"I hardly know which to pity most," said I, as I looked from the pinched face of the child to that of the mother, which spoke so eloquently of sleepless nights and anxious care.

"Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me," said the self-forgetful

mother. "Robbie deserves it all, he has been such a brave little self-ferer!"

And then the mother gave me a glimpse of the long, dreary months which had followed in the wake of the dislocation of her son's knee, in the early winter, and the complications arising from it, which for a time were so serious as to endanger his life.

She also told hopefully of the child's improvement, to the astonishment of every one, until now her anxiety was well-nigh forgotten in the hope of the child's speedy recovery. And then turning to her child, on whose leg the cruel weight still hung, she said cheerily:

"Won't it be nice, dearie, to run and play like other boys?"

"Yes, mama," said the child with a wan smile, "but I get discouraged. I'm such a long time gettin' well."

"Poor child!" said the mother with a rueful laugh, "I do not wonder your courage does not hold out."

And then, turning to me, she said: "Robbie and I have had enough to make us lose our courage; but the worst is now over, I feel sure."

I wondered the mother could speak so hopefully, when at every turn I heard: "If the child lives, he will be a cripple for life." But here the nurse entered the room, and the mother suggested that we leave her alone with her charge. I surmised, however, that her reason for so doing was to say what she did not like her child to hear. For as soon as we were alone she said:

"I really think you are the first caller seeing Robbie who has not said something discouraging in his hearing."

"And so," I said laughingly, "You wanted to get me out of the room before I made the same mistake. 'I knew I could trust you, for I have heard you say that one of the hardest things about being sick was the doleful remarks of callers, and I felt sure that after your experience with such tactless people, you would not add to our bitter cup what so many others have done."

Here the young mother, who in the presence of her child had only smiles, burst into tears.

The foregoing conversation this morning recalled, as, one year later, I met that mother with beaming face, and saw her boy, a picture of health, bounding by her side. And thinking of it I was reminded, too, of how the Croakers predicted that the child, now going with a hop, skip and jump, would surely be a cripple for life.—Helen H. Thomas, in *New York Observer*.

The Great Municipal Contest.

Numerous straw votes have been taken in New York to forecast the result at the polls next month. The election of no particular candidate of the sixteen in the field has been assured by these trial ballots, though it is clear that by four stand any show of success. Tracy, Low and George lead the anti-Tammany forces. George has lost relative power and the fight is hottest between the followers of Tracy and Low. George would be satisfied with the election of Low, but it does not seem likely that he will withdraw in his favor. A large majority of the voters and taxpayers of New York are opposed to the election of VanWyck, the Tammany candidate, but their division invites defeat. Under pressure many republicans are contributing to the Tracy campaign fund, though they are going to vote for Low. Just now the important business is the defeat of Tammany. Not Low but Tammany is the enemy to be feared and to be fought. Croaker's tactics are well known; mislead and scandal and fraud are the chief characteristics of Tammany.—*Baptist Courier*.

GREAT WALLACE SHOWS

The Most Reputable and Enormous of Tented Institutions, with Facilities as Complete as a Palace.

It is claimed, and with every evidence of truthfulness, that the Great Wallace Show this season is one of the two largest in America. This country is known as the only home of great-tented amusements, consequently this aggregation can be safely classed as the greatest in the world. Over 1,000 people are engaged in the various departments, 600 superb horses, 50 cages and dens of wild animals, including the famous "Man Eating Wallace Lions," herds of elephants, droves of camels and ostriches, a huge spread of canvas, covering over 14 acres of ground and a seating capacity of 12,000 persons. Over 100 principal feature acts are presented, among which are the famous Nine Nelson Family, for whose equal B. E. Wallace has long had a standing challenge of \$10,000.00. This challenge has never been accepted and never will be, as their equals do not exist. The Wernitz family, the Martells, the ten Dellameas, Sansoni sisters, three Pettis, Rowena, three sisters Maccarti and spectacular ballet. Gaza, the magnetic girl, and the singing mules are also among the principals. The great menagerie, containing as large a collection as any zoological garden can boast of and several specimens exclusively its own, the splendid company of high class male and female bare-back riders, acrobats, clowns, aerialists, performing animals, three rings, two stages, olympian stages, mid-air carnivals, the superb and exciting hippodrome races, contests and exhibitions, including thoroughbred, chariot, standing, and other races of ancient and modern times, unite in making a program of entertainment that has never been approached in point of excellence and magnitude in the circus arena. The management do not tolerate the presence of any gambling or catch penny affairs about the grounds, and special detectives are carried to protect their patrons from this usual nuisance. A grand street demonstration will be given on the date of the exhibition, leaving the grounds at 10 a. m., sharp. A solid mile of glitter and splendor, representing an investment of \$4,000,000.00, is promised. Excursions will be run on all steamboat and railroad lines.

A conference of the friends of Dr. W. H. Whitsett, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was recently held at Nashville, Tenn., with the view of pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and from this conference has emanated a strongly written document in the nature of an appeal to Southern Baptists for a stay of the discussion respecting the orthodoxy of Dr. Whitsett, the soundness of whose opinions has been called into question even more seriously than before the convention at Wilmington. This document is signed by twenty prominent and influential Baptists, and it will have a strong influence in staying the tide of discussion among the friends of Dr. Whitsett, but we must candidly confess that there is very little in it which is calculated to restrain the opposition. The address has not raised any points not already aired in this discussion, and we are confident that the opposing forces will hardly surrender their position upon the statement made by these brethren, who have joined themselves together in a most laudable effort, but who did not pursue the right method to obtain a cessation of hostilities. They ignored the first requisite for peace and unity by failing to invite a conference of brethren in equal numbers from both sides, who would have met on equal footing, and with mutual respect for each other's opinions, all striving to reach a satisfactory agreement among themselves, which once accomplished would have exercised a powerful influence in promoting the best interests of the denomination. We do not look for a flag of truce from the opposition in Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas and Mississippi.—*Greenville Mountain Herald.*

Dr. W. F. Strait's

Dr. W. F. Strait has returned from the Pasteur Hospital, at Baltimore, where he accompanied the Government as a precaution against hydrophobia. He reports that Mr. Oats is getting along very well indeed, and has no anxiety as to the outcome of the treatment.

The Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia is very simple. A rabid dog is kept in a cage in a building where it joins the spinal cord, extracted. A rabbit's skull is then trephined and the dog's spinal cord inserted in the rabbit's head. This rabbit will die in a few days, and a fragment of its spinal cord will be placed in another rabbit's head. When several rabbits have been inoculated, the spinal cord of the last is dried and treated with chemicals. Then it is powdered, and made into solution, when it is ready for injection into the human patient. Of the number of patients taken to Pasteur, between 16 and 25 per cent. have been bitten by genuine mad dogs, although some people claim there is no such thing. Of those who have taken the treatment, only one-third of one per cent., or one in every three hundred, have afterwards shown any signs of rabies.

It would seem preposterous to cure hydrophobia by injecting hydrophobia germs into the system, but the principal is exactly the same as that of vaccination.

Czar's Railroad Sentries.

Four days before the Russian Czar travels along any railroad line the latter is patrolled on both sides by sentinels, who are stationed at a distance of 200 yards from one another. They keep their eyes open, but otherwise are allowed to take it easy, talking what is known as the "first position," the rifle being slung across the shoulder. Six hours before the passage of the imperial train they assume the "second position." That is to say, they shoulder their rifles and march briskly up and down, with every mental faculty on the qui vive.

An hour before the imperial train passes they assume the "third position," standing with their backs toward the line and the train, and allowing no one under any circumstances to approach within a hundred yards of the track until a minute after the Emperor has passed. Should any one attempt to approach they have orders to challenge, and if the individual continues to approach in spite of challenge and warning, they have orders to shoot to kill.—*Chicago Record.*

A Battle Incident.

A man who had been a private in an Illinois cavalry regiment told of an incident of the battle of Jonesboro. He and his comrades had been dismounted in the edge of thick woods, and dismounted cavalry are the hardest of troops to rout. In front of them was an open cornfield a quarter of a mile wide with woods upon its farther side. Re-enforced by a half a dozen companies of infantry, possibly 1,500 Federals lay perdu. In blunder, a company of Confederates, not more than 90 men all told, was ordered to attack. With a yell the handful swept out of the opposite woods and charged across the field. At a distance of 100 yards a single volley dispersed them. Those that were left on their feet wheeled and scampered back to their position. One, however, remained. He was the captain in command, and had been far in advance of his men. When he found himself deserted, he stopped and folded his arms. Sixty yards away, alone in the wide field, the summer sun pouring down upon the silver gray of his uniform, he stared stanchly into the eyes of 1,500 foemen. He was only a beardless boy, and the newness of his clothing showed that he was but a few days from home. All down the long line of Federals ran a cry: "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him!" He gave the military salute and marched back to his men. Not a gun was fired.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Chinese Rebellion.

The city Kuang Yang in Huan province has been captured and its population is being massacred. The city Kuang Yang in Huan province is a province in southern China. Aug. 27 the bandits scaled the walls of Kuang Yang with the intention of capturing the provincial prison and releasing three of their members confined therein. One bandit was seen in the prison, setting free several hundred murderers and thieves and imprisoned debtors. Another gang attacked the central part of the city, first murdering the magistrate who had sent the three bandits to prison. His entire family, numbering 32, including servants, were killed. The night was spent in slaying and plundering all mandarins, and every civil and military officer in the city was beaten. The number killed and injured exceeded 14,000.

The insurgents numbered 15,000 men, half of them armed. Their avowed purpose is to destroy existing government in southern China. The government is greatly alarmed, but has no adequate means of suppressing the insurrection.

Venerable Mules.

Today we heard of two remarkable mules for a long time owned by Green Ingram, of Sandy Flat. These mules hauled cross-ties that built the C. & G. railroad, the oldest road in the State. When they were young their color was black, later they turned brown and from that to almost snow white. Charles Mitchell owned them for several years and traded them to a man in North Carolina ten years ago. The mules were then 43 and 46 years of age respectively, fat, snow white, and very sprightly. It is believed by some who knew them that if they have had proper treatment since they left the Palmetto State they are doing good service yet.—*Greenville News.*

Hateful Old Man.

"And when your wheel broke down several miles from home," said you repaired it all by yourself, did you?" "I did," answered the typewriter proudly. "It seems mighty funny to me, then," he continued, "that when the ribbon on your machine needs shifting you have to call on that dude of a bookkeeper to fix it for every time."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Bryan Endows a College.

Benton, Ill., Oct. 16.—W. J. Bryan has offered a large sum of money to Ewing college, to be known as the Mary Elizabeth Bryan prize fund. The income is to be used annually during commencement week in cash prizes for the best essays on the science of government. Mr. Bryan's mother was a student at Ewing college.

The Farmers' Alliance.

There is a reason to regard with favor the effort to secure a renaissance of the farmers' alliance, a noble organization which was nearly done to death by political self-seekers. If the alliance can be given new life and kept entirely out of partisan politics, it can accomplish a world of good. But if it is to be revived simply to become the convenient machine of self-seeking politicians, it were far better to allow it to die and be buried. The basic ideas of the alliance are indeed noble and statesmanlike, and a close following of those ideas would be of incalculable benefit to this country.—*Columbia Record.*

Persons knowing themselves indebted to this office are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this office, and not knowing it, are requested to call and find out. All those knowing themselves indebted, and not wishing to call, are requested to stay in one place long enough for us to catch them. All those who are not indebted are requested to call and get indebted.—*Kingree County Record.*

Artesian Water Wells.

The artesian well is finished and the test made by the Commission machinery has been moved away and the deep well pump is being put up. Wednesday morning the main throughout the town was thoroughly washed out and cleaned. The standpipe was scrubbed out and made clean for the artesian water which will be pumped in this morning. The supply is sufficient for all our wants and there is no doubt about our people being glad to get this water. With the exception of the first seventeen feet the well has been bored entirely through rock. The water is pure and comes up within three feet of the mouth of the well.—*Medium.*

Only to the Asylum's Door.

The Columbia Register should be careful how it publishes as a matter of local news that Senator Tillman has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum for treatment. The Register says that "his physicians felt a delicacy in talking about the Senator's condition for publication." The natural conclusion is that the great agitator has crossed the border he has so often approached, and if there is no ground for such inference the Register should not fan the public with such suggestive statements.—*News and Courier.*

Brown (expert shorthand reporter)—Say James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?

James (a novice)—All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make it out from my notes.

Brown—Oh, just put in "Great applause," and let it go.

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with doctored part reading thus: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. [Great applause.]"

"Bridget, how did it happen that when we came in last night after the theatre there was a policeman in the kitchen?"

"Sure, mum, Oi don't know; but Oi think the theater didn't last as long as usual."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Mother—"What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?"

Innocent—"Shall I leave out the swear words, mother?"

Mother—"Certainly, my dear."

Innocent—"Then I don't think he said anything."—*Household Words.*

The horse of Mr. Jno. Biggers, of No. 10 township, Cabarrus county, fell into a well 60 feet deep. It was pulled out badly mutilated, but is expected to recover.

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS, Etc., CAREFULLY REPAIRED BY J. A. WESTERBERG, CHESTER, S. C. Mrs. Atkinson's Old Stand.

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.

COMING!

CHESTER, MONDAY, NOV. 1st.

CAPITAL 300,000.00

3 RING CIRCUS MILLIONAIRE MENAGERIE-MUSEUM AQUARIUM AND ROYAL ROMAN HIPPODROME GRAND SPECTACULAR BALLET.

HONORABLY CONDUCTED BY THE GREAT WALLACE SHOWS

SPLENDID IN CHARACTER, MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT

REGAL IN PRESENTATION THE GREATEST, GRANDEST AND BEST OF AMERICAS SHOWS.

10 ACRES CANVAS SEATS 10,000 PEOPLE.

Omnipotent in Strength, Ideal in Character, Splendid in Organization, Magnificent in Presentation. The Purest, Cleanest, Mightiest and Most Magnificent Amusement Institution of the 19th Century.



Half-Mile Race Track, 1,000 Features, 100 Phenomenal Acts, 26 Clowns, 20 Hurricane Races, 4 Trains, 1,500 Employees, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, A Drive of Camels, 15 Open Dens, A Herd of Elephants. \$4,000 Daily Expenses.

"The Best Seen here in a Decade."—*Cin. Commercial Gazette.*

"High-toned in Every Way—in Magnitude of First Rank."—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Bewilders the Senses, Dazzles the Eyes."—*Denver Times.*

"The Cleanest, most satisfactory Circus yet seen here."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Gives more than it promises."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Greatest Performers in the World are with the Great Wallace Shows this Season, Including the

WORLD'S PREMIER ACROBATS

9 NELSON FAMILY 9



The Wernitz Family Acrobats, The 10 Dellameas, Statuary Artists, The Sansoni Sisters, Female Gymnasts, 10 Principal Male and Female Equestrians, The 3 Pettis Aerial Dare-Extraordinary, Rowena, the Head Balancer, and Grand Spectacular Ballet, 10 Corymbes, (Led by 3 Sisters Maccarti, Premier Dancesuses.)

Our Street Parade

At 10 a. m. daily is the finest ever put on the streets. A Sunburst of Splendor, a Triumph of Art, Money and Good Taste, with Lavish Luxury of Spectacular Effect, with Great Professional Features Conceivable.

Excursions Run on Every Line of Travel.

Never Divides, Never Disappoints.

THE LANTERN
PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chester, S. C., as second-class mail matter.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1897.

The Union *New Era* has become a weekly, in order to give its readers the news while it is news.

THE STATE has been enlarged from six to seven column size. The *State* is an enterprising newspaper, one that prints the news.

THE handsome editor of the *Abbeville Press and Banner* gives notice that he will not associate with bachelors after the first of January.

EXTREMES meet. The Greenville *News* says: The Columbia papers state that insanity is on the increase in poor old South Carolina. When we consider the number of people who are too smart, it is wonderful that lunatics are not more numerous.

AN Englishman claims to have invented a process by which every shade and tint of color in the original can be reproduced in a photograph. He has given an exhibition in London which seems to justify his claim. Our readers will be surprised that they hadn't thought of it before, when they are told that it is done simply by the occult instinct of selective absorption.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

The *Times* has received a copy of Chester's new paper, THE LANTERN. Mr. J. T. Bigham is editor and proprietor, and his paper is one of the neatest and newest semi-weekly sheets in the State. THE LANTERN should receive the hearty support of the citizens of Chester as it is a great credit to that town.—*Et Mill Times*.

THE LANTERN is a new paper just launched at Chester, with J. T. Bigham as editor. One cannot read Mr. Bigham's articles without spicy and well printed, THE LANTERN will no doubt shed its illuminating rays into Chester's dark corners for many weeks to come, and in its work it has the best wishes of *The Record*.—*Kingstree County Record*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Greenville *Mountaineer* is in favor of submitting to a primary the question of prohibition, dispensary, or high license.

Dr. Forrester announced to his congregation Sunday that the new Baptist church will be dedicated the first Sunday in November. The dedicatory sermon will be delivered by Dr. W. H. Whittitt, president of the Baptist Theological Seminary, of Louisville, Ky.—*Greenwood Journal*.

A correspondent of the *Greenwood Journal* writing from Ninety-Six on the 10th instant, says:

On yesterday one of our ministers put the question of Dispensary, Prohibition and High License to a vote before his congregation. The vote stood as follows: For Dispensary, 3 votes; Prohibition, 10; High License, 43.

The *Newberry Observer* believes that the increase in homicides, suicides, and divorces is due largely to the fact "that multitudes cherish the passions rather than the affections," and concludes with this wholesome remark:

"We think it within the province of the secular press to occasionally discuss ethical questions, or subjects similar to the above, and not leave the matter entirely to the church papers; for there are those who seldom, if ever, open a religious paper."

The last issue of the *Central Presbyterian* says that the iron manufacturers of Pittsburgh are going to erect a monument to Tubal-Cain. It is to be of immense size, larger than the Statue of Liberty of New York and to have lights that can be seen many miles around. Well, Tubal-Cain no doubt deserves a monument fully as much as many

others to whom monuments have been built, and he has certainly had no less a reputation for it.

This, clipped from the *Dorchester Courier*, is well said: I am sorry to see that some of our ministers are taking the historical discoveries of the English Baptists, by Dr. Whittitt, so much to heart. The question that interests us is not what the English Baptists did over two centuries ago, but whether or not we are truly following the teachings of our Master today; and as we all believe we are, in reference to baptism, let all of us try to follow more closely another one of his teachings, and try to be more like him, and live in peace with all of the brethren.

E. T. ATKINSON, SR.
Chester, S. C. Oct. 11, 1897.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Monroe, N. C., has let her contract for the artesian well at \$7,500, the contractors guaranteeing a flow of 200,000 gallons of water per day.—*Lancaster Enterprise*.

The county Democratic executive committee have selected Saturday, November 13th, as the day for holding the primary election to select a successor to the late L. K. Armstrong, member of the Legislature. The committee was in session here Monday.—*Yorkville Yeoman*.

Columbia Record: The preliminary hearing in the case of R. W. Hellis, supervisor, of registration of Fairfield county, charged with opening a letter addressed to W. W. Collins, a Mormon elder, was concluded this morning and United States Commissioner Jennings put Hollis under a \$200 bond for trial in the federal court.

Lancaster Ledger: Mrs. Coffey, an aged lady of the Belair section, was taken to the hospital for the insane last Thursday. Mr. J. J. Perry accompanied her. On Friday Sheriff Clyburn conveyed Mrs. George Funderburk of the Stevens Mill neighborhood, to the same institution for treatment. Saturday Deputy Sheriff Wilson went to Columbia to take Charley Funderburk, colored, to the same asylum.

It was threatened at Carlisle Friday night by drunken negroes, attending a circus, on account of the arrest of two of their number. A message to Union brought two members of the police force of this town. They carried with them several rifles and plenty of ammunition. The citizens of Carlisle, armed with these guns, headed by the two Union policemen, dispersed the mob. Eight of the leaders were arrested. All is now quiet at Carlisle.

Halsellville Chronicles.

The farmers of this section are beginning to realize that raising all cotton doesn't pay. For the last few years they paid but very little attention to sowing wheat and oats and other small grain, but they are going to turn over another leaf. Very nearly every farmer is going to sow much grain this fall. I am informed that Mr. T. J. Cunningham will sow one hundred acres in oats between now and Christmas, and others in proportion.

Robert Clowney, a lad of about sixteen, a brother of Mr. S. B. Clowney, was accidentally shot last Friday morning. He had been hunting and came by the barn where Mr. Clowney's hands were unloading corn. He got upon the wagon and stood his gun up by the wagon, and as they drove off he reached down for it. Jerking it up very quickly the hammer was struck and the gun discharged, inflicting a very bad wound on the right side of his face, between his ear and forehead. It is not considered dangerous, although the skull is a little fractured.—*Drs. Pryor and Mitchell* dressed the wound. He is doing moderately well at this writing.

While Mr. James McAlilly and his sister, Mrs. M. R. Hood, were going from Woodward church yesterday to Mr. Robert Orr's their horse ran away coming down the hill to the bridge and both of them were thrown out as one of the wheels struck the post of the bridge. The horse broke out, and the buggy was badly demolished. Fortunately,

neither one of them was seriously hurt, but they were badly bruised. Mrs. Hood was very nervous.

Mr. J. F. Cassels leaves to-day (Monday) to accept a position as salesman in the New York Racket at Chester.

The Baptist union meeting which was to be held at Woodward the 29th to 31st has been postponed until January, 1898, but there will be preaching on Sunday, the 31st, by Rev. Mr. Dixon.

Messrs. W. W. Whitesides and T. C. Lester, of Smyrna, York county, are spending a day or two at Mr. Samuel Weir's. They are on their way to Newberry.

Mrs. R. T. Mockbee, of Memphis, Tenn., who has been visiting relatives, left for home last Thursday.

M. G.
October 25th, 1897.

Chester Man Abroad.

Chester people will read the following, from *Harper's Weekly*, with justifiable pride:

"Mr. Edward A. Strobel, American Minister to Chile during the latter part of President Cleveland's administration, has turned over his official duties to his successor, but still lingers in South America, for a reason worth recording.

When disagreement recently arose on some point between Chile and France, it was argued that the point in dispute should be decided by a board of arbitration—to consist of an arbitrator chosen by the French minister to Chile, one chosen by the Chilean foreign secretary, and a third to be agreed upon by these two. When the secretary and was found that they had each selected Mr. Strobel, and it was therefore agreed that the matter should be referred to him alone; so, although no longer the representative of our government, he will be detained in Chile for some months longer, probably until spring.

"This incident is particularly notable from the fact that when Mr. Strobel went to Chile, Americans were excessively unpopular in that country, and his methods as Uncle Sam's representative have availed not only to make him personally acceptable, but to bring about a sentiment of amity toward the people of the United States. Appreciation of his work was abundantly expressed at the dinner given to him at Santiago on his retirement. The effort that was made to have Mr. Strobel retained in office because of his exceptional fitness for the diplomatic service, must seem, in the light of these developments, to have been altogether justified. That it did not succeed is a matter for regret—not on Mr. Strobel's account, because he is sure to find acceptable employment—but because for the time being it takes out of the public service a man too well qualified and of too valuable experience to be spared without loss."

Professor Dr. Coaththoussavesa Hasendeayboxleyase was the name given by an enquirer for mail at the postoffice yesterday. He is a Hindoo, but we don't know what he is professor of nor what kind of doctor he is.

The Lantern Job Office

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING.
Work Guaranteed.
Prices Reasonable.

Legal Blanks, all kinds, for sale.



THIS PLAT BELONGS TO

Jos. Wylie & Co.

KEEP TO THE GRAVELED
WALK THAT
LEADS INTO THEIR MAM-
MOTH ESTABLISHMENT.



Books that Help.

Best Book of Baptism, 15c.
Mormonism, Exposed, 10c.

All three by Mail for only 30 Cts.

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

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 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 Poy and others, and containing 218 acres more or less.

Terms of Sale—One-half cash, and the balance on a credit of one year, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises, with privilege of paying all cash. Purchaser to pay for papers.

Also all the personal property of said deceased, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Furniture, Farming Implements, etc. THOMAS C. STRONG, Admr. cum. testamento annexo Caleb P. Shurley, deceased.

Pocahontas Lump COAL.

No Soot, No Clinkers!
The best soft coal in the world for Grates and Stoves. It holds FIRE like hard coal.

POCAHONTAS STEAM AND SMITH COAL

Burns up clean with little smoke. It has no equal. We have the Agency for this Celebrated Coal and we are in position to figure on large contracts.

COAL Always on Hand.

We have rebuilt our coal bins, which were recently burned.

Yours truly,
ROSBOROUGH & McLURE

Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries.

Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's Fancy Candies.

Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Walker Building, CHESTER, S. C.
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 Stahl's Jewelry Store.

When Mr. Moody Left Home.

When Mr. Moody left home... writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody in the Ladies' Home Journal. "There were nine of us children, and my widowed mother had very great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. My next oldest brother had found a place for me to work during the winter months in a neighboring village about thirteen miles away, and early one November morning we started out together on our dismal journey. Do you know November has been a dreary month to me ever since? As we passed over the river and up the opposite side of the valley we turned to looked back for a last look at home. It was to be my last view for weeks, for months, perhaps forever, and my heart well nigh broke at the thought. That was the longest journey I ever took, for thirteen miles was more to me at ten than the world's circumference has ever been since. When at last we arrived in the town I had hard work to keep back my tears, and my brother had to do his best to cheer me. Suddenly he pointed to some one and said: 'There's a man that'll give you a cent; he gives one to every new boy that comes to town.' I was so afraid that he would pass me by that I planted myself directly in his path. He was a feeble, old, white-haired man. As he came up to my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me. 'Why, I have never seen you before. You must be a new boy,' he said. He asked me about my home, and then, laying his trembling hands upon my head, he told me that, although I had no earthly father, my Heavenly Father loved me, and then he gave me a bright new cent. I do not remember what became of that cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head. A loving deed costs very little, but, done in the name of Christ, it will be eternal. The divine love is to-day the Church of God needs to-day. We discuss and argue over methods and means, but, after all, the solution of the problem is love."

Horses as Game.

The act passed by the last Nevada Legislature authorizing the killing of wild horses throughout the State has developed a profitable industry, and camps of hunters have been established at all of the springs and water courses where the bands resort. The hides sell for \$2 each and the hair of their manes and tails bring 15 cents a pound. The growth of the latter on the wild equine species is far more profuse than on tamed animals, a weight of nearly ten pounds of hair being frequently obtained from one carcass.

The first hunters to take the field after the law went into effect reeled handsomely, frequently shooting from six to ten a day, but since the slaughter began the animals have come to view man as a relentless foe and as soon as one is sighted or scented by a band they bound away over the hill, plain and canyon at a speed that defies pursuit, never halting while their supposed enemies are in sight or hearing.

Magnificent specimens of the equine race, weighing 1200 or 1300 pounds, are frequently seen among the wild bands, with heads erect and flowing manes and tails—the latter sweeping the ground, their fleetness preventing their capture by vaqueros, who rarely ever get within a lariat's throw of them. Their organs of hearing, sight and smell are amazingly acute, as the bands take alarm and can be seen speeding over hills miles away when ever travelers approach their domain.

Tame horses turned out to shift for themselves are frequently rounded up by the leaders of wild bands, and soon become as unmanageable as their captors.

The continuance of the slaughter of these nomads will obliterate an interesting feature of Nevada's otherwise vast and inanimate wastes.

The Ways of the World.

A young man who has always worked on a factory has come to the position. On being asked what his terms were, Mattily replied with dignity:—"I want a nicely furnished room to myself for de gentlemen what visits me. De are gentlemen from way back. Dey belong to de hole roley."

"Anything else you want?" asked Mrs. Yergar. "I wants Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday to 'muse myself.'" "Is that all?" "No, indeed; dat ain't all. Monday and Wednesday arternoons I goes out ter tend de regular meeten's of de Mysterus Order ob de Seben Wise Varginis. Tuesday afternoon and Friday afternoon de Allerfluyter quire ob de Blue Light Cultud Tabernacle has rehearsals. I se de soprano. I has ter be out mos' ob de day on Friday, because dats de day I returns my calls. My wages am \$15 a mun'."

"And you stay away, more or less, five days in the week?" "Yes, mum."

"Well, what I wan't to know is, how much a month you will charge if you stayed away altogether?"

A moment later a dark shadow passed through the front gate of the Yergar mansion.—Texas Siftings.

Loafers.

It is difficult to know how the average street loafer obtains a livelihood. He is never busy. He is always ready for an hour's gossip. He knows everybody's business, and is often found attending to this than his own. He can crack jokes—mostly smutty ones—by the hundred. He can nose out all the scandal that has accumulated in the community, and he delights to retail it out to any fool that will lend him an ear. There is a certain alloy commonly called brass, that enters largely into his make-up. He can thrust himself into the presence of strangers and enlighten them on any topic relating to the community. But the problem of bread and meat and clothes remains unsolved. By what shady method does he procure these necessities of life? Does he steal? We cannot say. Does he live by means of his income from the card table? We know not. Does he deal out whiskey in some secret, vile den into which the eye of the law never looks? Again, we know not. Does he spend upon his worthless back the money earned by his hard working wife? It is all a mystery. Who can solve it? All we do know is that he is a public nuisance; a worthless vagabond; a corrupter of our youth; in short a blot upon the name of the community in which he exists.—Union New Era.

Whip in a Horse's Stomach.

That a stout buggy whip, four and one-half feet long, could remain in a horse's stomach nearly two years and the horse survive the ordeal seems improbable, but just such a thing happened to a valuable horse owned by Allen D. Eakle, near Rohrsville, Washington county, Md., which died a few days ago. Dr. J. T. Hiberger, of Hagerstown, held a post-mortem, and the whip was found protruding from the stomach. Mr. Eakle, in October, 1895, used a six-foot buggy whip to punch an obstruction down the choking horse's throat, putting a horseshoe in the animal's mouth to keep it open. The horseshoe flew out, and the horse bit off the whip, swallowing the long part, with no bad effects until a few days ago when the horse sickened and died. After the swallowing the horse worked every day and ate three meals a day.

Wadesboro Messenger: Harty Sellers, who lives on Capt. Frank Bennett's plantation, Morgan township, killed a genuine bald eagle a few days ago. There were two of the eagles, though he only succeeded in killing one. The one killed measured 6 feet and 4 inches from tip to tip of its wings. The eagles had killed two shoats, weighing about 70 pounds each, and had partly devoured them.

Colored Servantism in Texas.

Mattily Snowball, a colored lady who works on a factory has come to the position. On being asked what his terms were, Mattily replied with dignity:—"I want a nicely furnished room to myself for de gentlemen what visits me. De are gentlemen from way back. Dey belong to de hole roley."

"Anything else you want?" asked Mrs. Yergar. "I wants Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday to 'muse myself.'" "Is that all?" "No, indeed; dat ain't all. Monday and Wednesday arternoons I goes out ter tend de regular meeten's of de Mysterus Order ob de Seben Wise Varginis. Tuesday afternoon and Friday afternoon de Allerfluyter quire ob de Blue Light Cultud Tabernacle has rehearsals. I se de soprano. I has ter be out mos' ob de day on Friday, because dats de day I returns my calls. My wages am \$15 a mun'."

"And you stay away, more or less, five days in the week?" "Yes, mum."

"Well, what I wan't to know is, how much a month you will charge if you stayed away altogether?"

A moment later a dark shadow passed through the front gate of the Yergar mansion.—Texas Siftings.

Loafers.

It is difficult to know how the average street loafer obtains a livelihood. He is never busy. He is always ready for an hour's gossip. He knows everybody's business, and is often found attending to this than his own. He can crack jokes—mostly smutty ones—by the hundred. He can nose out all the scandal that has accumulated in the community, and he delights to retail it out to any fool that will lend him an ear. There is a certain alloy commonly called brass, that enters largely into his make-up. He can thrust himself into the presence of strangers and enlighten them on any topic relating to the community. But the problem of bread and meat and clothes remains unsolved. By what shady method does he procure these necessities of life? Does he steal? We cannot say. Does he live by means of his income from the card table? We know not. Does he deal out whiskey in some secret, vile den into which the eye of the law never looks? Again, we know not. Does he spend upon his worthless back the money earned by his hard working wife? It is all a mystery. Who can solve it? All we do know is that he is a public nuisance; a worthless vagabond; a corrupter of our youth; in short a blot upon the name of the community in which he exists.—Union New Era.

Whip in a Horse's Stomach.

That a stout buggy whip, four and one-half feet long, could remain in a horse's stomach nearly two years and the horse survive the ordeal seems improbable, but just such a thing happened to a valuable horse owned by Allen D. Eakle, near Rohrsville, Washington county, Md., which died a few days ago. Dr. J. T. Hiberger, of Hagerstown, held a post-mortem, and the whip was found protruding from the stomach. Mr. Eakle, in October, 1895, used a six-foot buggy whip to punch an obstruction down the choking horse's throat, putting a horseshoe in the animal's mouth to keep it open. The horseshoe flew out, and the horse bit off the whip, swallowing the long part, with no bad effects until a few days ago when the horse sickened and died. After the swallowing the horse worked every day and ate three meals a day.

Wadesboro Messenger: Harty Sellers, who lives on Capt. Frank Bennett's plantation, Morgan township, killed a genuine bald eagle a few days ago. There were two of the eagles, though he only succeeded in killing one. The one killed measured 6 feet and 4 inches from tip to tip of its wings. The eagles had killed two shoats, weighing about 70 pounds each, and had partly devoured them.

Curious Pension Statistics.

The Richmond Dispatch, after giving the pension statistics of the veterans live abroad, in Europe and Asia, drawing \$600,000 annually from Uncle Sam's treasury. There are 12 American pensioners in Belgium, 8 in Holland, 665 in Great Britain, 601 in Germany, 85 in Mexico, 61 in France, and 79 in Switzerland. There is one American pensioner in Egypt, and he gets \$120 a year from the United States government. There are two in the kingdom of Siam, six in Turkey and one in the Azores. There is one American pensioner in Finland. Another resides in Ecuador. Another resides on the Island of Madeira.

The country which contributes the largest number of pensioners to the government list is Canada, with a total list of 1,889. There are 29 in Italy, 48 in Denmark, 37 in Norway, and 44 in Sweden. In Russia the total number of pensioners is only six. There is one pensioner of the United States in Venezuela, but he cannot be said to rank very high on the scale of recognition, for he receives only \$42 a year. There are three American pensioners in the Argentine. There are nine in Chili and twenty-four in British Columbia. Alaska contains twenty-eight.

The North drew upon almost every nationality to invade and conquer the South, the most purely and distinctively American section of the Union.

No Flaws in His Story.

A half dozen traveling men were seated in the little station waiting for the eastbound train, says the Ohio State Journal. First would come a blinding flash of lightning and then a deafening peal of thunder. A fearful storm was raging. "This is a scary night to be on the road," remarked the soap drummer.

"See where you are aight," said the cigar man. "As I remember," he continued, "it was just such a night as this when the train struck a bad place four miles east of here, and the next instant was off the bridge. I was the only passenger on the train to escape with his life."

"When was that?" was asked. "Latter part of August, '94."

"I fail to recall that wreck," said one of the crowd.

"So do I," said another. "How many did you say were killed?" asked the soap drummer.

"Didn't say anybody was killed," remarked the cigar man.

"You didn't, eh? You said you were the only passenger who escaped with his life."

"Certainly; that's easily accounted for," explained the cigar man, looking innocent. "I was the only passenger on the train."

"Ahal that's your game, is it?" said the soap drummer.

"Hold on here," said the only one in the crowd who had not spoken up to this time, as he hustled up in front of the cigar man, "you said you struck a bad place on the road?"

"We did, but got over it all right."

"You did eh? But how about running off the bridge?"

"That's all right. We ran off it after we had crossed it. That story is all right, boys. You can't pick any flaws in it."

By Mail or Express.

Recent press dispatches, reporting the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money in transit through the mails from a banking house in Chicago to one of its western correspondents, prompted an inquiry as to the cause of such an amount being entrusted to the postal service, and when approached on the subject, a prominent official of one of the leading express companies stated yesterday that the last year had witnessed a radical change in the transportation of moneys, which formerly had all been forwarded by express, but were now being sent in many instances by mail, the aggregate postage and registry fees presenting a difference as compared with express rates that tempted many to depart from the old method and adopt the new.

The official added further that frequent train robberies had compelled the express companies to go to a great extent in equipping their trains with the latest and most perfect safes, which, as a recent hold-ups had proven, afford security against any attempts on the part of road agents to get at the contents, but that even should they succeed in the majority of cases little would now be obtained for their pains on account of the diversion of the moneys from express to the mails, and that it would not be unnatural to expect that Uncle Sam would soon have his hands full looking after the protection of the valuable parcels in his care, as train robbers will, of course, go where the money is, and it is now in the mail instead of the express car.

Inquiry as to what steps the express companies would take to regain the traffic elicited the reply that they had expended all the revenues from this source in the past in surrounding the money with every possible protection and running down and punishing thieves, and that they would simply wait until such losses as one referred to and the attention of train robbers to this new channel for transporting moneys proved it to be neither a successful nor profitable experiment.—Charlotte Observer.

A sound precedent, it is noted, has been established in New York. Twenty years ago in Brooklyn, a man was sent to the penitentiary for a term of twenty years for burglary. After serving two years he was pardoned, his innocence of any participation in the crime being fully established. The State Board of Claims, under special legislative authority, on Saturday, awarded this victim of injustice \$7,500 damages for false imprisonment. He had made a claim for \$168,000, which was out of reason.

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

Since the commencement of the Luetgelt trial in Chicago, it is said the sausage manufacturing business has dwindled to almost nothing. It is estimated that the great sausage without thinking of the possibility of a human being having been ground up in the stuff. Many hotels and restaurants, which formerly served a good deal of sausage, are now devoting their efforts in other directions.

The Shelby Aurora learns that the company has been organized to build a railroad from Shelby to Bristol, Tenn., and the work is expected to begin at an early day.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, Etc.,
CAREFULLY REPAIRED BY
J. A. WESTERBERG,
CHESTER, S. C.
Mrs. Atkinson's Old Stand.

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.

New Goods
- AT -
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 PICKLES, Sweet and Sour.
NEW CROP OF FINE TEAS and JAVA and MOCHA COFFEE.
CHOICE FANCY PATENT FLOUR.
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS at
Phone 84. **WALKER'S.**

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.