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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- January 21, 1898

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 31.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1898.

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

GEN. BRATTON'S BURIAL.

Laid in His Grave by Old Comrades.—Bishop Capers' Address.

Yesterday morning, January 14, the mortal remains of General John Bratton, the patriot, soldier and statesman, were laid at rest in the cemetery of St. John's church, Winstboro, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends. The sky was serene, the air of the January day stirred gently with a balmy breeze, and all nature seemed bathed in peace and tranquility. But the deeply impressive scene was strikingly reminiscent of war. The cemetery itself had been bereft of its church at the hands of the incendiary invader in 1865, a new structure having been erected in a different portion of town, so that only the spirits of the dead kept silent watch over this consecrated spot.

At the head of the open grave Bishop General Capers, who dedicated his early life to a glorious service of his country, and his latter days to the sanctified service of his maker. Grouped around were the grizzled veterans of the "Old Sixth," between whom and their old colonel existed a love surpassing that of man for woman; the members of Camp Raines of Confederate Veterans, of Camp Bratton of Sons of the Confederacy, and other gallant survivors, while in the hands of Dixon H. Robertson, the color-bearer of the Sixth, floated the old battle flag draped in mourning.

Forms once stalwart were bent, the flush of youth had given place to the furrows of age, beard and locks were grizzled, but true hearts never grow cold, and many tears of grief flowed freely as the hands of his old comrades lowered their chieftain to the grave. In accordance with an old custom his friends and neighbors claimed the privilege each of assisting in placing the earth upon his coffin as they consigned his body "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Tidings had not reached all parts of the county, but wherever they were heard loving friends hastened to pay their tribute to his memory. All places of business and the schools were closed, and all the bells in town tolled during the funeral services.

Bishop Capers officiated; the active pall-bearers were members of the Sixth regiment chosen by the survivors as follows: R. E. Ellison, W. S. Gilbert, M. B. Raines, Thomas Raines, T. W. Taylor, John B. Montgomery, and Major T. W. Woodward. As the body was placed before the chancel Major Woodward reverently placed the colors of the regiment upon the coffin, during which impressive act there was not a dry eye among the multitude. The Reverend Bishop himself was overcome with emotion and in his own peculiar thrilling way made some most beautiful and touching remarks which came with out premeditation under the influence of the moment.

When the procession moved toward the cemetery Mr. John Stewart, one of the veterans, took the reins and guided the horse attached to the hearse.

Among the mourners were many of the old family servants who had come into town to see their "master" and friend, for the last time.

Included among the visitors were Dr. W. H. Huger and Major Theodor Barker of Charleston, Capt. I. H. Means and Professor Davis, who had been appointed to represent the South Carolina College, of which General Bratton was a devoted alumnus.

A number of other friends and relatives from different portions of the State were present. Among them Rev. T. D. Bratton, of Spartanburg, Mrs. R. G. McCaw, Messrs. W. B. and H. L. McCaw, of

Yorkville, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Perrin and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith of Abbeville, Mrs. T. W. DuBose, Major J. K. Alston and Captain Allen Jones, of Columbia.

General Bratton will be missed in the State, but in his own home in Fairfield where he has lived so long, and been the trusted friend and adviser and helper of so many his loss will be well nigh irreplaceable.

BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

The following is the Bishop's address:

This sacred hour has for us all, my friends, its own impressive lessons; and its responsibilities.

We have met to bury one of Carolina's noblest sons. His pure, manly, gallant life has its lessons for us all my fellow citizens. It is a glorious thing so to live as to win, and hold to the very last, the reverence and honor of your friends and brethren, the devoted love of a numerous kindred, and to die as Bratton died, mourned and regretted by his State.

When I say my friends, his comrades in arms, my friends, I mean that glorious banner on his coffin, and when I look into the faces of his old soldiers here surrounding the body of their faithful friend and gallant general, I feel how true and real, how sincere and how honorable this tribute to his life of devotion to you, to his State, and to the noble, high, and manly impulses of his generous and brave heart!

My fellow citizens of old Fairfield, the lesson of General Bratton's life is a glorious legacy to you, and to your children. We are all mourners around his bier, and looking upon his noble form we cannot, if we would, withhold our tears for him, but we have no regrets, no misgivings, no explanations, no apologies for his ever faithful life.

That flag is to you what it was to him, the symbol of devotion to conscientious duty, and emblem of honor, courage, and sacrifice in the service of his people and his country. We bring to his grave our gratitude to God for the gift of his life, and the example of his true and noble character. For myself, I thank God for men like Hagood and Bratton, and when we come to bury them, I feel, as I know you all feel, how imperishable is true excellence of character! How immortal the memory and the influence of a noble life.

This is no time for the language of eulogy, but I cannot refrain in presence of these old Confederate soldiers from expressing for them, and for myself, and for you, his neighbors and friends and kindred, the sense of his worth, his heroism, and his devotion to whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is lovely and of good report.

He loved his people, he loved his friends, he loved South Carolina with a love unfeigned. My brethren, it is a glorious distinction to be able to look up to worthy men, and to teach our children lessons of virtue and patriotism by their examples. Old Fairfield has sent gallant men to the field and to the forum, but she has had no nobler than John Bratton.

The old soldiers are fast; answering to the final roll-call. They will soon all be gone. For you, brethren, and for me, tattoo and taps will soon be sounded. We cannot all be distinguished men and great generals but we can be Christians! We can all be true to our Lord and Master, and being true to Him, we shall be ready when our summons comes; ready for the last great battle, and assured, my brethren, of our final triumphant victory.

I had no intention when I came here to make this address, but I have felt so much impressed by your presence and by every expression of your love and respect for my honored friends, with the supreme value of high character, and the enduring power there is in

an example of splendid courage and purity of heart and purpose, and a manly devotion to right standards of conduct, that I have felt it impossible, brethren, to repress the abundance of my sympathy with you, or to withhold this imperfect expression of my love and honor for the character and example of your friend and mine—Fairfield's and Carolina's noble son.

Another Version of the Murder of Wm. Lyles.

New and Herald.

Your former correspondent, Col. Wm. Edrington, gave me the following data, not long before his death: Mr. Ephraim Lyles, the progenitor of the family in South Carolina, came from Virginia in 1734—originally from England. He had five sons, viz: Arromanus, James, Ephraim and William, nick-named "Big Bill." James Lyles commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war and was killed at the battle of Hanging Rock. His brothers served under him.

Mr. Edward Pearson says in his "History of Fairfield," regarding Mr. Ephraim Lyles: "It is said that the Catawbas never shed one drop of white man's blood. True, they were crusty when the whites made their first encroachments upon the Catawba lands, but they were soon pacified. The Catawbas were accused of the murder of Mr. Ephraim Lyles, who resides upon Beaver Creek, but it was ascertained that the murderers were white men disguised as Indians, who were sent on from North Carolina to perpetrate the deed, for the purpose of settling a lawsuit about a barony of Roanoke lands, in which Mr. Lyles was plaintiff." The communication of Mr. Furman, in your issue of this week has induced me to offer you this item of history, which will perhaps throw light upon the subject.

NIMPORET.

Five Thousand Million Dollars.

Enough is already known of the condition of the life insurance organizations of the country, without waiting for the totals as set forth in the yearly statements, to show that the interest in question is as progressive and mighty as ever. More than five thousand million dollars of insurance is now in force, protected by actual interest-yielding assets of over twelve hundred million dollars, while a combined surplus of one hundred and eighty million above all liabilities testifies to the solvency of the companies. A remarkable exhibit this, and all the more notable when it is remembered that this stupendous garnering of wealth has been attained by men simply in every walk of life putting their money together, in relatively easy payments, for their joint and individual protection and that of their families. The annals of social and business achievements in any age or clime, the records of financial triumphs in any land or era, fail to show aught approaching this marvelous and satisfactory accomplishment of American life insurance.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Untrustworthy Liar.

Coming in on the Painesville car the other morning two real estate dealers were "talking shop." "I heard a man get off a pretty good thing about Dash and Blank the other day," said one of them. "What was it?" the other asked. "He said; 'I'd much rather deal with Dash than with Blank.' 'Why so?' I inquired, 'You know Dash is a man whom you can't believe under any circumstances.' 'That's the very reason I prefer him to Blank.' Dash lies all the time, so you're never fooled by him, but Blank lies only half the time, and the great trouble is that you never know when he's doing it."

Were the Former Days Better than These?

The Gastonia (N. C.) Gazette of a recent date says: "People talk of the good old days of long ago when times were better and money wasn't tight. How would you like to have a dose of old times as they are indicated in the prices copied below from an old account book kept 99 years ago in Buncombe county, N. C."

Having an opportunity recently, Rev. R. P. Smith copied some items from such a book in kind remembrance of his home paper. The old book is now owned by Mr. S. W. Davidson, of Swannanoah Valley, Buncombe county. It might have been kept by a blacksmith who ran a store or a merchant who also ran a smithy. Here are some items copied under date of March, 1798—nearly 100 years ago:

DEBITS.

To 16 pounds sugar	\$4.00
To 2 bushels salt	3.00
To one gallon whiskey	75
To iron wedge	50
To haying plow	50
To a pair shoe soles	50
To one-half yard of muslin	37 1/2
To 1 pound powder	1.00
To 10 pounds of nails	2.00
To 2 quire paper	37
To 15 pounds sugar and 6 pounds coffee.	6.00

CREDITS.

By 3 day's work	\$1.37 1/2
By 1 bushel corn	50
By 20 pounds beef at 3 cts 2 3/4	50
By 1 week's work	3.00

See that 16 pounds of sugar for \$4.00? And a bushel of salt for \$1.00? How do you like it? The price of muslin was of 'sight—none was then manufactured in this country, perhaps all imported. Powder at a dollar a pound was two high to burn at Christmas. At 20 cents a pound 'people couldn't afford to hit many nails on the head. And people must have had something important to write and wanted to write it mighty bad when they paid 37 cents a quire for paper. In other items the contrast with today is not so marked, but in the old times when it took a week's work to buy a bushel of salt the contrast is strong enough to make a body faint. He who in those days could earn the salt that went into his bread ought not to have been counted a lazy fellow.

Pointed Paragraphs.

In many cases writers' cramp affects the stomach.

Musical directors beat their way through the world by scores.

Trousers that are bagged at the knees are often pressed into service.

A physician tells us that a tea kettle is a good thing for boils.

Many a poor man has lost his life in trying to sound the depths of a woman's love.

A man's will goes into effect after death, and a woman's will is in effect during life.

Man wants but little hear below when the people living in the flat above him own a piano.

When a woman and a cyclone make up their minds to go anywhere nothing on earth can stop them.

The number of things men know about women is about 1 per cent of what they think they know.—Chicago News.

All Questions Politely Answered.

Boston Conductor—Fare, please. Passenger—What is the fare? "It is the tariff or tax levied by the corporation owning and controlling the charter and franchise of this street-car line on those persons who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the company to secure more rapid and agreeable transportation than pedal locomotion." "How much is the fare?" "Five cents, please."—Detroit Free Press.

LITERARY CLUB.

A Worthy Organization—Its Distinguished Members—How Conducted.

Editor LANTERN: The Abbeville Literary Club met last night at the home of Mr. B. F. Bailey. The meeting last night was held for the purpose of reorganization and in order to infuse new interest in the work of the club. This is one of the oldest and most distinguished organizations of the kind in the state. It is a credit to Abbeville and has been of great benefit to our people. It is now about twenty years old and I think we are safe in saying that it has taken on new life. Some account of it and of its history and workings may be of interest to your readers. The object of the club is the promotion of the social and intellectual life of its membership. It meets once a month at the home of some one of the members. The meetings are held once a month, in the light of the moon. The gentleman at whose house the club meets entertains it. By the constitution, frugal refreshments alone are allowed. In winter, salads, coffee and cigars, and in summer, ice cream, cake and cigars.

The membership consists of gentlemen only, so far as attendance on the meetings is concerned, though ladies are allowed all the privileges of membership, as to periodicals and other club literature.

We have one original essay at every meeting, and this is followed by discussion. They are allowed the utmost freedom in the selection of subjects, with one exception: They must not write on religious or political topics. In the criticisms of the essay the utmost freedom is allowed. The members in reading the essay and discussing the same remain seated. The club subscribes for the leading periodicals and magazines both of this country and Europe. The members are allowed to take them out of the library and keep them for two days.

The annual membership fee is \$2.50. The members of the club are lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and business men, and most of them are young men. The members of the club are allowed to carry visitors to the meetings with them. The club has some very fine talkers, among whom I may mention Maj. Burt, Judge McGowan, Judge Cothran, W. A. Lee, Esq., and Judge W. C. Benet. All of these gentlemen took an active interest in the meetings, attended regularly, read essays when their turn came, and participated in the discussions. It was a treat to listen to them. Only one of them, Judge Benet, now survives. At the meeting last night committees were appointed to prepare suitable resolutions of respect on the deaths of Judges McGowan and Cothran. Among the distinguished active members of the club within the last few years have been Judge J. C. Klugh, Associate Justice E. B. Gary, and Mr. Hugh Wilson, editor of Press and Banner. We have tried repeatedly to capture Gen. Hemphill but have invariably failed, but he has several times honored us with his presence as a visitor.

This club is a splendid thing for Abbeville. It cultivates the social disposition of our people, brings men of different associations together, and makes them to know each other better. It improves the minds of the membership and directly and indirectly elevates the intellectual tone of our people. The Abbeville Literary Club is an institution of which we are proud.

WALTER L. MILLER.

"Is that your wife on a bicycle?" "It is." "I thought you said that you would never permit her to ride one." "I don't permit it, but what difference do you suppose that makes to her?"

All-Healing, N. C.

As there has not been anything in the LANTERN from this section, I shall try to give some items from "The Old North State."

The farmers are beginning to turn the soil for another crop. The low price of cotton will prevent them from planting so much. More small grain has been sown. Much care has been taken in preparing the soil. Wheat is looking well.

Some large pigs have been hatched. The largest netted 512 pounds.

Christmas passed off very quietly. A good many sociables, pound parties, etc., were held for the amusement of the young people.

The week of prayer was observed here. The meetings were held at private houses every night.

A very sad accident happened last Sabbath evening. A two year old child of Mr. E. L. Whiteside, crawled into a chicken coop and climbed up and put its head out where a slat had been taken off. Its feet slipped, its head caught between its chin and back of head, and its spinal cord was broken.

The residence and store of Mr. Henry Baker, of All-Healing, was destroyed by fire on Monday night of last week. Only a part of the furniture was saved.

THE LANTERN is a welcome visitor. E. G. CARSON.

Harmony Letter.

MR. EDITOR: We will have a good joke on the doctors if all this a-do and scare about the small-pox should turn out to be the elephant's itch.

Nature is running in the same old channel that it did in the time of the flood—marrying and given in marriage. The last daughter that was born to us stepped off on the 13th of this month. Her companion is Macdonald Anderson. They surely know each other, as they have been raised together from infancy. We wish them a long, happy and useful life, and at death a home in heaven, where sorrows never will come.

We have all gone to work in earnest to keep the times from getting any worse. Some people can live without bread and meat, and if the proper means are used these things will surely be made. Farmers should all live at home and board at the same place. Some people make hard times before they come, but I never try to cross a bridge until I get to it.

No one will know what hard times are unless they should be so unfortunate as to trade peace for war. Your old uncle has gone three days and nights without anything to eat, and no shelter to cover his head, summer nor winter, for twelve months at a time, and part of the time dodging bullets and bomb shells.

I admire your paper very much and wish it a wide circulation. I wish you and your patrons a happy and prosperous New Year.

W. R. HAYES.

Improvement of Country Life.

The salvation of the South, and in fact, of the entire republic, depends upon the improvement of country life. If we in America, with all our superb natural advantages, cannot make our country people prosperous, happy and contented, no people ever will. Omnibus indeed is the outlook for the future if we fail to maintain a high standard of civilization in our rural communities. The country people are the foundation of our prosperity and peace, and if we permit them to become poor and degraded, there will be no hope left for the towns and cities, and the nation will rot in corruption, as have all other nations that neglected or debased their rural population.—Southern States Magazine.

and intellectual qualities is within the realm of the possible. Every young woman might exalt her own life by a careful study of Portia's qualities. The force, the grandeur, and withal the simplicity, of her qualities would surely elevate.

Smallpox or Chickenpox?

The local board of health and physicians of Orangeburg pronounced the cases at the colored State college chickenpox. The State board, Dr. Street, examined the cases, and he decided that it was smallpox. The local board still believed it was chickenpox and were not pleased with what they regarded unwarranted interference on the part of the State board. To settle the matter more satisfactorily, they sent for Dr. James L. Beckett, of Summerville, who has had much experience with the disease and is considered authority. Following is his decision:

Orangeburg, S. C. Jan. 15, '98. I certify that the cases of eruptive fever examined by me at the Colored Mechanical College are typical cases of varicella or chickenpox. My conclusions are based on the following symptoms: The eruptions in the eight cases examined are of successive stages of development; in those pustules where desquamation has taken place the scars left in the skin are destitute of the peculiar hardness, kernel like, or tubercular elevation which is a distinctive characteristic of smallpox. In smallpox the scab falls off in one solid piece; those scabs examined are coming off in scales or flakes; the eruption in these cases being superficial, in the cellular tissue, elongated, or globate in spots; whereas, smallpox pustules are deep seated, with hard unyielding bases, which nodular or tubercular feeling remains a considerable time after the patient is up and attending to his duties. The papulae of smallpox are hard, resisting and movable; in the cases referred to eruptions are soft, yield under the touch and entirely destitute of the tubercular hardness. In the negro after desquamation the eruption, without a single exception, always leaves a circumscribed white spot on the surface. In the case of Student Hicks, who is entirely recovered the marks of the eruption are a shade darker; therefore in my judgment the cases examined are chickenpox of an aggravated type.

JAMES L. BECKETT, M. D.

He is Known in Chester.

The following from the *Greenville Mountaineer* will be read with interest by Chester people. Mr. Griffith has often visited his mother's family here. She was a Coleman, and a native of this place.

An announcement of much interest is that of the election of Mr. Reginald H. Griffith to the professorship of English and History in Furman University. This election was made by the board of trustees at the meeting in Rock Hill last month, but for good reasons no public announcement has been made before this time. The news will give pleasure to a large number of persons, friends of Mr. Griffith as well as of the institution. It is thought that Mr. Griffith will accept and enter upon the duties of the position with the beginning of the session of 1898-99.

Mr. Griffith is the son of the late Rev. Dr. R. H. Griffith, whose name is a household word throughout this State and North Carolina. As secretary of the State mission board, as financial agent of Furman University and later as professor in Cooper Limestone Institute, he became one of the best known and best loved men in South Carolina. His friends will be glad to know that his son has been chosen to fill an important chair in the faculty of the institution for which Dr. Griffith did so much.

Young Mr. Griffith is himself not unknown to the people of this city where he spent his boyhood and college days. After a brilliant career at college, he graduated from Furman in 1892 with the degree of Master of Arts. Later he taught at Creech's and Bennettsville, and pursued an advanced course of study in Johns Hopkins University. For a year or so he has been at the head of a school at Panther Creek, North Carolina, where he has been very successful. The position to which he is now called is a responsible one, but it is believed that the trustees have done wisely in electing him. If he accepts he will bring to Furman the prestige of an honored and loved name, a mind naturally bright but improved by education, experience and training, the energy of youth and the college man's unbounded love for his alma mater.

Mr. John P. Derham, chief clerk in the comptroller general's office under Gen. James Norton, will be a candidate for comptroller against Mr. Epton, the appointee of Gov. Ellerbe. The place will be filled by the Legislature next Tuesday.

Desirable City Property for Sale.

We have in our hands for sale two very desirable residences in this city one situated on Saluda street, the other on York street. The property must be sold at an early day and terms of sale can be arranged on very easy terms.

GLENN & McFADDEN,
 1st-Jan-21 Attorneys at Law.

Teachers' Meeting.

The regular spring examination of applicants for teachers' county graded certificates of qualification will be held in Chester, third Friday, 18th day of February, 1898.

W. D. KNOX,
 Co. Supt. of Education.

New Art Studio.

I have opened a studio in Miss Kennedy's Gallery to teach my new system of drawing. By my method you can learn in two weeks to make life size portraits, draw landscapes from nature or reproduce any small picture any size. A child eight years old can learn. Success is guaranteed and no money required in advance. The ladies especially are invited to visit the studio and investigate the system. Lessons given in crayon, pastel and oil.

1st-Jan-21 OTIS A. MILLER.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 Walker Bld'g, CHESTER, S. C.

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

J. B. ATKINSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 CHESTER, S. C.
 (Office over Davis Drug Store)

Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to me. Collections a specialty.

PRYOR & McKEE,

DRUGGISTS.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

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.

Below COST!

We have a selection of very ARTISTIC PICTURES, consisting of "Yards," facsimile Water Colors, Etchings, Artotypes, etc., which we will sell—

Below Actual Cost, to close them out.

NOTHING NICER than a Nice Picture for a Christmas remembrance.

CHILDS & EDWARDS.

Dec. 7, '97.

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.

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RESERVED FOR

S. M. Jones & Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF **Low Prices**
PRINTING
 Honest Work THE LANTERN OFFICE

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.

Big Sale of CROCKERY!

To move our large stock of CROCKERY, we will offer for the next thirty days—
Crockery, Glass, and Lamps at prices never before heard of in Chester. In these lines we have everything from the very finest to the cheapest. These goods have all been bought from Factories, and they will be sold at great reductions. We mean business.

Yours truly,
ROSBOROUGH & McLURE

NOTICE!

Trespass Notice.
 All persons are forbidden to pass over or otherwise trespass upon lands owned or controlled by the undersigned:

J. S. DABBY,
 S. H. HARDEN,
 M. R. SMITH,
 R. T. SANDIFER,
 E. T. ANDERSON,
 Mrs. H. P. ANDERSON,
 A. M. TITMAN,
 S. L. GUY,
 J. S. LOWRY,
 Mrs. E. W. LOWRY,
 W. O. GUY,
 D. G. ANDERSON,
 J. G. LOWRY,
 Mrs. A. H. RILEY.

Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBAL HOUSE. Where is the Kimbal House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble—
Big 4 Restaurant where meals and hot Lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms all the time. FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hand all the winter. Your humble servants,
JOHNSON & CO.

Three men have declared themselves candidates for governor, as reported by the papers, viz: Gov. Ellerbe, the present incumbent, Col. R. B. Watson, of Edgefield, and Senator E. L. Archer, of Spartanburg. W. C. McGowan, of Abbeville, and George Tillman are in the distance. Others, perhaps, are in the woods.

The legislature seems to be at sea on the liquor question; they don't know what to do. It such a situation it is generally best to do nothing, and doubtless it would be best in this case, unless a special option amendment to the dispensary law would be an improvement. While we believe prohibition is desirable and practicable, under certain conditions, yet those conditions do not exist just now, and a prohibition law would be premature.

Wide tires are, no doubt, very good for the roads, but such a law as that proposed should go into effect very gradually; no one should be required to go to the expense of replacing wheels now in use, however long they may last. But the first great requisite for good roads is a re-survey, locating them on the best possible grades, instead of wasting work on them in their present absurd locations. Then let permanent road-making be pressed, beginning with the worst places. In the mean time the wide tires can get going in their work.

In speaking of the attendance at the A. R. P. church last Sabbath, we made a remark which we heard yesterday morning was offensive to our Israelitish friends, they thinking it suggested a comparison or association of them with Chinese. As none of them mentioned the matter to us, we went to some of them, the Messrs. Gunhouse, prominent men of that race, and the most convenient for us to see. We found them pleasant and courteous, as they always are, and they assured us that while the language seemed unfortunate, they did not believe that we intended or even thought of any reflection upon them—and that is just the simple truth of the matter. We aimed to show the wide range of the audience, and this suggests contrast rather than comparison. Solely for the high regard we have for this people, we wish language had been used that could not have been misconstrued.

By the way, we have just been planning a little special attention to the Israelites, which we believe they would appreciate, and we trust that no obstacle will now arise to defeat our purpose.

MARGINALIA.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
 —MERCANT OF VESICEK.

There is possibly nowhere in literature a more complete annihilation of a suitors hopes, or a more withering yet pious indictment against the man. For all that Portia preserves an easy dignity. While she looks upon Monsieur Le Bon with mingled pity and contempt, a simple grace marks her words.

Portia is not a timid, over-modest creature, but is of a buoyant spirit and an enthusiastic temperament. As Mrs. Jameson says, there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, but her wit has not a particle of malice or causticity. What a lovable type of womanhood!

The traits of character that go toward making Portia are not beyond the compass of common mortals. While she is a type of the ideal, the conjunction of such moral

I am fully aware that he is subject to be called an old foggy who commends Shakespeare to young men and women nowadays. My taste may be vitiated, even out of fashion, but I must think that our young people would do exceedingly wisely, were they to exchange a few of the light novels of the day for old Shakespeare. Not infrequently do I find people who have read many of the popular novels of the day, but have never read a single play of Shakespeare's.

The reading of such a mass of so-called popular literature has done many evils, but especially has it produced a kind of literary dyspepsia. I mean that the reader goes hurriedly through volume after volume, while few leave upon him any indelible impressions, almost none arouse serious reflection, and absolutely none stimulate to the point of careful study. I am not contending that reading for pastime is always improper, but I am contending that reading should be done in such way that the reader can at least give a legitimate reason for liking or disliking a book.

Wide Tire Bill.

Following is section 2 of the wide tire bill introduced by Senator Gaines:

Sec. 2. That after the year 1901, during the months of January, February, March, April, November and December, and after the year 1903 during any part of the year, it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to transport or convey over the public highways of this State, or any part thereof, any load or loads of any kind or kinds of freight or products whatsoever on wagons having less than the following width of tire, viz: On wagons drawn by one horse, mule or ox, when the load does not exceed 1,000 pounds the width of tire shall not be less than two inches; on wagons drawn by two horses, mules or oxen, or when the load exceeds 1,000 pounds but does not exceed 2,000 pounds, the width of tire shall not be less than three and one-half inches; or wagon drawn by three or four horses, mules or oxen or load exceeding 2,000 pounds and not exceeding 4,000 in weight, the width of tire shall not be less than four inches; on wagons drawn by more than four horses, mules or oxen or carrying a load of more than 4,000 pounds the width of tire shall not exceed less than five inches.

Election of Judges.

Last Tuesday Judge W. C. Benet, of the first circuit, James Aldrich of the second, O. W. Buchanan of the third, R. C. Watts of the fourth, and James C. Klugh of the eighth, were re-elected without opposition.

Up to the day of election, Chief Justice McIver had no open opponent, but Senator George S. Mower was put in nomination and received 51 votes against 98 for McIver.

In the sixth circuit Judge Witherspoon was not a candidate for re-election. Mr. Geo. W. Gage's friends urged him for this place. Several other good men had been mentioned and ex-Solicitor J. E. McDonald was an avowed candidate, but withdrew on Monday night. The State says:

For the judge of the sixth judicial circuit, Mr. Rogers nominated "that distinguished son of Chester," the Hon. Geo. W. Gage. The nomination was seconded by the Aiken, Charleston, Richland, Sumter, Fairfield, York, Bamberg and many other delegations. Mr. Gage was virtually unanimously elected, receiving all the 148 votes cast, save one cast for Mr. Allison.

Fort Smith, Ark., has had a great storm, as a result of which it is said that fifty persons are dead and many missing.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1906

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line. No advertisements inserted as reading matter.

Cora Van Tassel next week in popular plays.

For Terracing apply to M. L. LATHAN, Blackstock, S. C.

Popular Prices to Cora Van Tassel, 15, 25 and 35 cents.

Wall Paper—A new lot just received at Hamilton's Book Store.

Mr. J. W. Tillinghast has renovated and repaired parts of my piano and tuned it most satisfactorily. His work is the most careful and thorough my instrument has ever received. Mrs. A. G. BRICE. Will be in Chester a few weeks. A postal card will bring him to you.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. Brandt announces a "combination of advantages." Joseph Wylie & Co. offer fine goods at tempting bargains.

Glenn and McFadden offer desirable residence property for sale.

Col. J. R. Culp calls attention to the Valley Boarding House.

Superintendent Knox gives notice of Teachers' Examination.

C. Warren tells where you will buy fancy groceries, if you give him a call.

Jos. A. Walker has goods marked down to reduce stock.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. W. A. Fair, land and immigration agent of the C. & N-W. Ry. was in town yesterday.

Dr. W. B. Cox, the affable physician of Landsford, was in the city and favored this office with a pleasant call last week.

County Superintendent W. D. Knox has been confined to his room nearly two weeks with grip. He is at his office to-day, but is not well.

Miss Minnie Crockett, daughter of the late Jones Crockett, has gone to Edgmore to live with her aunt, Mrs. Nannie Robinson.—Lancaster Review.

Mrs. R. C. Stewart has given Mr. W. A. Latimer a contract for the erection of a two-story seven room house on Church street, adjoining her residence.

Rock Hill has voted in favor of granting to a private company or corporation a franchise for establishing and maintaining a system of waterworks in that city.

Dr. W. M. Grier, president of Erskine college, Due West, intends to go to Georgia this week for a short rest. It is his intention to resume his work at the college about February 1st.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Mr. J. Eben Pryor has resigned the position of sub-manager of the Telephone Exchange. He has been connected with this enterprise for a number of years and has given entire satisfaction.

Brotherly Discipline will be the theme of the sermon at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. At night the pastor will preach on The Line of Scarlet, or Salvation for the Fallen.

Julian Johnson has entirely recovered from the small-pox and is out of quarantine. So is Mr. Long. Except for slight red spots, which will eventually disappear, he shows no signs of his sickness.—Rock Hill Herald.

Little Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miller, was partially paralyzed Monday afternoon, one side of her body being affected. The malady was only temporary and she was much better yesterday.—Rock Hill Herald.

Mr. P. W. Harrison was yesterday elected cashier of the Loan and Savings Bank at Yorkville. Mr. Harrison is quite a young man, not over 24 years of age, and much younger in appearance, but in worth and integrity no man is better fitted for the place.—Rock Hill Herald.

Newbold Not Guilty.

The many friends of Mr. Andrew Boyd, of Fort Lawn, will be truly sorry to hear of his severe loss. Mr. Boyd and family are honest industrious people, and it is a staggering blow to them the loss of a portion of their labor, together with their buildings and stock, swept away by the flames.

Miss Beatrice Hunter's school at Antioch church closed last Friday. During the session she enrolled 47 pupils whose average attendance for the session was 25. Miss Hunter left Saturday for her home in Chester. She opened a four months school in that county Monday.—Lancaster Enterprise.

We are glad to publish Dr. G. W. Jordan's contribution on small-pox and vaccination. If persons who have definite, practical knowledge of matters that concern the public, as Dr. Jordan has in this case, would give the benefit of their knowledge and experience to the public, people would be better informed.

Miss Mary F. McMaster will leave Thursday afternoon for Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore to enter the training school for nurses. She is to be congratulated as she was among the few accepted, there being over fifteen hundred applicants. Miss McMaster seems especially fitted for this work and we have no doubt that we will hear of her marked success in her chosen profession. News and Herald.

The Exchange Bank.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Exchange Bank of Chester was held Wednesday. The stockholders expressed their approval of the management of the institution by the re-election of all the officers. The reports showed the bank to be in a healthy and prosperous condition.

Where Waterworks Come in.

A great many wells are becoming dry in all parts of the town. This may be due to the very light rainfall during the last year; but if we had waterworks this would not be such a serious question.—News and Herald.

We hear of many wells going dry in this city and County. We should be thankful for our waterworks.

Just So.

Mr. Gage's mind is judicial. He is a fair and moderate and conscientious man, of large knowledge of the law and clear insight into tangled questions. His course as a member of the general assembly commanded the respect of his associates and of the public, and his promotion to the bench will meet the endorsement of all who know him.—The State.

At the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. D. N. McClaulchin will preach next Sunday morning on the subject of "Blessedness of Believing Without Seeing," from John 20:29, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." At night on the subject of "The World's Objection to the Church that there are Sinners in It," from John 21:22, "What is that to thee, follow thou Me."

A Belligerent.

Messrs. J. V. Nicholson and Walter Blaine, of Woodward, were in the city Wednesday. Mr. Nicholson recently called himself together, held a convention of his own, and issued a declaration of independence, in regard to cotton and speculators, depending upon the support of "the powers"—grain, sorghum, and other products that can be utilized at home. We cheerfully acknowledge his right as a belligerent.

The Piedmont Landscape.

We should have mentioned some time ago the periodical whose name appears above. It is an attractive paper, published at Lenoir, N. C., in the interest of the commercial, manufacturing, mineral, mining, lumber, and agricultural resources of the country tributary to the Carolina & North-Western Railroad. Among the illustrations are Nicholson's Hotel, the Brandt building, and the front of S. M. Jones & Co's store rooms.

To Be Married.

Invitations have been sent out announcing the marriage of Mr. Rudolph Brandt to Miss Vessie Lee Rainey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Rainey, of York county, on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd.

Hearing in the Catawba Mills Cases.

A great deal of testimony was taken here Tuesday and Wednesday, before Julius H. Heyward, master, in the case of the D. A. Tompkins Company against the Catawba Mills, and the case of the Catawba Mills against D. A. Tompkins.

As we understand these cases, the purpose of the former is to sell out the mills to pay the debts; and of the latter to make D. A. Tompkins responsible for the debts.

Mr. A. J. Boyd Burned out.

About 5 o'clock yesterday morning several of our citizens noticed a bright light in the vicinity of Fort Lawn. Yesterday the telegraph operator made inquiry of the operator at Fort Lawn to know if they had had a fire and received the reply that Mr. A. J. Boyd, a well-to-do farmer, had lost his barn and stables, three head of mules, a horse, a cow and calf, and all his corn and roughness by fire between 4 and 5 o'clock a. m. Mr. Boyd was badly burned about the neck and arms in endeavoring to get his stock from the burning stable. His loss is about \$1,000. No insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.—Lancaster Ledger.

Corra Van Tassel.

The Corra Van Tassel Co., which will appear here next Monday night is playing in Spartanburg this week and from the Herald of that place we copy the following very complimentary notice:

"To say that the audience was pleased with Miss Corra Van Tassel and her excellent company in 'Camille,' the first play, is not putting it high enough. No audience ever witnessed a performance in our opera house that gave more universal satisfaction. Not a stick in the entire company, and that is saying a great deal. Even in some of the higher priced companies one will notice that there are usually one or more who are not equally as good as the others. Miss Van Tassel is not a Bernhardt, but those who have not seen the great Sarah can not help but acknowledge that Miss Corra, as Camille, is undoubtedly a great artist.

"The vaudevilles between the acts were of the higher order. Edison's Projectoscope pictures were worth the price of admission alone. In fact there were no drags, everything went with a finish from start to end. The house was packed from pit to dome and hundreds were turned away unable to gain admission. Prices 15, 25 and 35 cents.

Jesse Has Gone Wrong.

Jesse P. Harkness is remembered by many of our readers as a boy about Due West, later by base-ballists as a professional who commanded a fine salary, North and South, and has been known to Greenville people recently as a merchant broker and a swindler. He passed worthless checks and counterfeit money. He is wanted now but is missing.

A special to the State from Greenville, Jan. 20, says: J. P. Harkness, who succeeded in passing bogus checks on Greenville business men and counterfeit money on Greenville women of ill repute, is keeping up the game. He went from here to Atlanta, where he swindled a former friend. In earlier days, in the good old Due West neighborhood, two of the best baseball players were J. P. Harkness and J. P. Kennedy. Hark-

ness was the pitcher and Kennedy caught him. Now Harkness has caught Kennedy, for a few days ago Harkness visited his old time college on the ball nine and asked him to cash a check for \$500. It was done, but the check turned out to be worthless. Kennedy is now a prominent young physician of Atlanta, and has had charge of the pest house for smallpox patients. He had not heard of his friend's troubles in Greenville, but he is now \$50 wiser and much sadder. Harkness is still at large, but there are several persons in Greenville who want to see him badly.

Dr. Jordan's Experience.

MR. EDITOR: I belonged to the Sixth Regiment South Carolina volunteers during the late war. In the spring of 1863 I had charge of a small-pox hospital, near Jerusalem, on the Nottaway river, in Virginia, for three months. I had twenty-four cases of simple, distinct small-pox, all of whom got well. Sixteen confluent cases, of whom seven died, though four of them had been expected to rain, cold and other inconveniences of camp life when they first broke out, which is invariably on the third day of the fever, while simple small-pox broke out on the fourth and fifth days. They only lived a few days after being brought to the hospital. Every case—except one (he had never been vaccinated) and he had varioloid—had been vaccinated two or three times. One of the confluent cases who died, had been vaccinated five times. I was vaccinated with lymph of the kind-pox when I was seven years old, by a Dr. Anderson, who lived in the Melton House, in Chester, and had not been vaccinated since, as I remember, and I was twenty-seven years old when I took charge of the hospital, yet I never took the disease, though I spent two-thirds of my time in the hospital, during the three months that I had charge.

I vaccinated myself during the Rock Hill scare, and had a very sore arm. I believe in being vaccinated as often as small-pox is likely to prevail in the country, and believe it is a true preventive, if done in the proper way, with good lymph.

G. W. JORDAN, M. D.,
Rodman, S. C.

Winthrop News.

On last Friday night the auditorium of Winthrop was crowded with gay and happy boys and girls, all eager to hear the famous monologue personator, Charles F. Underhill. His selections were from "The Rivals," a popular comedy, by Richard Sheridan. It was greatly enjoyed by everyone present; but, of course, the girls think that the feature of the evening was the reception given afterwards—this is the first reception that has been given at Winthrop this year. Perhaps this explains why it was so much enjoyed.

We are delighted to say that Dr. Elizabeth K. Miller, who has been very ill, is now entirely well and in her office again.

Miss Nannie Wallace, one of the students from Chester county, was called home a few days since on account of her mother's illness. It is hoped that she will soon return.

Although the water used for domestic purposes has been examined by experts and pronounced exceptionally pure, every precaution is being taken, and the officials have had a well bored on the college campus. This well is one hundred and twenty-two feet deep, and the water is very fine. The fair Rebecca can now be seen going to and fro with their pitchers.

Baton Rouge Dots.

We are having remarkably warm weather for this season. The young people are still having sociables. A very enjoyable party was given at the home of Mrs. S. E. Smith last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Johnnie Cornwell has gone to Newton, N. C., to attend school.

Mr. W. H. Wise visited his son, Mr. Lawrence Wise last week.

Mr. W. D. Knox made calls here last week.

Mr. D. M. Robinson, of Clinton,

R. BRANDT EXCELS

NOT ALONE in the quality of goods which he carries, and which he sells.
NOT ALONE in the most modern equipment for business.
NOT ALONE in the superiority of his various lines:
NOT ALONE in the thousands of testimonials he has won everywhere he has become known:
NOT ALONE in the price; for he sells the best for the least money:
BUT in the combination of all of these advantages.
The wiser you are about values, the better we like you to come to—

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler,
Under Tower Clock, CHESTER, S. C.

JOSEPH WYLIE & CO.

2,500 bushels of Choice Texas Red Rust Proof Seed Oats, just received at WYLIE & CO'S.

The finest New Orleans Molasses in the city, at WYLIE & CO'S.

We are agents for the celebrated "Clipper" and Oliver Turn Plows, the best on earth, at WYLIE & CO'S.

Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, and the celebrated "Old Hickory" Wagons, cheap for cash or easy terms at WYLIE & CO'S.

Don't forget to try a "Clipper or Oliver Turn Plow," for sale at WYLIE & CO'S.

Now is the time to buy all-wool underwear one-third less than value, at WYLIE & CO'S.

Overcoats and Mackintoshes going at prices to correspond with five cts. cotton, at WYLIE & CO'S.

The best line of Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Children's Shoes in the city, for less money than ever before at— WYLIE & CO'S.

If you want a heavy all-wool suit of clothes for less money than you ever bought one, call at WYLIE & CO'S.

Don't fail to see the line of Foster Kid Gloves at fifty cents per pair, at WYLIE & CO'S.

Big reduction in Ingrain and Brussels Carpets, at WYLIE & CO'S.

You can buy all-wool, yard square carpet remnants, for 20 cents each, at WYLIE & CO'S.

Prompt settlement secures first-class accommodation and reliable goods at reasonable prices and terms, at WYLIE & CO'S.

CHESTER, S. C.

C. WARREN'S

(Jos. A. Walker's Old Stand)

Is the place to go for Good Fresh Groceries, Confectioneries, Fruits, Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

Royal Baking Powders, Fresh Canned Tomatoes, Best of Peaches, Monogram Brand Pickles—mixed and chow chow.

All Kinds of Spices. Try my

Havana Rose and Country

Gentleman Cigars.

Cabbage Heads as hard as a base ball. Everything usually found in a Fancy Grocery.

If you will give me a trial, I'll sell you the goods.

C. WARREN.

was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Graham last Friday and Saturday.

Master Albert Graham was thrown from a horse last Saturday evening, but was not seriously hurt, as he is able to be up again.

Miss Hattie Cornwell, who has been visiting in Lincolnton, N. C., is expected to return home tomorrow, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Hafner.

Mr. Hope Wise spent last Saturday and Sunday in this neighborhood.

Miss Ida L. Wilks and Misses Woods, of Chalkville, who have been visiting in Union county, returned home last Saturday.

FANSY.

Boarders.

Transient and Regular, accommodated on reasonable terms at the Valley House. J. R. CULP, Prop.

Boarders.

Wanted a few table and lodging boarders. Rates very reasonable. E. T. ATKINSON, SR.

CHESTER HAND LAUNDRY.

All kinds of LAUNDRY work done by hand—no torn clothes. Everything in first-class style and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. LUM, Under Old Fellow Hall.

REMOVAL.

Dr. JAMES B. BIGHAM, SURGEON DENTIST.

Has removed from Blackstock to Chester. Office in Walker & Henry's new building, up stairs.

For Sale.

That lot, with the improvements thereon, consisting of dwelling house, containing six rooms; also office building, situated on corner of Church St. in front of Baptist church, the same being the property of Mrs. S. A. Bond. Terms reasonable. Apply to— J. B. ATKINSON, Atty-at-Law.

For Sale.

The old Associate Reformed church property. Right in the heart of the city. It would make a splendid residence. Finest piece of property in the city for the price. A splendid bargain for somebody.

Apply to A. J. McCoy, Real Estate Agent.

Office, McCoy's Drug Store, Gadsden street.

BILLIAM.

By S. R. Crockett.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)

and restoring some. He cleaned the dog tenderly, the dog often instinctively turning to map. Yet all the time Billiam never once flinched, but talked steadily, in a low, unobtrusive way to the animal and his master till the dog was dressed and the patient relieved with the most successful results.

Before long Dr. Macfarlane became so interested that he waited while case after case was disposed of with the unerring accuracy of a woman's eye. Sometimes he would instinctively have the lint or the bandage ready in his hand, just as if he had still been dresser at the old infirmary, and waiting for Lister to work off his batch.

At the end of half an hour he had no more remembrance of Billiam's want of attention. He said to him to come round for supper and smoke a pipe. But Billiam only smiled and said, "Thank you a hundred times, doctor, but I have some private cases in the back room to attend to, and then I must run up my stuff for tomorrow."

After awhile there came to visit Billiam a minister or two familiar with the congregation. He said to him to come from the students' hall, a stray lawyer's clerk or two—and the superintendent of police. They all came to cavil, but on all they remained to be kind and bandages and be handy with the vaseline.

On one occasion the minister of St. Margaret's offered Billiam the use of a pew in his church, but Billiam said, "Sunday is my day for out patients, or I should be glad." For Billiam was a layman, and he was not averse to a dissenting clergyman's polity.

"You should think of your immortal soul," said the minister.

"Who knows?" he said. Billiam, "the spirit of the least that goeth downward into the earth?"

And Billiam could never find out why the minister went away so suddenly or why he shook his head ever afterward when they met in the street. It never crossed his mind that Mr. Grogan of St. Margaret's had taken him for an imbecile and dangerous convert of the spirit of religion as it lay established. Yet so it was.

In due time Billiam's nest of garrets came into the "hand doctor's" hands, and grew famous throughout the entire city—that is, the southern city of high lands, steep streets, winding stairs and long descents, their Arab population of boys and dogs.

"You let that long, lanky chap alone," cried one brassy burglar to another, "he's a mischief-maker, you let him be like a rotten turnip! Now, mind me! Don't you know the dog missionary?"

Every policeman befriended Billiam, and the greater number of policemen's ordinary clients. He could often be seen walking along the Pleasance or past the breweries in the Laigh Calton, attended by a dozen dogs, which had followed Billiam far from their wonted haunts on the chance of a word from him and which departed obediently if unwittingly when he bade them return to their usual places in peace.

Year by year Billiam studied and practiced, never a penny the richer, but more and more loving and beloved. His more and more loving and beloved. His more and more loving and beloved. His more and more loving and beloved.

So at their journey's end Billiam opened the door of the garret and invited his other brother in. A curious damp smell met them on the threshold.

"That's all right," said Billiam reassuringly. "I washed out the whole blooming shop with chlorate of lime the night before I came away. It's healthy no end, if it does stink a bit."

"Maybe," said his brother the capitalist, "but it certainly does smell like stables."

"Well, I'll have the fire lighted, and we'll have some supper before the people begin to come," said Billiam calmly. "You'll be picking those old magazines for lint and laying out the bandages."

The captain and Billiam dined upon a number of bacon and eggs which Billiam fried for the man, along with some potatoes and butter. The busser, being exceedingly hungry, thought he had never tasted anything more delicious.

"They don't like it," they like an' they like it. Bible is in doubt—They des so fat an sassy dat dey biege ter fight it out!

De birds doan sing ter please 'em—de fiddle los' its chune:—Dey was de seven stars, uh, an' de big slice er de moon:—Dey breshin' gin each yuthe in de country roon'erout:—Dey des so fat an sassy dat dey biege ter fight it out!

Then the captain yawned a little, "I'm too late for the theater," he said. "Even if you knew the opera house, which I don't believe, I'm dooped tired. Let us go to bed."

"I forgot, old chap; on my life and honor, I quite forgot. I lent my bed to Peter Wilkins the water color man. He had pawned his to pay his rent, but he thought he could get it out again before I came back."

"You bet he couldn't," said the busser, twirling his handkerchief mustache. "I've seen that kind of man. There are several in my regiment."

"Let's go and look Peter up anyway," said Billiam. "Perhaps we can get the bed after all."

"It does not look promising," said Billiam. "The best isn't lighted up. I guess old Wilkins is either drunk or has gone to the country."

"Perhaps he has pawned your bed, too," said the busser matterly.

"Billiam was hurt at the suggestion. "Wilkins is a gentleman," he said, "and it was only last week he sent his skye terrier for me to dog up and have all right for him when he came back. Peter isn't the chap to sell my bed and then bilk."

"They tried Wilkins' dog in vain and rang the bell repeatedly without producing the least effect. Apparently other dogs had done the same, for at the first the bell pull slid out about six inches in a silent, unceasing, unwatched manner.

"That's no use," said Billiam. "Let's climb up on the railings."

"Ah," he cried as soon as he had mounted himself on the area railings, whence he could look into the room of Wilkins, "there is my bed standing against the wall, and the mattress beneath it. You see, good old Wilkins, he has all right. It is a first rate bed. Better take a look at it, for it is all you will see of it this night."

"Come down out of that," commanded a stern voice. "What for are ye loitering wi' intent there fer? I'll have to tak' ye up."

A portly policeman was standing behind him with much suspicion on his face. Billiam turned himself about quickly.

"John," he said, "I wish you could get me my bed. I lent it to Peter Wilkins, and his dog is locked."

"Guid save us!" cried the policeman, "it's the dog missionary. Is that your bed?" he added, climbing up beside Billiam and looking critically at the object.

"The rays of a gas lamp upon the pavement shone upon it so that it glowed with a kind of radiance not to be denied."

"It looks a guid bit meech," the policeman said as he climbed down.

"Can you not get it for us, John?" repeated Billiam.

"Dod, sir, I canna do that without hoose breakin, and I've been 30 years in the force," answered John, "but there's no dog that the bed's a guid bed."

And with that he walked heavily away.

The busser stood on the pavement with his legs very wide and whistled fitfully.

Roentgen Ray Locates a Swallowed Thimble.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., January 8.—The little daughter of Will E. Harper was a thimble several days ago and has since been in a critical condition. Local physicians could not locate it and it was decided that the Roentgen rays be got into requisition in the search for the thimble.

Professor Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson college, the pioneer in X-ray experiment in the south, operated the apparatus. No foreign object was to be seen, even under the strongest rays from the front but when the back was examined the thimble was plainly seen. It was located in the lower part of the lung, with the smaller end toward the shoulder. A photograph of the body was taken and developed.

The child was brought here under the experiments and placed in the hands of the medical and surgical institute.

The photograph showed the exact location of the object and the surgeons used this as a guide in performing the operation and taking the thimble from the lung. This is the first time the X-ray has been used as an adjunct to surgery in this state.

Flushing the Stomach.

Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., used to say: "Plenty of water, plenty outside and in for health."

Since his day doctors generally have more and more strongly recommended water drinking, till now, a certain (and large) number of glasses of water per day is one of the most familiar prescriptions from some of the best doctors at the best sanitariums in the land. High authorities now tell us that often the basis of success in the hot water craze and in drinking mineral waters is neither the heat nor the minerals, but the water; the water is what the system of the patient was needing.

EVERYTHING IN PROPORTION. CALL EARLY AT JOS. A. WALKER'S.

Phone 84.

HOG KILLING TIME IS UPON US AND YOU WILL NEED SALT TO KEEP THE MEAT.

Wm. LINDSAY & SON.

Remember us for anything needed about the home or farm.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. LINDSAY & SON.

TO BUSINESS MEN

SEND US YOUR ORDERS FOR NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, ENVELOPES, STATEMENTS, CIRCULARS, ETC. ANYTHING IN THE PRINTING LINE ON SHORT NOTICE AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

The Lantern Job Office

WE WANT A GIRL

In every neighborhood to get up a club of five subscribers and receive THE LANTERN FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

A Boy Will Do

If he is smart, or any one else, for that matter. Let us hear from you, or just go to work and send in your list of five, with ten dollars.

If you get up more than ten dollars' worth of new subscriptions, we will send additional copies of THE LANTERN for the excess, or pay you a cash commission, as you prefer.

IF YOU FAIL

To get up ten dollars you will receive the paper at the same rate as above for the amount you do raise.

We Want ANOTHER GIRL

Or a SMART BOY or some one else in every neighborhood to send us items of news regularly. To these we will send THE LANTERN, as long as they send the news regularly, AND NO LONGER.

BUT REMEMBER

We want news items and pleasing personal mention, AND NOT EDITORIALS.

GOODS MARKED DOWN TO REDUCE MY LARGE STOCK.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS I WILL OFFER

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most of the people were ranging along the wall, the room sitting with their backs against the wall paper, upon which their shoulders had made a glossy brown stripe all round—young girls with dogs between their knees, and aged women nursing birds in cages. They talked to each other in subdued tones or they were repeating their gossip. Sometimes a dog would become excited by the voice of a cat clapping, of bonds and imprisonment near him, but he would be promptly cuffed into submission by his master, or a canary would suddenly flutter against the bars, warned by instinct of the proximity of so many enemies.

Mostly, however, there was a respectful silence. The doctor stood awhile rooted in amazement and did not even take any notice when the eyes of his former patients nodded affably across to him.

Presently, from an inner room, there came forth a hard featured man, carrying a large book under his arm. Billiam followed behind him, his shock of hair tossed and ruffled. He was stooping forward and eagerly examining something in the book. So intent was he upon the matter in hand that he passed the doctor without so much as noticing him.

"And I'll look in and see how the pair of you have got on tomorrow," Billiam said, shaking the hard featured man warmly by the hand at the door.

Billiam turned next to the first man, looked the doctor fair in the face.

"My name is Dr. Macfarlane. I have a practice in this neighborhood," said the physician, "and I should like the favor of a few words with you."

"Certainly," by all means—with pleasure," replied Billiam. "Come this way."

And they went together into the second of the Montgomery street garrets. It was nearly as bare of furniture as the first. There was no more than a table, some bottles and an instrument case, while round the room, arranged so as to make the most of themselves, stood Billiam's three chairs.

"I said the student politely, but Dr. Macfarlane preferred to stand till he knew exactly where he was."

"I have the honor of addressing"—he said and paused.

"William Reginald Seton Ormishwaite," said Billiam quietly.

"You are a doctor?" queried his visitor.

"By no means. I am only a student," said Billiam quickly, "but I give these people a hand with anything they bring along."

"Do you possess any qualifications?" persisted Dr. Macfarlane.

"Qualifications? Well, I've been patching up dogs' legs and things all my life."

"But, sir," cried the doctor indignantly, "this is no better than a haphazard occupation. I heard you with my own ears prescribing for the man who went out just now—an old patient of my own in a similar case. And I saw you with these eyes taking a foot from him that passed through the door. Are you aware, sir, that the latter is an indelicate office, and that you are exercising infinite tolerance."

"Dr. Macfarlane," he said, "it may sound strange to you, but the fact is—"



He could often be seen walking along the Pleasance.

That man came to console me about a separation from his wife, and he brought his little Bible out of the paw-sack to show me the dates of his marriage and birth of his children. I gave him some things when he went away so that he would not need to take them back into town, at least not immediately. You think I need any qualification for that?

"And these people outside?" said the doctor, not yet entirely convinced.

"Will you go round the yards with me?" said Billiam, smiling brightly and irresistibly.

Without another word he led the way to the door of the next room. It seemed to the doctor fuller than ever.

"Lance dogs this way," said Billiam in a matter of fact manner, and half a dozen men slouched after him. Very dully Billiam laid out a row of small instruments upon the table, with saline, lint and bandages arranged about him.

Then he took animal after animal in hand and it was the table, passed on a trolley, and he took over his head and ears a time or two, listened to the owner's verbose explanations without appearing to notice them, and then proceeded to deliver a little clinical lecture. His feet dangled slumped on the matted hair of a neglected

Atlanta Constitution.



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