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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- January 25, 1898

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 32.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1898.

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

Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21.—Cuba had an inning in the House this week, and for a time things were quite lively, and in doubt. Speaker Reed succeeded in holding his party solidly together and consequently in defeating the numerous efforts of the democrats to add Cuban legislation as a rider to the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill, but it was not an easy task, and owing to the existence of a strong Cuban sentiment among the republicans, it would have been well nigh impossible had the rules of the House not also been at stake. It was realized by the republican leaders that if the rules of the House were over-ridden in this matter all control over legislation would be lost. If the question of the recognition of Cuban belligerency could be gotten before the House as an independent proposition, no power on earth could prevent its going through by a large majority. It is thought by many that this week's occurrences in the House will be taken as a hint to President McKinley as to the necessity of some action towards Cuba.

If the Senate does not get ahead faster in its debate on the Hawaiian annexation treaty, it is more likely that three months will pass before a vote is reached than that the vote will be taken in a month, as Senator Davis has said he thought it would be. The feeling between the advocates and opponents of the treaty, both in and out of the Senate, is daily growing more bitter. It is openly charged that the sugar trust is using fraudulent methods to make sentiment against the treaty among those interested in the sugar beet industry. To counteract this Secretary Wilson has in a communication to the Senate said that annexation would not injure the sugar beet industry.

Civil Service Commissioner Harlow is about the most unpopular man in Washington, with the government clerks, since he told the Senate Civil Service committee that the government could easily save about \$800,000 a year in clerks' hire alone in compelling the employes of all the departments to work seven hours a day, instead of six and one-half. And he didn't stop there. He expressed the opinion that millions might be saved if the government's business was managed like that of large business establishments, after a general reclassification of salaries and the dropping of unnecessary employes. Mr. Harlow has discovered what has been plain to everybody who has taken the trouble to look into the matter—that the bulk of the employes are paid out of all proportion to the importance of the work they do, while the few who do responsible and difficult work are underpaid. There is nothing new in all this, except that a government official should say these things.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Bimetallion Union, held this week, in Washington, arrangements were made to start a sharp literary fire upon the Gage financial scheme, as represented by the bill prepared by Secretary Gage, and to reply to the report of the Indianapolis Monetary Commission. The committee was enlarged by providing for one member for each State and Territory and the District of Columbia.

The calling up of the resolution declaring all U. S. bonds to be payable in silver dollars, at the option of the government, by Senator Vest, and his notice that it would be pressed to a vote, is probably more of a move in the Presidential game than to secure legislation, and everybody knows that, while it can be easily adopted by the Senate, it cannot even reach the point of being considered by the House. There are western republican Senators and

eastern democratic Senators who are not anxious to vote on this resolution, but the silver democrats are determined that they shall either vote on it or openly dodge the vote when it is taken. This is all a part of the tactics that have been adopted by the chairman of the National Committees of the three parties that supported Bryan and silver in the last Presidential campaign, for the purpose of uniting all of the friends of silver in the Congressional campaign of this year, as the first step to a similar union in 1900. They will use this resolution to force every Senator to declare either for or against silver or to acknowledge himself a Judger. Twenty years ago Senator Allison voted for this identical resolution, but he is not likely to vote for it this time.

Congress is called upon to decide whether it will believe Postmaster General, who claims to have thoroughly investigated the subject and to know that a reduction of two or three out of the seven to nine daily mail deliveries to the residence sections of New York and other large eastern cities will not seriously inconvenience anybody, or the local representatives from the cities affected, who say that the reduction will cripple the mail service of their respective towns. If the decision is in favor of the representatives, a deficiency appropriation must be made to pay the letter carriers that the Postmaster General wants to drop to avoid a deficit in this year's postal appropriations. The rumpus is getting quite lively and if it continues to grow, it is not likely that those letter carriers will be dropped. It is really astonishing how much fuss even the most economically inclined Senator or Representative will make when it is proposed to curtail government expenditures in his bailiwick.

Degenerate Smallpox.

It is too early yet, maybe, to write the history of the smallpox scare in this state. There are still cases in Spartanburg, Orangeburg, Greenville, and probably elsewhere. The Spartanburg doctors diagnosed the frightened patient through a glass window and unanimously agreed that he had smallpox. In Greenville, one physician had the timidity to say it was not smallpox. Others disagreed. Both sent for experts and both were sustained; but the majority were on the side of smallpox, and smallpox it must be. In Orangeburg, Dr. Lowman, the chairman of the board of health, after a careful examination, during which he was in direct contact with the disease, said chickenpox, and not much of that; but the representative of the state board of health said it was smallpox, and as the state board of health is necessarily of higher authority than a little local board, the opinion of the state board of health is entitled to all due deference. Smallpox used to kill. So far as has been heard from, nobody has been killed. Smallpox used to pit. So far as has been heard from, nobody has been pitted. But that this is smallpox we are not going to deny. We know nothing about these things, and others who are better informed say that it is sure smallpox. We suspect, however, that if it really is smallpox, it is just putting in a pleasant vacation, unaccompanied by its pitter and killer, and consequently not inclined to inflict any other evil worse than a widespread scare. Even this, however, seems to be losing its point.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

Equal to the Occasion.

Mr. Hardtack—This recommendation says you drink like a fish. Applicant for position—Do it? Wasal, I spec' he meant by dat I neber drink nuffin' but watah.—*Judge.*

Heartiness.

Of all things that are abominable none is more so than lack of heart. Is there aught more distasteful than a hand-shake in which there is evidently no heart? When anybody puts two sticks of fingers into my palm instead of grasping my hand cordially, I feel inclined to give those fingers a bit of a twist to discover whether there is any life and feeling in them. Even if the whole hand be given it is sometimes like the fin of a dead fish, and conveys no sort of influence except the assurance that the possessor is, like the fish—a cold-blooded creature.

As with hand-shaking, so with all else! "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." It is quite exhilarating to hear a hearty laugh. Faith and fun are quite compatible. Why should 'not Christians be merry-hearted? I like the original rendering of Wm. Kethe's version of 100th Psalm: "Him serve with mirth." Some modern hymn-books improve (2) it into "with fear." I am no admirer of the set smile which some affect. A hearty laugh is more to my mind, than the grinning and sniggering which some indulge in.

There is a time to laugh, and holy laughter is never more legitimate than when the great Deliverer has heard from his holy heaven, with the saving strength of his right arm. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream; then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing." You may be sure that this was hearty laughter, for the heathen heard it and cried, "The Lord hath done great things for them."

Our singing ought to be hearty. Alas! that in many places of worship the congregation doesn't get half a chance, as witness a correspondent in *The Christian Herald*: "The choir does all the singing Sunday evening, with the exception of one hymn in which the congregation joins. We know that it is generally impossible to catch a single word that is sung by our modern church choir." This witness is all too true. For my part, if aught must be sacrificed, it shall be taste and culture and art and style. What are these in comparison with heart? "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart"—when the choir permits!

Hearty giving is greatly to be desired. Let each man do according as he hath purpose in his heart; not grudgingly nor of necessity; "for God loveth a cheerful giver." Here let me quote from my late, but ever to be remembered, father, who speaks thus of a fine old English farmer: "He used to have an enormous piece of beef upon the table, and I said to him one day, 'Why is it that whenever I come here you have such immense joints? Do you think I can eat like a giant?' 'Well,' he said, 'if I could get a bigger bit I would, for I am so glad to see you; if you could eat it all you should be hearty welcome.' He did not measure my necessities to the half ounce, but he provided on a lavish scale." After this lordly fashion has our bountiful King provided for us; let us also give right generously.

Quoting from C. H. Spurgeon tempts me to speak of him with relation to heartiness, and I cannot resist (I confess that I am not trying to, very hard). Was there ever a heartier soul. How heartily he laughed, how heartily he sang, how heartily he gave! He was found to be at head of the list of persons whom beggars found the most profitable to call on—"Soft Tommies" they dubbed them. An unintentional compliment, this. He would prefer to be taken in sometimes than to be hard-hearted at any time. He was a second Caleb, for he was "all heart."

Paul was writing to servants when he said: "Do it heartily." Acts in themselves menial and irksome were to be done heartily. How could this be? He gave the secret. They were to be done as to the Lord, and not unto men. The slaves to whom he wrote were the mere chattels of their owners; they were schooled only with the whip. It was impossible for them to serve heartily such taskmasters as theirs unless they recognized that the Lord was the "Master in heaven." Remembering that there is no respect of persons with him, and that he is ever more a good master, they could do even their servile tasks with heartiness.

What say you? Shall we all try to impart a little more heartiness into all our work? Let it be all done as to the Lord, for only then can we be sustained under the monotony and responsibility. What if those who employ us are exacting, ungenerous, and ungrateful; we have for our comfort the inspiring word, "Ye serve the Lord Christ."

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and the action fine.

Whithis in mind we will set to our tasks, whether they be, as we say, sacred or secular, with holy ardor. We will be no more slovenly, and our work shall be done no longer grudgingly, lazily, and grumblingly. The government stroke of the convict is not our style. We will serve God with a willing mind. If only lest onlookers should get an altogether erroneous notion of religion, we will be hearty, happy, hopeful. We do not mean to give the enemy occasion to blaspheme, as they certainly will if they can. Have I not heard them saying in effect: "Yonder Christian doesn't like his billet. He looks as if he wished himself out of it—his master starves him, surely—or doesn't pay him regularly—right glad am I to be no sharer in his distasteful tastes." So the world judges, and who can blame it?

Now, let us pray: Lord save us from being half-hearted, and double-hearted! First make us broken-hearted, and then whole-hearted. Cause us to be tender-hearted, wise-hearted, and willing-hearted. All this we beg for the sake of him who died of a broken heart for sinners' sakes. Amen.—*THOMAS SPURGEON in Christian Herald.*

Vaccination in the Mouth.

A negro in Greenville was vaccinated in a very peculiar way a few days ago. One of the physicians of that city had vaccinated some one and threw the point away, little dreaming that it would be brought into service again. A certain energetic colored citizen picked the point up and used it for several days as a toothpick. In a short time his lips and gums began to pain him and swell up, and it soon became apparent that the poor man had unthoughtfully vaccinated himself by using the point as a toothpick. At last accounts his lips, naturally large, were swollen out of proportion and causing him much pain.—*Honea Path Chronicle.*

Are the Blue Birds Thawing out?

Several weeks ago, some boys while playing in the southwestern part of town saw a pair of blue birds flying overhead. These are the first blue birds seen here since the severe cold weather of 1894. A few weeks since one of our citizens saw a number of them near Simpson's, and we are told that they are numerous about Camden and Sumter; so we hope that we will have this very useful and pretty bird among us again this summer.—*News and Herald.*

As the evenings grow longer the oil bill grows stronger.

Paragraphs from Washington.

Senator Wolcott believes that, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again," is as applicable to international bimetallism as to anything else.

Perhaps after all China has as much to fear from the friendship of England as from the enmity of Germany.

The duties of our Ambassador to Great Britain are so arduous that Col. Hay and his family will, on the 25th inst., leave London for a leisurely tour of Egypt.

If the death roll of persons of prominence continues to grow at the rate of January for the entire year, '98 will break the record.

The long strike of the English engineers for an eight hour day has collapsed, and the demand for shorter hours been withdrawn. It was a very costly strike for both sides, but the suffering was as usual, all on the part of the strikers and their families.

The talk of a Blizzard for governor of West Virginia has been silenced by Judge Blizard's declaration that he would not be a candidate.

There are several more or less prominent democrats who could get pleasure out of a political fight to the death between Mr. W. J. Bryan and Mr. Richard Croker.

In China the physician who loses his patient sometimes also loses his head. Secretary Gage has, it is said, informed Chief Hazen, of the Treasury Secret Service, that he must catch the counterfeiters of the \$100 silver certificates or lose his official head.

Ex-Senator Hill took especial pains to inform the country that he had dropped down on the silver side of the financial fence, and incidentally inform the democratic party that New York can now furnish a silver candidate for president, if one is desired from there.

Not a few men are in the habit of starting their opinions with, "I don't think," who would describe the situation to a dot if they stopped right there.

If the free distribution of seed by the department of agriculture is the "humbung," it is so frequently called, a majority of congress is always, like Barnum said of the people, anxious to be humbugged, as they never fail to vote for the distribution.

There is nothing strange or significant in the announcement that the pope favors making Italy a republic. He would probably favor almost any old change from present conditions, which keep him virtually a prisoner in the Vatican.

Bad management has turned a number of trusted trust companies into "busted" companies.

The fusion of the silver leaders at Washington has been renewed all right, but the fusion of the silver voters may be more difficult.

A catch-as-catch-can wrestle with ex-Senator Hill and Boss Croker would be sure to draw big gate money.

If there were more men whose statesmanship soared a little above the drawing of a public salary, politics would be cleaner, and the country would be much better off.

Perhaps President Doyle, of Hawaii, isn't familiar with the adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." If not, he should be made acquainted with it at once. He was not needed at Washington.

It would doubtless surprise those who think the Chicago man about the slickest on earth to learn that a gang composed of Americans and Mexicans steered a Chicago man against various crooked games, in the City of Mexico, and swindled him out of \$31,300.

About the only sure way to beat the Klondike game is to stay out of it.

There are few men who are partisans in politics who enjoy the personal popularity that Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, U. S. Commissioner of Patents, who died on the 16th inst., had, and deserved to have. It has been truly said that everybody who knew him was Ben. Butterworth's friend: "What better epitaph could he have.

Sly Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is fishing for the support of the poor, underpaid coal miners, by giving it out that if the coal trust is now trying to organize is successful he proposes that the miners shall receive a portion of the advance that is to take place in the price of coal. But we notice that this philanthropic gentleman doesn't say what portion of the increase will go to the miners.

The Nine-Fifteen.

The train had left Chicago.—'Twas the nine-fifteen; The Pullman car was cozy, And everything serene; We had a few aged passengers And some not in their teens, All bound for the Exposition To be held in New Orleans. In a corner of the Pullman A man sat with a book; A sleeping babe was on his lap, He wore a downcast look. He tried to read a page, he turned, Then kissed the wee babe's cheek. With such a sad expression A thought he wished to speak. The day was bright and pleasant, The scenery was grand, But it did not interest him— He, with the book in hand. At last we stopped for supper, While the porter dressed our bunk I went up to the baggage car to see about my trunks.

We pulled out quick to make up (We were thirty-eight behind.) And the man with the book and baby Quickly vanished from my mind. But something soon recalled them When we slackened up with a jar. For I plainly heard the baby's plaintive cry go through the car. Some fellow in a lower bunk— With curses low and deep— Said, "choke the darned brat's wind off.

And let us go to sleep." Then a lady who had heard him Made this forcible request, Said, "Yes, the nasty, horrid thing Won't give us any rest." An old gray bearded traveler, More kindly than the other, Said, "Mister stranger, take the child

And give it to its mother." Then the lady in the lower end In spiteful mood, 'twas plain— "Yes, give it to it's mother, I hope she's on the train."

Then the man with baby answered And in a sad tone said, "Sne's aboard, but in her coffin, In the baggage car ahead." What a change came o'er the travelers, Such a change I can't explain, If I'd caught the man that cursed that child

I'd heaved him off the train. What a scene was in that Pullman— Full a hundred arms there, All willing to care it now And give it every care, If on God's earth there is a word More sacred than another. A word held dear by one and all, Six letters spell it—"MOTHER."—*Primrose & West, Daily Times.*

It costs much less to cultivate an acre of fertilized land than a poor acre, because the crop grows up more rapidly and smother out intruders. Commence now to prepare and fertilize a few acres, "to see," and show what may be done by intelligent, intensive farming.—*Southern Farmer and Horticulturist.*

Based on a Principle.
 Some persons may fail to see that a very important principle underlies our suggestion for dealing with the concealed weapons evil. It will be remembered that our suggestion, briefly, is that we have a law, similar to the one now in force, against the practice, with a reasonable penalty—too severe a penalty would make conviction more difficult. Remember all officials to take an oath that they have not violated the law within two years. (Since its passage until it has been in force two years.) Some special provision might be made for cases of perjury, if the present law on that subject is not sufficient. The oath might be extended to voters, if thought best.

The principle we speak of is that persons who violate a law cannot be depended upon to execute that law. Those whose duty it is, will not report violations, and those who have anything to do with trial of cases will be glad to continue, no, pro, or get the case out of the way as soon as possible, without provoking a fight with accused persons who may be armed with a knowledge of the officials' own guilt. Relatives by blood or marriage are made to stand aside when their kinsman is arraigned for trial. Why? Because they are supposed to be biased and therefore unable to give a true verdict. Is not the principle precisely the same? We would rather risk convicting a man with a whole jury of his wife's relatives, than attempt securing a verdict of guilty against one charged with carrying concealed weapons with a jury made up, in any part, of men bound to the accused by the ties of a common guilt.

No doubt some will say that all officials are not charged with the prosecution of criminals, and therefore should not be required to take this oath. But the whole brotherhood of officials are intimately connected with the administration of the law, and they should all be required to uphold it in all its branches. Besides, a man who will violate one law will violate another law, if there is temptation to do so, and is not to be entrusted with the administration of any law. Then it is easy to see the good influence such a requirement would have on prospective officials.

Now it is safe to say that officials and prospective officials can enforce any law on the statute books, and if they themselves are guiltless, it will be to their interest to have this law enforced.

Officials, including jurors guilty of the violation of this law would be forced to either convict themselves or perjure themselves. While doubtless the latter would be done sometimes, it would be too disagreeable and hazardous to be often repeated.

The matter is plain, as it appears to us. This pernicious practice is responsible for a large part of the bloodshed in the state. We want the law against it enforced. Those who are themselves guilty will connive at the guilt of others; so we must stand them aside.

Among the Farmers.
 Northward was our course last week. We were again among the farmers, and this is a good place to be. They take splendid care of a travelling man. Whenever he approaches, they open their hearts and their homes to receive him. After crossing Sandy River, we were not long in reaching the home of our friend Mr. J. Wesley Davis. The temptation to dismount and shake his friendly hand was irresistible. He is one of the heroes of the old Sixth, and never tires of talking of the gallant deeds of that command. He has no fears of small pox, having undergone vaccination during the war, and afterwards being exposed to this disease.

and in due time arrived at the beautiful residence of Mr. Fraser Hardin, one of the best farmers of the county. He is known to us as the most part a surplus, as he produces his own supplies. It was a pleasure to look at his beautiful Jersey cow, which gives four and one-half gallons daily, and his beautiful pigs of the Berkshire and Essex varieties. He has a field of wheat that is lovely to behold. His wife is as pleasant and entertaining as her father, Rev. Mr. Traywick, of the Methodist church, who is so kindly remembered by his Chester friends.

Continuing our course, we stopped at the home of Mr. Jesse Hardin, but did not have the good fortune to see him, as he had gone to Clamson, Calhoun.

Our next stop was with Mr. J. Wesley Carter, a very excellent man, and one who is well informed on political affairs. It was a pleasure to hear his views on past and present issues. He met with a great affliction in the loss of a promising son, who, while engaged in railroad work, was killed two or three years ago in Atlanta. It weighs heavily upon his mind and heart, and will continue to do so while he lives.

The weather was so very cold and stormy and snow-like in appearance that we were forced to discontinue our trip for several hours. Renewing our journey, we passed through the Grant neighborhood, by New Hope church and on to the hospitable home of Mr. T. T. Cassels. He is a successful farmer, and his success is due to the production of his own supplies. He is deeply interested in the movement looking to the reduction of the cotton acreage, and thinks that farmers have the trump card in their hands if they will only play it right. He is an ardent admirer and supporter of Ben Tillman, who in his opinion, has accomplished much for the State. His wife is a great reader, an intelligent and entertaining lady and keeps fully abreast with the times. They recently celebrated their golden wedding. May they journey together another fifty years over life's rugged way.

A heavy rain occasioned a change of direction. We arrived at Baton Rouge in due time, and made a stop with Mr. J. Wesley Wilks. He was a member of Col. Walker's cavalry company during the late war, and experienced some hard service. In addition to his farming operations, in which he has been successful, he has given considerable attention to the growing of pecan trees. He has about one hundred trees, which he thinks will bear abundantly in a year or so. Some of them bore this year. This is an industry that promises to be quite profitable. His daughter is in charge of the school at Baton Rouge. Last year she attended the summer school at Chapel Hill, N. C., and expects to take another course this year. She proposes to utilize the advantages within her reach so as to promote her usefulness in the good work of teaching.

Placing behind us the high hills of Baton Rouge, our journey was resumed. We passed Liberty Baptist church where Rev. Mr. Freeman preaches the blessed word of everlasting life in a way pleasing to his congregation.

Our next stop was with our old and esteemed friend, Mr. J. Neely Hardin, Sr., who is now in his 91st year. He bears the infirmities of old age extremely well, as he is able to mount a horse and ride a considerable distance. His memory carries him back to the war of 1812. His many friends in the country will be glad to hear of him.

We made a brief call on Capt. Lucas, and found him suffering from a sore hand, which incapacitated him for surveying, or work of any kind.

The home of Maj. James G. Lowry was our next stopping place. He and his estimable wife gave us a most cordial reception, which was most highly appreciated. The Major is one of the pillars of Presbyterianism in this county. He assisted in organizing the Lowryville Presbyterian Church in May, 1855, and has ever since been one of the most zealous supporters of that church. Their first minister was

Rev. P. E. Bishop, and among his successors were Rev. Leslie McCormick, Rev. Dr. Plumer, and Rev. S. C. Ligon. Maj. Lowry's parents were members of Hopewell A. R. P. Church, and in that Church he was baptised by Rev. Dr. Hemphill.

We were pleased to meet our mercantile and other friends at Lowryville, and to observe its improvement during the past few years. The stores are filled with goods, the merchants are prosperous, and indications of continual progress are visible on all sides.

Mitford Items.

A pound party at Mr. W. T. McCrorey's on the 14th proved to be very enjoyable and was largely attended. "Going to Raleigh" and the square dance were the pleasures of the evening. Winnsboro, White Oak, Blackstock, Oak Ridge, Chester, and Mitford were well represented.

A phantom party was given at Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Jackson's last night. The ladies' masks were very ludicrous. Mr. Frank Dye won a beautiful box of flowers as the most correct guesser, and Mr. Hilliard Gladden won the booby prize. The evening was very pleasantly spent. Miss Ethel Jackson entertained in her usual excellent style. All things must have an end, so with many exchanges of sweet smiles, we reluctantly departed with happy good-byes.

Mr. Willie Gladden, from near Winnsboro, has moved to Mountain Gap, near Mitford. L. V. F.

Capers Chapel Items.

Last week it looked like we ought to be gardening, but this week we have to get on our over-shoes and mackintosh coats.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Fudge, of Fort Lawn, attended services at Chapel Saturday and Sunday. It looked like old times to see Mrs. Fudge among her welcoming friends.

Mr. John Aycock, of York county, accompanied by her daughter Marie, made a visit to her mother last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ferguson will give a pound party at their pleasant home tomorrow night.

Mrs. J. F. Hardin is expecting a visit from her sister, Miss Traywick, next soon.

Mr. J. N. Hardin, who has been sick, is much better.

By the way, wonder what has become of the Bachelor. He used to come around often, but he seldom comes to church recently. I guess he is out prospecting.

At the recent session of the Florida annual conference, Reverend Smith Hardin, son of J. H. Hardin, of this section, was moved from Bassenger to Drúatilla, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Banks Boyd, of Wellridge, visited at Mr. Will Simpson's last week.

"Mr. Editor, not to be going into your editorials, but has Chester a historian that can tell me who the Tories called Bloody Spur in the Revolution?" VIOLET.

Items from Etta Jane.

Correspondent of Yorkville Equinox.

Rev. Mr. Creech, of the M. E. church, is forming a choir at Wilson's Chapel. He met the class there last Friday. He is a good singer and a fine organist, so I am told.

Rumor says that some of our neighbors who went to Texas several years ago are back here looking for homes. What's the matter? Have the "fitter" trees quit bearing and the honey pones dried up? There is no country better than old South Carolina if given a fair showing.

Mr. S. F. Estes has had some hogs to die suddenly lately. Drs. Sam Strain and John Estes made a post mortem examination of one and found the jugular vein ruptured and the heart overflowed with blood. They concluded that this was caused by lifting it over the fence by the ear. It weighed about 125 pounds.

No Names.
 The redistricting bill of Mr. Patton has been knocked into the districts themselves already being in that condition, but it does not matter. There are some congressional districts in South Carolina that had better be abolished than to send such ornaments to Washington as are now shining there—which districts we shall under no circumstances mention.—Greenville News.

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 A. McFADDEN,
 1m-Jan21 Attorneys at Law.

Teachers' Examination.

The regular spring examination of applicants for teachers' county graded certificates of qualification will be held in Chester, third Friday, 15th day of February, 1908.

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.

1m-Jan14 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 DeVaux's Drug Store.)
 Prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to me. Collections a specialty.

DRUGGISTS.

PRYOR & McKEE,
 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.

CHILDS and EDWARDS.

Importers and Manufacturers

Monumental Works.

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.

Fire, Life and Accident INSURANCE.

PHONE 89.

TRUE ECONOMY LEADS TO WEALTH!

Give me your orders for Baker's Bread, Fish, Oysters and Groceries. Remember that I am at Blako's old stand and am giving the above articles a specialty. All orders placed with me will receive immediate attention. Remember my brand of Oysters—Standard and Lynnhaven X selects. I am prepared to serve oysters in my cafe in any style desired. I serve meals to suit the hard times. You can't afford not to take your meals at the city cafe.

I am yours to please.

T. H. WARD.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

S. M. Jones & Co.

Big Sale of CROCKERY!

To move our large stock of CROCKERY, we will offer for the next thirty days—

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.

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.

C. WARREN'S MELTON & HARDIN.

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.
 CHESTER, S. C.

Melton and Hardin,

CHESTER, S. C.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1898.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

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

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

Blank Receipts—Printed on good white paper, and bound in books of 100 each, for sale at this office.

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.

Childs & Edwards call attention to three departments of business. T. H. Ward offers something good to eat.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Julia Spratt returned from Fort Mill Saturday.

Miss Ella Robinson, of Hazelwood, is visiting Miss May Hood.

Mr. Lile McConnell is on the sick list this week.

Mr. J. E. Ardrey, of Fort Mill, spent Friday in the city.

After an attack of grip, Mr. Roy Spratt is able to get again.

Supt. Gilligan, of Fort Mill, was in the city Monday.

Miss Anna Traywick is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frazer Hardin.

Mr. Grant's weather forecast for February will appear in next issue.

Mr. J. Edgar Poag, of Rock Hill, was in town Friday and Saturday.

The cotton market changes not. It remains at about the same figure, 5-30.

Mrs. Bessie Hester and two children, of Winston, are visiting at Capt. J. H. Smith's.

Miss Edna Tinsley, of Union, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Pryor.

Mrs. Lewis and children, of Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, are visiting Mrs. E. P. Moore.

Miss Margaret Roach, of Rock Hill, is spending a few days with Mrs. I. N. Cross.

The play at the opera house last evening was a success, and was witnessed by a good audience.

Mrs. W. S. Smith and little daughter, Mary, have gone on a visit to Granite Falls, N. C.

Miss Mamie Harrison, of Rock Hill, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Stricker.

Miss Nettie Stricker, who has been visiting relatives in Rock Hill, returned home last Friday.

Miss Minnie McLarnon, of Lancaster, is visiting her brother, Mr. James McLarnon.

The rain of last night and this morning comes opportunely, as there are some wells in our town almost dry.

Mr. M. A. Galloway, night operator at the Southern, has resigned his position here to accept a similar one in Charlotte.

Mr. J. H. W. Stevens has been in town two or three days. We hardly feel willing yet to speak of him as "fo' Lancaster."

There was a good congregation at the Episcopal Church on last Sunday evening. The subject of the sermon was the prodigal son.

"Where are you at?" That is the question. Read what is said under that head, and if it applies to you, be 'wind enough to comply.

Engineer J. W. Neely who was dangerously injured in the late collision of the Florida special and a local passenger train, at Ashley Junction, is a native of this county. He is in a Charleston hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Matthews (nee Miss Willie Walkup) of Waxhaw, are visiting Mr. A. W. Klutz and family, on Centre street.

A considerable number of friends from Chester will attend Mr. R. Brandt's wedding next week. They will reach by private conveyance the scene of the joyous festivities.

Mr. Richard Thompson, of the Broad River section of this county, lately killed two fine bird dogs because of their being bit by a mad dog.

The Rock Hill Telephone Exchange is preparing to make connections with Chester. We would then be connected with Winnsboro, Columbia and thence to Augusta. —Rock Hill Herald.

One of our cotton buyers states that about 15,000 bales of cotton have been sold at this market during the present season and that about 8,000 bales still remain to be sold.

Major J. K. Marshall, a member of the police force, is experiencing the painful effects of a vaccinated arm. The remedy has more torments for the unhappy victim than the disease.

Capt. O. A. Hamlin, who has so long been connected with the C. & N. W. as conductor, has resigned his position, and we learn that he will take charge of the Merchants' Hotel at Lenoir Feb. 1st. Capt. Hamlin enjoys the reputation of having been always at his post, and if he didn't have his train on schedule time the delay was unavoidable.

To Have Its Own Track.

It is known that since the building of the Chester and Lenoir rail road, now the Carolina and North-Western, the trains on this road have used the track of the Western Carolina road (with a third rail) from Newton to Hickory. This arrangement has never been satisfactory. It has long been the desire of the C. and N. W. to have an independent track, and now the contract has been let to construct a road filling the gap. Jno. R. Erwin and Co., of Lenoir, are the contractors.

Capt. Desportes Dead.

Capt. R. S. Desportes, one of Columbia's most prominent men, died Sunday afternoon, of typhoid fever. The Register says: He was born in Charleston on September 21, 1841. He was the son of Augustus and Emeline (Smallwood) Desportes. The father was a native of Bordeaux, France; born in 1813, and was brought by his mother to America when he was an infant, his father having been killed at the battle of Waterloo. His wife was born in Charleston and was a descendant of Gen. Smallwood of revolutionary fame.

Pumpkin Seed Lottery.

The Rock Hill Herald has its cash-in-advance subscribers guessing at the number of seeds in a certain pumpkin. The prize is a new buggy. The most seductive feature of the scheme is that those who fail to get the buggy still get twice the value of their money in a year's subscription to the Herald.

Were we to adopt a guessing scheme we should have all our subscribers whose subscriptions are paid a full year in advance guess the amount of cash in our pocket-book at the close of business on the first day of March next.

Money in Five-Cent Cotton.

Mr. T. P. Mitchell, of Avon, one of the most prominent farmers of this section, was in the city Friday. His plan for reducing the cotton acreage is to crowd it out by planting other things on the ground. He says there is a little money in cotton at five cents, provided you have an abundant supply of other products for home consumption. You can't invest money and employ labor to make cotton at present prices, but you can afford to turn into cotton any surplus labor you have about the farm, then turn the cotton into money at almost any price.

Where Are You At?

A representative of THE LANTERN has seen a number of persons in this county, and asked them, "Where are you at?" They all expressed a desire to have the paper but did not have the money at hand, though they promised to pay very soon. For their accommodation and to save us repeated visits, we put their names on a list and have sent them the paper. Some of them have received it several weeks. Some have paid, others have not.

Now we want you all on the list of our subscribers, but you know that our terms are CASH, and we must treat all alike. If you wish THE LANTERN'S visits to continue, please comply with terms; if not, kindly notify us at once. You can send money to us or give us the notice mentioned. Without expense. We cannot see you without considerable cost. This applies particularly to persons out of town. Can't you let us hear from you within a week?

More Orange Blossoms.

We have before us a card announcing the marriage of Miss E. Blanche Mobley to Rev. S. T. Creech, at the residence of Dr. Andrew J. Evans, in Rock Hill, Thursday evening, January 27th, at 8.30.

"What Is That to Thee?"

At the Presbyterian church last Sabbath evening, Rev. D. N. McLaughlin preached, according to previous announcement, on the world's objection to the church that there are sinners in it. Text, "What is that to thee; follow thou me."—John 21:22. The answer was strong and logical, leaving the objector no reasonable ground to stand upon.

A Contraband Case of Smallpox.

Yorkville came pretty near having a smallpox scare recently. It was about ten days ago. A gentleman from the country brought his son, who was all broken out with a suspicious disease, to a Yorkville physician. The physician knew of a certainty that the boy had not had an opportunity to contract smallpox and was not alarmed. He treated the disease for chickenpox, and now the patient is entirely well. But had the physician not been prudent enough to keep his own counsel during the whole affair, Yorkville would have no doubt been placed in the list of smallpox towns, Yorkville Enquirer.

Letter from the Orphans.

Dear Mr. Editor: During the sleet at Christmas, one of the orphan girls fell off the door steps of the orphanage into the yard with a lantern. It turned over and the oil ran out and caught fire. The lantern was entirely ruined, so we were in the dark, but not in every sense. You have been sending us your LANTERN and it gives us light by day and by night. Of all the thousands of editors in the United States you are the only one that sends us a paper. We thank you for your kindness, and hope your LANTERN will never go out or explode. —ORPHANS, Hickory Grove, Jan. 21, '98.

Has Always Stood High.

The Spartanburg Herald of the 19th says:

George Williams Gage, of Chester, S. C., who was yesterday elected judge of the Sixth circuit, is an alumnus of Wofford college, and has many friends in this city. He was born in Union county, S. C., Feb. 4, 1826. In the fall of '71 he entered Wofford, from which he graduated June 28, 1875, with the degree of A. B. He afterwards entered the law department of Vanderbilt university, taking his L. L. B. there in 1880. Mr. Gage's oratorical ability was recognized in college, for he served as an annual debater in 1880 and as anniversary orator the next year. He also won the Founder's medal at Vanderbilt; was chosen in '86 to preside over the annual debate of the Calhoun

literary society at Wofford's commencement, and at a later date delivered the alumni address on a similar occasion. Judge Gage is a leading member of the Methodist church and a trustee of Wofford college. He stands high in his profession; was a member of the constitutional convention of '66, and has represented Chester county in the legislature for some time past. All those who know him best in this city think the legislature has made a wise selection.

Legislative Notes.

A bill in reference to foreign building and loan associations has passed the lower House of the Legislature. The effect of its becoming a law will be to drive these associations out of the State, it is said.

The mortgage tax bill has been defeated in the House. This will be good news to the holders of mortgages.

The Legislature has not yet taken any action on the dispensary bill. The opinion prevails that it will be so amended as to carry out the suggestions of the Attorney General.

Defeat has been the fate of the redistributing bill in the House. Consequently the candidates for congress in this district will not have Stanyarne Wilson to beat.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill placing telegraph, express, and telephone companies under the control and supervision of the Railroad Commission. It is thought that the Senate will kill the bill.

Lowryville Letter.

It is so rare that anything of interest occurs in a little place like this your correspondent finds himself at a loss for something to write. However, as something seems to be expected of us, we shall try to keep track of current events as they pass.

Mr. D. G. Anderson, general manager of the ginney here reports that 1604 bales of cotton were ginned this season, and straightway arises to inquire who can beat it?

Dr. E. T. Anderson has built an elevator in his repair shop, and is now better prepared to do all kinds of work in the repair line. His force of employees seem to be kept busy all the time.

Quite an army of traveling men have besieged our place during the past few days. The supply of drummers seems to be a good deal in excess of demand in this quarter.

A runaway couple was married in town one day last week by Rev. T. C. Ligon, but we have failed to learn the names of the parties.

Miss Bishop, who has been visiting Miss Frances Abell, returned to her home at Prosperity last Wednesday.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Lewis Ligon is quite unwell.

Mr. A. D. Darby, who has been sick, is, we are glad to say, up and at his business again.

Mr. J. S. Lowry went to Chester Saturday.

Here is a good one on the C. & N. W. railroad: One day recently after the train going north had been gone fifteen minutes, the agent discovered that he had forgotten a package that should have gone. Mr. Lowry Guy proposed to catch up with the train and deliver the package to the conductor. He mounted a horse, and after a brief and spirited chase, caught up with the train and delivered the package in great shape. All of which goes to show that Mr. Lowry is a fast rider, or that the C. & N. W. runs a slow schedule.

Messrs. J. L. Guy & Co. are having the roof of their large store-room re-painted.

Since the new year has opened up the cry of "hard times" seems to be on the wane, and the song of the "down-trodden and oppressed" has changed to, "give us one more year's credit." The production of five cents cotton will be as ruinous this year as it has been heretofore, but the maxim *experientia docet*, like Gov. Russell's railroad passes, "is played out."

Lowryville, S. C., Jan. 24, 1898.

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 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.

Mr. John R. Wallace died at his home, near Tirzah, last Thursday night, at 12 o'clock. Mr. Wallace was a nephew of the late Congressman A. S. Wallace, and for several terms was postmaster at Yorkville. At the time of his death he was in the 73rd year of his age.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Boarders.

Transient and Regular, accommodated on reasonable terms at the Valley House. 1m-j21 J. R. CULP, Prop.

Boarders.

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

NOTICE!

What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBALL HOUSE: Where is the Kimball 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 hands all the winter. Your humble servants

JOHNSON & CO.

PHONE 73. Feb 3

Trespass Notice.

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

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

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. L. MCCOY, Real Estate Agent, Office, McCoy's Drug Store, Gadsden street.

BILLIAM.

By S. R. Crockett.

(Copyrighted, 1917, by the Author.)

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.

tear on his jaw. I must see that the stitches are keeping and give him some water," continued Billiam meditatively.

"Of all the fools!" cried the captain.

"Well, come on, Billiam. I'll be your keeper tonight and see that you get a nap in your stables. I'll have a man who determines to see a desperate venture through to the bitter end. They come in from the street. Montgomery street and again mounted up the crazy stairs. The fire had died down, and when Captain Ormswithe went to the coal box it was empty.

"Hello, Billiam," he said, "how do you propose to keep us warm all night? Billiam threw up your coals on him as well as you both."

Billiam threw up his hands again with the same pathetic little gesture of despair.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Herbert," he said, "but when I went away I gave all I had to the seamstress next door."

"Well," said the captain, "good sea if she can give you any back. But at the suggestion Billiam's pale cheek flushed.

"I'm not quite that," he said, "but I think I can get some. You wait a minute, and I'll run down and see."

Then Billiam proceeded to array himself in an old uniform, remarkably wide and baggy about the ankles. He opened it and showed the hussar hoo ingenuously. He had sewed two large pockets of strong canvas to each side.

"I'll be home with the coals in these," he said. "I'm in it a prime idea."

"Where do you buy them?" asked the captain.

"I don't usually buy them," answered Billiam sleepily. "I pick them."

"Pick them and steal them," said Captain Ormswithe. "You young beggar that would waste the governor say if he knew?"

Billiam looked up a little wearily as if the subject had suddenly grown too large for discussion.

"I shan't be very long," he said, and went on buttoning the niter about his slim young body.

"In for penny, in for pound," said the soldier. "I'll come and help you to steal coals if I'm cashiered for it."

Billiam pointed to an old overcoat which hung upon a nail behind the door.

"That's got pockets for coals and things too. If you really want to come along," he said now very hopefully, "but I think you had better look to the cellar till I come back."

"I'm in for it," said the hussar.

"I'll say night on. Come on," he cried, pulling at the coat which he had turned out to some small across the shoulders for him. "What a room smell it has, though," he added, lifting up one of the lapels and sniffing.

"Oh," said Billiam, "that's only the dog. Sometimes I wrap the worst cases up in it. But it's all right, old chap," he added hastily, "I always disinfect it carefully."

They went down the dimly lighted, grassy stairs without meeting a soul. When they arrived at the cellar, the door turned ajar to the left, and the hussar found himself in a darkish wide lane, in which were no gas lamps. At the end of the lane was a great pile of coal, full of wagons and stacks of coal, black and shining, dimly seen between two tall gateposts. The latest delivery wagons of the day were lined up in a yard on the way to the city coal stores, there to be ready for the morning dog. They tumbled out in a long procession, some of them with a rough and grim and black as the coal they worked among.

The coal carters kept up a brisk inter-change of complaints with one another, varying this by an occasional lamp of coal. Great wedges and nuts of it were also being jolted continually off the carts as they jostled and lurched through the dark and deeply rutted lane.

"Come on," said Billiam. "We'll see something."

And he ran off among the grinding wheels, slipping up every piece of coal which lay on the road and pushing it into his niter pockets with trained alacrity. His brother endeavored to imitate him, but he was unaccustomed and clumsy and got but few pieces, and these small. It was interesting work, however, for the wagons were not and roared like a metronome between the high walls and the tall houses. The hussar found that it needed much quickness to seize the prey and keep it from slipping meanwhile the succeeding carts, which came on at a pace which was almost a brisk trot.

Presently a huge coal cartier, standing up on his wagon, caught sight of the captain lifting a piece of coal from the side of the road. He went a ready missile after him, which took effect just between his shoulder blades.

"Get out of that, ye—skinner, ye!" he roared.

Captain Ormswithe of the One Hundred and Tenth hussars sprang toward his assailant to take him by the throat, but the watchful Billiam had his brother promptly by the arm.

"Mind what you are about," he said. "Be on stand in there, and we'll soon get enough to last us three or four days."

The brothers took shelter in a cellar doorway, both of them grimed to the eyes. Billiam produced a hideous mask out of his side pocket and put it on. Then he slit off the decrepit and took up his position on a little mound of hard trodden earth and engine ash.

"He's here!" he cried. "Ye see a set of legs? They'll be here in a minute."

Every coachman on the wagons leaped up at the word as if he had been stung, and the rain of coal came which fell upon Billiam was astonishing and dead-

ly, but by long practice he evaded every one of them, letting some slip past him and catching the smallest morsel cleverly, as well as he had done the ball when he kept wicket on the green playing fields.

Presently the captain found Billiam, now a very swollen and bulky Billiam, crouching in the corner of the cellar.

"You go and fill up at the back of the mound where I was going—'em," he said. "There's quite a lot on there."

And very obediently the hussar went, with a grim delight in his heart to think of the fit his C. O. would have if he could only have seen him. Presently he had filled up, and, leaving the roof of the coal avenue for the quiet of the house, Billiam and his brother slunk laboriously up stairs to their garret.

"Lead, shall I ever be clean again?" growled the captain, looking at his hands. "To think what you have led on me! You think you have led on me, you blessed young gallova bird, Billiam!"

"Empty the coals here," commanded Billiam, and his brother poured out his hoard into a large compartment built beside the window. How Billiam could have carried so great a load was a puzzle, but certainly there could not have been less than a micro-weight of coal in his canvas pockets alone. He hastened to fill a pot with water, and in a little while he had a shallow lath full of warm water. This he set out in the corner behind a screen made of a gray stuff which hung upon a cord.

"In there," he said, "and get yourself clean, you horrible scabber. If you run the water, Dogs don't object to a little grime."

When he came back to take his turn at the bath, a fresh pot full of water was ready, and the room was bright

with a clear, bright light. He declared I shall smell doggy and chloroform for a month. Here's some shiners for you, Billiam. It's all I can spare. "That's you," said Billiam, reading the notes without deeming it was the prodigal chap in the parable, but I'm blown if you are the old kind of doggy. "You're a good fellow, but you don't go in."

"That's all right," said the captain. "Let us hear that you keep ribald. I guess you'll slip into the land of some of the persons yet, Billiam."

"It'll be when Peter's not looking then," said Billiam, shaking his head, "but if they do nick me at the gate, why, I guess there'll always be plenty for a fellow like me to turn his hand to in the other place."

"That is not, however, the end of Billiam. For there was a seamstress across the landing who seriously interfered with his plans."

THE END.

Newspaper Cuttings.

This is the reply G. A. Sala sent to some one seeking the same information:

"I keep mine as a trader keeps his books—in a wastebank, a journal, a ledger and a cashbook—the last for entries of notable statistics and historical matters of finance. But I will only indicate a mode of keeping the wastebank matter and potent dividend notes, as they are in the course of reading. The process of keeping is simply this: The extracts are at one end and the history index at the other. For example, I write in red ink a number consecutive to that of the preceding entry, which was, say, 4404. In the index I enter under the letter A, 'Anne Queen, her death indubitable,' with the number 4405, and under the letter H and with the same number (4406) I write, 'Holland under the rule of the Dutch.'"

W. H. might do better than follow this rather laborious method by keeping a very small index book separately and numbering the folios only of his cutting book, and he might do worse than do this scribe on the fly leaf of each book Bacon's remarks upon "commencements,"—title "Advancement of Learning," book 2.

I have heard that Mr. Sala put his cuttings and probably notes of his own in a book and followed in the plan I think much inferior to the following: Fold each up to about the same size or paste on paper of about the same size if small, indorse the subjects and keep them in an alphabetical order of subject. If there are two subjects, of course put a cross reference. You have no trouble in passing into a book, nor need you cut out. If the cutting is required for any purpose.—Notes and Queries.

Palatine Falls.

"It wasn't the fall I minded," said Pat, describing his sensation in falling from a scaffold. "Begorra, I could have gone on traveling that way forever. It was the stop at the end that inconvenienced me."

This seems to be the experience of many who have been precipitated from a height. While falling they were conscious of no pain, no terror, though perfectly aware of what was transpiring.

Mr. Whyburn, who has perhaps had more bad falls than any living man, says that he once fell and rebounded from rock to rock in the Alps and felt absolutely no pain, though he heard himself strike. As he drew nearer the whole previous life seems to flash through the mind, and this gives way to delightful stages to dreamless unconsciousness.

Among the ancient Norsemen an old warrior who had had the misfortune to fall in battle usually threw himself from the top of a cliff to gain admittance to Valhalla. The pleasant experience of those who had fallen and occupied alive may have had something to do with the practice and belief.—Detroit Free Press.

How She Figured It.

"Orlando," she said, "I'm afraid you are getting tired of having me ask you for money?"

"Well, you see, I'm not a miser. I have a good deal of expense to meet just at this time of the year, and it does seem once in a while that women don't make enough allowance for that sort of a thing."

"Well," she answered, "I've thought of a way that will fix it all very nicely."

"What is that?"

"Whenever you go to the barber shop and the boy brushes you off, you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you go away from home at a hotel and a boy brings you ice water you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And a mixed drink costs 15 cents?"

"Of course."

"Well, you've often said that women have no head for arithmetic, but I am going to convince you to the contrary. I am going to learn to make your favorite mixed drinks. That'll be 15 cents a day. Then I'll bring you ice water in the morning. That'll be 10 cents. And then I'll brush your clothes off with a whisk broom, and that'll be 10 cents more. There's 35 cents per day. I've figured it all out on this little piece of paper. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—that's 365 times 35, which makes \$127.75. If you will give me that without my asking for it, just as you do the bell boys and the bartender, I can put it with my regular housekeeping allowance and manage to get along much better."

—Detroit Free Press.

Elasticity of Conscience.

The elasticity which many respectable people, who are honest about most matters, show in regard to the appropriation of public property to their personal uses, has often been remarked. When such people are deceived and duped in their thievery, all are willing to laugh.

On the posts of one of the old beds in the Washington mansion in Mount Vernon are small glass knobs with sockets drilled into them, which fit little spikes, but do not fasten on. It is perfectly natural for visitors to place their hands upon the knobs, and those do immediately perceive that they can be taken off. The next step is to slip them quietly into their pockets and carry them away as relics of the sacred place. Although an attendant is employed to watch this room, there are so many visitors that it is impossible for him to prevent such pilfering, and the glass knobs have to be replaced two or three times a week during the busy season, but that costs very little trouble and expense. A factory near Pittsburg turns them out for thirty cents a gross, and the superintendent is in the habit of ordering a barrel of them every spring. There are several thousand of these glass knobs scattered over the world, in museums and private collections of mementos and historical relics. Many more are doubtless concealed for reasons of conscience and fear of discovery, but the guilty persons need have no concern. The original knobs that belonged to the bed are safely laid away in a vault.—Christian Herald.

What's This?

"What's this?" exclaimed Taggers, as he came to the end of Brown's marriage announcement.

"No cards? Oh, that'll do very well while the honeymoon lasts, but Brown isn't the man who can give up whilst indefinitely. He'll be back to it before six weeks have gone by."

Remember us for anything needed about the home or farm.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. LINDSAY & SON.

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"Lord, shall I ever be clean again?"

and warns. The hussar had agitated to the fire and had swept the floor. The brothers were in the inner room in which Billiam usually camped. There was a red ink in it now, and an easy chair of wickerwork.

"I'll toss you for the sofa, young un."

"Right," said Billiam promptly. "Tails."

"Heads it is," cried the hussar with some relief.

"I'm glad of that," quoth cheerful Billiam. "I prefer the floor anyway. You can make quite a decent thing out of rugs and overcoats. And, besides, sleeping on the floor makes you so jolly glad to get up in the morning."

So they turned in and slept the sleep of the just. Billiam was up by daylight and had a cheerful fire burning when his brother awoke. He brought him a cup of tea and told him to roll over again. But the captain was now wide awake and eager for talk.

"Why do you keep on at this kind of thing," he said, "and why don't you buy your coals like an ordinary being?"

"Well," said Billiam, "this is the sort of thing I talk to you see. It's interesting all the time. I snuck in oceans of learning all day till I'm tight, and then I preached all the evening. And as for coals—well, sometimes I do buy them. But £160 a year doesn't spread far in rent, classes and victuals, not to speak of dressings and lint, and picking up coals in the lane down there is just about as exciting as soldiering, I guess."

"See here," said the captain, "I think I could get over the governor to double your allowance. I've been pretty tight on him lately, and he thinks me a good little man. If I do, will you leave off piggling up here and live decent?"

"You are a good chap sure," he said. "Try it on the dad, Herb. I could get proper cash for the beasts then, an' operating that and perhaps I might even afford to hire a yard."

The captain leaped from his sofa and began to pace up and down in his pajamas.

"Of all the fools God ever made, Billiam, you are the most confounded! Why in creation didn't you settle down and let the proper man do it for you? What all this kind of thing? It makes me sick."

Billiam looked at him awhile as if for once he would try to explain, but the hopelessness of the task made him turn away sadly. Nobody ever would understand. He must just go on and on till they get him in a bustle asylum.

"See here," he said, "better put up your clothes, Herbert. You'll be sure to catch cold, prancing about there in your night things, and you'll look just like a pig."

"But why wouldn't you be a parson, Billiam? That beats me dead. You're just the sort of chap for a parson."

"Stuff!" said Billiam. "Who ever heard of a parson just for splicing up dogs and cats and things? There's enough of the god kind to go round surely. And there's only one of Billiam for this sort of parsoning."

"Well, Billiam," said Captain Ormswithe a little later, "I'm off to get a thrashing a little later in the night. This is all very well for a night, but a little more of it would kill me. I

Express messenger

in a tight place, out all messengers and their sweethearts and friends will be delighted to know that he was true grit.

The story is told by Cy Warner under the title of

HUERFANO BILL

which will soon be run in these columns.

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