



The Chester Lantern 1897

The Chester Lantern

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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- November 5, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN

Vol. I. No. 9.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1897.

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

Bill Arr On Ghosts.

"Old Mortality" was one of Walter Scott's most interesting characters. This long bearded, venerable man spent all the latter years of his life in going about from cemetery to cemetery in re-considering and remarking the marble slabs that covered the graves of the dead. Not only that, but he cleaned them up and mended and stained and set them up square and level and did it out of respect for his dead kindred and friends. Nearly fifty years ago I visited Laurel Hill, the beautiful home of the dead of Philadelphia, and the first thing that greeted me at the entrance was a brownstone statue of "Old Mortality" working on a weather-beaten marble slab. A dried up, spectacled old gentleman with a pea-jacket coat on and the big pockets filled with chisels and mallets and brushes and old rags. Maybe he is there yet. I don't know, but I thought of him the other day as I wandered through the silent city of the dead in Myrtle Hill at Rome Ga. It has been about forty years since I helped to lay off that cemetery, and people have been moving there ever since and a good motto to place over the gate would be "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

An old friend was with me, and I can't help but think of him as "Old Mortality," for he has been nursing and cherishing that graveyard for over thirty years and has made it a place of beauty and joy forever. He has long since made a reputation as an able lawyer and a learned judge, but I know that he never took as much interest or real pleasure in anything as in beautifying and adorning that lovely and romantic place. He has spent hundreds of dollars there out of his own pocket. His lot, with its Italian marble monument to the memory of his wife, is a marvel of exquisite beauty. I saw where he had righted up and placed a new foundation under the monument of the wife of a far distant friend. Within the last year or two he has been to Macon and reformed and renewed the monuments that mark his parent's graves. He has been to Eatonton and worked on those of his brothers and sisters who died in the long ago; and has placed tombstones over the graves of his grand-parents. He talked to me feelingly about some neglected graves of our friends who sleep in the old graveyard at Rome that nobody cares for and is well nigh abandoned. "When I get through with them," he said, "I shall feel satisfied and take a rest from this business and endeavor to be ready for my own funeral." If he is not "Old Mortality" now he will be if he lives long enough.

Well, I like that. We all like it; that is to say, all kind-hearted, reflective people. Some people are afraid of a graveyard, especially young people, who have horror of death, but it is a foolish fear and wears off as we get older. When I was a youth at a country school there was a braggart sort of a boy named Baldwin who said he wasent afraid of ghosts. Jim Linton bet him a dollar that he would get down to the rocky field that night and cut a sassafras bush that was near a grave and bring it to the house. The money was put up. Just about dark Jim slipped around and hid behind a rockpile that was near the bushes that had grown around the grave. When Baldwin got there and was about to cut the sassafras Linton said solemnly in a deep bass voice, "Beware that my grave," and Baldwin ran home with Jim after him and lived to have fainter of the form. When I was the little mill boy and had to pass a country graveyard on the way and happened to be late in getting my grist from the mill, it was a strain on my youthful courage to go glow by the sacred mysterious place.

But go fast you can't on an old sway-back mare with a bag of meal under you. For three or four years I was the lookout for a ghost in the twilight, but I never saw one and I reckon it helped me later on, for my wife lived near the village graveyard and when I was courting her and kneeling at her shrine I had to pass near it every night or two and it was a test of my love and my devotion, for neither rain nor darkness intimidated me, which proves that love is stronger than fear. Some moonlight nights when I was a little premature I have walked inside of that time-honored place and sat up on the tombstones and perused the epitaphs and the epitafy for it is a redeeming trait in our humanity to speak well of the dead, especially upon their tombs.

I don't believe in visible ghosts, but some strange things have happened since the Witch of Endor called up the ghost of Samuel. One night in Florida a number of us were giving in our experience when my old college friend, McKay, took his turn. He is too old to prevaricate or exaggerate. He travelled in Europe with his wife and educated his children there, and for eight years lived in Italy or in the cities along the Mediterranean, staying sometimes several months in one place. On arriving at Dresden he sought for a pleasant house to rent and found one on a hill in the suburbs, a large, massive, rockbuilt mansion of the olden time. He and his wife and daughter were pleased with the place and rented two rooms. The rooms were high and large and had a heavy cornice about four feet below the ceiling. On this cornice and just over the mantel was a portrait of a man. It was an old oil painting and the massive frame was fastened to a book in the ceiling.

There was a piano in the front room and a set of fine old fashioned furniture. The landlady was a sad featured old woman. The first night of their domicile Mr. McKay and his wife and daughter sat up quite late and the piano was tried and found to be in perfect order. "When they retired the lamp was shaded and left dimly burning. About midnight there was a racket up about that portrait and it was seen to break loose from the ceiling and turn over edgeways along the cornice to the corner of the room and then came down with a crash. Why gravity didnt make it fall down by the mantel was the mystery. Next morning a servant came and removed the portrait. Next night after they had retired a heavy screen that was between the bed and the window galloped around to the foot of the bed and fell with a crash. The landlady came in the next morning, removed it and said but in explanation. She seemed troubled. The next night, Miss McKay, who was gifted in music, played till quite late and after she had closed the piano and joined in the conversation with her parents there was an awful crash in the piano behind them. It sounded like everything had been violently broken by blows from heavy bludgeons and the blows were several times repeated with a crushing force. For some minutes Mr. McKay and his wife and daughter looked and wondered and said nothing. Then he got up and approached the piano and inspected it closely. Then he ventured to open it and found every string and every key in perfect order. The next night about midnight there was a pitiful wail of a child crying in the room. The lamp was turned up and a search for the child was made. Sometimes it was in one corner, then in another, then up on the cornice and then out in the hall and away, but its cry was distressing, as though in great anguish. The landlady was rung for and came and when asked about the child, said there was no child in the house; nor did her neighbor have

any children. "Madam did you ever hear the crying of a child in this room before?" She said she had, but it was a long time ago, and he learned from her that during the war with Napoleon the inmates of the house were all murdered for harboring some traitors. The man whose portrait fell and his wife and son and a little child. She thought that maybe the haunts had left the house by this time or she would not have rented it.

"Now," said my friend, "this all happened just as I tell you and my little wife will say to you that I have not exaggerated it." We looked at the little woman and she said "it was just that way." Of course they moved the next day.

Do you believe it? Yes, I believe Mr. and Mrs. McKay; more than that my mind is not satisfied.

BILL ARP.

Which Shall be the Better Dressed.

The mother's impulse is always to go without the best and newest things herself and to dress her daughter in the finest stuffs and prettiest fashions the purse can afford. Next winter, at your house, when it comes to buying a new cloak, which will it be, mother or daughter, who will insist that her old one can be made to do duty for another season? Which will it be on whom the most money shall be spent? You are more fortunate than I, if you do not know mothers whose role has so long been that of cheerful and uncomplaining self-denial that the family now accept this on their part without even the grace of thanks. They have suffered themselves to slip into the background, and now they may stay there. Nobody dreams that they ever have a fitting sense of the injustice of the situation; that they ever feel desolate and left out.

In a family there should be, so far as the family front to the world is concerned, a certain uniformity. One should not much surpass nor outshine another. But youth has a beauty and charm of its own, and may not wisely overload itself with finery. The more simply and even plainly a very young girl is dressed, the prettier she looks. As youth fades, the dress should be more sumptuous, and the mother's gown should be of richer material and be more elaborately trimmed than the daughter's. All the giving up should not be done by the mother. The daughter should insist on her own share of self-sacrifice.

I have, but very rarely, met mothers who did not heed this counsel, and who almost seemed to try to outrank their daughters in attractiveness. One seldom finds these, that they are exceptions which prove the rule.

And I know mothers who are really a discipline to their daughters, because they resist the endeavors of the latter to make them appear in the mode. "Are Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. sisters?" some one asked. "I was told so, but they are so unlike I can hardly believe it." Mrs. A. is so dowdy and a trimmer. Mrs. B. is so neat and tidy and dainty that she hardly seems to belong to the same world.

The two ladies were sisters. One was seldom seen except in a dingy gown with no shape to speak of, her hair done up in a tight little knot, her hat of the style worn by Mrs. Noah when she entered the ark; the other wore well-fitted dresses, arranged her hair gracefully, and conformed to the mode of the hour. Naturally and because of her good sense in this matter, she had more influence, both at home and in the community, than her sister. Her children were proud of her. It is a pity when children have any reason to be ashamed of their mother, even in external matters.

Fresh and dainty dress is not necessarily expensive. A trimly made and nicely chosen print is more becoming and in quite as good taste as a worn or spotted silk. On the other hand, a muslin gown, with its frills and flounces and furberelows, may cost more than a silk one, at every woman knows without being told.

The point I make is, that when there must be a difference, the mother's apparel should be finer and more elegant than that of the daughter; but when both cannot at once have something new, the mother's turn should come first; that the daughters should take as much interest in making the mother look pretty and bright as the mother usually does in setting of the daughters to advantage.

If mother would listen to me, dears, she should freshen that faded gown."

And "That mother should have it hard all through me, it strikes me isn't fair."

Husbands and fathers are so accustomed to supposing that the women of the house manage their own affairs in the best way, that they do not usually bestir themselves in these matters. A man delights in the wit, the loveliness, the grace of his pretty young daughter. She is to him another copy of his wife, the fair girl whom he sweetened in the long ago—"that old sweetheart of mine—'who sits at his table, and puts patches in his boy's trousers, and makes and mends and mangles, and asks only to be loved and trusted. But it may happen that the wife feels oddly overlooked when the daughter receives all the praise, all the admiration. The mother's place is first, and it should also seem to be first. The daughter, dear child, comes second; and hers is the lesser place. She should see to it, even if her father does not, that the best of everything be given to the precious mother, the mother best beloved on earth of all women—she whose estate and position were honored above all others by him who stooped from his cross to remember her, and to provide for her comfort in the days of her desolate age.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER in *The Christian Herald*.

Weather Forecast for November.

November will come in cloudy, with some rain and high temperature on the 1st, culminating about the 2d with local storms and thunder, followed promptly by clearing weather and a fall in temperature to the frost mark, from 3d to 5th; about the 6th it will turn much warmer; 7th, partly cloudy and warm; 8th, cloudy and rain, culminating about the morning of the 9th with rain and wind, followed by clearing weather and a very sudden fall in temperature; 10th to 12th, fair and beautiful, with frosty mornings the 10th and 11th. About the 13th and 14th another change to cloudiness and threatening; 15th to 17th, fair and frosty mornings, turning much warmer about the day of the moon's last quarter, which is the 17th; 18th, cloudy and very threatening weather. A great fall in temperature may be looked for with high winds, and probably some rain about the 19th and 20th; 21st to 23d, fair and more pleasant. New moon on the 24th; warmer and cloudiness may be looked for with rain, also lightning and thunder need not be a surprise from the 24th to 26th, followed by a cold wave for the time of year; 27th and 28th, fair; 29th and 30th, cloudy and threatening. Many sudden changes in temperature may be looked for during this month.

J. MARTIN GRANT.
A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army Parade in Buffalo recently.

McDonald, Perhaps.

To the Editor of *The News and Courier*: In the summer of 1761 a band of Cherokee Indians stopped at the home of John McDaniel, who lived in what is now the present county of Chester. They slew both McDaniel and his wife and captured the seven McDaniel children, the oldest of whom was a little girl of 15 years.

The white settlers collected a body of ten or twelve men, who followed the Cherokee trail. The leader of this little band was Thomas Steele, a man experienced in the ways of the red man, a former Indian trader. The angry settlers followed the trail almost to the borders of the Cherokee nation before they met the savages. It was in the dead of night when they fell upon the Indians, who were not only utterly vanquished, but nearly all slain. The seven little captives were recovered. This incident forms one of interest in the almost forgotten Indian annals of Carolina's colonial days, and the republication of such events may prove of interest to those who are fond of reading about encounters between the white settlers and the Indians before the Revolutionary war.

The above mentioned facts may be found in Volume 3 of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellett's valuable historical work, "Women of the Revolution." It would be interesting to know if among South Carolina's citizens of our day there are living any descendants of these seven little ones who were captives by the fierce Cherokees over one hundred and thirty years ago.—McDonald Furman in *News and Courier*.

Only one family of McDaniels is remembered in this county. Their ancestors fought in the Revolutionary war and probably removed from Pennsylvania here about the time of that war. There is a tradition that one of the fathers was drowned in the river at the time of Braddock's defeat. We have made some inquiry, and have good reasons to believe that the correct name of the persons in question was McDonald, of the stock, and probably ancestors, of the family of that name that live now between Blackstock and Rocky Mount. Though they spell their name McDonald, they have always been generally called McDaniel, and the name is often so spelled. We think this was formerly done more generally than at present.

The Presbyterians and Seceders.

At the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Charlotte not long ago the ministers in attendance took some curiously fanatical action in regard to the women of that church. The Presbyterians hold to Paul's injunction that women must keep silent in the churches and on the strength of this the August Assembly in Charlotte decided that their women might go to foreign countries as missionaries, work hard and run the risk of losing their lives, but could not tell of the work accomplished when they came home. They went a step further and decided that any Presbyterian who announced from his pulpit that a woman would speak on any subject, anywhere, could be disciplined. A short while after this meeting of enlightened men in Charlotte a Virginia Presbyterian refused to recognize the woman's Christian Temperance Union because some of its members believe in woman suffrage. This was not so surprising for some of them are lively men and temperance talk is something the majority do not wish stirred up. Here in our State, at Rock Hill, the good Presbyterians send out Dr. Mattie B. Ingham as a missionary and before her departure there is a love-feast at the church at which the ministers do the pathetic in short speeches of farewell, but when it came Dr. Mattie's time a middle man was selected to do her talking. The men stay at home, enjoying fat jobs and send this woman out to do just what Paul tells her not to do, when he says "I suffer not a woman to teach."

STATE NEWS.

Columbia's water works committee has before it a proposition from Mr. J. E. Moore, of Walterboro, to dig an artesian well, supplying 3,000,000 gallons of water daily, for \$65,000.
Mr. J. B. Duffie, of Sumter, died last Tuesday, of Pneumonia. He was a son of Mr. W. J. Duffie, of Columbia. After leaving Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but made teaching his business.
Record: A complete roll of the company organized at the beginning of the Civil war in Varnville has been discovered by Miss Lydia McCreery, of Ellenton, among some old family papers. A copy has been sent to Colonel Thomas, the State historian, who is very glad to have this means of verifying his roll of Confederate veterans of the State.
Elizabeth City has let a contract for water works. The system will be owned by a foreign corporation and the town will pay \$20 for each hydrant.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chester, S. C., as second-class mail matter.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1897.

MARGINALIA.

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.—VOLTAIRE.

We should like to believe that Voltaire's view is only that of a pessimist, but the facts are against us. Turn where we will to investigate, and we meet crimes and misfortunes. The stories of armies, the carnage of the battle-field, the sacking of cities, the desolation of homes, and the intrigues of courts constitute the historian's chief work.

The darker side of history is not so fully written as is the brighter side, and it is best that it is so. The history of a nation is written primarily to set forth its progress in the arts, the sciences, and religion; to make prominent those elements which go toward making a people better and greater. Behind all this lie the folly, the crime, the misfortune.

That wonderful people to whom it was given to be the promulgators of law was a race of criminals. The annals of the Roman nation consist of plunder, bloodshed, licentiousness, devastation, ruin. Their heartless treatment of the helpless Carthaginians is one of a long list of their atrocities; the invasion of the Goths is one of their innumerable misfortunes.

The proud Anglo-Saxon has behind him a story that he finds no pleasure in having rehearsed. He is too painfully reminded of the time when his ancestors were sea robbers. But infrequently does the Englishman or the American trace his ancestry to the followers of William the Conqueror, forgetting that possibly his ancestor's name was written in blood telling a tale of shame.

What lies behind the halo that is thrown around the story of the early American settlers? We love their self-denial and their courage. We accord them full praise for their spirit of freedom. But they were ready to impose upon others what they had fled from themselves. For are all the reasons why many of those settlers came here told in our histories. It has been said that the pilgrim fathers landed first on their knees then on the aborigines, but that was not all; they soon fell to shedding each other's blood.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Robert A. Van Wyck, Tammany candidate, was elected first mayor of Greater New York.

Some men are so deeply engrossed in the work of mastering the financial question that they can't make a living.—Washington Post.

Now it turns up that Robt. A. Van Wyck, who has been elected mayor of Greater New York, is a native of South Carolina, having been born in Old Pendleton. So they say.

A Newbury man has named his twins McLaurin and Ellerbe. This is not wise. It is unwise to name children for any living man, outside of your family connections. Your estimate of men may need to be revised, and this tribute of your admiration is a fixed investment.

North Carolina officials have been "bamboozled." Just as in South Carolina, those who denounced railroads most loudly have free passes in their pockets. North Carolina also has a law against this species of financing on the part of officials.

A number of New England cotton manufacturers have been visiting manufacturing towns in the State and seem to be very favorably impressed by the resources of this section.

Mr. L. P. Epton, of Spartanburg, the new controller general, was sworn in Wednesday.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

One day last week L. B. Funderburk, Basil Freeman, a five-year-old boy, and a man, one or more, were tried before Magistrate Burns upon the charge of cruelty to a horse, which they hired from Stevens, Heath & Elliott, by overdriving it. The jury found them guilty, and they were sentenced as follows: Funderburk, 30 days or \$12.50; Earle, 25 days or \$10. They will appeal to the circuit court, we understand.—Lancaster Enterprise.

Chester "O. P." Case.

Special to The State.
CHARLESTON, November 3.—The original package agencies have not everything their own way, and Judge Simonton's decision, rendered in the Chester case, shows that the "O. P." agencies must act in strict accordance with the laws of the State and the decisions of the court, and that the United States court will not protect them from the righteous authority of the State.

It appears that Blumenthal & Bickart, of Atlanta, opened an agency in Chester, and put J. Groeschel in charge of it. Groeschel is alleged to have disregarded the hours and days for the opening and closing of the agency, and conducted things pretty much as he saw fit, without regard to the dispensary law and the previous decisions of the court. He was also charged with having sold liquor to minors, and when on one occasion a boy by the name of Tom McCarley entered the agency to purchase liquor, Groeschel was ordered by a police officer at the door not to sell it, as the boy was not of age. Groeschel refused to obey the order of the officer and the sale was made, which culminated in the State authorities seizing the liquors of the agency for violating the law and the terms of the court's previous decisions.

Judge Simonton decided to-day to dismiss the motion for an injunction and restraining order, which practically leaves the State authorities in control of the situation.

Judge Simonton states in his opinion that the principal cannot be indicted by criminal proceedings and be punished criminally for the conduct of the agent, but he can be deprived of the privilege of selling, because his agent, who represented him, entirely lost that privilege. Judge Simonton decides that the process by which the complainant was deprived of the liquor seems to be in due process.

The question, the court states, as to whether the liquor in the case has become subject to forfeiture under the police laws of South Carolina, depends upon the construction of the South Carolina statute, and is for the courts of the State to decide. Judge Simonton is of the opinion that this is not a question involving the construction of the constitution or the laws of the United States.

The Elections.

At this writing the results of Tuesday's elections are not definitely known. The chief interest was in New York, Ohio, and Maryland. In New York complete returns from all counties in the State except Cattaraugus, Green, Steuben and Yates, show a plurality for Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for chief judge of the court of appeals, of 56,058. The final returns will reduce this plurality. Judge Parker's plurality in Greater New York is 133,968. The Assembly stands: Republicans, 79; Democrats, 63; Citizens' Union, 2; doubtful, 6.

In Ohio the Republicans will have a very small majority in the legislature. It is estimated that a change of 72 votes, properly distributed, would have given the Democrats a majority.

In Maryland also the Republicans have a slim majority.

He's a Doctor, Too.

The grip will soon commence its annual rounds. A teaspoonful of ordinary cooking soda three times a day is a good preventative and an almost certain cure for this terrible, some malady. The soda neutralizes the acid in the blood caused by the grip.—Rock Hill Herald.

Lowryville Letters.

Basil Freeman, a five-year-old boy, and a man, one or more, were tried before Magistrate Burns upon the charge of cruelty to a horse, which they hired from Stevens, Heath & Elliott, by overdriving it. The jury found them guilty, and they were sentenced as follows: Funderburk, 30 days or \$12.50; Earle, 25 days or \$10. They will appeal to the circuit court, we understand.—Lancaster Enterprise.

Everything has been quiet in town, and your correspondent has been at a loss for something to write. Your paper is so well filled with bright news and fresh, crisp editorial comments that we have no desire to contribute "articles" to "fill up" your columns.

Cotton is about out, and prices are still low. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere.

Quite a good number of our people went to the circus Monday, "just to see the animals."

Rev. T. C. Ligon and Dr. Anderson, who attended Synod at Darlington as delegates from this work, have returned, and report a good meeting.

Capt. B. J. Ross, our excellent railroad man, proposes going to the circus at Lincolnton Friday, doubtless he, too, wants to see "the animals."

Rev. Mr. Perry and daughter, of Chester, visited Mr. Jas. S. Darby Sunday.

Much success to THE LANTERN.

Lowryville, Nov. 3, 1897.

Commends Local Option.

I do not understand why local option is objectionable in South Carolina. In this county, Hinds, there is not a licensed grocery. It is a very rare thing to see a man in the country or in the village under the influence of liquor. I have it from a friend, recently from South Carolina, that there is more drinking in Abbeville than in this county. We have been free from the annoyance for more than ten years. Not long since our county voted no license by a considerable majority. I heard not long since of a "blind tiger" not far away, but the man who was supposed to be the offender shot and killed a negro man and ran off. I have not heard from him since. Rumor only said he was the guilty party. I think we have only about a half dozen counties in Mississippi where license is granted, and may the time soon arrive when license will not be voted in a single county in the State of Mississippi, which, I believe, is composed of some seventy-five.—Mississippi cor. Abbeville Press and Banner.

Yellow Fever.

NEW ORLEANS, November 4.—The board of health reports: Cases of yellow fever to-day, 40; deaths to-day, 7; total cases of yellow fever to date, 1,675; total deaths from yellow fever to date, 213; total cases absolutely recovered, 837; total cases under treatment, 625.

Mobile Ala.—Eleven new cases and one death is the fever record. Biloxi, Miss.—The board of health reports six new cases.

Scranton, Miss.—Two new cases here and none at Pascagoula.

Edwards, Miss.—Two cases. Nittayuma, Miss.—One case.

The condition is regarded as much improved. New Orleans and Montgomery have raised quarantine.

Newbold Enjoined.

Judge Simonton, on Monday, signed an order restraining Detective W. H. Newbold and Deputy Sheriff John A. Harshaw from further interference with the "original package" shop of J. F. Jenkins at Tizabi. The rule is made returnable on December 5, and the understanding is that the original package nuisance will be re-opened immediately upon the receipt of the papers from Charleston.—Yorkville Enquirer.

N. P. Sownson, of Spartanburg, was struck and fatally injured by a train Tuesday.



THIS PLAT BELONGS TO

Jos. Wylie & Co. Pocahontas Lump COAL.

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

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

S. M. Jones & Co.

JOB PRINTING

NEAT
WORK
DONE
AT
THE
MOST
REASONABLE
PRICES.
The Lantern Job Office.

Bids Invited.

Chester S. C., Nov. 2nd, 1897.
Sealed bids are invited in Supervisor's office Monday, Dec. 6th, at 10 o'clock a. m., for superintendent and man for the ensuing year for county Poor House and Farm, (bids invited separately.) Supt. of county chain gang. County physician for jail and poor house, by salary, by the year, including all surgical operations, appliances and examinations, county furnishing all medicine. An attorney for the ensuing year, by salary. Also by a request of grand jury at October term of court, all overseers who have not worked 6 days during the year are urged to call out all hands liable to road duty and work the unexpired number of days, before the close of this year, in repairing their sections and all small bridges on same. Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of county board.
T. W. SHANNON,
Supervisor.

No Soot, No Clinkers!

The best soft coal in the world for Grates and Stoves. It holds FIRE like hard coal.

POCAHONTAS STEAM AND SMITH COAL

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

COAL Always on Hand.

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

Yours truly,

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE

Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries.

Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's Fancy Candies.

Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Walker Bld'g, Chester, S. C.
Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

Teachers and Others

Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are Monday and Saturdays.
W. D. KNOX,
County Superintendent of Schools.

THEO. L. SHIVER, POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Next door to Stain's Jewelry.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS. Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.

Wanted.—A few copies of THE LANTERN of Oct. 22nd.

Wanted.—A few cords—full measure—of good wood, on subscription to THE LANTERN.

Stationery.—Envelopes and writing paper of high grade and low price at THE LANTERN office.

LOCAL NEWS.

Night services at the city churches now begin at 7:15.

Mr. Jos. A. Walker moved into his handsome store-room yesterday.

The Chester Baptist Association convenes at Calvary church today.

Several prospective marriages are announced, and there are others.

Mr. W. W. Candler will occupy the R. C. Stewart store-room the first of the new year.

The Rock Hill Herald is glad that Ed Poole has sent his goats to New York.

Mr. D. P. Crosby has rented Mrs. Thomas' house, near his shops, and will occupy it soon.

We are told that the incandescent lights will be turned on this week or next week sure.

The Lee Light Infantry 20 strong under the command of Capt. Marshall will attend the State Fair next week.

Mrs. Thomas, who was injured by a fall some time ago, has been moved to the home of Mrs. Burns, on Fishing Creek.

Who will have to go across to the Old Bank corner to find Mr. Joseph A. Walker now. He is busy getting his goods arranged.

Prof. Holmes, the distinguished lecturer, will give a free lecture at the opera house next Thursday, on Road Building. Future particulars next issue. Arrange to attend.

We learn that Mr. J. H. W. Stevens will vacate the Fairview hotel at the end of his lease, and Mrs. Moore of the Melton House, will succeed him.

Painting is being done on the outside of the new A. R. P. church. Other work has been suspended on account of material, but will be resumed in a few days.

Many persons wishing to know of Mr. J. Martin Grant about the weather during the week of the State Fair, he determined to publish his forecast for the whole month. It will be found on the first page.

Among the crowd who visited the circus Monday was an old colored woman who had been in Chester for 40 years. The last time she was here she came as a slave nursing her mistress' baby.

Rev. W. B. Lindsay is to be installed pastor of Woodruff congregation next Saturday. Dr. W. J. Pressly will address the pastor, and Rev. H. Rabb will address the people.—A. R. Presbyterian.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Childs and daughter, returned from Atlanta Wednesday night. While there Mrs. Childs erected a handsome monument imported from Italy by this firm.

On last Tuesday, Mr. T. C. Strong, as administrator, sold the property of the late C. P. Shirley, which was advertised in this paper. The land was bid off by Mr. Jno. G. Collins at \$905 an acre. The personal property was low.

Brother Hull, of the Rock Hill Herald, is a horticulturist. We print on the fourth page of this issue his method of cultivating cabbage. It must be a good method, as he has produced them without more than 30 pounds. Now if he will tell us a practicable way to keep the pesky green worms off cabbage he will deserve a monument.

We call attention to an item on our first page under the head "Mr. Donald, Perhaps." If any of our readers have any objection to the right on the matter, we would be glad to hear from them.

On Saluda street Wednesday night, one darkey was heard to ask another, "When dey gwine to turn on de light." The other said he thought "putty soon, 'case dey was tryin' a camel in one de udder night."

The State Board of Health is warning city boards all along the route ahead of Wallace's circus that the company left diphtheria and measles in Charleston. Columbia will not permit the circus to enter the city limits unless they can show a clear bill of health.

Mrs. Stewart's new store rooms, in the valley, are nearly completed. Mr. Duffie Estes will occupy one of these rooms for a meat market. It is being fitted up in first-class style, with fly-proof wire screens, marble counters and other conveniences.

Another of the rooms will be used by Mr. John C. Stewart, who will conduct a fancy grocery.

Mr. John Harvey Neely is in Yorkville as a witness in the case of the State Against Sam M. Neely, charged with assault and battery with intent to kill. He occupied a cushioned chair in the courthouse yesterday, was able to sit up comfortably, and greeted quite a number of friends and acquaintances.—Yorkville Enquirer.

A prominent and influential business man of the city called last night with the complaint that he had missed several issues of THE LANTERN. He agreed to let us off if we would pay him \$5.00 and send THE LANTERN free for a year, saying he had been damaged fully that much by the privation. So, by a conservative estimate, he values THE LANTERN at more than \$100.00 a year.

Spreading Disease. On Wednesday, Mr. Jos. A. Walker, of the city board of health, received from Mr. Jas. Evans, secretary of the State Board of Health, the following telegram: "Notify you that Wallace's circus, now in Columbia, left diphtheria and measles in Charleston."

The Neely Case. In court at Yorkville, in the case against S. M. Neely for assault and battery upon John Harvey Neely, the jury, we learn, rendered as their verdict, guilty of assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature. The defendant gave notice of appeal.

Poultry Farm. Mr. Geo. Clarke will start a poultry farm on the east side of the Southern railroad as soon as he can get possession of the ground. He will also collect all dead horses and other stock, and use up or ship off to soap, brush and glue factories all parts of them.

Statement of Building Committee. The item in the last issue of the Bulletin concerning Mr. Witting's bondsmen for Messrs. Donaldson & Co., is incorrect and untrue in its essential statements so far as the information of the committee goes.

BUILDING COMMITTEE. Mr. J. A. R. P. CHURCH.

Art Lights not Yet. On last Wednesday, just after the engine for the electric dynamo had been loaded on a wagon, a wheel of the wagon dropped into a depression, throwing the engine to the ground and breaking the fly wheel, eccentric rod, governors, and perhaps some other pieces. The broken parts have been ordered by express. Of course the extent of delay will depend on whether or not the pieces will have to be made to order, and if so, when it will be done.

Nothing is to be gained by impatience, so let us just wait. In the mean time, everyone should provide himself with a "Lantern."

For Boys and Girls.

In what two senses is it true that one is wiser than the other?

THE LANTERN will be sent free two months each to the boy and girl that send the best answers by November 15th. The answers of the successful boy and girl will be printed in THE LANTERN, with their names.

Who will Answer?

There was a hearse in town called the "town hearse." It seems that it belonged to the citizens in some collective capacity, not the corporation. It was burnt in Carpenter & Brice's stable. We are told that it was insured and that the insurance was paid, and we are asked, "What became of the money?" The question is too hard for us. Who will answer it?

Cards Are Out.

Mrs. Sallie White McAlley will be married to Mr. Alvin J. Bailey, of Murphy, N. C., at the home of her father, Mr. Hugh White, of Well-ridge, Wednesday, Nov. 10th, at 2 p. m.

Mr. John G. Burris, of this city, and Miss Leona Parker will be married Wednesday morning, Nov. 10th, at ten o'clock, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Julia E. Parker, on Poyle street.

Mr. T. W. Whiteside, of Edgemoor, announces the marriage of his daughter, Lena May, to Mr. Richard A. Willis, Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th, at half-past six.

Where Does He Do His Lousing?

Mr. L. E. Sigmon, of Banks, was in town Tuesday, the second time this year. He does not go to Blackstock often now, as he transacts a large part of his business over the telephone. He says the command is, "Six days thou shalt work."

We have no knowledge of any better farmer than Mr. Sigmon. When he took charge of the place where he lives, there was hardly a poorer tract of land in Chester county, and it has been blossoming like the rose ever since. Manuring, terracing, saving his land; labor-saving implements, improved methods of cultivation; raising peavines, potatoes, turnips, live stock—these tell the tale.

From Baton Rouge. Nothing having appeared in THE LANTERN from this place possibly it might be well to give a few items of the people around here. We would not have you think we are doing—far from it—but at present the thoughts of many are turning towards the Baptist Association, which will meet at Calvary, beginning Thursday of this week and continuing through Sunday. Our people are expecting a number of delegates and will most earnestly welcome these Christian people, who will meet with them and discourse upon the progress of their different churches during the past year.

Mr. W. W. Graham, is very busy now going the rounds of his customers, taking their orders and meeting with his many friends throughout the surrounding counties.

Miss Lena Smith, who has charge of the school at Chalkville, is at home this week.

Miss Eva F. Willis has closed her school here for a week.

It is reported that the wedding bells will ring out merrily soon. From the actions of some of our young people, we would judge it is not all a report, but will prove true later.

Baton Rouge, Nov. 2, 1897.

Can't Seize "O. P." Wagons.

Judge Simonton has issued a kind of a "stand and deliver" order on the State's title scheme to seize wagons and teams bringing in "blight" package liquor, and the State has stood and delivered.

The papers were served here yesterday and Governor Ellerbe said the order would be respected and the liquor and team seized a few days ago at Laurens by the deputy sheriff would be returned to the owner.—Register.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. H. Estlin has gone to Co-

ton, is visiting Mrs. W. S. Smith, at the Fairview.

Mrs. Catherine P. Johnston, of Luray, is visiting at Mr. C. C. Edwards'.

Mr. and Mrs. John Backstrom, of Oakridge, were in the city yesterday.

A fine girl arrived at the Rev. W. C. Ewart's house Monday.—Lancaster Ledger.

Misses Marion Stringfellow and Annie Brawley paid THE LANTERN a visit Wednesday.

Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Carlisle, of Spartanburg, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. H. White.

Dr. John W. Moffatt of Ohio, is visiting his brother, Rev. J. S. Moffatt.

Mr. J. A. Westerberg, the jeweler, has accepted a position with Mr. E. C. Stahl.

Dr. W. G. White, of Yorkville, came down and spent Tuesday night with his father and family.

Mrs. M. C. Carroll has moved into the Dixon house, on York street.

Mr. Roy Spratt has returned to Asheville after a short visit to his parents.

Earle, son of Mr. Samuel Evans, formerly of this place, died in Atlanta last Sunday.

Dr. Blair, of Monroe, came over Wednesday to witness a critical operation by Dr. S. M. DeLoe.

Mr. Geo. W. Kirkpatrick, a prominent farmer of Bascomville, paid this office a pleasant call yesterday.

Messrs. John Young, of the city, and Robt. M. White, a thrifty suburban farmer, spent Wednesday at Rossville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Curry, after visiting relatives in Chester, returned Wednesday to their home at Kings Mountain.

Mr. T. J. Cunningham is superintendent of the State Fair grounds, and is now there attending to his duties.

Mrs. George Gill and Mrs. M. A. Frapp, of Richburg, visited relatives and friends in Sincerity neighborhood last week.—Lancaster Enterprise.

Mrs. J. M. Brawley was called to Washington yesterday evening by a telegram, which stated that her brother-in-law, Mr. H. N. Ober, was dying.

Mr. Robert Proctor, who has been in charge of Wylie's mill several years, was moved to Richburg, and Mr. T. S. Ferguson will take charge of the mill.

Leja Westerlund, "bum electrician," as he styles himself, was in town Sunday. He has a good job as lineman with the Chester Electric Light Company.—Rock Hill Herald.

Mrs. Beulah Stewart Boyd has returned from Washington, where she has been with Mr. Boyd, who is taking a course in electricity. He will return in about a month, perhaps.

Mr. John T. Young, of Due West, who has been in Mr. Jos. A. Walker's store for a short time, will take charge of the Rossville school next Monday.

Mr. John Lyle, of Edgemoor neighborhood, who has been living with his sister, Mrs. Walker, will soon move into a new house which he is building at his old homestead.

Mr. O. D. Owen, brother of our townsman, Mr. J. A. Owen, and Miss Cornelia, Raphael Smith, will be married in St. Peter's Episcopal church, Charlotte, on Tuesday, the 9th.

The Lancaster and Chester railroad excursion train to Rail Road City carried nearly 400 passengers over to see the circus that exhibited in Chester on that day.—Lancaster Review.

The Hon. Mat Hough, of Chesterfield, spent a few days in Lancaster the past week. He expects to move to his newly purchased home in Chester county the latter part of the month.—Lancaster Ledger.

Stand Firm For the Best and Save Your Money!

FACTS FOR CONSUMERS.

Manufacturers, Scheme Houses and unreliable dealers to advertise and sell to the uninformed public a lot of trashy watches. You are assured that they are made by a reputable American Company that could not make a poor watch if the attempt was made. They describe a poor miserable \$10.00 or \$15.00 watch to you in exactly the same language as the \$60.00 watch.

WHY THIS DIFFERENCE IN PRICE? It is no use, gentlemen, you cannot disguise them to dealers who know their business. Use your most reliable watchmaker, he will sell you a good watch cheap. THERE IS ONLY ONE BEST FOR YOU. Others must stand aside.

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler, Chester, S. C. Every modern appliance to produce the highest grade of watch repairing promptly and for the least money possible.

WE WANT A GIRL

In every neighborhood to get up a club of five new 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.

Notes from Synod at Darlington.

After much debate the Synod recommended to the Presbyteries that all examinations of candidates for licensure and ordination held outside of open session (all except theology, church history, and government) be conducted in writing, and that candidates be required to reach the mark of fifty or over.

The appeal to Synod from the action of Enoree Presbytery in reference to preaching the doctrine of entire sanctification, and signed by Revs. Todd, Holmes, and others, was withdrawn, and the matter did not come up in Synod at all.

Synod, after a warm debate and a close vote, petitioned Congress in regard to Sunday trains. Although the resolution was carried, there was much opposition to it as being opposed to Presbyterian principles and traditions. A largely signed protest was filed and an appeal made to the General Assembly, led by Rev. W. M. McPheeters, D. D. The Assembly passed a resolution of similar character two years ago at Memphis.

The Board of Columbia Seminary in June last gave notice to Prof. Laws and Tadlock that they would be discontinued in their chairs after this year. They had reached the age of seventy, after which, according to the Seminary's constitution, they could not hold professorships. Dr. Laws appealed to synod with the special view of having the seventy years limit rule rescinded. The matter came up at the age end of the meeting. The rule was sustained by a majority of about three. The matter, in the opinion of many, needed a more thorough sifting and investigation than there was time for it to receive.

The report of the Synod's Permanent Committee on Colored Evangelization, calling attention to the desperate status of the Ferguson and Williams Institute, at Abbeville, received much attention. The institution was bought jointly by the

Assembly and Synod. The upshot was to instruct the Synod's Committee to meet the Assembly's Committee with a view to making a joint effort to meet the present existing needs of the institution.

The Synod of South Carolina will meet next October at Lancaster, S. C.

The Darlington people entertained with the most cordial hospitality. Praise was on the lips of all for her good people of all denominations.

The meeting was one of the most interesting and pleasant of recent years. It is to be added that the various reports indicated progress along all lines of the church's benevolent work. It is evident that the Presbyterians of South Carolina have at last aroused themselves to a sense of the duty of both white and colored evangelization within their own borders.

At the Baptist Church.

There will be no preaching at the Baptist Church next Sunday morning, owing to the pastor's absence at the Chester Baptist Association. Services, however, as usual at night. Preaching by the pastor. Theme, "Moral and Spiritual Impossibilities."

We have been authorized since above was put in type, to say that the Pastor will hold the regular morning service.

Can't Fool Him.

We find the following lines in the Abbeville Press and Banner, who, observing the caution of Brother Wilson, we are sure that they are entirely original: Tell us not in spongy verses, Married life is all a dream; He who dith his joy releases, Ain't so glad as he may seem. Heads of all bald men remain as, We should choose our wives with care, Or departing here behind or, Half our love of natural hair.

The Town of Nogood.

Who blooms the Wail-while flower fair,
Where the Sometimeroother scents the air,
And the soft Goasays grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatsthenese,
In the province of Lateside;
That's the feeling is native there,
Tha't's the home of the reckless 'don't care
Where the Glivings abide.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years,
It is wrapped in the fog of illers' dreams;
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes
And sprinkled with useless fears.

The Colledgeedfoot and the Rich-man's heir
Are plentiful there, no doubt;
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,
With every class except one in view—
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the Mountains of Despair.
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls.

For cowards alone are there.
My friends from the dead-aid town
Nogood
If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good
and ill,
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"
And live up to it each day.
—From Northern Exchange.

It Is Better So.

I want to go back to the old farm,
To the place where I was born,
I want to feel the cooling breeze
As it comes through the rustling corn.
I want to lie down by the willow tree
Where the sun light filters through
And dream, as I used, of the coming years
While I gaze at the sky so blue.
No brighter the sky than those childish dreams,
No fairer the summer day,
No sun, no life could happier be
Than mine would be always.
The circling years have failed to bring
All that my fancy wrought,
And now I know life as it is
By hard experience taught.
I have not found the glory
My fancy painted then,
I have only a place in the struggling crowd,
Just like other men.
Better it is for me that I dreamed,
It is best that my hopes were bright,
For darkness is always to him
Who never seeks the light.

GALVIN PINKETT.

Saving Sweet Potatoes.

Generally the best price obtained for the sweet potato is in the spring, during the period known as "between seasons." There are various reasons for this increased value, but possibly the best reason is that the potatoes are not preserved properly during the winter, and when the banks are opened in the spring, a large percentage of the potatoes are spoiled and those remaining apparently sound have a disagreeable funky smell and taste, which detracts from their value.

The sweet potato makes a safe crop and should bring a neat profit to the grower. It is worth while to study the simplest and best methods for preserving the potato during winter, that the farmer may get the benefit of good prices in the spring.

J. E. Nash, a farmer living near Babbtown, in Laurens county, was in Greenville last spring bringing samples of potatoes which he had kept through winter. He stated that he had not lost any potatoes from freezing or rotting since he had been managing his farm. The samples he had were tested by a citizen who pronounced them excellent, "just as good as those used in the fall."

Mr. Nash gave a very interesting account of the manner in which he preserved his crop. The following is his method: He digs the potatoes as soon as the first frost bites the vines, and he thinks this is very important. Next, he banks the potatoes the same day he digs. The banking is probably the secret of the success of Mr. Nash in keeping his potatoes. It may be that other farmers bank in the same way, but it will do no harm to explain the Nash practice.

First, he makes a bed for the bank about one foot higher than the surrounding ground. This, of course, is to prevent water from settling in

At the top of the potato pile.

The next step is the completion of the bank, by covering the stalks and potatoes with dirt, leaving the tops of the stalks exposed. The opening at the top is protected by the stalks lapping together, and admits sufficient air to prevent injury from cold or heating. To make doubly sure against cold snaps he throws a cloth over the opening on cold nights.

With this simple plan of banking, Mr. Nash stated that he had never lost any potatoes and always had plenty to sell in the spring.

Another important factor is the opening of the bank. His plan is to open the latter part of March or first of April. He takes the potatoes out of the bank and puts them in an outhouse on a wooden floor. If it turns cool after the potatoes are put in the house he covers them with sheets or any convenient cloth material. He markets at his convenience and finds no trouble in selling, as his crop is sound and good, and brings the top of the market.—M. in *The Cotton Plant*.

How to Grow Mammoth Cabbage Heads.

The editor of *The Herald* is not a farmer, but he has had some claims to his being a gardener, or at any rate a successful cabbage grower. He believes he can sustain that claim by several gentlemen who have from time to time requested that he should publish his method of cultivation. It is simple enough and if followed faithfully the gardener will have the satisfaction of growing cabbage heads weighing from 10 to 25 pounds each. We have produced them weighing more than 30 pounds. Our method is to select a well-drained plot in the garden where the sun's rays will not be obstructed. In November, when the ground may be found in favorable condition, broadcast over the plot a heavy coating of stable manure, break up thoroughly to the full depth of a spading fork, pulverizing all clods. Let stand until about the middle of February, when another full coat of manure should be broadcast and the land again spaded as before, again breaking all clods. When the plants are ready to be put out the first of April, give the plot another spading, then spread over the ground a coating of wood ashes and dig in lightly with a rake. Place the plants, if Drumhead, Marblehead or Flat Dutch, three feet apart each way; if the smaller or earlier varieties, 2 1/2 feet apart each way will do. After the plants have taken root and show evidences of growth, work them deep and thoroughly with a dig fork, pulling the earth toward the plants. Follow ten days or two weeks later with a thorough hoeing, but not as deep as before. After this keep the grass and weeds down by light but frequent cultivation with a rake. If the weather be as seasonable as usual, we think we can promise a most satisfactory yield of very fine cabbages.

If any person should try this method we would be glad for them to report results.—Rock Hill *Herald*.

Polite Capitol Guides.

Washington is the Mecca of newly-wed couples, and the Capitol is the particular shrine of honeymooners. Any Washingtonian can tell a visiting bride and groom as far as the eye can reach, and that is a smart young couple indeed that it runs the gauntlet of the "sights" unscathed.

The other day a doting pair of young doves flitted down from rural Pennsylvania, and they started for the Capitol instanter. At the foot of the hill a suave and condescending young gentleman, filled with information about the surrounding attractions, fell in with them, and gradually made himself very useful in pointing out things of interest. The trio made a tour of the Capitol, occupying an hour or more. After they had seen the regulation sights the groom turned to their new-found acquaintance and thanked him very

ingenuously. The boys who get the appreciative

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uneasily at this juncture, and at length hinted that something more substantial than thanks and smiles was "customary," since the guides had to depend on their fees from the visitors for a living. A dollar was his conception of what was proper, and a reluctant dollar was transferred to him by the sadwise young groom, who had never counted on squandering good money on such service.

Hard-shelled old travelers make it a rule to be very wary of strangers who volunteer their services. They generally want double pay in the end.—*Palbinder*.

Couldn't Fool The Old Man.

Things had progressed to a point where the young man had been practically received into the family circle, says the *Chicago Post*. While he hadn't yet mustered up sufficient courage to ask the old man's consent, it was evident that he would in time.

Thus it happened that the old man, who like nothing better than a good game of whist or euchre or hearts, invited him to have a little game one evening, and of course he didn't feel that it would be polite to refuse.

"You and mother," said the old man, referring to his wife, "can play against Martha and me. That will be fair. If you and Martha stay opposite each other you would probably persist in looking into each other's eyes, to the great detriment of the game."

Naturally the young woman and the young man blushed, but they said nothing, and the game began.

It wasn't much of a game. While the young woman wasn't sitting opposite the young man she was sitting next to him, every few minutes one or the other of them forgot to play when it was his or her turn. Then, too, there were frequent inquiries as to who took the last trick and what was trumps, and altogether the old man felt a good deal like swearing on one or two occasions.

Abraham Lincoln's Cousin.

I have a scrap of historical romance, and thinking some of the readers of *The Yeoman* should no doubt like to see it I herewith append it. As you know, history is sometimes divided in two classes—facts and fiction, but as this is based on solid facts we know it will be all the more interesting, and as the characters connected with it are all good citizens and living among us we endeavor to unfold the sequel.

From a letter received by Mr. W. F. Jonas, our village blacksmith, worthy citizen and personal friend, the news was conveyed to him of the death of his aged mother in Catawba county, N. C. This occurred on September 27th last. As a matter of history and facts she was a first cousin to Abraham Lincoln who was termed the war president. She was a daughter of Richard Hanks, who emigrated to Lincoln county from Washington county, Ky., sometime during the present century, and she afterwards removed to where her death took place last week in Catawba county. Her maiden name was Adaline Hanks Jonas and wife of Daniel Jonas, who was captured in October 1864, and taken to Elmira prison in New York State and died there in January, 1865. She left four boys.

Abraham Lincoln's mother was Nancy Hanks, a sister of Richard Hanks, the grandfather of our friend in question. The rail splitter President's mother emigrated sometime before his birth to Ohio or Illinois, and hence he came up as a Northwestern man and was elected President in 1860. It will be readily seen that our friend is a blood kinsman of Abraham Lincoln.—Tirzah Cor. *Yorkville Yeoman*.

Shook Hands with a Tiger.

A young man whose desire to be sociable exceeded his good judgment visited the winter quarters of the Great Wallace Shows not long ago. Ben, one of the big Bengal tigers of the menagerie, was taking his after-dinner nap. His paw was hanging carelessly out of the cage. The visitor, in a spirit of cordiality, grasped the proffered hand like a candidate at an old settlers' meeting. Ben, who is the Beau Brommel of the menagerie, is an exclusive fellow, and he did not appreciate such unseemly advances.

Mr. Man had not been introduced and was regarded as a decidedly presumptuous individual.

Ben rebuked him by reaching out and gathering in his back hair; he swat him in the back of the neck and delineated thereon a railroad map. He stabbed holes in him and did various other pleasantries peculiar to a tiger. When the man was rescued he remembered that something had happened. He found himself arrayed in a pair of shoes, a necktie, and several streaks of gore, but not a thing else. It took a surgeon to sew the remnants to

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Jurors Oppose Dispensary.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 1.—In the court of general sessions today, after the necessary jurors had been obtained, Solicitor Jerry announced that he was ready to proceed with the case of the State against C. F. Hutwagner, charged with violating the dispensary law. He stated that he desired the jurors, as their names were called, to be placed on their voir dire before they were sworn.

Juryman H. L. White was the first to be called. The court asked if he was prejudiced against the dispensary law, and if that prejudice would keep him from returning a fair verdict either for the defendant or State according to law. The answer was that he was prejudiced and could not return a fair verdict. He stated that in his opinion the State had no right to engage in the liquor business and prohibit individuals, and that he could not under any circumstances return a verdict of guilty against a citizen.

The judge put a similar question to every juror that was drawn, and in nearly every instance they stated they were apposed to the dispensary law and could not return a verdict against defendant. The full box was exhausted and out of 36 only eight said they were not prejudiced against the law. Not being able to secure a jury the solicitor asked that the case be continued until a full jury could be obtained.

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"Add you say you would die for me, George?"

"You are a noble man, George."
"My darling you do not know me yet."
"Well, dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."
"What is it my darling?"
"I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea, ha! ha! cease to flow for my love wills it? Shall I tell you bright and inconsistent moon that is glistening like the lips with her light, that she must not shine on thy face too roughly—ha!"
"No, George, no," she smiling said, "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this—"
"Yes, my darling."
"All I ask you is this—don't call again."
Schoolmaster (to new boy).—What's your father by trade.
Boy (perplexed)—I haven't to tell.
Schoolmaster.—But you must.
Boy (after a great deal of hesitation).—Please, sir, he's the bearded lady at the museum.

A man who stuttered badly went

to consult a specialist about his affliction. The expert asked: "Do you stutter all the time?"
"N-n-n-no," replied the sufferer, "I s-s-stut-t-t-ter only when I t-t-t-talk."
"Physicians, as a rule, are 'bit-terly down on hard times."
"For what special reason?"
"They say people have had to eat such plain food that they are too healthy to be interesting.—Detroit *Free Press*.

"Papa," said little Benny Bloom-

bumper, "what is an encyclopedia."
"An encyclopedia, Benny," replied that small boy's intelligent papa, "is a set of books, any volume of which will tell you to seek in some other volume for the information you want."

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