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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- February 15, 1898

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 38.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

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

Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11. The long predicted Cuban crisis is upon us! It was not precipitated by the speeches in the Senate, although some warm things were said by Senators Cannon, of Utah, Mason, of Illinois, and Allen, of Nebraska, in the course of their remarks, the first two on resolutions, the first for recognition of belligerency to be followed by recognition of independence, the second for intervention by this government, and Mr. Allen on his amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill, providing for a recognition of Cuban belligerency. Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister to the U. S., has written a letter, a fac-simile of which was this week published, in which the President is spoken of insultingly, and Cuban autonomy and the pending negotiations with Spain for a reciprocity treaty sneeringly referred to as tricks to fool this government, that is responsible for the existing crisis, which is likely to end badly for him personally and for his government. The original letter is claimed to be in possession of the Cuban Junta, which is responsible for the publication. It has not yet been fully authenticated, but there is very little doubt that it will be, as a comparison of the photographed letter with specimens of de Lome's writing leaves little doubt that it was written by him. He has virtually confessed by tendering his resignation, but Spain is willing to let him off that easy, this country may not be, and his passports may yet be given him, and if that is done, it is more than likely to be followed at once by intervention in Cuba or some other decisive step on the part of this government. In that letter, all obligations on the part of this government to wait further up on the development of the alleged autonomy in Cuba were removed, and the administration feels at liberty to take steps in accordance with the overwhelming public opinion in this country, to bring about immediate peace in Cuba, regardless of Spain.

After a debate which at times was quite bitter the House adopted the report of the committee declaring Aldrich, who was the populist candidate in the Fourth Alabama district, to be entitled to the seat which Plowman, democrat, has occupied. The bitterness of the debate was intensified by the report of the majority of the committee, which was very severe upon the election laws of Alabama, intimating plainly, if not actually charging that they were formed to encourage fraud and to thwart the will of the majority. The democrats resented that, and charged that Mr. Plowman was deprived of his seat because he was a democrat, and not because there was any fraud in his election.

The Senate committee on Naval affairs, with only two dissenting votes—Tillman, of S. C., and Butler, of N. C.—has taken the first step towards the abject surrender of Congress to the armor-making trust, by deciding upon an amendment to the Naval appropriation bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to contract with existing armor plants for the armor for the battle ships Alabama, Illinois, and Wisconsin, now in the course of construction, at a price not exceeding \$400 a ton. This was just the move that the armor combine was expecting. That was why they refused to furnish the armor at the price named by the last Congress—\$300 a ton,—although experts testified that they could do so at a profit.

The Senate Civil Service committee gave notice this week that it would grant no more public hearings. Some few things of importance that were not previously known

have been brought to light by these hearings, but a majority of those who have testified have only had opinions or personal grievances to air, which were not of the slightest consequence either to the committee or to the public. Senator Pritchard, chairman of the committee, says the committee will make a report to the Senate at the earliest possible time.

The Court of Appeals, of the District of Columbia, has decided that funds deposited by a Congressman in a Washington bank may be legally attached by parties holding judgments against them obtained elsewhere, and that a Congressman's only special privilege while in Washington is immunity from arrest. Representative Howard, of Alabama, brought the suit, \$91.12 of his money having been attached in a Washington bank, by a Tennessee trust company which had obtained a judgment against him in an Alabama court.

The Georgia delegation in Congress, aided by all the democrats from all the southern states, are raising a hubbub over the nomination of a negro, J. H. Deveaux, to be Collector of Customs at Savannah, Ga., by President McKinley. Vigorous protesting prevented the politicians regarding the appointment of negro postmasters at Savannah and Augusta, Ga., and the same tactics might have succeeded in this case had not a number of the most prominent white merchants in Savannah endorsed Deveaux for appointment as Collector of Customs at Brunswick, Ga. Now they are put in the position of objecting to take an official they are willing to endorse for another town.

Before the country allows itself to get over-excited about the Cuban situation it should emulate the Senate, which in the midst of it all indulged in a serio-comic debate on a bill introduced by Senator Morrill, of Vt., and passed by a vote of 30 to 22, appropriating \$5,000 to gild the statue of Liberty, on the top of the dome of the capitol. It is always well to remember that every crisis is not as serious or as dangerous as some take it to be.

Fun Enough.

If you would enjoy your work, go about it as if it was a game you were set upon winning. According to the *Detroit Free Press*, a certain old farmer learned this secret—which is not a new one—while watching two "city fellows" play chess. The game was long, and he ventured to interrupt it.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the object of both of you is to get them wooden objects from where they are over to where they ain't?"

"That partly expresses it," replied one of the players.

"And you have to be continually on the lookout for surprises and difficulties?"

"Constantly."

"And if you ain't mighty keeful, you're going to loose some on 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' then there's that other game that you dress up odd fur, an' play with long sticks an' a little ball."

"You mean golf?"

"I think prob'ly that's what I mean. Is that game amusing?"

"It's quite interesting, and the exercise is very beneficial."

To Exempt York.

Yorkville Enquirer.
Although it is not probable that the senate will yet kill the bill, as a matter of present interest and of record, the circumstances under which the house agreed to exempt York county from the provisions of the dispensary law are interesting. The following is from the *News and Courier* of Thursday:

Mr. Verner called up his bill to exempt Oconee county from the operations of the dispensary law. The people of Oconee do not want the dispensary. His people were satisfied with prohibition. The first year his people bought \$250 from the dispensary in Oconee, next year \$5,000, and last year \$10,000. He could also show there was twice as much liquor made and drunk in the county. Every man and woman in the town where the dispensary is located, petitioned for the removal of the dispensary. They had to buy a lot out of town to put up the dispensary.

Dr. Ilerton asked how many blind-tigers there were in Oconee.

Mr. Verner said not as many as Florence had.

The house refused to kill the bill.

Mr. deLoach also wished to exempt York from the dispensary law.

There is but one dispensary at York. The State wanted a dispensary at York courthouse. The people rose up and protested, so also did Rock Hill. He then explained how the Tirzah dispensary was started and how the O. P. store followed. This is worse than a blind-tiger. It is mean liquor. The whole community is cursed. A few days since the 14 voters at Tirzah voted against the dispensary and the dispenser and his clerk alone voter for the dispensary. He appealed for the people and the church to remove the dispensary from that county.

Mr. deLoach thought the amendment would kill the O. P. store.

Mr. DeLoach's amendment was agreed to and so York and Oconee were exempted from the dispensary law.

Mr. Mauldin wanted to exempt Pickens.

Mr. Henderson said such exemptions would kill the dispensary. The dispensary has been sustained. Do not kill the dispensary by indirect.

There is a channel for relief and let us take that.

Mr. McCullough said he was surprised to hear a dissenting voice when counties asked for exemption from the dispensary law. This is the only channel through which to get relief. Mr. McCullough said, "Woe unto him who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips and makes him drunk." He said that Mr. Henderson saw that the dispensary was tottering, shaking on its basis, and he was trying to save it. He thought it would be better for the dispensary to go "to the lower regions," as one member had said. He earnestly pleaded that in the name of humanity, of Christianity and justice, that none would vote against the exemption of the counties. It was a burning shame to force this law upon counties not wishing it.

Dr. Wyche thought there was a settlement of the issue. He was surprised at the statement of Mr. McCullough. The previous delegation had asked for the dispensary for Oconee. Dr. Wyche supposed Mr. Verner was elected on other than one issue. He protested against delegations acting on such matters.

Dr. Ilerton did not favor county exemptions.

Mr. Stevenson read the law, and said the present status was unjustly forced on these counties. It is not a matter of politics, but one of justice. It was a gross discrimination to force prohibition counties, under the law, without a popular vote.

Dr. Wyche thought it better to pass a local option bill. Pickens

county was also exempted from the operations of the dispensary law. Then the yeas and nays were called on ordering the bill to a third reading, and the bill was passed to its third reading by a vote of 65 to 33.

Two heavy raps for the dispensary in two days.

Unrecognized Benefactors.

Looking at it from one point of view, there are two classes of farmers: The one, money makers, practical fellows who take no chances but work on old established lines. They are not willing to expend any thing on theories or experiments. What they are after is the dollar, first, last, and all the time. There is a good deal to admire in this type of farmer. The other class can not help making experiments and improvements. They are interested in every new breed of stock, in every new variety of grain, and in every new method of culture. If they have adopted one particular breed of stock, they are anxious to get the best of that breed. They are after the best seed of corn and other grains. They are natural experimenters. The value of this second class is never fully recognized by the first until after they go out of business. One of them will settle in a community, introduce improved hogs, cattle, or sheep, and the practical fellows will watch him closely, seldom give him any encouragement, laugh at his mistakes, buy his surplus as cheap as they can, and in a number of years follow his example as far as they think it is safe. We could point out many men, for example, who have been breeders of cattle and have made their mistakes, but as a whole have benefited the community far more than any of the practical fellows. Sometimes they break up or loose money, and after they are dead or have moved away, the practical fellows will all mourn the loss of this experimental farmer. Others spend large sums of money in securing improved machinery, new varieties of fruits, etc. These men always benefit the community more than they benefit themselves, and instead of being the subject of criticism and ridiculed by the men who call themselves practical, they should receive more cordial support and encouragement. It is not every man that is competent to carry out this line of investigation, hence there are many failures, and those who are not competent to carry it out, while confining themselves to safe paths, should be the warmest friends of those who are inclined to seek out new paths. It is always a more difficult thing to discover the unknown than it is to teach or practice the known, and it is the discovery of the unknown that adds in the end the greatest sum to the wealth of the country. Therefore, honor the farmer who spends his money in introducing new breeds of live stock, or improved types of well known breeds, who hesitates not to purchase new and improved implements, new varieties of fruits and vegetables, and spends his money freely for these purposes. He is a benefactor to the entire neighborhood. He will never make as much for himself, even if he wins the highest success, as he will make, if successful, for the community in which he lives.—*Wallace's Farmer.*

An Experiment in Theology.

"A little boy about 5 years old, too tired for anything but sleep, refused one night to say his prayers. His uncle, who was present, said, 'Oh, Harry, would you go to sleep without asking God to take care of you through the night?' The little fellow answered: 'I didn't say 'em last night; I ain't goin' to say 'em to night, and I ain't goin' to say 'em tomorrow night; and then, if nothin' don't get me, I ain't goin' to say 'em no more.'—*Argonaut.*

Winter Protection of the Peach.

One of the most frequent causes of failure with peaches is winter killing of the buds. Anything which will prevent this without too great expenditure of time and money, will receive a cordial welcome from both amateur and professional. The Missouri Agricultural Experiment station, located at Columbia, describes in bulletin 18, a method which is exceedingly promising. It is well known that peach buds will stand a very low temperature, 15 or 20 degrees below zero, if the wood is well ripened and the buds perfectly dormant. It is the aim of every cultivator to secure well-ripened wood, but after the treacherous cold weather in the proper condition, the prospects for a fine crop are frequently spoiled by warm, sunny days, which stimulate the buds into more or less growth, so that if even moderately cold weather follows, the buds are destroyed. Experiments at the Missouri station were based upon the fact that white objects reflect rather than absorb heat. Thermometers covered with purple material registered, during bright, sunny weather, from 10 to over 20 degrees higher than thermometers covered with white material of similar texture, thus indicating that whitened peach twigs might be expected to absorb much less heat than those that were not heated. So trees which had been sprayed with white-wash remained practically dormant until April, when unprotected buds swelled perceptibly during warm days late in February and early in March. Whitened buds blossomed three to six days later than unprotected buds, and 80 per cent of buds thus protected passed the winter safely, while only 20 per cent of uncovered buds escaped unharmed. The method is not expensive and seems to promise great things for peach-growers.

Save The Birds.

The man who tills the soil has no better friend among the animal creation than the birds, and it is a matter of great regret to see how their numbers are diminishing. Every man who is near the three-score mark and beyond can recall the difference in the number of the birds then and now. Then the fields and forests and swamps were vocal with the musical notes of the feathered songsters, and the plowman on his way to begin his day's work was regaled with a concert fit for a king. Every bush and brier and fence corner was alive with the fluttering of their wings and their billing and cooing, and all nature was animated with their exuberant joy. They would follow the freshly turned furrow almost at the heels of the plowman for a dainty morsel in the shape of the upturned grub-worm, and at times the air was darkened with the flight of immense flocks of black birds. Doves and partridges were as thick and plentiful as sparrows are now if not more so, and all these birds were the farmers' formidable allies in the ceaseless warfare they waged on bugs, insects and worms. They destroyed myriads of them daily that would otherwise have fed upon the farmer's crops. Now the birds are disappearing and the insects and other vermin prey upon and ravage the crops. The farmers in the black-jack region of York county near Rock Hill have awakened to this fact because the ravaged buds have for some years ravaged their wheat crops so that they have been unable to raise it, and they are taking measures to prevent the slaughter of birds on their lands. It is a matter that comes home to the farmers and they should take measures of a stringent sort to protect the birds on their lands. It would be a good thing if the birds could be protected absolutely from slaughter for a term of years. And we note in

this connection that a bill has been introduced in the legislature to protect the crops from the ravages of insects and vermin. The simplest way to do this is to protect the birds and prevent their slaughter. Our fore-fathers made splendid crops in this State for generations because they had millions of allies all around them in the shape of these hungry birds who were constantly making war on these insects and other vermin.—*R. in Cotton Plant.*

She Never Forgave Him.

"I know what I am talking about," remarked a member of congress, when I say that a congressman has trouble of his own. It's a fine thing to be a statesman and show up in the national parade of greatness at the capitol, but there's a good deal more to it than that. And one of the things that is hardest to bear is what they say about us. Why, a lady can't come up here and ask to see a member that there aren't a half dozen people to wink and shake the head, and a lot more of the same to make him wish that all the women were in hades. Of course, there is some ground among us for remarks, just as there is among preachers and doctors, and hod-carriers and everybody else human, and I know a woman or two who find their chief delight in trying to involve congressmen and other officials in any kind of flirtation that comes handy. They are pretty and persuasive, and before a man knows what he is about he is down in the senate restaurant paying for lunch and listening to some kind of a tale of woe.

"But they miss it now and then, and I am glad to note an instance which occurred only a day or two ago. A member from a northern state had been invited to call at the lady's hotel the next day, and she asked him to let her know if he could come. He wrote, saying among other things: 'To-morrow, madam, I hope to see the loveliest woman in the whole world.' Naturally she was pleased, and told all the people around the hotel about it. The next day he did not appear, and the next day she saw him at the capitol, and asked him what he meant by treating her so.

"What did I do?" he asked innocently.

"You said you were coming to see me," she said, blushing at the remembrance of his words.

"I think not."

"Indeed you did," she insisted.

"You said you would see the loveliest woman in the world," and she blushed again.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, smiling, "I meant my wife."

She just arrived yesterday."—*Washington Star.*

De Lome's Resignation.

The hurried resignation of Minister De Lome and its equally hurried acceptance by the Spanish government illustrates at once the traditional pride of the Castilian and the special eagerness of the minister to avoid the ignominy of being kicked out by the hated "Yankees." That his offense would not be condoned by the Washington administration was obvious to him and to the Sagasta ministry. So they did not wait for action by McKinley, and preserved "Spanish dignity" by agreeing upon his voluntary exit. That is all right. McKinley and Sagasta are both relieved of unpleasant obligations and there is no casus belli.—*The State.*

A good joke on a schoolma'am comes from Cumberland Gap, and is told by the Middleboro News. A lady teacher told one of the boys to name the presidents, and when he replied he couldn't, the teacher said: "When I was as old as you I could name all the presidents in their order." The boy replied, "There were only a few presidents then."

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

A Pleasant Trip.

Our trip to the country last week was very pleasant. The weather was all that could be desired—balmy and spring-like. Our first stop was with Mr. R. G. Craig, who occupies a comfortable cottage in the vicinity of Blackstock. He was anxious about his wife whose condition was such as to excite his uneasiness. We hope that she is by this time past the danger point, and is now on the way to speedy recovery.

Arriving at Blackstock, it was our purpose to finish our work and leave before the shades of the night had fallen. But the temptation to spend the night in the good town of Blackstock with good friends was irresistible. The merchants and business men are so pleasant, and do all in their power to make a stranger feel at home in their midst. They are pursuing the right way to make their town popular and attractive. The travelling men will find Mrs. Durham's home a most desirable place. They cannot fail to find it all they wish.

The next morning we left for the Morgantown section. On our way it was our good fortune to meet Mr. James Shannon, who cordially invited us to take dinner with his family. Of course we accepted. We were glad to meet his father, Mr. E. M. Shannon, who was a splendid soldier in the late war, and is now one of the most substantial and estimable citizens. His sons are in charge of the plantation and are excellent farmers. They farm right—on the principle that a man should make his own hog and hominy. They keep abreast with the times in the agricultural world. This year when planting their cotton, they are going to reserve every third row for peas which they will plant when the cotton is up and has gotten a good start.

They believe that the peas will fertilize the land, and that in three or four years they will make as much on two rows as they do now on three rows, and have the peas beside. They are also interested in raising stock. They showed us one of the most beautiful home raised horses we ever saw. It was a beauty. They also have home-raised mules. In their opinion this is just as good a country for raising stock as Kentucky. They also have fat and pretty Berkshire pigs, which in another year will be large enough to be converted into meat. These young men are pursuing the right course. Instead of wasting their time standing behind a counter they are constantly gaining the knowledge and experience of farming, and in a few years will have a competency of their own. They are setting a good example for other young men to follow.

In passing through the Morgantown section it was our misfortune not to meet the men, as they were in the fields taking advantage of the charming weather, and having all the work done that was possible. Though not meeting them, we met their good wives, and this was a great pleasure. They were engaged in their domestic work, or basking in the warm sunshine, and did not seem to be disturbed by the tightness of the times.

We made a stop with our good friend, Mr. Abe Gibson. He is a busy man, as he is a farmer, and merchant and has a contract for carrying the mail. Of course his sons attend to the latter work. The indications of prosperity that marked his home show him to be in a thriving condition. He has been married twice, and has fourteen children. He is entitled to a pension from the State.

We called on Dr. J. A. Scott in Mitford neighborhood, but he was absent on professional work. His grandfather—once practiced medicine in Chester, but afterwards moved to Charleston, where he died of yellow fever.

A brief stop was made with Mr.

A. M. Jackson, who is engaged in merchandising, and is also the postmaster at Mitford. He keeps on hand a good stock of goods, and does a good business. He cheered our heart by giving us some job work, which THE LANTERN office will execute in beautiful style.

We passed the Rocky Mount post office, but the postmaster, Mr. Lumpkin, had gone to Rock Hill.

We passed by the large house where Mr. Pickett McCullough lives. It was built many years ago by Rev. Philip Pickett, who was a prominent preacher in his day, and whose memory is still cherished by the Methodist denomination.

It was our pleasure to meet Mrs. Boylston, who has a beautiful home near Dearborn postoffice. She also has a pretty home in Winnsboro, and divides her time between the two. She has a large interest in the water power at the Catawba Falls, which she is willing to sell at a fair price. This water power is unsurpassed by any in the South, if not in the whole country. Its development is only a question of time, and that time cannot be far distant. Capitalists will eventually see the grand opportunity and embrace it.

We stopped and took a view of the burying ground at Green's Meeting House. Five generations of the Anderson family are buried there. Two members of the family gave up their lives in the Revolutionary war. The church was destroyed by fire several years ago, but the burying ground is surrounded by a substantial wall which gives promise of lasting one hundred years. This ground is sacred as it contains the precious dust of those who died in behalf of the holy cause of liberty.

We rested with our friend, Mr. Joz Jordan. He is a good substantial man, and is blessed with eight children, all of whom are boys. He uses improved agricultural implements, and is an up-to-date farmer. He raises his own supplies, and as a consequence has his cotton crop, about 40 bales, still on hand. He was very much disturbed about a beautiful mare that had hurt herself. He thought of sending for Sheriff Cornwell to prescribe a remedy.

To the Memory of Col. J. K. Marshall.

Bring flowers to strew on his bier,
Bring roses and hyacinths sweet,
And softly, while falleth a tear,
Lay the white cross down at his feet.

Fold calmly his hands on his breast,
Where fear was ne'er known to arise;
But softly, disturb not his rest,
So still and so sweetly he lies.

In life he was fearless and fair,
In death his well-earned rest is sweet;

Place smoothly his once raven hair,
For his smile we shall never more meet.

In Jesus he placed his whole trust,
And smiled at the conqueror's guise;
His sins brought him again to the dust,
His faith took him home to the skies.

—LOTTIE.

Blackstock Items.

Since our last letter to your most valuable columns we have had two very enjoyable occasions in our vicinity. On Wednesday night there was a pound party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lathan. There was a large number of young people present, and I think it was highly enjoyed by all.

There was also a valentine party given by Misses Mattie and Beatrice Mills at their home on Friday night. There was a large crowd of both old and young present, and after conversing, and listening to some most charming music, furnished by the Misses Mills and Miss Popsy Hardin, for a long time. Messrs. M. L. Lathan and Erasmus Wylie were requested to read the box of valentines, which was full, varying from a box of artichokes to some of the very sweetest. After reading for a long time it was decided not to read the rest, and they were handed out, and the crowd dispersed to their homes.

Dr. J. B. Bigham, of Chester, spent a day or two in our town last week on business.

Mr. J. B. Bigham, of your staff, passed through our town last week soliciting.

Miss Popsy Hardin, who has been visiting the family of Mr. W. J. Lathan, returned home Saturday. If we do not have a marriage to report next time it will not be because there is no preparation being made.

Our farmers have gone to work in earnest. I don't think any have planted yet, but they are preparing enough ground for two plows where they have only one.

Messrs. J. C. Dye and Watson Gibson, of our vicinity, went to Chester Monday.

Mr. J. A. Holder, of our town, went to Chester this morning. Look out.

Items from Leeds.

Winter returned a few days ago with full force, but to-day it has grown warm again.

Parties are still in vogue. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Lee gave one a few nights ago, which was immensely enjoyed by the young people.

Miss Belle Atkinson, of Chester, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. McCollum, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gregory are visiting relatives in Union county. Miss Emma Atkinson, one of Chester's young ladies, has opened a school in our cozy new school building.

Mr. J. R. McCollum is wearing a broad smile now. If you ask the reason why, he will be sure to tell you to call and see his fine boy.

Messrs. Haze Woods and Ross Durham were in town Saturday.

The farmers' around here have begun plowing and the sound of the plowman's "haw" and "gee" makes us think that spring is near.

If the above dots are worth printing I will write again.

PANSY'S FRIEND.

Mitford Items.

Mr. Editor: Items are very scarce. Farmers are taking advantage of the lovely weather, sowing oats and preparing land for crops.

Miss Tirzah Ketchen, of Winnsboro, has been visiting at Mr. W. I. McCrorey's, and George Hampton, of N. C., at Mr. J. O. Jackson's.

Miss Ethel Jackson has gone to Rock Hill on a visit.

A party was given at Mr. J. W. Keistler's on last evening. It was largely attended and very pleasant. The "Gladden" string band sustained its reputation by rendering sweet music.

L. V. F.

Capers Chapel Items.

Since our last issue the doors of our school room have been opened once more, by Miss Colie Guy, of Lowryville, and we have begun our studies with new zeal and hope to accomplish much during the cold winter months.

Mr. Luther Lathan, of Blackstock, is visiting at Mr. J. N. Hardin's.

Miss Anna Traywick will start for her home to-day.

Mr. J. N. Hardin is very sick.

Miss Kizzie Simpson is still visiting at Fort Lawn.

Miss Ella Conley has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Norris A. Clack.

Mrs. J. G. Lowry, our old teacher, is teaching at Armenia and has 55 pupils.

Miss Popsy C. Hardin, who has been visiting at Blackstock, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Wylie Simpson, accompanied by Miss Mamie Simpson, visited at Cornwell last week.

Mrs. Sidney Ferguson is going to give a valentine party to a number of young people of this community tonight, and we are anticipating a nice time, as we always do have such a nice time at Mrs. Ferguson's.

Mrs. Ella Marion and daughter Martha has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Holmes Hardin. VIOLLET.

February 14, 1898.

Single copies of THE LANTERN, five cents.

Desirable City Property for Sale.

We have in our hands for sale two lots 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 time.

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

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DRUGGISTS.

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W. D. KNOX,
County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER,
POPULAR BARBER.

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BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Next door to Stahl's Jewelry Store.

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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.

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Give me your orders for Baker's Bread, Fish, Oysters and Groceries. Remember that I am at Blake'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 Lynamhaven X selects. I am prepared to serve oysters in my cafe in any style desired. I serve meats 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.
Phone No. 6.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
S. M. Jones & Co.

RING PHONE 104.

C. H. CULP,

(Next door to E. A. Crawford)

FANCY or HEAVY GROCERIES...

A lot of the finest snowflake and soda crackers just received.

Watch this space next week.

C. H. CULP.

MELTON & HARDIN.

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.

Electric Lights Installed!

DON'T BE FOOLED by "Cheap John" Electricians. Our guarantee is on each job we furnish, and we are here to stay. We have exclusive agency for Edison's goods, which are the standard for comparison. We carry a complete line of goods, and do work on short notice. If you want lights, get our estimate. It is free.

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE . .

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

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

Melton & Hardin,

CHESTER, S. C.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

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.

For Rent—One seven-room house on Lacy street. Apply to L. H. MELTON.

Visiting Cards—Have them neatly printed at THE LANTERN Job Office, on first-class card board. Call and see samples.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. Brandt gives important notice about Watch and Jewelry Repair Department.

C. H. Culp announces arrival of a fresh lot of Snow-flake and Soda Crackers.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Lucy Lookbill, of Charlotte, is visiting Mrs. A. M. Aiken.

Mayor Spratt is confined to his room with an attack of grippe.

The advertisement of a ring in Friday's LANTERN quickly found the owner.

Mr. Milcan Graham, of Southern Pines, N. C., is visiting his son, Mr. J. A. Graham.

Quite a number of our people attended the Sherwood concert at Winthrop college Friday night.

The county pension board have been in session yesterday and today, considering applications.

Mr. D. B. Lumpkin, the lord mayor of Rocky Mount, was in town several days last week.

Mr. Frank Knox and Miss Carrie Proctor were married on last Sunday night by 'Squire Magill.

Maj. C. W. McFadden, of Landsford, was here yesterday, to attend the meeting of the County Board.

It is rumored that another one of our young men contemplates giving up single blessedness.

Miss Alice McDaniel went to Columbia yesterday to spend a few days with her aunt, Mrs. W. H. Wylie.

Mr. M. L. Lathan, of Blackstock, was in the city Saturday and Monday. Chester is on the road somewhere.

The friends of Mr. Dick Thompson, of the Broad River section, were glad to see him on our streets yesterday.

Mrs. W. A. Barber and children, who have been visiting in Barnwell and Columbia, returned home Saturday night.

Mrs. S. M. Jones will leave here on Thursday for Washington city, to visit Mr. Jones's sister. She will be absent about one month.

Mrs. John C. McFadden and her cousin, Mrs. Graham, of Bamberg, who has been visiting here, have gone on a short visit to Rock Hill.

Mr. Henry Carter was in town yesterday. He is one of the old men of the county now—77 years old—and seldom comes to town.

The white public school will celebrate Lowell's birthday next Tuesday, Feb. 22. The exercises will be public, and will begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

Mr. A. J. McCoy, real estate agent, has sold to Mr. Mike Melton the Bradford place, 200 acres belonging to W. F. Buchanan, of Charlotte.

Mr. Samuel Burdell, of Lewis Turnout, was in town yesterday. He gives a good report of farming operations in his section of the county.

Dr. M. B. Heyman, of New York, is at home for a few days. Dr. Heyman is one of the Chester boys who are making their way to the top.

Cotton on the Rise.

Cotton sold yesterday in our city at 5.81. One of our farmers has been offered 6.14 cents for his cotton, to be delivered the 1st of June. He declined the offer, for the reason that in his opinion he will get 7 cents.

Appointed a Delegate.

Mr. R. A. Love, of Chester, was yesterday appointed by the governor as a delegate and member of the executive committee of the National Live Stock association which meets in Denver during the spring. Mr. Love is one of the most progressive stock raisers in the state and annually at the state fair always reaps an abundance of prizes.—Columbia Register.

Vaccination.

At the suggestion of a United States officer who has visited Charlotte, our local board of health has requested the city council to secure some isolated place that would answer for a pest house in case of an emergency. It is proposed also to arrange for free vaccination, and all persons are urged to take advantage of this. One case of smallpox would cost Chester thousands of dollars.

Barn Burned.

The barn of Mr. J. H. Stroud, who lives in the vicinity of Knox's station, was destroyed by fire on last Sunday night. It occurred about sunset and is supposed to have originated from the ignition of matches by rats. The loss is about \$500, not covered by insurance. In addition to the building, a lot of fodder and a barrel of molasses were destroyed and two tons of fertilizers badly damaged.

Visit to Rock Hill.

A party of sixteen, including the members of the Musical Club, attended the Sherwood Concert at Winthrop college Friday night. They report a delightful evening, and claim that music has a vital significance since hearing it rendered in so realistic and artistic a manner by Mr. Sherwood, the justly renowned pianist, of Chicago.

Prof. Wade Brown, of the college, showed the party much courtesy and kindness in reserving choice seats. They returned the same evening at 11:40, delighted with their trip.

Ben Hur at the Opera House.

Ben Hur will be presented at the Opera House Thursday night for the benefit of the Public School library. The Columbia State has this to say of it: "The 'Ben Hur' recital last night by Capt. J. A. Rider was a most delightful entertainment, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Capt. Rider is a delightful speaker, with a charming delivery, and his handling of Lew Wallace's great novel was excellent. The illustrations also were good and were much admired. The story of the chariot race, as might have been expected, was the climax of the recital, and was splendidly given."

The Preaching Last Week.

The preaching at the A. R. P. church last week was unusually interesting. There was good attendance at the morning services and large congregations at night, and the interest increased toward the close. The pastors of the other congregations and their people entered heartily into the services, so that they were practically united meetings. Rev. I. O. Y. Bonnet proved himself a preacher of great earnestness and power, and it was regretted that he had to leave for home yesterday morning. At the close of the meeting, his hearers crowded around him to bid him good-bye and tell him how much they enjoyed his preaching. But for other engagements, the meetings would have been continued another week by the pastors of the city churches. Quite a number connected themselves with the church, including persons with gray hairs and children of tender age.

They Respect the Lord's House.

Rev. J. E. Grier, speaking of the congregations that attended church last week and their behavior, remarked that people who believe in church as the people of Chester do, are rare. He knows dozens of places where there would have been much disorder if such a thing had happened as did here Saturday night when the lights went out, and there was no disorder here, although a considerable portion of the sermon was preached almost in darkness. A higher compliment could hardly be paid our people, and we trust that if there are any who are not too reverent to misbehave in church, they will, from considerations of self respect and local pride, still contribute their share to the enviable reputation we have made.

But It Is never Justifiable.

The people of Chester have manifested a most commendably law-abiding spirit in allowing the law to take its course with the cowardly slayer of Policeman Marshall. The military company which he had formed and commanded did guard duty at the jail. If lynching is ever justifiable, we think it would have been so in this case, where a faithful officer and a good and respected citizen has been so suddenly and ruthlessly slain by a cowardly scoundrel whose worthless carcass would sicken a buzzard or throw a coyote into convulsions. All honor to the law-abiding spirit of the people of Chester.—Greenwood Index.

Feasterville News Dots.

Mr. Editor: I regret that I have not been able to write more regularly for your paper.

News is rather scarce in this section. The farmers are getting along tolerable well with their work. I think the recent cold weather has damaged the oat crop in some places. There is a good deal of commercial fertilizer being hauled this year, and I think preparations are being made to plant a large crop of cotton.

Miss Abalona Robinson, of Covington, Ga., is visiting relatives in this section.

Miss Fannie Dye is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Crowder, in the Buckhead community.

Mr. William Wood, of Columbia, visited his uncle this week, Mr. E. M. Taylor.

Miss Isabel Taylor is visiting relatives in Winnsboro.

Miss Florence Feaster, of Welling, visited at Mr. John A. F. Coleman's last Sunday.

Mr. Elijah Porter, of Anson county, N. C., is visiting in this community.

Several members of the Halsellville string band brought their instruments down to Mr. Thos. E. Dye's, on last Friday night, the fourth inst., and played some splendid music. Mrs. Dye and Miss Ida Dye passed around some refreshments which were very much enjoyed by the guests. The host and hostess took pleasure in entertaining their guests in a manner that rendered the occasion very pleasant. We hope to have the band in our midst again in the near future.

Messrs. J. Martin Grant, Randolph Grant, Spratt Castles, and Thomas Fraley were present on the occasion above mentioned.

I believe they are in the race of life, and may want to get them a wife; yes; it takes a tall fellow with a slim face to win in a matrimonial race.

To make music they are hard to beat, to hear them is a real treat; their presence is always a pleasure, and we hope they will come again in the near future.

I have been informed by the gentleman who has the contract for this mail route to say to your many readers that there has been some complaint made concerning the delivery of the mail at Halsellville. He requests me to say that the complaint is without cause; the mail is delivered there promptly at two o'clock p. m. Mr. Clowney says those who have been making complaint can just call on the postmaster and see the schedule. X. February 12, 1898.

Our Watch and Jewelry Repair Department!

IN THE LINE OUR BUSINESS is the largest and only COMPLETE REPAIR SHOP to be found anywhere IN THE STATE and by giving painstaking care to all details of this department, you take no risk in having your most difficult work done by us. The difference in expense between doing a thing right and doing it wrong is always considerable. R. BRANDT'S GUARANTEE for 12 months stands back of all work and you leave nothing to what is called "luck". When our prices are higher than others, it is because we are the best watchmakers, because our work always gives entire satisfaction, and because by being done thoroughly it is decidedly cheaper for you in the end.

R. BRANDT, Watchmaker and Optician, Under Tower Clock, CHESTER, S. C.

TOBACCO, MOLASSES,

EVERYTHING CHEAP AT

Wm. Lindsay and Son's.

Just received car load of NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, in new clean barrels, which we will let go as fast as possible, so come and see us.

We will sell you good TOBACCO so you can make money on it. Don't forget us.

Wm. LINDSAY & SON.

NO WONDER

WALKER'S

PLACE IS SO MUCH ADMIRED!

EVERYTHING is so attractive and his stock is complete.

Every house-holder knows that when a nice dinner is wanted it cannot be got until you go to Walker's, as he keeps everything that is needed, and fresh. An inspection will convince you that his store is the best equipped grocery store in the city.

THE LATEST delicious treat is Egg Macaroni. It is to be tried to convince. Call at Walker's.

"We can live without science, art and books, but civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Phone 84.

JOS. A. WALKER.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are forbidden to trespass on my land, known as the Allen place, 21. Mrs. E. G. TORRANCE.

O. J. RADER

Photograph Gallery the last of March. All wishing good work at remarkably low prices will remember the date and come at once. 1m-16b

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to hunt, fish, cut timber, ride, drive or otherwise trespass upon the lands owned or controlled by the undersigned: Mrs. M. A. ANDERSON, Mrs. M. D. COCKRELL, S. E. TRUPE, W. N. HARDIN, Mrs. M. C. HARDIN, JNO. A. GAITHER, J. L. AYCOCK, W. V. AYCOCK, J. P. CHAMBERS, H. A. BRAKEFIELD, J. A. BRAKEFIELD, Mrs. DOBIE KIRKPATRICK, THOS. EARWOOD. 4w-Jan28.

Valentines.

In other years young Cupid kept my head in a tender whirl, And Valentines I bought galore, For love or some dear girl. But now, while Cupid celebrates His joyous festival day, I mail just one—to ask my firm For a slight increase of pay. —Chicago Record.

An expedition is reported to have sailed from Tampa, Fla., Saturday night with a cargo of 5,000 rifles, 6,000 lbs. of dynamite, 200,000 rounds of cartridges and a large lot of supplies for Cuba. This happened, it is said, right under the nose of Pinkerton spies.

A New Laundry.

The Chester Laundry is now in operation at the old Steam Laundry stand. Only first-class work. Send us your shirts, collars, cuffs, lace curtains, etc., and we will guarantee satisfaction. High polish or domestic finish. Give us a trial. 1m-Jan28 J. H. DAYBERRY.

Boards.

Transient and Regular, accommodated on reasonable terms at the Valley House. J. R. CULP, Prop. 1m-121

CHESTER HAND LAUNDRY.

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

REMOVAL.

Dr. JAMES B. BIGHAM, SURGEON DENTIST, Has removed from Blackstock to Chester. Office in Walker & Henry's new building, up stairs.

Teachers' Examination.

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

For Sale.

Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate in the City of Chester and Chester county. Apply to—A. J. MCCOY, Real Estate Agent, Office: McCoy's Drug Store, (under Tower Clock).

AN EGYPTIAN ELIXIR.

By Frank M. Eastman.

Copyrighted 1897, by the Author.

It would be impossible to describe my feelings on perceiving the animation. Coupled with exultation at the success of our experiment and the magnitude of our discovery was a nameless horror at the possibility of the being whom we were about to restore to life. Readers of De Quincey's opium dreams will remember the horror with which "the tremendous, the horrid and terrible" the countess of Asia inspired him as vividly as they recall his "cancerous kisses of the crocodile." Such an indecent horror now possessed me. I could hardly have lived and loved, had thought and dreamed, had hoped and longed and feared before the dawn of history, when the earth was peopled with strange races whose very names had been forgotten long eons ago, when the flood was a matter of yesterday and the tower of Babel an existing wonder of the world and yet I now saw before my eyes the tide of life, stagnant for ages, once more beginning to course within my veins.

Antiquity had not begun to loom. I looked at the man who seemed to belong neither to the living nor the dead. He was a frightful anomaly. I sickened with horror. But he continued mechanically to chafe his limbs.

After the lapse of some minutes, which were accompanied by increasing rigidity of the limbs, the doctor opened the firmly compressed lips and with his penknife easily prised the teeth apart and poured several drops of the liquid down the throat of the body. The effect of this was soon evidenced by a very slight but yet perceptible respiration. There was no longer room for doubt, but that he had been dead many years before. The man lived.

The doctor was still silent, and in the whirl of my thoughts I was incapable of speech. We removed the man from the liquid, the respirations grew stronger and stronger. At last they were quite normal. The doctor poured a few drops of the cordial down the throat.

"We may rest now," he said. I threw myself on the floor and think I must have fainted from the exhaustive labor, the tumult of my thoughts and the heat of the chamber. At any rate I was unconscious for some time.

When I regained consciousness, the Egyptian (for now that he was alive I suppose he should be properly so called) was breathing easily and naturally as though in a profound sleep. The doctor was seated on the floor, his back against a sarcophagus, looking intently at the crystal flask which he held in his hand. Its contents, about one-half of which had been exhausted, sparkled brightly in the torchlight.

I arose and approached my friend. As I did so I noticed something alarming in his position. His back was against the net and while his eyes glittered with a light that was fearful in the wild intensity of their glare. I hesitated to speak and stood looking irresolutely at him for some minutes. He seemed unconscious of my presence. From time to time he would utter in a hoarse and inarticulate voice.

In the hope that he might become more composed if left to himself, and in order to distract my own excited thoughts, I turned my attention to the Egyptian. His respirations had become somewhat shorter, and a slight twitching of his eyelids was apparent. Sitting down beside him and taking his hand in my left hand, I took from the doctor's bottle of wine and poured some of its contents down his throat, at the same time pinching the epiglottis to make him swallow. The effect was almost as soon evidenced by an increased color in the swarthy cheek, and in a few minutes, while I watched him closely, the epiglottis opened and with great ease slowly opened, and two eyes of intense blackness stared solemnly into mine.

There could have been nothing more natural than for the man to have opened his eyes after having been restored to consciousness, yet this action, natural as it was, affected me more than the first discovered indication of life. He could wave swept along my spine, and my heart paused until I thought it would never resume its pulsations.

On what prehistoric scenes had those inscrutable eyes last gazed before they looked into mine? What awful events, forgotten ere yet a pyramid was founded, what mystic rites, what mighty men of old long sunk into oblivion, had been mirrored in those hideously ancient orbs?

It was as though the sphinx had awakened from her granite sleep and looked upon me. Luckily for me I was not called upon to long endure that awesome gaze. The eyelids fell, and as if exhausted by the effort of opening his eyes, the Egyptian's respiration soon evidenced that he was again sleeping. I laid his head upon a fold of my garment and arose to my feet. As I did so I said from the doctor attracted my attention. He had arisen and was pacing feverishly about the chamber.

"Oh, foals and madmen!" he cried. "Oh, blind and more than blind! Idiots and imbeciles! What have we done, what have we done? We have done, we have done at my friend in terror and amazement. His words were those of a madman, and the glitter of his eyes and the frenzy of his manner were in keeping with what I still surmised when I saw his speculations in a half dozen languages, gasping wildly, throwing his hands aloft, tearing his hair and shouting about the chance of his resurrection."

"Do you know what this is?" he cried in a terrible voice, addressing toward me with the flask held in his right hand.

"Of course not," I replied, striving to appear calm and self-possessed. "Of course you do not," he answered.

"He is a stranger, excellent, a newcomer. They call him Nefzar. He is very wise, they say, very wise and very great. He is a little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

"The dabnabest cut off from the above and with a favoring breeze shot swiftly down the stream. As we swept downward I kept my eyes on the grand, impenetrable forest, until a band in the river shut him from view."

"Strange," I said to the doctor at my side, "what hallucinations sick men have. Now I almost thought that."

"Yes, they are strange," he replied. THE END.

Christian Education.

We hold Christian character to be the corner stone of all true education. The more mind is developed without a corresponding development of character, the worse it is for the individual and the community.

We hold further that according to the very nature of things a public school as such cannot develop Christian character. It may happen to have a teacher who will do something in this direction, but even he will be hampered by his surroundings and by the nature of the authority under which he acts, and cannot do the work that he could do in a private or denominational school.

If the State build individual character at all, it must fashion it after the model of utilitarian philosophy. There is no God for a State; no heaven; no hell; no future life. Political sins are punished only in this world. The third generation in this country, after the State shall have uttered a charge of all the "schools," will be a race of infidels. We argued this question a year or two ago in a publication of wide circulation, and there was not an advocate of State education in South Carolina that dared to attack us.—Gaffney Ledger.

"What you really think this must be contained, casting a look of deep malignity upon me. 'Why should you enjoy what you did not discover? You would never have suspected the true nature of the matter if I had not revealed it all on that carcass there. No, no! You have no right to it. It is all mine. Millions of years of life, and all mine.'"

"You are welcome to it all, doctor, if you wish it," I managed to say. "I am not enamored with life, enough to desire to prolong it indefinitely. I am satisfied with my allotted length of days. But now let us get out of here if you do not wish to carry our experiment further."

"Very well, then," he cried. "It is all mine. Eternity is mine. I must begin upon it now, before I am a moment older. From this moment I become as if the god of life, whatever it is, lifting the flask to his lips, 'to immortality.' A bright green glare about the vase as he held it aloft."

Forgetting of danger I sprang forward to intercept his draft, fully believing that a medicine so powerful as he had found this to be would be fatal to a living man, and determined to save my friend's life at whatever cost to my own. I leaped forward, snatched the flask from his hands and flung it far down the side of the unexplored corridors.

For an instant he stood as if thunder-struck. Then with incredible quickness and without uttering a word he drew a dagger from his belt, thrust it into my bosom and darted down the corridor. I fell fainting to the floor, but before I lost consciousness I heard a long, blood curdling scream, which I took for a deathly sibilant, and I knew no more.

I returned to consciousness in the humble bath of a fellow near the scene of my explanation, when I had been rescued by my men, who had found me insensible in the thick darkness of the vaulted chamber. I had hovered for weeks between life and death, but the anxious care of a physician whom the Scientific society had sent me on hearing of my wound finally restored me to consciousness and life. No tidings of Dr. Buzard had been received.

As soon as I was able I revisited the tomb. Of its former treasures not an atom remained. The wretched felahs, who were not permitted to sell any of the treasures of antiquity which they may discover, had taken all away to themselves at their leisure, in order to sell the fragments to the tourists. The body of the priest had disappeared with the other contents of the tomb.

Foebly and disconsolately I crawled along one of the corridors which seemed to me to be the one down which I had thrown the crystal vase. Suddenly my torchbearer, who was in advance, started back with a cry of horror. Advancing cautiously, I found myself looking down into a wide pit which was sunk perpendicularly in the center of the passage. I threw a pebble down it, but no sound of its fall returned to my ears from the thick blackness above.

As I turned, weary and sick at heart, my foot struck a soft object. It was a light felt hat. I knew it and its owner's fate.

The next day found me on my way to the dabnabest which was to take me down the Nile. After my litter had been placed on board, looking up at the bank I chanced to see a tall, majestic figure, richly clad in garments of strange and ancient fashion, gazing intently upon the boat, and, as it seemed, at me.

"Who is that man?" I asked my servant.

"He is a stranger, excellent, a newcomer. They call him Nefzar. He is very wise, they say, very wise and very great. He is a little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

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Genealogy.

Alexander Dumas, the great French author, was a quadroon, and his father, a mulatto, had a black and a white parent. His father's name was Dumas, and his mother's name was Millaud. His father was a full-blooded negro and his mother was a white girl. His father was a mulatto, his mother was a white girl. His father was a mulatto, his mother was a white girl.

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If the State build individual character at all, it must fashion it after the model of utilitarian philosophy. There is no God for a State; no heaven; no hell; no future life. Political sins are punished only in this world. The third generation in this country, after the State shall have uttered a charge of all the "schools," will be a race of infidels. We argued this question a year or two ago in a publication of wide circulation, and there was not an advocate of State education in South Carolina that dared to attack us.—Gaffney Ledger.

"What you really think this must be contained, casting a look of deep malignity upon me. 'Why should you enjoy what you did not discover? You would never have suspected the true nature of the matter if I had not revealed it all on that carcass there. No, no! You have no right to it. It is all mine. Millions of years of life, and all mine.'"

"You are welcome to it all, doctor, if you wish it," I managed to say. "I am not enamored with life, enough to desire to prolong it indefinitely. I am satisfied with my allotted length of days. But now let us get out of here if you do not wish to carry our experiment further."

"Very well, then," he cried. "It is all mine. Eternity is mine. I must begin upon it now, before I am a moment older. From this moment I become as if the god of life, whatever it is, lifting the flask to his lips, 'to immortality.' A bright green glare about the vase as he held it aloft."

Forgetting of danger I sprang forward to intercept his draft, fully believing that a medicine so powerful as he had found this to be would be fatal to a living man, and determined to save my friend's life at whatever cost to my own. I leaped forward, snatched the flask from his hands and flung it far down the side of the unexplored corridors.

For an instant he stood as if thunder-struck. Then with incredible quickness and without uttering a word he drew a dagger from his belt, thrust it into my bosom and darted down the corridor. I fell fainting to the floor, but before I lost consciousness I heard a long, blood curdling scream, which I took for a deathly sibilant, and I knew no more.

I returned to consciousness in the humble bath of a fellow near the scene of my explanation, when I had been rescued by my men, who had found me insensible in the thick darkness of the vaulted chamber. I had hovered for weeks between life and death, but the anxious care of a physician whom the Scientific society had sent me on hearing of my wound finally restored me to consciousness and life. No tidings of Dr. Buzard had been received.

As soon as I was able I revisited the tomb. Of its former treasures not an atom remained. The wretched felahs, who were not permitted to sell any of the treasures of antiquity which they may discover, had taken all away to themselves at their leisure, in order to sell the fragments to the tourists. The body of the priest had disappeared with the other contents of the tomb.

Foebly and disconsolately I crawled along one of the corridors which seemed to me to be the one down which I had thrown the crystal vase. Suddenly my torchbearer, who was in advance, started back with a cry of horror. Advancing cautiously, I found myself looking down into a wide pit which was sunk perpendicularly in the center of the passage. I threw a pebble down it, but no sound of its fall returned to my ears from the thick blackness above.

As I turned, weary and sick at heart, my foot struck a soft object. It was a light felt hat. I knew it and its owner's fate.

The next day found me on my way to the dabnabest which was to take me down the Nile. After my litter had been placed on board, looking up at the bank I chanced to see a tall, majestic figure, richly clad in garments of strange and ancient fashion, gazing intently upon the boat, and, as it seemed, at me.

"Who is that man?" I asked my servant.

"He is a stranger, excellent, a newcomer. They call him Nefzar. He is very wise, they say, very wise and very great. He is a little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

"The dabnabest cut off from the above and with a favoring breeze shot swiftly down the stream. As we swept downward I kept my eyes on the grand, impenetrable forest, until a band in the river shut him from view."

"Strange," I said to the doctor at my side, "what hallucinations sick men have. Now I almost thought that."

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