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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- November 30, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 16.

CHESTER, S. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1897.

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

BILL ARP.

A Ride with the Lions and Tigers.

"Hard, hard, indeed, is the contest for freedom and the struggle for liberty." "There is no rest for the wicked." This world is all a fleeting show and Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe! There are other ejaculations I might utter for of late there has been trouble on the old man's mind. You see, I was invited over here to talk to these people in a humorous and philosophic way and my wife said as the larder was getting low and the girls needed some more winter clothes, and the tax man was bobbing around and the grand-children would be expecting something for Christmas, she thought I had better go. So she packed my valise with my best clothes and fortified me with a little drug store of camphorated oil and flannel and liver medicine and paregoric and coughdrugs and quinine and headache powders, and so forth and so on. We kissed goodby all around and I departed feeling like I was being driven off from home by sad necessity. I took the Seaboard Air-Line at Atlanta bound for Charlotte, via Monroe, but our engine broke down at Greensboro about dark and this delayed us three long, dreary hours, and when we reached Monroe it was after midnight and the Charlotte train had gone. There were three nice ladies aboard and several gentlemen, who were greatly disappointed, but the conductor was kind and sympathetic and said there was a circus train near by that was going to Charlotte right away and if we didn't mind riding thirty miles in a cab, he would get us the privilege. The ladies said yes, and we did, too, and climbed in. It was dark as Erebus. We felt our way to find seats but there was nothing but some long tool boxes whose lids were hard and cold. There was no fire and the wind blew through a broken glass on the back of my head. The ladies chatted away merrily, for they were going home, but I wasn't and I couldn't chat to save my life, for I was very tired and thought of that good, soft bed at home. By and by the conductor came in with a lantern and took up our tickets and left us in the dark again. About that time the animals got restless and the lion gave an unearthly howl. You see this was a menagerie train.

"The animals went in two by two, "The Elephant and the Kangaroo, and every time the cars careened about or swung round a curve we could hear some devilish noise ahead of us. "Oh, mercy," said the youngest girl, "they will eat the sweetest and tenderest first," said I, "Lions always do." I pulled my cloak up over the back of my head and ruminated. For two long hours we joggled along, for the train was running slow to suit the wild beasts and we were of no consequence. It was near 3 o'clock when we got to the suburbs of Charlotte and stopped. Nobody was looking for us—nobody rushed forward to meet us, no porter nor hackman—no omnibus or street cars, not even a wagon or an ox cart or a darkey. The moon had hid herself to keep from seeing our misery, but we seized our grips and wraps and satchels and made a march for the electric lights. My companions soon separated from me and I marched in single line with my big valise full of clothes, and the drug store, and I struggled for three quarters of a mile up the long and hard sidewalk. I am not used to arc lights, and the flickering shadow of every tree and telegraph pole looked like a man in ambush who was fixing to hold me up. I had forgotten where the hotets were, and unconsciously passed them, for the doors were all shut, and there was no sign. By and by I met a police and he conducted

me back to the hotel, and I was as thankful as I was tired and humble. My pitiful tone of voice secured me a room with a bed. When a man is far away from home, his warmest welcome is an inn. But I did not rest well. A 10 o'clock supper, on fried sausage and scrambled eggs and stale oysters, disturbed my composure and I dreamed that the tiger got loose and came prowling and howling around the car and somehow I got a hatchet out of the tool box and lifted the young lady through the port hole upon the roof, and volunteered to defend her with my life and my sacred honor. The tiger made desperate leaps to get up there, but every time he got a paw on the eave, I cut it off and let him fall back again. I don't know what became of the other ladies, but think that other wild beasts got in and eat them up. The men had all died prematurely, but I saved the pretty girl, the sweetest and tenderest, before I woke up. Who wouldn't, in a dream? What curious things are dreams anyhow! The next trouble on the old man's mind came over him at Salisbury, where I was obliged to lecture that night. On my arrival I found that august body, the Presbyterian Synod in session. Preachers and elders innumerable were scattered among the good people all night over. They were holding all night sessions, and wouldn't have adjourned for McKinley or Grover Cleveland or the yellow fever or a fire. But this was not all, the Episcopal Bishop was to lecture on the Holy Land, where he had been recently, and I knew that I would fall between and get smothered. Mr. Marsh seemed to feel very bad, and apologized by saying that when he booked me he did not know of these meetings. "Well," said I, "the saints will all go to these meetings, but you have sinners in this town." He admitted that there were some. And so I went ahead and lectured, and was surprised to see before me a select and cultured audience, select, and I hope elect according to Presbyterian theology.

So all is well that ends well. The next evening found me at the nice little town of Marion, in western North Carolina, away up in the land of the sky. They are good people there, I know, for they filled the courthouse that night and gave me an ovation. The old soldiers are thick in that region, and they came out to hear me, and some of us got together and talked of old Bob Lee and Joe Johnston and General Early and Ransom and Whiting and Hoke and Ransom and Pettigrew and Clingman and others. Their eyes watered and their hearts burned within them, and they got closer and closer together. What a people these tar-heels are—the descendants of the Scotch! About every other name is Scotch, a McLane or McFall or McLaurin or McArthur or McSomethingelse, and then there are Alexanders everywhere and Caldwell and Carleys. After the lecture we had a musicale at the hotel by the gifted Gruber family, who kept the hotel, Mr. Gruber and Mrs. Gruber and their seven children. I have heard much music during my long life, but I never heard any better anywhere. How the old man's fingers did dance upon the strings; how sweetly did the still handsome midget sing the "Last Rose of Summer" and the other old-time songs of Scotland!—What delightful chords came from the piano under the tooth of the ladies and the sweet little black-eyed girl of ten summers! And when they played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, I could hardly restrain my tears. I felt like we all ought to hold a séance if we could with John Howard Payne and tell him how the world loved him for his song. I had sweet dreams that night. I am still on the grand rounds talking to the unpretending people of this

grand old State. It seems to have got out, however, that I had joined John Robinson's circus and gone off with it. Some of these mischievous drummers told that. Yours on the wing.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE RUSHES AND McLAINS.

A Practical and Permanent Solution of the Cotton Problem.

The cotton growers in one of the richest sections of the state, who, as reported a few days ago, will have to abandon their farms and work for wages, because of the low price of cotton and their resulting bad plight which will prevent them from getting "advances" next year, our correspondent, J. N. D.; all cottontots; young men in quest of work, and people generally, who think that farming in South Carolina is an unprofitable business, should never heather lose sight for a day of the facts reported by Mr. T. J. Moore, of Spartanburg, as to the farming of Mr. David H. Rush in Orangeburg county this year:—

Mr. Moore met Mr. Rush, an old one-armed Confederate, at the State Fair, and "incidentally asked him how he had succeeded with his farming operations this year."—"Expecting probably to hear in reply that "times are very hard," in Orangeburg county and especially on Mr. Rushes farm, that "cotton is low," and that he will have great trouble in "getting supplies of corn and meat from the town merchants to make a crop next year," and feels like "giving up farming as a bad business," and trying to "find something to do" in town or in the political line. That was not what he heard, however. He heard instead that Mr. Rush had "made enough corn to last him for two years." Had made enough wheat, and sugar cane syrup, and rice, to feed all his people for a year. Had made "great quantities of potatoes." Had supplied, from his own smoke house, all his "hands" with all the meat they needed "without purchasing a pound" for them. And while his neighbors were not sowing oats last fall he had sowed them, had made 40 bushels to the acre, and had, within the past week or ten days, "sold 700 bushels to his neighbors for seed." And besides all this, he had planted 140 acres in cotton, which had "made 150 bales, averaging 500 pounds each," 21 acres having "made 39 bales," or at the rate of nearly two bales to the acre.

What a record it is of intelligent and provident farming, as distinguished from the irrational, reckless and "gambling" methods pursued by the confirmed cottontots, and what a difference in the results and rewards achieved and won under the two systems! On the one hand is the "prosperous and prospering" "farmer," with his farms, and bees and smoke house, overflowing with corn and wheat and oats and rice and potatoes, and syrup to feed his family and working force for another year or two, and 150 bales of cotton to sell, when he is ready to sell them, instead of asking any man's leave; and on the other hand, are the all-cotton growers, with their cotton already sold, or belonging to somebody else, and their barns and smoke houses bare, and with nearly all their supplies of wheat and corn and oats and potatoes and rice and syrup and meat and all the rest to buy on credit at ruinous interest; or their farms to be abandoned outright if some merchant will not take pity on their forlorn state and "advance" to them what they need to keep soul and body together for another year, and until they can be fed for like favors again. There are many of these unfortunates in the State, unhappy for them and for the State, and it is a pity that the lesson which their one-armed, but double-brained neighbor has set

for them could not be set before their eyes, every one. The newspapers of the State should spread it as far as they can. The cold facts it presents, of the merits and value of the "hog and hominy"—and wheat and oats and rice and potatoes and syrup—policy are more convincing than all the arguments and pleadings and advice that can be printed in a life time. They cannot be answered, or explained away, or forgotten. They should be brought to the attention of every all-cotton grower who can read, and does read the newspapers, or who can be brought to hear the story told to him at a fair or a farmers' institute or a precinct club meeting.

Mr. Rush should be invited to deliver an address at the Cheraw Fair next week. So also should Mr. McClain, of York county, who as reported a few days ago, began farming five years ago, and has made, by deep plowing, 2,500 bushels of corn and 115 bales of cotton this year on worn out, hard ground, on which weeds would not grow two years ago with "liberal fertilizing." They should be induced to lecture this winter wherever any company of cotton farmers can be collected to hear them. They know how to farm and have made it pay and pay well. What they know other farmers can learn from them. What they have done other farmers can do, under their inspection and instruction, and after their example. Think what South Carolina would be in a few years if all its cottontots were converted into Rushes and McClains!

Stranger Killed in Columbia Identified.

The mangled remains that were buried a day or two ago in Potter's field by the railroad authorities are no longer unidentified. Yesterday morning they were unquestionably recognized as those of the late Mr. Wallace. It was a gruesome investigation, but it satisfied a widow that there need be no further search for her husband.

Several days ago Mr. J. W. Wallace left his home, Wallacerville, in Fairfield county, and came to Columbia. He put his horse and buggy in Platt, Hook and Shull's yard and there it remained until his people claimed it.

Mrs. Wallace read in the newspapers that an unknown white man had been killed by the South Carolina and Georgia railroad. She feared that it might have been her husband, as he failed to return home as expected. She communicated with her brother-in-law, Mr. McMeekin, who lives in Columbia; and he started the inquiry. Mr. McMeekin was pretty well satisfied after making inquiries that the unknown dead man was Mr. Wallace, but to make sure he secured permission from Coroner Green to exhume the body. Coroner Green, Mr. McMeekin and several friends yesterday morning went to the place of burial and exhumed the body and found that it was that of Mr. Wallace beyond any question. The body was reinterred, but in a few days will be taken up and buried in the family burial grounds.

Mr. Wallace was the youngest son of the late Dr. John Wallace who lived in Columbia for some time. It is somewhat curious that although Mr. Wallace lived in Columbia and worked here for a while that no one should have recognized his dead body. No doubt the impression that the remains were those of a tramp had much to do with no special interest being taken in the matter.

Mr. Wallace was a man of family and leaves a wife and five children.—The State, Nov. 22.

Patsy Swenago—Here's yer washin', mum, and me mudder—see dere's no satisfaction, den' den and den't not want 'em enny more.

Greek Met Turkey.

Last Friday evening the Greek classes at the Presbyterian High School were tendered a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Banks. Each of the 25 members of the classes had the privilege of inviting a young lady friend, and other guests were present.

The parlors were decorated with Autumn leaves, mistletoe and holly, gathered by the young Greeks, at one end of the room being the motto "Kalon alletheia kai nomimon." "Truth is beautiful and everlasting."

The supper was served after the ancient Greek custom, courses of sweet meats following a course of meats, and for once the Greeks overcame turkey. The waitresses, Misses Blanche Stewart, Louise Sherese, Mary Sadler, Lottie Blake, Fannie Wilson and Hattie Banks, were dressed in Greek costumes. In the middle of the centre table was an immense chocolate cake ornamented with the Greek alphabet in icing. Beside each cover was placed a card tied with white and blue ribbons, the Greek colors, and containing some pertinent motto in the original Greek from Xenophon or Homer. In one corner of the cards two miniature Greek flags were crossed. After the dinner had been served, according to the customs of the old Greek symposiums, the propounding of riddles was in order. A basket of nuts was passed around, and each when cracked was found to contain a riddle. These were propounded, Miss Frances Parish and Dr. J. P. Kinard, of Winthrop, being the most successful contestants. Miss Parish was crowned with a Laurel wreath.

Mr. Herbert M. Dunlap was distinguished by winning the booby prize, a pair of spectacles with which to "see the point" hereafter. The study of Greek is not encouraged in many of our colleges, and Mr. Banks being a lover of this most classic language, takes such methods to incite his classes to a greater research.—Rock Hill Herald.

Can't Tax Income of United States Officials.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The issue as to whether a State or municipality can levy an income tax on the salary or compensation of a postmaster, a subject of broad interest to the Federal service generally, was decided today in an opinion rendered by Acting Assistant Attorney General, Harrison J. Barrett for the postoffice department. The case arose on an inquiry from the postmaster at Gastonia, N. C. It is held that a State has no authority to tax the emoluments paid to any officer or agent which the United States may "use and employ as necessary and proper means to execute its sovereign power."

Mr. Barrett says: "The government of the United States is supreme within its sphere of action, and any act of a State or municipality which attempts to tax the emoluments paid to the officers of the government is unconstitutional and void. If the power existed in a State to tax the officers or agents of the government, it could thereby impair the power of the United States in the execution of its sovereignty. The postmaster at Gastonia, therefore, cannot be required to pay a tax upon the income of his office, either to the State of North Carolina or to the municipality of Gastonia.

Mrs. MacPhlatt—Why, what's the matter? Don't I pay well? Patsy—Dat ain't it. But dere's none of 'em will fit genny of de family.—New York World.

"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "don't you never was your time tryin' to define what happiness is. It kin be anything fum a million dollars down to a circus ticket."—Washington Star.

Sir Robert Peel's Daughter.

Society has a way of avenging itself for the wrongs committed on the part of its members. Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding-habit on her nineteenth birthday, and attired in the embroidered gown she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the church-yard. And the secret was very simple. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon her husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel to the palace of the statesman. And so we are bound to gether in one bundle of social life and if we neglect the poorest and the lowest, society will avenge itself in the destruction of the highest, richest and most cultivated.—Our Dumb Animals.

Annoying Blunder.

A New Jersey suburbanite tells this case:

There is an editor in our little town who just for the present wishes he were somewhere else. Desiring to compliment the school teachers of the place and extend the circulation of his newspaper among them, he wrote an elaborate article, which is headed "Pension a Lot of Our School Teachers." He then continued in an eloquent strain to declare that "there are about a dozen of the best known teachers in our schools who, because of their long service in the harness should be pensioned immediately." Of course, the intelligent compositor got in his work, and, as the old man failed to read his proof, he was horrified to find his paper declaring that there were a lot of old school teachers in that town who ought to be "poisoned" immediately. The editor informs me, with tears in his eyes, that this is one of those unpleasant episodes which occur to an editor now and then.—Hardware.

When the Bag is Shaken.

It is hard to say who will come out when the congressional bag is shaken next summer. Talbert and Norton will succeed themselves. Latimer and Wilson will have to fight hard to save their scalps, while Strait and Stokes can scarcely accomplish that feat. If Charleston supports a Charleston candidate, Elliott's road to re-election will be rougher and rockier than that of any other member of the present delegation. These predictions are based on the supposition of district lines being undisturbed. In case of re-districting, Talbert is about the only one of the seven who will be left safe, though Norton will be reasonably secure, as there can be no important changes of his district, which is now very compact.—Columbia Record.

Coal at King's Mountain.

We saw the other day a specimen of the King's Mountain coal which has been found by Rev. P. R. Elam. It was brought in by Mr. Albert Smith, who has been working at Mr. Press Goforth's, near the battle-ground. The coal has been analyzed at Washington and found to contain 95 per cent. of combustible matter. Mr. Elam reports that the vein is a rich one, that he could have got from it a carload of coal as easy as he got a half gallon.—Gastonia Gazette.

Mrs. Newman—"My husband always gives me a kiss when he goes to get a scuttle of coal." Mrs. Old-wed—"Well, in about a year you'll be lucky if you get the coal.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays.

Editor and Proprietor: J. B. BISHAM. Entered at the Postoffice at Chester, S. C., as second-class mail matter.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1897.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sam Jones says that the women are cutting off their dresses at the top for ball rooms and are cutting them off at the bottom for bicycles. Sam says he is getting frightened, for he don't know when the women are going to stop cutting.

After so much discussion of the "Roddy Plan," Jno. T. Roddy arises to say that his plan has not been divulged yet. So it seems that people have been discussing they know not what, and we beg to enquire if the plan is a Wall Street secret.

A coffee war between two big rival concerns is on in New York. The price of the berry has fallen so low in consequence that for the first time since the war boarding houses are serving real coffee every day to their astonished inmates.—Columbia Register.

We congratulate the inmates of the Columbia hotels.

Some time ago an attempt was made on the life of the president of Mexico, and the would-be assassin was lynched by policemen, who in turn have been sentenced to death for their lawlessness. When mobs in this country learn that law must be enforced in a lawful way, we shall have fewer lynchings and fewer occasions for them. Those who resort to lawlessness to punish crime throw the weight of their influence on the side of anarchy.

Gov. Ellerbe has invited the many harsh criticisms that have appeared in the State press. When questioned concerning the Newbold matter, he was speechless, declining to say whether or not he knew anything concerning the whereabouts of the constable, thus leading many to believe that he knew more than he cared to tell.—Rock Hill Herald.

There can be no doubt about the justice of this remark, yet we don't suppose the Governor expected everybody to accept his invitation and attend on all fours. Judge Benet, who delivered an address to the graded school in Yorkville, is reported thus, in part, by the Enquirer: "He made a concise inquiry into the comparative material condition of the ancients and moderns, and showed that notwithstanding the steam, electricity, photography, the printing press and other triumphs of modern civilization, still in things material the ancients had decided advantage of us. We have, he explained, never been able to approach them in arts, sciences, or the magnificence and comfort of their architecture, and along these lines we have no special occasion for pride in our achievements."

It is not the first time we have heard such expressions in school addresses, but we have never heard any one produce evidence to justify them, and we can confess that we are still of the opinion that the world today is very far in advance of what it was at any earlier age.

There are perhaps a few achievements of ancient times that will excel anything in the line at present, but every such case is offset by a legion of achievements in other lines to which the ancients can furnish no parallel. We do not pretend to know certainly about this matter, but we are unwilling to have all our ideas of modern progress snatched away at one oratorical swoop, without evidence to show that we are not entitled to them. Would Judge Benet exchange modern "things material" for ancient things material?

It Has Been Lower.

Mr. S. M. Rice told us on Monday that in looking through some old papers belonging to his mother, he came across some cotton bills of 1843, when cotton was hauled in wagons to Columbia and sold, and only brought 43 cents per pound. We never heard of any person starving in this country in those days.—Union Times.

On last Tuesday we saw in this country, is one of the pay, employed by the Lockhart Mills Company. He is pleased with his position. On our return we called on Maj. John W. Wilks and family. He has one of the most desirable homes, and is the largest land holder in the county. He adheres tenaciously to his own views, and expresses them forcibly. He believes that the North and South will not be thoroughly reunited until the former makes some compensation to the latter for her slaves. There is a host of people that would like for this thorough reunion to come at once, if it would be attended with so happy a result.

Mr. R. P. Folkes is still merchandising at Wilksburg. Like other merchants he feels the effects of the hard times. We were informed by our old friend that he began farming on his own account in 1835, and sold cotton that year as high as 16 cents per pound. The next year he sold cotton as low as three cents per pound. In 1845 he sold cotton at four cents. So our farmers will observe that a low price for cotton is not confined to the present time, and take comfort therefrom.

The home of Mr. Walker Hardin, a successful young farmer, was safely reached. He lives in York county, a short distance beyond the Chester line. Not far from his residence is the saw mill of Ashe & Moore, under the management of W. N. Ashe. Some of the hickory and ash logs saved at this mill are four feet in diameter. This material is utilized at buggy factories.

Continuing our journey we arrived at the home of Mr. Richard Thompson, a prominent farmer, who has one of the best plantations in the State. A considerable amount of his land produces one bale to the acre.

The next day we crossed Broad River, and were not long in reaching Lockhart Mills. These mills began operation in Feb. '06, and have run at a fair profit. The building is of brick and has four stories. It has 25,000 spindles, 800 drapper looms, and makes four yard sheetings. It employs 370 employees and has efficient officers, as follows: J. C. Carey, President and Treasurer; E. C. Beach, Superintendent; Mr. Bacon, Book-keeper.

Mr. C. D. Farrar was the first president, and to him is due in a great measure the credit of this enterprise. He worked with indomitable perseverance until a sufficient amount of stock was subscribed in Charleston, Greenville, New York and elsewhere; to justify him in beginning work. The machinery of the mill, the cards, in fact everything connected with it, is of the latest improved make.

There are seventy-five houses for the operatives, one half of which are made of brick.

There is also a company store, of which Mr. Whitney Livingston is manager and Mr. Glover is book-keeper. It is built of brick, 120 feet long, 50 feet wide, and has two stories, the upper story being used for church purposes. The Lockhart Mills is a great enterprise and bears testimony to what perseverance can accomplish.

Opposite Lockhart Mills on the Chester side of the river is the magnificent water power of Mr. Wade Osborne, one of the most successful and prominent farmers in the county.

According to a survey of a U. S. Government engineer the water power is 12,000 horse, and if fully developed, would produce a second Lowell. The natural advantages of the river at this place are superior to those on the western side, and capable of a higher degree of development. It certainly presents a splendid opportunity for the investment of capital. Some of our moneyed men in Chester, Columbia and Charleston would do well to give this matter their serious consideration.

Mr. Osborne has a grist and flour mill at this place, which does the grinding for the surrounding country. Though it has been improved from time to time a part of the mill building was used by the British during the Revolutionary War. The wheel now used is a modern Turbine of one hundred horse power.

The view from the mill is grand and picturesque. The towering cliffs on both sides of the river, the lofty trees with their variegated hues, the rolling, dashing water, the massive rock, the Lockhart Mills in the

Dr. J. C. Brawley, formerly of this country, is one of the pay, employed by the Lockhart Mills Company. He is pleased with his position.

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Dr. C. U. Shepard, of Charleston, made 1,500 pounds of tea this season.

PROFESSIONAL. R. B. CALDWELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

PRYOR & MCKEE, DRUGGISTS. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Teachers and Others. Having official business with me will please take notice that my office hours are MONDAYS and SATURDAYS.

THEO. L. SHIVER, POPULAR BARBER. NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. Next door to Stan's Jewelry Store.

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

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

Melton & Hardin, CHESTER, S. C.

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 Candles.

Have You a Beau? Decoy him into Fischel's.

Sale of Land. State of South Carolina, County of Chester.

By virtue of the power contained in the will of James L. Ralph, deceased, the undersigned will sell at public outcry before the Court House door, in Chester, on the first Monday in December next, at the close of the public sales, the following premises:

All the right, title, and interest, (the same being undivided three-fourths interest) of the said Jas. L. Ralph, deceased, in and to all that parcel or tract of land situate in said County and State upon the waters of Bull Run Creek, containing 120 acres, more or less, bounded by lands of J. H. McDaniel, Levi Wilson, estate of Wm. Wallace and others. Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance on credit of one and two years, in two annual payments and with interest from day of sale, to be secured by the note of the purchaser, and a mortgage of the premises, with the privilege to pay the whole in cash.

Sale of Farming Lands. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Chester.

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Estate Notice. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Chester.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. L. Ralph, deceased, are notified to present the same properly proven to the undersigned, and persons owing said estate will promptly make payment.

Big Sale of CROCKERY!

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

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE. NOTICE! What is it? Why, it's a big rush to get to the KIMBALL HOUSE. Where is the Kimball House? Down on Gadsden Street. What house is it? Why, at that noble—

Big 4 Restaurant where meals and hot Lunches are served from morning until night. The bill of fare hangs between the two dining rooms all the time. FRESH FISH and OYSTERS daily, and served on short notice. Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries. We also keep ICE on hands all the winter. Your humble servants, JOHNSON & CO.

BIG SALE! Great Reduction! 30 Days Only!

Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc. We Offer this \$50,000 Stock positively at a reduction of 10 to 20 per cent.

We Offer Special Reduction in Dress Goods. 25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$7.00, now \$5.00. 25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$6.00, now \$4.50. 25 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$5.00, now \$3.50. 50 Patterns, newest weaves in Dress Goods, \$4.00, now \$3.00. Come before this beautiful line is closed out. They are going fast and can't be duplicated. 20 pieces Ladies' Broad Cloth, in all shades, former price 75c, now 65c. See our line of Silk Velvets, largest line in the City. 25 pieces, in all the shades, prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00. 5 pieces black, prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. 100 pieces all-Wool Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all shades, now going at 25 cts. 100 pieces Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, in all the newest shades, now going at 20 cts. 200 pieces Dress Goods, double width, all shades, will be closed out at 12 1-2 cts. 150 pieces Black Cashmeres, Henrietta, Serges, &c. Greatest bargains ever offered in Chester. See our line of all-Wool Serge at 25 and 30 cts. 25 Black Henriettas at 25 cts., worth 40 cts. 25 Black Henriettas at 25 cts., worth 35 cts. Silk Warps Henriettas at \$1 and \$1.50.

FLANNEL AND BLANKET DEPARTMENT. 25 pieces all-Wool Red Twill Flannel at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts. 25 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 50 pieces all-Wool Medicated Flannel at 20 to 35 cts. 25 pieces White Plain and Twill at 12 1-2 to 15 cts. See our line of Blankets. Must be sold. 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.0.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT. 50 bales Checked Homespun at 3 cts. 100 bales Checked Homespun at 4 cts. 10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 4 cts., worth 5 cts. 10 bales 4-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 5 cts., worth 6 1-4 cts. You will never have this opportunity again to buy Domestic at the above prices. These prices are lower than 4 cts. cotton.

JEANS, DICKEY'S KERSEY AND CASSEMERES. Largest line in the upcountry going at a sacrifice. We offer: 50 pieces at 10 cts., worth 15 cts. 50 pieces at 12 1-2 cts., worth 20 cts. 50 pieces at 15 cts., worth 25 cts. 25 pieces at 20 and 25 cts., worth 40 cts. See this line of Pants Cloth before buying. You will save big money. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts. 100 pieces of Calico, Fast Colors, 5 cts., selling anywhere at 7 cts. 2 cases Indigo Blues at 5 cts., just received.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES! We are Headquarters in this line. See our line of MISSES' and WOMAN'S SHOES at 75 cts., worth \$1.00. Our \$1.00 Shoes is the talk of the entire Country. It can't be duplicated no where. Our line of the Celebrated—

"LILLY BRACKET," SELZ SCHWAB and SACH'S SHOES, all guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Each of these lines are well known—need no recommendation. Our stock of BOOTS and RUBBERS are also complete.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING! Great reduction—must be sold at or below Cost. We will positively not carry any Goods over. We therefore commence today and will SLAUGHTER PRICES.

If you want the best all-Wool suit in the State for \$4.00, we have it. If you want the best BLACK CHEVIOT SUIT at \$3.00, we have it. 50 BOYS' and YOUTHS' SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00. 50 BOYS' and YOUTHS' SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at \$1.00 to \$1.50. See our line from \$1.25 to \$5.00—all to be sold at a reduction of 25 to 40 per cent. at and below cost. WE OFFER—50 Black and Blue Clay Worsted Suits, Sacks and Cutaways, at \$5.00, worth \$8.00. See our line of BUSINESS SUITS, \$5.00 to \$10.00, and you will be convinced we are making prices to discount 4 cts. cotton. Such Bargains would not be offered if cotton was selling at 6 cts. COME and buy Clothing and all other Goods on the basis of 5 cts. cotton.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT! Are you in need of anything in this line? See our 20 cts. net-vest, selling everywhere at 25 cts. See our 50 cts. line, 60 cent. wool, guaranteed, selling elsewhere at 75 cts. Our \$1.00 Vest is a beauty, former price \$1.50.

LADIES' WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS, Etc. 100 Capes at \$1, worth \$1.50. 200 Capes and Jackets \$1.25, worth \$2. 150 Capes and Jackets \$1.50, worth \$2.00. 100 Capes and Jackets from \$2.50 to \$10.00. We are having a big run on Wraps. Just received large assortment of Plush Capes, which will go at the reduction of 25 per cent.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING! If you wish a Carpet we are the people to see. We will save you the solid cash. See our line of Rugs and Carpet Remnants. 1,000 pieces Carpet Remnants at 20 cts. a piece, 1 ft. by 18 in. Our line of HATS and CAPS are also large and subject to your discount. We sell Hats and below cost. They must go out of the house in order to realize the cash.

Groceries, Hardware, Saddles, Harness, Plows, &c. If you want \$1.25 worth of Groceries for \$1.00 call on S. M. JONES & Co. If you wish a Saddle, Buggy and Harness? If so, call on us, and we will save you money. We have the stuff. It must be converted into cash. Remember we do not carry over any stock. We do not believe it is business to carry goods from one year to another. Quick sales and small profits! If we can, if not quick sales and no profit.

WAGONS! BUGGIES! BUGGIES! BUGGIES! Do you wish the best Wagon on earth? If so, buy the celebrated STUDEBAKER. It runs light as a carriage. We have sold (2) three carriages this season. The people know a good thing when they see it. Don't buy cheap Wagons when you can buy the best make at the same price. We have just received 100 Bushels of the genuine Little Red May Wheat for Seed. We also have Rye, Barley and Home Raised Oats for Seed. Give us a call, and you will be convinced S. M. JONES & CO. is the store to get the most and the best goods for the least money. Yours truly, S. M. JONES & CO.

THE LANTERN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, CASH.
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. BRANDT names numerous holiday presents which he can furnish and will suggest a thousand others when you call.

JOS. A. WALKER quotes prices on many good things to eat and invites inspection of the largest assortment of fine goods in the up country.

J. K. HENRY, attorney, offers Elizabeth Knox's land for sale.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Lowry Wylie is clerking in Mr. Jos. A. Walker's Store.

Mr. Grant's forecast for December will appear in Friday's issue.

Messrs. Wm. Lindsay & son have a new delivery wagon that is really an ornament to the streets.

A negro has been committed to jail charged with burning Mr. Westbrook's corn crib at Wellridge.

The cotton market as we go to press ranges from 5:15 and 5:30. The cotton crop is now estimated at ten million bales.

The store of J. E. Douglas at Blackstock was burglarized Thursday night and a quantity of shoes, shirts, and other goods carried off.

Mr. W. H. Newbold was granted bail by Judge Townsend yesterday at Union. The amount of bond is fixed at \$2,500.

We learn that a goodly number of our people expect to attend the Baptist State Convention at Rock Hill, S. C.

Col. W. R. Davie was in the city Saturday and informed us that his leaving the State for New York is by no means a certainty yet.

Mr. B. M. Spratt has been appointed receiver for the Chester Mills. This is right; the receiver should be a Chester man, and a good man.

The Nashville Exposition, just closed, has awarded the Whitney (S. C.) Cotton Mills the bronze medal and a diploma for the best exhibit of bleached goods.

The prisoners in jail tried Wade Young's racket on the door. They did the door some damage but themselves no good, as they were discovered in their scheme.

A Representative of the S. A. L. has been in the city looking around with a view to erecting a huge tank to be supplied from the city water works.

The friends of Mr. Sidney Davidson, salesman in the house of Joseph Wylie & Co., are pleased to hear of his improvement, and hope soon to hear of his entire recovery.

Judge Townsend was in town yesterday and looked the picture of health, notwithstanding he has been constantly engaged in the discharge of his official duties since September.

We see in the Yorkville papers that Anna and Robert McCaw, formerly of Chester, are both on the honor roll in the Graded school, Anna standing at the head, with a grade of 99.

Some rascal fired and destroyed 8 stacks of hay belonging to Mr. T. J. Cunningham. An effort should be made to catch and punish the parties who are going around destroying property.

The store of Henry & Lewis, at Rodman, was entered last Friday night by a burglar. Five dollars in coppers, belonging to the postoffice, about five dollars worth of shoes, and some other goods were missed.

Mr. J. T. Harris, proprietor of Harris Springs, was in the city Friday and appointed J. L. Simmons agent for his celebrated Water. All orders will be promptly filled by Mr. Simmons. Phone 7.

Mr. John A. Graham, of our city, had 32 coops of chickens, turkeys and geese, on exhibition at the Chester Fair. He took all the premiums in this department, with two exceptions, then bought the chickens that took these.

Mr. J. L. Simmons sent the LANTERN crew a waiter of fruits, pickles, cakes, crackers, etc., Saturday night. The boys discovered that the pickles were extra good, and that all the other things were of corresponding quality.

Mrs. A. M. Aiken entertained a goodly number of her lady friends in a charming way on Wednesday afternoon at a 4 o'clock tea, in honor of Mrs. D. D. Schouler and Mrs. H. R. Starbuck, of Winston, N. C.

Mr. John Starr, of York County, narrowly escaped losing his gin house and fifteen bales of cotton. He reached the fire just in time to extinguish it. There was ample evidence to show that the fire was of incendiary origin.

Mr. W. S. Westbrook, of Rossville, met with a painful accident Friday morning about five miles from town. A bob about his cart came out and he was thrown to the ground. His collar bone was broken and his head considerably bruised and cut. He was taken to the home of his nephew, Mr. J. G. L. White, but afterwards went home.

Misses Mary and Rachel Hemphill honored THE LANTERN office yesterday with a very highly appreciated call. Miss Mary edits the *Abbeville Medium*, with what little her father, Gen. R. R. Hemphill, does, and we know what we are talking about when we say that she could do that just as well as her father. Miss Rachel was formerly one of the editors of the *Medium*, and a good one, but didn't like newspaper work, and is now an expert typewriter.

A Horse Fires a Pistol.

Mr. R. L. Cunningham, while returning home the other day, was surprised by the report of a pistol, and thought that some one had fired at him from beside the road. Stopping his buggy, and investigating the matter, he found in the road a pistol on which one of his horses had trodden and produced the firing. Fortunately neither man nor beast suffered any injury.

Opera House Lights.

We were shown the working of the electric lights in the opera house yesterday evening, by Messrs. Jas. Hamilton, Jr. and Jas. McLarnon. The whole house is a scene of beauty and brilliancy when the lights are fully turned on. The outfit is so arranged that from one point all or a portion of the lights can be turned on or off as desired, and regulated, by means of the "dimmers," from dazzling brightness to the merest glimmer.

Farming Right.

Mr. Smith Hardin is one of the most practical and most successful farmers in this county. He has produced eighty bushels of large and beautiful Irish potatoes, second crop, and is selling them at one dollar per bushel. On the ground on which these potatoes were cultivated he produced one hundred bushels of oats.

Mr. Hardin has also in the market to-day ten hogs of his own raising and killing. He has twenty more hogs to kill.

Death of Mrs. Doggett.

On last Sunday morning Mr. George Doggett received a telegram from Shelby, N. C., announcing the critical illness of his wife, and directing him to come at once. He and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Haliburton left without delay by private conveyance. They were, however, not permitted to see their loved one alive, for late in the afternoon another dispatch was received, stating that Mrs. Doggett died at 5 o'clock.

The many friends of Mr. Doggett deeply sympathize with him in this the time of his bitter affliction.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. L. Wood spent Sunday in Rock Hill.

Miss Louise McFadden spent Saturday in Rock Hill.

Misses Ella Love and Laura Bellows spent Saturday in the city.

Miss Annie Griffith left for Louisville, Ky., Saturday, to visit friends.

Mr. W. Cureton Stewart, of Rock Hill is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Harper Woods spent Thursday and Friday in Fort Mill, visiting relatives.

Mr. J. I. Hardin, of Jos. Wylie & Co's, spent Thanksgiving in Lancaster.

Miss Lizzie Burris, of Lowryville, is visiting her brother, Mr. J. G. Burris.

Mrs. G. B. White is visiting the family of Hon J. E. Breazeale, of Anderson.

We learn that the entertainment at Miss Mattie Mills' school Thursday evening was a fine success.

Mrs. Lucius Melton and Mrs. G. D. Heath attended the double wedding at Waxhaw, N. C., last Friday.

Miss Mamie Hull, who has been visiting Mrs. A. J. McCoy, left this morning for her home in Rock Hill.

Mrs. Bessie Reddick, accompanied by her sister, Miss Alma Wood, leaves to-day for her home in Florida.

Misses Mary and Rachel Hemphill, of Abbeville, who have been visiting relatives in the city left for home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Culp were up from Chester on a visit to relatives in Pleasant Valley.—Fort Mill Times.

Mr. Thos. B. Meacham, traveling salesman for the Murray Drug Co., of Columbia, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city.

Miss Mary Emma Carlisle, of Newberry, who was been visiting Miss Bessie Lindsay, went down to Winnsboro yesterday.

Mr. W. E. Sledge came up from Chester Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with his family at this place.—Fort Mill Times.

Mr. Willie Spence went to Blackstock Thanksgiving day, and attended the entertainment at Miss Mattie Mills' school, near there.

Darrell Vinton.

Darrell Vinton, who makes his first appearance at the Opera House on Dec. 2nd is one of the most popular actors of the Pacific coast.

The *San Francisco Chronicle*, one of the leading journals of California, has the following to say regarding him: "Mr. Darrell Vinton is one of the most popular and versatile actors on the Pacific coast. He has for the past twelve years been almost entirely associated with the leading theatres of our coast and his sterling and dramatic genius has always made him a prime favorite. Although Mr. Vinton's practical experience embraces the whole range of the drama, 'tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, etc.' as Polonius says, still like every actor of ability his sympathy lies with the legitimate drama. His success in Monte Cristo stamps him not only as a student but as a most successful exponent of those arduous roles."

Mr. Vinton will fill his engagement with a scenic revival of that great play Monte Cristo.

The Lancaster train will be held until after the performance of Monte Cristo Thursday night, in order to allow a large party from all along the line to come up and enjoy the play.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society is not in a dormant condition by any means, and we give you a few dots to assure you of this fact.

We have fifty-five working members and two honorary. Four new names have been added to our roll during the last year.

Dues collected from November 1896, to November 1897, \$52.53. Contribution from Thanksgiving 1896, \$21.25. Contribution per

Mrs. A. M. Aiken, \$25.00. Balance \$21.92. Total \$120.70. Money expended \$102.14.

There was election of officers at the November meeting, and the following is the result:

Mrs. G. B. White, President; Mrs. S. M. Jones, 1st Vice-President; Mrs. Geo. W. Gage, 2nd Vice-President; Miss Hannah Heyman, Treasurer; Mrs. A. M. Aiken, Secretary; Mrs. Geo. G. White, assistant Secretary.

The members of the society extend thanks to the doctors who have so generously aided them in their work.

The regular meeting of the society will be held at the home of Mrs. Julia Campbell, December 2nd, at 4 p. m.

Respectfully,

C. T. WHITE.

Halsellville Chronicles.

A very good rain has fallen today and the farmers are very glad to see it, so they could finish sowing wheat and oats. Very nearly all the farmers are sowing a good deal of wheat. They are going to raise their own hog and hominy. There are several very fine hogs in this community to kill this fall. Mr. W. H. Castles has the largest hog the writer has ever seen raised in this part of the country. Some estimate that it will net 500 pounds, I was not informed as to the age of the hog.

I will venture to say that Mr. D. T. Weir has a hog that can't be surpassed in Chester county, according to the age, it being only ten months old by conservative estimation, they claim that it will weigh 400 pounds. There are several others that have very fine hogs to kill.

Mr. Ross Durham, our bicyclist, went to Columbia on his wheel during the Fair. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Charley Cornwell, of Leeds.

Miss Beatrice Hunter, of Chester, who has had charge of Oak Hill school the past four months, will resume her duties again in January.

Mr. S. M. Castles and sister, Miss Anna, attended the closing exercises of the Douglass school. They also participated in the music for the occasion.

Miss Sallie Whiteside of Smyrna, is visiting at Mr. J. C. Weir's.

Messrs. S. W. Castles and J. Martin Grant paid a flying visit to Strothers last week.

Mr. R. C. Grant paid a short visit near Blackstock.

Mr. John Coleman makes a flying visit to Cornwall every week.

Mr. J. F. Castles, of Chester, spent Thanksgiving day at home.

Miss Lillie Clarke, who has been visiting relatives in this community, returned home Tuesday.

Several persons will attend the Baptist State Convention at Rock Hill next week.

M. G.

November, 26, 1897.

Cotton Growers of Chester.

CHESTER, S. C., Nov. 29, 1897. Having been appointed at the recent Cotton-Growers' Convention held in Columbia, S. C., to make the call for Chester county, I hereby invite all the citizens of Chester county to show a loyal interest in this question, as to the production and sale of the cotton crop, the money crop of the south, by attending a mass meeting, or convention, at the Court House on Monday, December, 6th, immediately after public sales.

This convention is supposed to have its counterpart in each county in the State, and precedes an interstate convention to be held in Atlanta, Ga., on the second Tuesday in December, 1897.

The purpose is to arouse general interest, induce a business-like discussion and procure hearty and united co-operation in retaining for the cotton producing states a fair portion of the wealth they produce.

The undertaking is of prime importance to every citizen, for this is our money crop, and the price now received means destitution to the producer and bankruptcy for the business man.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

FOR A YOUNG LADY:

Silver and Pearl Paper, Cutter, Silver Mounted Scissors, Cut Glass and Silver Powder Box, Fine Gold, Silver and Ivory handle Umbrella, Writing Sets, Gold Pens, Bon Bon Boxes, Mirrors in Gilt and Silver, Silver Bonnet Brushes, Hat Brushes, Combs and Hair Brushes, Vinalettes, Photograph Stands or Holders, Fine Pottery and Bric-a-Brac, Manicure sets, Diamonds, Watches, Brooches, Stick Pins, Rings, and numerous other suggestions can be made.

FOR A GENTLEMAN:

Match Box, Silver Key Ring and Chain, Silver Pocket Knife, Smoker's Set, Stamp Box, Fine Umbrella, Cane with heavy Silver and Gold Trimmings, Gold Pen, Clothes Brush, Shaving Brush and Mug, Pocket Book, Memorandum Book in Fine Leather, Watches, Charms, Buttons, Scarf Pin, in fact everything in the Jewelry Line. COME and let us suggest a THOUSAND THINGS.

R. BRANDT, The Jeweler, Chester, S. C.

ALL WOOL CASSIMERE

AND

Worsted Suits

Worth \$10. Going at \$7.50

All Wool Suits, worth \$7.50, going

at \$5.00, at

Jos. Wylie AND COMPANY'S.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!

LEGGETT'S No. 9 Coffee at 10 cts. per lb package, goes. LEGGETT'S Breakfast Java and Moca, nothing equal to it. A Fine Line of Teas, both taste and flavor. A Fine Line of California Evaporated Fruits. NECTARINES' Apricots, Peaches and Prunes. LEGGETT'S Self Raising Buckwheat and Maple Syrup, invigorate the inner man. A Fine Line of Canned Fruits. LEGGETT'S Fine Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peas & Beans. Strawberries, White Cherry Apricots. Pineapple, grated and sliced, in heavy syrup.

The finest and largest assortment of Fine Goods of any store in the up country. An inspection is cordially extended to all.

Respectfully,

Phone 84.

JOS. A. WALKER.

The State, ready to co-operate on the lines to be agreed upon in Atlanta.

I appoint the following gentlemen to organize in their respective townships:

Blackstock, T. J. Cunningham. Baton Rouge, J. Wesley Wilkes. Chester, M. E. White. Halsellville, Alexander Wise. Hazlewood, J. W. Bigham. Landsford, C. T. Minors. Lewisville, P. L. Hardin. Rossville, B. A. Ragdale. R. A. LOVE.

Church Lot For Sale.

CHESTER, S. C. Nov. 9, 1897. Will be sold on the 1st Monday of December next before the Court House door to the highest bidder. (It not disposed of at private sale) that beautiful lot belonging to the A. B. F. church, with all the buildings thereon, including the iron fence in front of the lot. Terms easy. Any one wishing to purchase at private sale may confer with Joseph Wylie at the Exchange Bank. BUILDING COMMITTEE.

And the Rigor of the Game

By ROBERT BARR

"What time did you go to bed?" asked Mr. Saunders, bent over his old head and angry brow. He had no idea that Dick was in the hall, for he had been in bed for some time. "I don't know," Dick replied. "I went to bed early and slept soundly, as a man with a good conscience is entitled to do. But the boy's mother had been in the room of Mrs. Saunders, yet she had said nothing. This made the matter all the blacker. The father felt that mother and son were against him. He had been too lenient. Now he would go to the root of things. The young man would speedily change his ways or take his consequences. There would be no half measures."

Poor old Mrs. Saunders saw the moment her husband came in that there was a storm brewing, and she felt in her heart that her boy was the cause. The first words of the old man settled the question.

"What time did Richard come in last night?"

"I—I don't know," she hesitated. "Shuffling," her husband always called it. She had been a buffer between father and son since Dick was a child.

"Why don't you know? Who let him in?"

"She sighed. The secret had long weighed upon her, and she felt it would come at some hapless moment."

"He has a key," she said at last.

The old man glared in speechless amazement. He had never known he had never suspected anything so bad as this.

"A key? How long has he had a key?"

"He is very thoughtful. Where does he spend his time? You know that."

"Do not believe it is a gambling club," Dick said. "I am sure Dick doesn't gamble. Dick is a good boy, father."

"A precious lot you know about it, evidently. Do you think my employer, Banker Hammond, has any idea his clerk belongs to a gambling club like this?"

"I am sure I don't know. In anything wrong? Has any one been speaking to you about Dick?"

"Yes, and not to his credit."

"Oh, dear!" cried the mother in anguish. "Was it Mr. Hammond?"

"I have never spoken to Hammond in my life," said the old man, reluctantly. "He has never been near me since his wife was."

"No; I propose to stop this club business before it gets to the banker's ears that one of his clerks is a nightly attendant at a gambling club," said Robert when he comes home this evening. Tell him I wish to have a word or two with him tonight. He is to wait for me here. I will be in shortly after he has his supper."

"You will not be harsh with him, father. Remember, he is a young man, never allowed to be a member of the club."

"I will do my duty," said the old man uncompromisingly.

Gentle Mrs. Saunders sighed, for she would know the phrase about duty. It was a mere pretense to domestic trouble, and she was sure that Dick would do his duty, he had called his father to the mast.

"See that he waits for me tonight," was the parting word of the old man closed the door behind him.

Mrs. Saunders had had her share of trouble in the world, as every woman most who lives in a man's world has. When she could save her son a harsh word, or even a blow, she was content to take either uncomplainingly. The old man's severity had put him out of touch with his son. Dick had never sent his boyhood of constant fear. During recent years, when fear had gradually diminished and finally disappeared, to wear somewhat of a man's face, and that the natural affection which a son should have for his father had vanished with it. He had, on several occasions, made his father's life less and less better understanding, but those attempts had unfortunately fallen on inopportune moments, when the old man was not particularly gracious toward the world in general, and lately there had been silence between the two. The young man avoided his father as much as possible. He had never once been misnamed at home had not been for his mother. He steady, unswerving affection for him, but belief in him, and the reverence of how she had loved him for him, especially when he was in the wrong, had bound her to him with bonds soft as silk and strong as steel. She would tell it would be a disaster to go wrong, merely to refute his father's ideas regarding the way a child should be brought up. Yet Dick had a sort of affection for the subject, especially in the many good qualities were somewhat overshadowed by his brutal temper.

When Richard came that evening, he had his supper alone with usual with him. Mrs. Saunders drew her chair near the table, and while the meal was being talked of many things, but avoided the subject especially in her mind, which she postponed until all she would not need to ask him to stay. He might as well have been a stranger. She watched him narrowly as she talked and saw with alarm that there was anxiety in his face. Some care was worried him, and she yearned to have him confide his trouble to her. And yet she said and talked of other things. She noticed that he made no proper pretense of eating, and that he allowed her to talk while he made few replies, and those absent-mindedly. At last he pushed back his chair with a laugh that sounded hollow.

"Well, mother," he said, "what is it?"

"I don't know," she hesitated. "Shuffling," her husband always called it. She had been a buffer between father and son since Dick was a child.

"Why don't you know? Who let him in?"

"She sighed. The secret had long weighed upon her, and she felt it would come at some hapless moment."

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"A precious lot you know about it, evidently. Do you think my employer, Banker Hammond, has any idea his clerk belongs to a gambling club like this?"

"It is there a row on, or is it merely looming in the horizon? Has the lord of creation?"

"Head, Dick. You haven't talk in these days to your mother."

"Mother, I hope, I want to speak with you about your club."

Dick looked sharply at his mother for a moment. She said: "Well, what does father want to know about the club? Does he wish to join?"

"I didn't say your father?"

"No, you didn't say my dear mother, you are as transparent as glass. I can see right through you and away beyond. Now, somebody has been talking to father about the club, and he is on the war-path. Well, what does he want to know?"

"He said it was a gambling club."

"Right for once."

"Certainly it is. Most clubs are gambling clubs and drinking clubs. I don't suppose the True Blues gamble more than others, but I'll bet they don't gamble any."

"Oh, Dick, Dick, I'm sorry to hear that."

"And Dick, my darling boy, do you?"

"Do I gamble, mother? No, I don't. I know you'll believe me, though the old man won't. But it's true, nevertheless."

"There's Richard?"

"Yes, Dick, dear, and that remains to be seen. Another thing your father fears was that Mr. Hammond might come to know you were a member of the club. It might hurt your prospects in his bank," she added, not wishing to frighten the boy with the threat of the dismissal she felt sure would follow the revelation.

Dick threw back his head and roared. For the first time that evening he had care left his brain. Then seeing his mother's look of incomprehension he sobered down, repressing his mirth with self-control.

"Mother," he said at last, "things have changed since father was a boy. I'm afraid he hardly appreciates how much."

The old man's face grew stern. "You were employed and employer do not exist now—at least, that is my experience."

"You will if Mr. Hammond came to know that you spent your evenings at..."

"Mother, listen to me a moment. Julius Hammond proposed me for membership in the club—my employer. I should never have thought of joining if it hadn't been for him. You remember my first job in salary? You thought it was for merit, or courage, and father thought it was luck. Well, it was neither—or both, perhaps. Now, this is confidential to yourself only. I wouldn't tell it to any one else. Hammond called me into his private office one afternoon when the bank was closed and said: 'Saunders, I want you to join the club. I'll propose you. I was amazed and told him I couldn't afford it. 'Yes, you can,' he answered. 'I'm going to raise your salary double the amount of entrance fee and annual dues. If you don't join, I'll cut it down.' So I joined. I think I should have been the fool if I hadn't."

"I never heard of such a thing. What in the world did he want you to join for?"

"Well, mother," said Dick, looking at his watch. "It's a long story. I'll tell it to you some other evening. I haven't time tonight. I must be off."

"Oh, Dick, don't go tonight. Please stay at home for a moment. I'll propose you. I'll propose you. I'll propose you."

Dick smoothed his mother's gray hair and kissed her on the forehead. Then he said: "Won't tomorrow night do as well, mother? I can't stay tonight. I have an appointment at ten tonight. I'll propose you to them and get it off. Stay for my sake tonight, Dick. I never see you before."

The look of anxiety came into his face again.

"Mother, it is impossible; really it is. Please don't ask me again. Anyhow, I know it is father who is the one to get out of you. I presume he's on the duty look. I think what he has to say will keep till tomorrow night. If he must go, I'll take care of his sense."

gambling, let him place his efforts where they are needed—let him tackle Julius Hammond, but not during business hours."

"You surely don't mean to say that a respected business man—a banker like Mr. Hammond—gamble?"

"Yes, mother. Why Hammond's a plunger from Plungerville, if you know what that means. From 9 to 8 he is the strictest and best business man in the city. If you were to ask him one of the True Blue Athletic club, he wouldn't know what you were talking about, but after 8 o'clock he takes any odds you like to offer, from a gambling pension to backing an unknown horse."

Mrs. Saunders sighed. It was a wicked world into which her boy had to go to earn his living.

"And now, mother, I must really be off. I'll stay at home tomorrow night and take my scolding like a man. Good night."

He kissed her and hurried away before she could say anything more, leaving her staring there with folded hands to await, with her customary patience and just a tinge of apprehension, the coming of her husband.

"There was no doubt about it," said Mrs. Saunders, smiling as she heard it, remembering that Dick had said once that, even if he were not within the gates of paradise, the angels of his father's footsteps would make the hills run up his backbones. She had reproved the levity of the remark at the time, but she often thought of it, especially when she knew there was trouble ahead.

"Where's Richard? Isn't he home yet?"

"He has been home, but he had to go out. He has had an appointment."

"Did you tell him I wanted to speak with him?"

"Yes, and he said he would stay home tomorrow night."

"Did he know that I said tonight?"

"I'm sure that I told him so."

"Don't bother now. He either knew or did not. Which is it?"

"Yes, he knew, but he thought it might not be urgent and he—"

"That will do. Where is his appointment?"

"At the club, I think."

"Ah-h-h!" The old man dwelt on the exclamation as if he had at last drawn out the reluctant word.

"He said he would stay home tonight."

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According to an article in London from the east rulers of Europe are the Jews. They not only control most of the wealth of the continental kingdoms, but a greater part of the press. In addition, they are of unseemly great weight in politics. They have become, says the writer in *Truth*, "the pillars of society," and in the fact that they retain a strong racial feeling they see a great danger. They cannot be expelled, but "no one could dream of persecuting them; though between persecuting them and being ruled by them there is a great difference; and ruled by them most unquestionably most countries are."

Very likely this statement is much exaggerated; but in any case there is no ground for fear. The Hebrew is by no means an undesirable element in the population of this country, at least. He is shrewd, enterprising and frugal, and where Jews are found in any number there commerce is flourishing.

This, we think is an undeniable fact. If the Jews can do our business better than others, let them. There are things which the more imaginative Christian can do better than the practical Jew. Let him turn his hand where it can do the most.

As the *New York Commercial Advertiser* says in commenting on this same article in *London Truth*: "It is always well to remember that if there is any real danger from the racial feeling of the Jews, the most effective way of increasing that danger is to insist upon it. An insistence on the Jews as Jews will help to keep them from gaining national feeling, will help them to remain in a strong body by themselves. The only way to diminish their effectiveness as a people is to let them alone. Their effectiveness as individuals we do not desire to diminish. That would be a low-minded form of nihilism."

So far as it has come within our observation the Hebrew makes an exemplary citizen, and in his home life sets an example that the Christian would do honor to himself in following.—*Register*.

Those Awful Telegrams.

"What is it, Mamie?"

"It's a boy, mum, with a telegram."

"A telegram? Oh, ask him if James is killed!"

"He says he doesn't know, mum."

"Ask him what he does know about it."

"He says all he knows about it is that it's marked 'collect,' and he wants his money."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Here, Mamie, here's the purse. Pay him. Pay him whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James! I just knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning! Will the y'bring him in an ambulance, Mamie?"

"I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegram."

"I can't! I can't! Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time too!"

"Why don't you read the telegram, mum?"

"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it!"

Reads telegram:

"Will bring friends home to dinner."

James.

"The heartless beast!"—*New York Journal*.

William's Mistake.

A William goat, with low-bowed head.

Rushed wildly forth, to butt—

A moment later he lay dead

With a shattered cocoon!

The fellow that he sought to crush—

The victor in the fray—

Turned out to be the center rush,

Who had met the goat half way.

—Chicago News.

The late George M. Pullman had \$100,000 life insurance. The Equitable had \$80,000 of it; New England Mutual Life \$100,000; Home of New York and Travelers \$5,000 each.

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2. To get the BEST for the PRICE.

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Mince Meat, Heinz's, very best, cans 15 and 25 cents.
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RAISINS, 10 cts. lb. London Layers, 12 1-2 cts. per lb.
CURRANTS, cleaned and free from grit, 10 cts. per lb.
SWEET and Sour Pickles, 10 cts. doz.
NEW NUTS just arrived.
SUPERLATIVE Patent Flour, best made, at \$6.00 per bbl.
BEST HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per lb.
GOOD COFFEE, 10 cts. package, ARBUCKLE'S, 12 cts., 8 packages for 96 cents, JAVA and MOCA, 35 cts.
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