



The Chester Lantern 1897

The Chester Lantern

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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- December 10, 1897

J T. Bigham

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I.—No. 19.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1897.

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

ARP LOCKS HIS DOORS.

Burglars and Thieves Distress the Barrow Philosopher.

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark. The burglars have come to town."

For fifteen years this has been an orderly, peaceable and honest town. Ever since the saloons were abolished there has been no disturbance of the public tranquility. During all that time our doors have not been locked at night nor has our chicken rooster been robbed by the ever invader. The presence of our faithful dog may have been our protection, for there have been some few chickens stolen in these parts. Our neighbor, Charley Patterson, suffered some in that way until he bought the old galloos on which a man was hung a few years ago and built a chicken house of the timber. Since then he can hardly get a ducky to put chickens in it by day, much less to take them out by night. But our negroes in and about Cartersville are a clever, industrious people and as honest as mankind are generally. The domestic servants will take some liberties with little things that they think we won't miss, but they have many good traits that are a set-off, and so we compromise on general principles.

But now the burglars have come to town and alarmed the whole community. I believe they come from up north where every bad thing comes from, even to bad weather. The other day a tramp came to our house and asked for something to eat. He was fairly good looking and well dressed. My wife got him a lunch and asked him where his home was, and where he was going. He smiled and said he had no home and was raised in an orphan asylum up North and was going to Atlanta in search of work. "How do you travel," said she, "if you have no money?"

"Well, I ride on the freights until they put me off," he said, "and then I wait on another one and ride some more. I am just taking a little trip now to see the country."

There were two of these fellows in town and they took the rounds asking for something to eat and always got it. My opinion is that they are professional thieves and their purpose in calling at so many houses is to prospect the premises.

The night after they were at our house burglars entered four houses and stole money. They took \$50 from under a sleeping man's pillow and smaller sums from the pockets of other men. A few nights after they entered three houses and took a fine gold watch from under a banker's pillow and the next night watch and some money at another place. They take no clothing nor anything to eat. They are white folks, I tell you, and are experts in their business.

Well, of course, the whole community is aroused, and especially the women. My wife is not a timid woman. She is more afraid of snakes than of men, but she, too, got alarmed and made me get the hammer and screwdriver and some bolts and some nails and fix up every door and window. She held the lamp and watched me all round from room to room, and I mashed a great blood blister on my finger, and it hurts yet. When all was done to her satisfaction and we were ready to retire, she suddenly told me not to lock the back hall door, for Uncle Sam had to come in there in the morning to make a fire. Considerate woman! She knew that I didn't like to get up out of a warm bed to unlock the door. Reckon she thinks the burglars wouldn't be so impetuous as to come in the back door. But they don't get any watch from under my pillow, for I haven't got any. Forty years ago they got mine, just that way in old Dr. Thompson's hotel in Atlanta, and I have never carried one since. They got my pocketbook, too, and a little money and some valuable papers.

They were from up North and were clever men, considering, for in about a week they sent me all my papers back through the mail—and the letter was postmarked Philadelphia. They will give a man back everything they can't use. Bill Fort told me they were a kind hearted set of thieves and he had known them to lean over and kiss a sleeping man after they had robbed him.

No, it is white folks who are stealing these valuable things. Negroes haven't got above chickens and turkeys yet. I heard the other day of an old darkey who prayed every night during Christmas for the Lord to send a turkey to him, but the turkey didn't come, and so he changed his prayer and asked the Lord to send him a turkey and his prayer was answered that very night. A negro don't hanker after gold watches. He wants something to eat.

But now I want to know what is all this racket about that they call co-education. I thought it was just another fad and would soon pass away, but it seems to get bigger and bigger the more they talk about it. One would think there were no female colleges in the land and that the boys were getting all the education when the truth is there are more educational facilities for girls in this State than for boys.

I don't know what it all means. Do the girls want to mix with the boys and improve them and be inspired by them? Then why should not the boys claim a similar privilege and go to the female colleges and to the girls' industrial colleges and to the girls' industrial school at Milledgeville? If we are going to bunch, let us bunch the whole concern and include the agricultural attachments and let the girls do some plowing if they want to. But I reckon it is just the new woman who is contending for the abstract right to go to the university. Of course they won't go for their fathers won't let them so long as the female colleges are only at Macon and Athens and LaGrange and Dacatur and Rome and other places. There is plenty of education for them there without the co. The best mothers, I know never got higher than a high school and the best co-education is for the girls to get married young and go to raising children and chickens. If they do that diligently, they will learn enough in a life time and be as happy as their college bred daughters. I've never been entirely satisfied that such astub science as chemistry, astronomy, trigonometry, fluxions, calculus, Greek, rhetoric and logic were of any use to the average boy, much less to the girls.

I went to college and my wife didn't and I have to take a back seat now sometimes. I married her when she was only sixteen, but if she had spent four years in college she would have been so smart she wouldn't have had me, and I reckon I wouldn't have had her, for a proud young man will marry a girl who is smarter than he is—it is dangerous. Pick out your girl and take her young and co-educate her yourself.—BILLY ARP, in Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Lucky Negro.

Henry Ingram, colored, who lives in the Primum section, and who, during the war, was carried off by the Union army and forced into the service of the North is in big luck. On Monday last he received a voucher from the pension department at Washington, D. C., for a back pension of \$416.07. The Clerk of Court, Mr. W. S. L. Porter, filled up his papers for him, had them properly signed and forwarded them to the U. S. Pension Agent at Knoxville, Tenn., and in a few days Henry Ingram will be the proud possessor of a check on Uncle Sam for more money than he ever had at one time in his life. Besides, he will get a monthly pension of \$8 per month the remainder of his life.—Lancaster Enterprise.

The Editor in Chester.

Thinking of all the readers of the *Lantern*—my friends!—I feel that I must tell them something of the city of Chester. I say "city" because the people resent it being called "town."

I know that at the Thanksgiving services in the Presbyterian church one of the preachers in his prayer spoke of the "town" of Chester and we afterwards heard a gentleman remark that he should have said "city." I appreciate this feeling, for since Abbeville has become a full-fledged city we do not like to hear it spoken of as a town or a village.

The mention of prayers and preachers brings me back to Thanksgiving services which I attended Thursday morning in the Presbyterian church where I heard a sermon that still lingers in my mind.

It was preached by Rev. D. N. McLaughlin. "I have heard Thanksgiving sermons before but never anything to equal this one. It was just one half hour long and had more common sense to the square inch than anything I have heard in a long time. This sermon had none of the usual cant about it and was preached in plain common-sense English. The congregation was not told to spend the day in prayer and fasting for I think that Mr. McLaughlin was going to have a good dinner. Among the many things he said the Presbyterians had to be thankful for was that Chester is a city that has better health than in many years and that in all their large congregation not a single funeral had been held in their church in the past year." He said that while we had now what is known as "hard times" no one lacked the actual necessities of life, and as a kicker against the times we felt properly reproved.

He was thankful "that in these times of crimination and recrimination" the State was settling into peace. Knowing something of the present political situation Judge Bennet's famous words—"Peace and unity and another opportunity" floated through our minds. The Presbyterian church is a comfortable church handsomely furnished in red. There is a pipe organ and the only trouble the Presbyterians have now is that they are afraid some large city church will want their minister and that they will get him.

The Methodists here are building a very handsome new church and so are the Seceders. They are not completed yet but we are thinking that Abbeville will have a tight pull to keep up her present reputation for the handsomest churches in the up country. The Seceder church is built just at the foot of one of Chester's many hills, and there is no doubt that it would look better if it were at the top. This is a brick building and it is to cost about ten thousand dollars. There is to be a Sabbath school room, a library, a pastor's study and a room set apart for the meetings of the Woman's Missionary Society. For this we are profoundly thankful for we know that they will at least get in on the first floor and will not have to "keep silent" in the missionary room.

This church will have very handsome stained glass windows and no doubt the old-time Seceders would turn over in their graves if they knew that it is to be brilliantly lighted with electric lights. There will be no organ, though, in the new church. Work is not far enough advanced to tell what the Methodist church will be like, though I hear it will cost somewhere between twelve and fourteen hundred dollars [twelve and fourteen thousand dollars]. But enough of church and churches. Church news is always interesting to some, but there are always others.

It has been raining since I came

here and I have had my first experience with blackjack mud. Our old red mud is something perfect beside this and just now all of Chester is terribly torn up over the water works. The town has recently put in a system of water works, sewerage and electric lights. The water main is laid on the side of the streets and the sewerage are put in the middle of the road. This of course makes driving an impossibility, and life has ceased to be a joy to the ladies who like to walk out in handsome frocks. The electric lights are a splendid thing for the city and are new enough to be talked of in Chester.

There are a great many handsome residences here, and some of them have very handsome lawns in front with large boulders scattered around, giving a rustic and very charming effect. At the houses of any size is a stately wind mill keeping time to the merry breezes.

Chester will never be a great city for the business portion is so badly built. It is more than a city of "seven hills" and one has to climb up them to get to the different stores, and they are short steep hills at that.

The town is greatly scattered but is brought together by a very good telephone system. We can not find out what system is used and did not know enough about phones to recognize them. There is only one wire going into the house and from what we can hear they are pretty expensive luxuries. One has to pay first of all \$25 for the phone and then \$12 a year for the service. Since coming here I have met Mr. George W. Gage, who is being very prominently spoken of as Judge.

He is a reformer and has served in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention. He is a young man and enjoys a good law practice at the Chester bar.

Dr. Wm. M. Grier is in the city on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. J. S. Moffatt. He is well beloved by our people and they will be saddened to know that he is in bad health. He is taking a much needed rest and every one hopes that he will return to us well enough to take up his accustomed work at Erskine.

Chester is a city of intelligent women. They wear handsome dresses and go in great style, and instead of ukia and whisk clubs, as we have at home, here they have a book club, a Chatanqua circle and other such things as will keep up a woman's interest in life and make her a friend and companion of intellectual men. We Abbeville people beat them all to pieces on the interest we manifest in the civil war for we have a flourishing chapter of Daughters and these people have not.

Recently the great Wallace Show was here and I understand that there were no arrests for drunkenness which shows that Chester is almost equal to Abbeville in point of good behavior.

MARY HEMPHILL.

New Inventions Wanted.

- Duplicate heads—for the people who "lose their heads" at critical moments.
- A stump-puller—for the people who suddenly become "rooted to the spot."
- A brace—for the use of "weak-kneed" persons in the hour of danger.
- An anchor—for holding people who are frequently "transported with delight."
- A grindstone—for persons who "grind their teeth" in a moment of anger.
- Insulators—for the use of prudish people who are frequently "shocked" by the language of their friends.
- Thunder rods—for the benefit of persons who are "thunder struck" when they hear unexpected news.—Chicago Record.

Winthrop News.

Last Friday afternoon the main building of Winthrop College was a scene of enjoyment and pleasure. The occasion being a concert and reception given by the faculty and students to the Baptist convention and to their friends. Much preparation had been made and the afternoon had been looked forward to with not a little pleasure by the teachers and young ladies.

Though the day was cold and damp, it kept but few of the invited guests away, and by three o'clock the halls and parlors resounded with the merry voices of the girls as they welcomed their friends. It was a beautiful sight to the looker-on to see three hundred girls, dressed in their uniforms of white waists and blue skirts, giving their friends a hearty welcome, their bright eyes sparkling and their cheeks glowing with pleasure.

Of course every one wished to see the different departments of the college, and it was the pleasure of each young lady to escort one of her friends over the building.

Mr. W. R. Brown, the professor of music, together with his able assistants, had arranged a charming concert in honor of the Convention. By 3:45 the auditorium was filled with expectant guests who awaited the opening of the concert.

The following program was successfully carried out:

Three Planos—March Militaire—Schubert—Misses Margaret Roach, Melona Tillman, Pawnee Jones, Edith Stewart, Jeanie Sprunt, Marian Williams.

Song—The Flower Girl—Bevignani—Miss May Katharine O'Bryen.

Piano Solo—La Fileuse (The Spinning Maiden) Op. 157, Raff—Miss Margaret Melona Tillman.

Vocal Solo—O Divine Redeemer, Gounod—With Piano, Violin and Organ Accompaniment—Miss Souther.

Piano Solo—Valse de Concert, D-flat major, Wieniawski—Miss Margaret Hope Roach.

Two Part Chorus—The May-bells and The Flowers—Mendelssohn.

Hymn—O! Holy Savior—Fleming—Arranged for ladies' voices by Wade R. Brown—The Cecilia Chorus.

Immediately after the concert, the young ladies, each one escorting one of her friends, repaired to the dining room, where an elegant repast awaited them. There were twenty-eight tables with the capacity to seat six hundred, and when all were seated, few were the vacant chairs. About fifty girls served as waitresses and a very pretty sight it was to see them in their white aprons flitting here and there to serve their friends. Soon after dinner the guests took their departure and the girls bade them farewell, happy in the thought that they had added something to their pleasure while in Rock Hill. This afternoon will live long in the minds of the teachers and students as one of the happiest spent at Winthrop.

There was a public meeting of the Winthrop Literary Society Saturday night, and an interesting program carried out, the subject being Shakespeare, his Life, Works and Influence.

On the same night Mr. Hartzog, President of Clemson College, made an address to the girls. It is needless to say that the girls were delighted to hear from their "brothers at Clemson."

There will be a lecture in the auditorium next Friday night by F. Hopkinson Smith.

A New Disease.

"What ails your mistress, Norah?" asked a neighbor. "The doctors do be sayin' that it is nervous pesteration she has, sure," Harper's Bazar.

The Start of One Millionaire.

"Had I caught my train that night," laughed the man who had nothing to do for a quarter of a century but sit and watch pine trees grow to swell his bank account, according to the Detroit *Free Press*, "I would probably be a farmer now, trying to raise a mortgage and a few other things. I had gone to a little town in lower Wisconsin to see a colt there that a man wanted to sell me. I was a good judge of stock and shrewd on a trade, but a greener country lad had never broken into town. I would have walked back to the farm after I found myself too late for the train, but I saw hand-bills announcing a show that night and couldn't resist the temptation to see it though it cost a quarter.

"In my hilarious appreciation I was more of an entertainment than they had on the stage, especially as I was utterly oblivious to the fact that I did not make any one else in the audience. Towards the end a huge fellow came out, tossed cannon balls in the air, held them out at arm's length, and lifted heavy weights. After this showing of his powers he offered \$10 to any one whom he could not throw in 2 minutes. I was the crack wrestler of all our section, though no one present knew it, and I felt as though the challenge was aimed directly at me. I turned hot and cold during the few seconds of intense silence. Then I sprang up, and as I came out of my old blouse, shouted: 'I'll go you b'gosh.' There was a roar of laughter, and then some of those about me urged me not to go up there and have my neck broken. But one old man told me to go in. It was a tough job, but I finally threw the giant almost through the floor with a hiplock. There was a little hesitancy about giving me the \$10, but the crowd shouted till I got it. Then the old man took me home with him, and in a week I had charge of all the teams in his lumber camp. In time I became a partner, and he cleared the way to make me rich. That was really a match for a million."

She Could Joke, Too.

A Washington man connected with the publishing business is fond of a practical joke, and has likewise a constant and unchangeable ambition to "show off" in the presence of his wife, says the *Washington Star*. Recently he was at a gathering of men where a well known specimen of his favorite kind of humor was employed to aid in the merrymaking. The next morning at breakfast he said very gravely: "Susan, it has been a long time since I gave you anything as token of my affectionate esteem."

"I need a winter wrap," she suggested, gently.

"We will think of that later. What I mean to give you is a diamond ring."

"Right now?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, as he dived into his pocket. "Here's a dime and here (touching the servant's bell) is a ring. There you have a dime and ring."

Then he said "Ha-ha!" at the top of his voice many times.

He was rather tired when he got home that evening.

"Is there any dessert?" he inquired after he had eaten all that had been placed before him.

"Yes," she answered. "It is something that I am sure you ought to appreciate. I went out and had it especially prepared for you."

She took from the side-board and placed before him a small card, upon which was printed, "Mince."

"What's this?" he inquired, as he held it off and stared at it.

"That," she replied, sweetly, "is mince pie."

The girl who hesitates may not be lost, but she is apt to become an old maid.

THE LANTERN.

Published every day and Friday. J. T. BIGHAM, Editor and Proprietor. Entered as the Postoffice at Chester, S. C., as second-class matter. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1897.

Plant corn, peas, oats, sorghum, clover, and grasses, and raise horses, mules, cows, hogs and sheep.

Certain members of the history committee of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans of Virginia are undergoing investigation under the charge of being in the employ of the American Book Company.

Traders tell us that horses and mules are higher than they have been for three years. Let us use up the old rips we have before sending off for new ones. There are plenty here now to make all the cotton we can sell at a fair price. Then while we are using the old mules we can raise young ones.

It is said that at the municipal election in Augusta there was open and general bribery. Patrick Walsh, who was elected, was considered by far the best of the three candidates for mayor, and was supported by the best classes of the people, yet money was used in his behalf as liberally perhaps as for the others.

Why don't you speak? There are boys—and some of them are just like their fathers—who speak to nobody as they pass on the street. It is a bad sign. It looks like they feel guilty of some meanness, or else have been very poorly trained at home. Not speaking at all is the next worst thing to pertness. It is true that in some cases boys are not treated by older persons with the attention they deserve, and so adopt prevailing manners. There are men whom you can catch their eye or secure recognition. There are others whom you must collar and choke before they will speak to you. We wish all girls and their mothers could be acquitted of the same charge. Salute your neighbor pleasantly as you pass.

Were it ascertained in advance that there would be absolutely no sale for cotton next fall, how would we pitch our crops? What would we plant? How would we order all our farming operations? How would we arrange about rent and supplies? How would we manage to husband all resources at hand so as to avoid undertaking any obligations that would have to be discharged in the fall from the sale of cotton? The answer to these questions would furnish a very good plan to adopt as matters now stand. If the price of cotton should remain about as at present, we should be most fortunate. If the price should advance, we should be none the worse off. In the mean time we should probably have made some cotton with the expectation of holding it over, and we should then be in a condition to sell at the advanced price or hold it, as we might choose. Of course, all should unite in a persistent determination to banish the bears that depress the market.

MARGINALIA. Oh Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! —MARKET HOLLIS.

What tragic words! What a tragic scene called them forth! Paris was drenched in blood; blood had maddened both the Mountain and Girondists; the royal family had gone down before the fury of the mob; Danton, Marat and Robespierre had overtaxed the guillotines of France; above the tumult of this carnival of murder rings a woman's dauntless impeachment of those who claimed to be the friends of freedom.

Struggles for freedom are often merged into the bloodiest of persecutions. In the early centuries of

Christianity the church struggled against the tyrannies of religion. No sooner did Christianity establish itself than it fell to persecuting. Century after century the warfare has gone on. The pilgrim fathers fled to America to escape persecution. No sooner did they begin to breathe the air of freedom than they began to drive out those who thought not as they thought. After the close of the Revolutionary war the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, though they fought side by side to gain freedom, hated each other and persecuted each other.

Possibly as great crimes, and certainly more crimes, have been committed in the name of the People. Whenever a mean politician wishes to carry through any particularly iniquitous measure, he proclaims it fair and near to be the wish of the people. If a demagogue be pressed by the better element of his constituency to do a righteous thing, he refuses with the plea that the people are not ready for such thing. Who are the people? One is tempted to answer with Job: No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.

In a certain town, after a local election in 1888, a leader on the losing side wrote an editorial in his own paper, declaring that the people were not ready for the measure, and that the enactment of such laws as the result of this election called for was not in accord with the genius of American institutions. This leader aspired to be called a statesman, he passed for a sensible man, but such utterances marked him as being a very distant relative of Solomon. If the people are not ready when majorities speak, when shall they be ready? If the "genius of American institutions" stands for anything, it stands for the will of majorities.

Sparkles from a Rural District.

Sozial life has left the country for the coming winter months, and its votaries have resumed business at their respective places or returned to their homes. Mr. Jas. H. Craig has a position as express agent on the G. C. & A. railroad. Mr. Craig is an ambitious and energetic young man, therefore his success is sure in anything he should undertake.

Miss Janice Caldwell has returned to the West as Female College. Miss Florence Caldwell is pursuing her studies at Gaffney High School, which is presided over by Prof. W. S. Hall.

Miss Lizzie Mills, the accomplished teacher of Water Oaks Academy, has resumed school. Miss Lois Mills is taking music and Latin with Miss Douglass, an excellent instructor. Dr. and Mrs. J. Adams Hayne, who have been domiciled at "Mons Esculapius" for the past month, are now occupying a new place at Douglas's residence, in Blackstock. Dr. Hayne occupies the office formerly used by the late Dr. L. S. Douglass.

Mrs. A. B. Douglas has left her country residence and taken rooms with her son, Mr. J. E. Douglas, at Blackstock. We are glad to welcome in our midst again Mr. J. H. Hall, who has been in Columbia for several months.

Mr. Hugh Miller, of Pleasant Grove, passed through (?) our vicinity this afternoon.

Miss Sue Thorn has resumed her school near Chester.

Miss Adalze Thorn will not return to her school, but will spend the winter at "Mons Esculapius." Dec. 1, '97. —A. EPINE.

Field & Hanson's Minstrels.

Next Tuesday night Fields & Hanson's Minstrels will occupy the stage at the opera house and will present what is announced as a refreshing program of the most talented, but delightful form of entertainment, minstrelsy. Everybody has at various times seen a minstrel show, such as are usually presented consequently something absolutely new in this style of performance proves highly acceptable. In Fields & Hanson's performance the program in its entirety is new, and absolutely so, embracing as it does a succession of timely features and special numbers never before presented in a minstrel program, and as patrons of amusement are ever anxious to witness something new, it is safe to predict a big house for Fields & Hanson, for they present a superabundance of it. Usual prices.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Farina's new friend. Died at 8:30 o'clock on Friday night, Edmund Meeks, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Beaty, age four months.

Mr. Preston Rink received his commission as postmaster a few days ago, at this place, and entered upon the discharge of his duties on Wednesday, the first of the month.

Mr. W. B. Estes, of the Feasterville neighborhood, is ill with pneumonia. He is one of our progressive farmers, and his friends throughout the county hope for his speedy recovery.

Lancaster Enterprise. Mr. J. H. W. Stevens of Chester was in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. P. Roddey, of Fort Lawn, visited Mrs. H. B. Pardue last week. Mrs. John McKeown of Fort Lawn is visiting her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Jordan.

Mr. J. M. Hough is moving from Old Store to the plantation recently bought of Mr. Sam Friedheim near Landsford.

The proceeds of the Klondike entertainment given by the Ladies Aid Society of the A. R. P. church amounted to \$40.00.

Yorkville Yeoman. Judge I. D. Witherspoon is at home, having concluded his last circuit as judge, before retiring from the bench.

There will be delivered at McConnellville academy on the night of the 17th of December a speech by Solicitor J. K. Henry, for the benefit of the school. The public is invited to attend, it is free. Solicitor Henry is a fine speaker. It will do you good to hear him; so come one, come all and let's enjoy it.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

R. B. CALDWELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Walker Bldg., CHESTER, S. C.

PRYOR & MCKEE, DRUGGISTS. Prescriptions a Specialty.

Teachers and Others Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are MONDAY and SATURDAY.

W. D. KNOX, County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER, POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Next door to Stahl's Jewelry Store.

Below COST!

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

Below Actual Cost, to close them out.

NOTHING NICER than a Nice Picture for a Christmas remembrance.

CHILDS & EDWARDS.

Dec. 7, '97.

Notice.

To the Officers of the State of South Carolina. The general election laws, relating to the estate of Caleb P. Shurley, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same properly proven to the undersigned, at Conwell, S. C.

Sale of Land.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Chester County. By virtue of the power vested in me by the heirs at law of Elizabeth Knox, late of said county and State, I will sell at public outcry before the Court House door in Chester, on the first Monday (3rd day) of January, 1898, after the Sheriff's and Clerk's sales, all the following described premises, to wit:

"The 'Home tract' in said county and State, containing 292 1/2 acres, more or less, bounded by the lands of estate of Elizabeth Knox, dec'd, J. W. Knox, James Blaney, William Marion and Julia Proctor.

Also, that other tract known as the "Hood place," containing 115 1/2 acres, more or less, bounded by the lands of the estate of Elizabeth Knox, deceased, known as the Smith place, J. W. Knox, the Home place above described, and lands of J. A. Marion's estate.

Also, that other tract known as the "Smith place," containing 96 acres, more or less, bounded by the Klondike estate, F. LeFevre, the Hood tract above described and Mrs. A. Ferguson. Plans will be found in office of Henry & McLure, attorneys.

Terms of sale Cash on the day of sale. Purchaser or purchaser to pay for papers. J. K. HENRY, Agt. and Atty. of Heirs of Elizabeth Knox, dec'd. November 24, 1897.

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.

Big Sale of CROCKERY!

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

Crockery, Glass, and Lamps

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

Yours truly, ROSSBOROUGH & 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 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.

S. M. Jones & Co.

BIG SALE! Great Reduction! 30 Days Only!

WE MUST MOVE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Carpets, Matting, Blankets, Groceries, Etc. We Offer this \$60,000 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 \$4.00
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 65 c.
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.

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 50 cts.
See our line of Blankets. Must be sold. 500 pairs from 75 cts. to \$1.00.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

- 5 bales Checked Homespun at 3 cts.
10 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 country 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, 3 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 SACHS'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 YOUTH'S SUITS, 4 to 15 years old, at 65c, worth \$1.00. 50 BOYS' and YOUTH'S SUITS, 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 7 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 per 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 Remnant at \$2 cts. a piece. To be laid. 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 \$125 worth of Groceries for \$1 come to S. M. JONES & Co. Do you wish a Saddle, Rug or 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! WAGONS! 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 (3) 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 Bye, 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.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1897.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.

Toys, Dolls, Cups, Saucers and Vases at W. F. STRICKER'S.

For Rent.—New house on Columbia street, now occupied by H. B. Howie. Possession given December 15th. Apply to J. R. Thompson.

Bisque Figures and small China pieces at W. F. STRICKER'S, suitable for Christmas gifts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHILDS & EDWARDS are offering "Artistic Pictures" below actual cost.

LOCAL NEWS.

What is a Klondike party?

The stand pipe has been painted and the ladder attached.

Miss Julia Spratt gave a party last night to a number of her friends.

A. G. Brice, Esq., went to Washington, D. C., Wednesday night on railroad business.

Mr. A. M. Hardee has rearranged and greatly improved the interior of his livery stable.

Married, Dec. 8th, by Rev. P. B. Ingraham, Mr. Kersh Wages and Miss Bessie Cameron.

Born, Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1897, to Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Ingraham, a son—Robt. Shannon.

Rev. D. N. McLaughlin will preach to the Lee Light Infantry next Sabbath evening.

Fields & Hanson's big minstrels will hold the boards at the opera house next Tuesday night.

We understand that Groeschel's o. p. bar is to be opened, with Henry Samuels, agent, and John Brown, clerk.

The whole Racket crew attended the marriage Wednesday evening at the manager's home—and ate supper.

Dr. S. W. Pryor has employed Miss Moore, a trained nurse of New York, to take charge of his sanitarium.

Mr. J. Mooney, of Asheville, has opened a fruit stand in Mrs. Atkinson's old stand, in the Cotton Hotel building.

Miss Willie Harrison will be found in the jewelry store of W. F. Stricker, as clerk, on and after next Monday.

We fear that we shall have bad streets this winter, even with the best efforts of the contractors to leave them as they found them.

Mr. Robt. Conrad, Jr., of Lowryville, was married on Wednesday Dec. 1st, to Miss Bessie, daughter of Mr. James Kidd, by Rev. T. C. Ligon.

The Hopewell ladies have had another of those old-time quiltings; this time at Mrs. M. J. Wylie's. We have not heard which way the cat jumped.

Elias McCClinton, Tom Abell, and Jim Gilmore, all colored, were sent up Wednesday by Judge Williams for disturbing worship at Brown's Chapel, Lowlyville.

Mr. R. E. Brice, of Torbet neighborhood, will go into the brokerage business in the city Jan. 1st. His office will be in Melton & Hardin's store.

Mr. T. P. Mitchell, of Avon, was in the city Wednesday. He is a very extensive farmer—intensive too—and makes his own hog and hominy.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Ewart publish in the Lancaster papers a card of thanks to the citizens of Lancaster, irrespective of denomination, for kindness extended to them during sickness in the family.

Mr. Clarence A. Douglas, of Blackstock, and Miss Nannie, daughter of Mr. Wm. J. McWaters, of Mt. Pleasant, were married Dec. 7th, Rev. J. H. Yarborough officiating. The numerous friends of Miss Maggie Hartlee, who taught so successfully in our graded school for four years, will be pleased to hear that she is giving some "pleasantry" in her work in Florence.

Rev. W. T. Matthews, well known in this county, paid the LANTERN office a pleasant visit Wednesday afternoon. He came to Chester to officiate at the marriage of his brother, Mr. Sittt Matthews.

The "Sparkles from a Rural District," in this issue, should have been in Tuesday's paper, but were left out by a mischance which we trust will not happen again. We hope to have sparkles from the same source often.

Mr. N. S. Matthews, of Union county, N. C., and Miss Willie Walkup were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. W. Klutz, Wednesday afternoon at six o'clock. Rev. W. T. Matthews, brother of the groom, officiated, assisted by Rev. D. N. McLaughlin.

Mr. W. S. Smith, manager of the Western Union telegraph office, can turn his hand to anything. Besides being a skillful operator, he is a photographer and electrician, and we believe he knows something about printing too. He has some handsome views taken and developed by himself.

Rev. W. T. Matthews is located temporarily at Westminster. He was forced to leave Florida on account of the health of himself and family. He has under consideration the choice of two tempting positions, chancellor of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, at Clinton, and Synodical evangelist for the State.

We feel heartily grateful to many friends, both in city and country, for thoughtfulness in furnishing news items. We trust that this manifestation of kindness will continue and increase. We will ask only that items be handed in, as far as possible, on the day before publication rather than on that day, as we generally have neither time nor space then.

Coming to Chester.

Dr. J. B. Bigham, of Blackstock, will move to Chester about Jan. 1st. His dental office will be in the Walker & Henry building.

Dwelling Burned.

Mr. Hugh J. Millen, of Rodman, lost his house by fire last Wednesday morning. The fire was in the roof when discovered and is thought to have come from a chimney. About three-fourths of the contents were saved. The house and furniture were insured for \$200, in the Farmers' Mutual.

Leeds Locals.

We are having a lovely fall. Farmers have about finished sowing grain.

There was service at Cool Branch last Sunday, conducted by Rev. B. P. Estes. It was a very interesting sermon. We hope to have Mr. Estes with us again for 1898.

Small Pox.

We hear this morning, from what appears to be a good source, that there is a case of small pox in Rock Hill. The report is that a young man who had been to Atlanta broke out with small pox, Monday morning. It is stated also that he was at the reception tendered the Baptist Convention at Winthrop College. It is to be hoped that he was not then in a condition to communicate the disease.

Mr. J. A. Walker, chairman board of health, wired Mayor Hutchinson this morning and received as answer: "One case—isolated—out of town one mile." Mr. Walker will call a meeting of the board to consider vaccination and other precautions. Let every citizen sustain and aid the board in its efforts to avert a plague.

PERSONALS.

Miss Rose L. Heyman is visiting relatives in Georgetown.

Miss Marion Leckie returned from Rock Hill Wednesday.

Miss Marion Leckie, had a pleasant visit in Rock Hill last week.

Senator W. B. Love, of York, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Annie Leckie is visiting in Richburg.

Mrs. Cattie Morrison and children are visiting at Blackstock.

R. B. Caldwell, Esq., is at Blackstock today on legal business.

Mrs. A. J. McCoy is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Hull, in Rock Hill.

Mr. E. M. Shannon, of Blackstock, is attending Conference at Florence.

Miss Annie Conrad, of Lowryville, is visiting Miss Katie McConnell.

Miss Helen Walker returned from a pleasant trip at McConnellsville last Wednesday.

Miss Hunter and Miss Bessie Simpson, of Monroe, came over to the Walkup-Matthews wedding.

Mr. Dan M. McLaughlin is here on a visit to his brother, Rev. D. N. McLaughlin.

Mr. Gatling, a former cotton buyer of our city, is stopping at the Head Hotel.

Mr. Sisson, secretary of the American Devon Cattle Club, has been spending some time at Mr. R. A. Loye's.

Miss Kate Gaston, of Montgomery, is visiting her cousin, Miss Kate Gaston, of Chester.

Miss Sue Guy complimented THE LANTERN with a call yesterday afternoon.

Maj. G. W. F. Harper, of the C. & N-W., went to Washington Wednesday night.

Misses Annie and Lillie May Talbert, of McCormick, are visiting Miss Annie Steinkuhler.

At the Baptist Church.

The pastor will begin on Sunday night the preaching of a series of sermons on Chester at night. The following are the dates and subjects: Dec. 12.—In the Adder's Den, or Drunken in the Night. Dec. 19.—A Peep through the Window Lattice, or a Young Man that I saw one Night. Dec. 26.—If Christ should come to Chester, on the Night before Christmas.

Jan. 2.—The Twelve Stroke of the Clock, or A Death at Midnight. Jan. 9.—Preparation for Christ's Second Coming, or The Night far Spent.

Homicide.

Dock Shannon, colored, was found dead near Lowryville last Tuesday morning with a bullet in his head. About 11 o'clock the night before, he was called out by Jim Mobley's house and the report of a pistol was heard soon after. The coroner's inquest developed nothing definite, but Ed. Kennedy and Tom Cassels were committed to jail yesterday, by Magistrate Williams, charged with the murder.

Wedding Bells.

Quite a number of friends and relatives assembled at the home of Mrs. A. W. Klutz, on Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Willie Walkup, to Mr. N. S. Matthews. Promptly at six o'clock, the sweet strains of the wedding march, the bridal party entered the tastefully decorated parlor, preceded by William Hood and Lottie Klutz, daintily dressed in white silk and strewing the way with flowers. The bride dressed in an exquisite grey toilette, looked as all brides should, at her best, and in a sweet modest way took the vows.

The presents were numerous, useful and ornamental. After partaking of delightful refreshments, the party left on the Seaboard Air Line for their future home. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. T. Matthews, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. D. N. McLaughlin.

Our Country Friends.

It was our pleasure to make a brief trip to the country last week. Leaving on Tuesday, our journey that day was uneventful. Our first stop was with Mr. Samuel Knox, who is one of the "horny-handed sons of toil." The low price of cotton was the trouble of his heart. Unfortunately he was not the only one that sang the song of five-cent cotton; their name was legion.

We tarried a few minutes with Mr. W. H. McFadden at Richburg, and then turned our face in the direction of Lewisville. There we met our friend, Mr. I. N. Whiteside, who in the capacity of salesman or partner has been engaged in the mercantile business at the same place ever since the close of the war. He has demonstrated the wisdom of putting down stakes and staying by them. He has a beautiful home and an interesting family, everything indicating prosperity and happiness. He runs a saw mill, grist mill and ginney. This year he has ginned about 450 bales.

Proceeding on our way, we arrived at Lando, where the Monetta Mills are located. The mills are run at a profit, due to the wise management of Superintendent Davis.

The next place reached was Edgemoor. Business was very dull, and customers were exceedingly scarce. This town was remarkably like other places in this particular.

The residence of Mr. F. W. Whiteside was our next stopping place. Success has crowned his efforts in the way of farming. He is one of those farmers that make their own supplies, and consequently live at home. In addition to the fleecy staple, he sells wheat, oats and other things grown on the place. He showed us a home-raised colt, four years old, which he claims to be the finest in the county. It certainly is a beautiful animal. His large Berkshire hogs are beauties. They will supply his household with all the meat they will need during the coming year.

Rev. Oliver Johnson, pastor of the Neely's Creek A. R. P. church, also called on Mr. Whiteside the same evening. A good man and a fine talker, he delighted all present with his wit, taking particular pleasure in teasing his host about some lady fair who lived not far away.

Though somewhat out of our way, we were amply repaid in visiting our old friend Capt. J. A. Thomas, the only survivor in the county of the Chester company of the Palmetto Regiment that made such a brilliant record during the Mexican war. He lost an arm at the close of hostilities while his regiment was engaged in fighting in the City of Mexico. Notwithstanding the loss of an arm, he volunteered his services in the late war, and was elected captain of a company that was attached to the 24th Regiment. At the close of the war he, with some others, went to Brazil with the expectation of settling there, but not liking the manners and morals of the people he returned to his old home in his native State and at once began farming, in which he has ever since been engaged. Success has attended his efforts, and he has added to his landed property.

Proceeding on our way, we rested a short time at the store of William Walker & Co. The company is his sister, who gives promise of becoming a good and successful merchant.

Leaving there, our next stop was at Ferguson's store, which seems to have an ample supply of customers. Mr. Ferguson was consequently in a cheerful frame of mind. May he always be so.

We continued our journey in the direction of Landsford, and did not halt until we came to the happy home of Maj. C. W. McFadden. The weather was inclement, but we forgot that in the enjoyment of the warm reception and comfortable quarters that awaited us on our arrival at his home. He was a member of the 6th Regiment during the late war and lost a leg at the battle of Sharpsburg. It is his purpose to do all in his power to

Price a Power! Biggest Sale of Holiday Goods Ever yet Offered in the Four Counties! A Twenty-five per cent Reduction On every article until January 1st, 1898, by the ONE thoroughly well known, recognized, undisputed, legitimate headquarters... R. BRANDT'S STORE is the biggest, brightest, busiest jewelry establishment in the four counties. It is a positive fact! We are selling cheaper because we are selling more; and you buy the BEST for the LEAST money. Come or send at once and select your presents. R. BRANDT, The Jeweler, Under Tower Clock, 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.

bringing about a reunion of the survivors of that Regiment. He hopes that Gen. Bratton will be prepared at that time to read his account of the operations of that heroic command during that eventful struggle. It was very interesting to hear him relate his war experiences. We particularly enjoyed his account of the Second Battle of Manassas. In his opinion on the wounding of Gen. Jenkins in that battle was a great misfortune. The handling of the brigade after that unhappy event he thinks was not such as it should have been. He does not lay the blame on any particular person, but thinks that in consequence of a misunderstanding of orders there was confusion that might have been prevented. Maj. McFadden was a member of the legislature during the sessions of '90 and '91, and performed his legislative duties in an acceptable manner. He was a conscientious legislator, doing all in his power to secure such legislation as would benefit his constituents. We made a short stop at Friedheim's store, but unfortunately the proprietor was absent. We set out for Fort Lawn, arriving there about dark. We passed the new and pretty store of R. H. Fudge, who appears to be in a prosperous condition. We were glad to meet our good friend, Dr. McKeown at Fort Lawn. He is well posted on political, as well as medical affairs. The people of the town as well as the surrounding country appreciate his worth as is evidenced in the extensive practice he enjoys. We were glad to meet again the merchants of that growing town, and to hear that trade had considerably improved of late. May that improvement continue and increase there and everywhere until "hard times" shall be relegated to the rear, and be entirely a thing of the past.

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.

The Address of Lord Harry Culverhouse.

by Anthony Hope

(Copyright, 1907, by A. B. Hewitt.)

"Going that my father Henry is dead and that I am king, seeing also that I am no longer a bachelor, but a married man (and here he bowed to Margaret of Tuscany, his newly wedded wife), and seeing that Oera is turned 20 years of age—why, we are all going to be nobler folk at Strilman from this day forward, and we are going to play no more pranks. Here's a pledge of it." And, having said this, King Rudolf III took a deep drink of wine.

At this moment the king's attendants came to take his leave of their majesties and of the princess. This gentleman had accompanied the king's attendants from England to congratulate the king on his marriage, and he had staid some months in Strilman, very eagerly awaiting to the king's visit, for he had long and headstrong passion that he had fallen most desperately in love with the fair Oera, and he was glad to play no more to live out of her presence. Yet now he came to bid farewell, and when he was ushered in Rudolf received him with much graciousness and made him a present of his own miniature set of diamonds, while the queen gave him her miniature set in the lid of a golden casket. As he returned Lord Harry bowed to the king and queen, and then he drew out a golden pin from her hair, a long and sharp pin, bearing for its head her cipher in brilliant, and she gave it to him, smiling.

But he, bowing low and then falling on his knee, offered her a box of red morocco leather, and when she opened it she saw a necklace of rubies and emeralds. The princess thanked red and said that the gift was most costly. And she would fain have refused it and held it out again to Lord Harry. But he turned swiftly away, and, bowing once more, withdrew. Then the princess said to her brother, "It is too costly."

The king, seeing her splendid and so gifted, frowned a little, but then he said: "He must be a man of very great wealth, for he has a right to be so. I am sorry the gift is so great, but we cannot refuse it without wounding his honor."

So the princess set the ruby necklace with her other jewels and thought for a day or two, that Lord Harry was no wiser than other men and then forgave him.

Now, Lord Harry Culverhouse, on leaving the king's presence, had mounted his horse, which was a fine charger and splendidly equipped, and ridden alone out of Strilman, for he had dismissed all his servants and dispatched them with suitable gratuities to their own country. He rode through the afternoon and the evening till he had a village 16 miles away. Here he stopped at a cottage, and an old man came out and escorted him inside. A bundle lay on the table in the little parlor of the cottage.

"Here are the clothes, my lord," said the old man, laying his hand on the bundle.

"And here are mine," answered Lord Harry. "Aid the horse stands ready for you." With this he began to pull off the fine clothes in which he had the audience of the king, and he opened the bundle and put on the old and plain suit which he wore.

"Give me the 5 crowns, Solomon, and our bargain is complete."

Then Solomon the Jew gave him 5 crowns and bade him farewell, and he placed the crowns in his purse and walked out of the cottage, possessing nothing in the world saving his old clothes. 5 crowns he had, and he had that had fastened the ruby hair of Princess Oera, for everything else that he had possessed—his hands and horses in England, his money and all that was his—had been battered with Solomon the Jew in order that he might buy the ruby necklace which he had worn to Princess Oera. Such was the strange madness wrought in him by her face.

It was now late evening, and he walked to the inn and stayed there. In the morning he went to the shop of a barber, and in return for one of his crowns the barber cropped his long curls short and shaved off his moustache. He gave his a complexion to which he staid his displeasure to a darker tint, and he made his face dirty and soiled his hands and roughened the skin of his chest, chafing them on some dirts which lay by the roadside. Then, changing a second crown, he bought a loaf of bread and set off to tread to Strilman, and in Strilman was Oera, and he would not go anywhere else in the world. And when he had arrived there, he went to a servant of the king's master and prevailed on him by a present of 5 crowns to assist him as a trooper, and this the servant, having found that Lord Harry could not read, knew how to do. And he agreed to do so. Then Lord Harry bowed a trooper in the guard of King Rudolf, having for all his possessions but a few pence and the golden pin that had fastened the hair of Princess Oera. And nobody knew him except Solomon the Jew, and he, having made a good profit, hid his peace both then and afterward.

And stood up on his feet, looking at her, and he heard nothing but the sound of the horses cropping the grass a little way off. Then she drew near her, and looked long on her face, and she opened her eyes and saw him. But she showed no fear of him. She smiled at him, and she said:

"Even here I am garrisoned by one of the gentlemen who guard me in the palace." And she closed her eyes again and turned to sleep.

Then a chair came through him. And he dug his nails into the palms of his hands and, turning, walked swiftly up and down on the bluff by the side of the river with Oera sleeping and presently he fell on his knees beside her and began to murmur in a rapid rush of words, but he did not know whose beauty, but blessed God for it and blessed him also for the preservation of his own honor. Thus he spent the night till day was near, and then he bent over Oera and looked on her face. He took up the ruby necklace and laid it lightly about her neck. And, feeling the touch of it, cool and wet from the dew, she again opened her eyes, and, seeing her knuckles in them, she rubbed gently, and she gasped a little, saying, "Heigh ho, I am asleep!" and sat up. And she said, "Are you not sleepy, my lord?"

"I am on watch, madam," said Lord Harry Culverhouse.

As the princess sat up the ruby necklace fell from her neck into her lap. Seeing it, she held it up to him, saying: "Take it again and go to your own home. I am sure you gave too great a price for it."

He smiled, for she did not know how great the price was, and he asked: "And must I, in my turn, give back the price of the ruby necklace?"

"No; keep the pin. It is worth nothing," she smiled. "It is safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer."

"Who ever saw a lady, madam? Eren I have not harmed you," said Lord Harry.

"You'll not harm me," said Lord Harry Culverhouse, and he took down on the ground and rested his chin on his knees and clasped his hands about his shins, and he cared himself utterly not to move, but he would not sleep and he would have died before he had slept a wink.

Monday morning a colored train had, Tom Griffin, by name, ascending a ladder while the freight train was shutting, lost his foothold and fell to the ground between the moving trucks. A car heavily loaded with lumber passed over his body killing him instantly. Although his body was terribly mangled, his face was natural and easily recognized by those who had known him. Tom is an old Winsboro darkey, and was credited to the freight depot. He was one of the train crew.

Tom Griffin has a record on the railroad worth recording. It is about as follows: Eight or ten years ago he was one of the train hands between Columbia and Augusta, and he saw a white child on the track in front of a rapidly approaching engine. Tom called for the engine to be reversed, but he saw this could not be done in time to save the child. He jumped off, caught the child, the attempt at reversal being somewhat effective, and saved its life. Tom was slightly hurt. The child was saved, and Tom was rewarded.—Fairfield News & Herald.

"Do you not know me, sir? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse."

Greatly astonished, the king looked his lord and fell back a pace, for he did not understand what he heard, but he knew the voice of his friend. He looked down, and he beheld Oera sleeping peacefully as a child on the ground, and when he saw her he was so moved that he had to turn away. He had seen her before, and he had seen her with the arm, crying, "Are there others coming after you?"

"Yes," said the king, "many others. The whole of the guard are roused and seek her high and low in the city and outside. Be' how come you here, man?"

Then Lord Harry told the king what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, but yet saying nothing, and when he told him how he had carried off the princess the king's hand fell to the hills of his sword. But Lord Harry said, "Not yet," and continued to tell the king how Oera had pined him and how he had watched her and how he had slept again, bidding him keep the pin. Then, glancing at Oera, he lowered his voice and spoke very quickly and urgently, and the king held out his hand and shook Lord Harry's hand, saying: "Is there no other way?"

But Lord Harry shook his head, then he kissed the king's hand and said he would kiss Oera's hand very softly, and he looked for the last time on her face, and he drew the golden pin from his purse and he put it gently and softly among her hair. And he took the ruby necklace in his own hand and clasped it tight, and he said to King Rudolf:

"Sire, there are some in the city that know me before, but I have not known since I have been in your guard, because I have shaved my face. Takes care that you so alter it that they do not know me again."

Then the king's breast caught in his

Truth Crushed to Death.

Good Stories, who had early imprinted upon his only son and heir the moral of the George Washington cherry-tree story, was fortunate enough to find a "possum recently. He bore it in triumph to his dining" and, assisted by his son, cooked it to a juicy brown.

"Now," said he, "the best way ter eat a 'possum is col', so we'll jest let him stay in de pantry, and when maw'nin' comes he'll be 'mou'licious an' ever."

His son seemed sadly disappointed, but he made the best of it, and both retired for the night.

The old man was up early next morning, but the boy slept on.

On opening the safe the astonished parent discovered—nothing but bones in the dish that had contained the 'possum. He brought the drowsy youngster to his feet with a jerk, and dragging him to the scene of the wreck, he said:

"What does that mean, eh?"

The boy fell on his knees and cried:

"Daddy, I can't tell a lie; I got up in de night and eat it wid my little mouf."

The old man said not a word, but, dragging the boy to the room door, he held him by the collar while he jerked a piece of weather-boarding from the side of the house.

"Daddy!" cried the boy, "is yer swine ter lick me for tellin' the truth?"

"No, you kinky-headed debbil, you," thundered the old man, "I givine ter frail de hide off yer eatin' dat 'possum!"

Prof. Johnson Still Sick.

Mr. Johnson left here on October 17th for Baltimore to be treated for some slight indisposition, expecting to return in a few days. His stay was protracted much longer than expected, and even yet he is quite weak and broken down. There is no serious organic trouble, but for over two years he has worked day and night for Winthrop and over work is probably the cause of his indisposition.—Rock Hill Herald.

He Saved a Child.

Monday morning a colored train had, Tom Griffin, by name, ascending a ladder while the freight train was shutting, lost his foothold and fell to the ground between the moving trucks. A car heavily loaded with lumber passed over his body killing him instantly. Although his body was terribly mangled, his face was natural and easily recognized by those who had known him. Tom is an old Winsboro darkey, and was credited to the freight depot. He was one of the train crew.

Tom Griffin has a record on the railroad worth recording. It is about as follows: Eight or ten years ago he was one of the train hands between Columbia and Augusta, and he saw a white child on the track in front of a rapidly approaching engine. Tom called for the engine to be reversed, but he saw this could not be done in time to save the child. He jumped off, caught the child, the attempt at reversal being somewhat effective, and saved its life. Tom was slightly hurt. The child was saved, and Tom was rewarded.—Fairfield News & Herald.

"Do you not know me, sir? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse."

Greatly astonished, the king looked his lord and fell back a pace, for he did not understand what he heard, but he knew the voice of his friend. He looked down, and he beheld Oera sleeping peacefully as a child on the ground, and when he saw her he was so moved that he had to turn away. He had seen her before, and he had seen her with the arm, crying, "Are there others coming after you?"

"Yes," said the king, "many others. The whole of the guard are roused and seek her high and low in the city and outside. Be' how come you here, man?"

Then Lord Harry told the king what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, but yet saying nothing, and when he told him how he had carried off the princess the king's hand fell to the hills of his sword. But Lord Harry said, "Not yet," and continued to tell the king how Oera had pined him and how he had watched her and how he had slept again, bidding him keep the pin. Then, glancing at Oera, he lowered his voice and spoke very quickly and urgently, and the king held out his hand and shook Lord Harry's hand, saying: "Is there no other way?"

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