

The Lexington Dispatch

LEXINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1883.

PHILIP EPSTIN,
149 Main Street,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Has Just Returned from the Northern markets with one of the Largest and Best Selected Stocks of **CLOTHING,** Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gents' and Ladies' Hats, of every quality and style, to suit every purchaser, at wholesale and retail, ever brought to Columbia. I am prepared to offer **GREAT INDUCEMENTS** for this SEASON in ready-made Clothing complete.

HATS, in Saxony, Felt and Straw, ranging from 25c. up. In fact my stock is too large to enumerate the KIND, STYLE and QUALITY. My PRICES and QUALITIES have always afforded customers the **BEST SATISFACTION,** and I shall leave nothing undone to guarantee the utmost satisfaction to those who will favor me by a call. Revise my **STOCK** by an **House** North. The **citizens** for their past **meral** patronage, I solicit a **continuance** of the same in the future at the old stand of

What is the next station?
This was the question I asked of the station master, as I sat waiting for the train. I had gone some miles in the country to visit an aged lady who was very sick, and whose home was situated in the town of... having finished my errand, I was waiting in the waiting-room until the returning train should arrive.

I found myself alone with the depot master—an aged man, with white hair and a face which told of care the stern usage of time and hard work.

"What is the next station?" I inquired, being unacquainted with the road, which was a branch line running into the country.

"The next station is the last," he answered. "It is the terminus of the line. You passed a good many stopping places coming out, sir; but there is only one more as you go on."

There was a pause for a moment in the conversation; then, evidently understanding my errand, he asked, "How is the old lady, sir?"

"She is fast nearing the last station," I replied. "She is very sick, and besides she is seventy years old, and has reached the terminus of life as laid down in the Book; for you know, the Bible says that 'the days of our years are three-score and ten—seventy years—that is seven stations.'"

There was quite a pause in the conversation again, during which the old man seemed to be thinking. Then he said:

"According to that, I suppose I may be pretty near the end of my route, since I am just turning seventy."

"Well, I am not sorry, I have had hard work, and a good deal of it."

"What is the next station?" he asked.

"Ah, nobody knows about that!" he answered. "We know about the past, but that is going to be hereafter no one can tell. I only hope that I shall be better off in the next world than I have been in this; but I cannot say certainly, for no one has ever come back from that world to tell us anything about it."

"Ah, but you are mistaken there!" I interrupted. "There is one who has come back and told us about the future life. Do you not know that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel?"

"Who are you?" The old man asked abruptly. "I thought you were a doctor, who had come out to visit the old lady. I guess I am mistaken, sir?"

"Yes, I answered; "you are not quite correct. I am a minister of the Gospel, rather, and my calling is very much like yours. I am trying to help men on their journey through life, to answer their questions about the route, and especially to persuade them to believe on the Son of God, that they may have eternal life, and land at last in glory."

"Well, there may be a better world beyond the grave, and there may not be. We don't know," he continued.

"Don't know!" I said, pressing the point with all earnestness on his heart. "We do know. How could I preach the Gospel and urge men to seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, unless I knew certainly that there is a world of life and blessedness hereafter for such as will inherit it? Why, sir, what would people think of you if in reply to their question, 'What is the next station?' you should say, 'I don't know! Nobody knows!' And so I could not preach the Gospel and urge men to seek for an eternal blessedness, unless I was perfectly sure of this reality. Paul, the great preacher of the Gospel, knew what the next station was: 'We know that if our earthly houses of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' This is an answer to the

great question, 'What shall be hereafter?' and if you believe in Jesus Christ, and take his Gospel as your guide-book, you can know just as well as Paul that the next station beyond the tomb shall be for you.

Just then the whistle of an approaching train sounded, and the old man hastened to the platform.

Reader, what answer have you to make to this question? In the hurrying train of life you are moving swiftly on. Ever and anon there is a pause, and some passenger steps off and disappears. The next stopping place may be yours; where will it land you?—*The Watchword.*

A Young Woman Cured of Paralysis by Prayer.

Hudson, Mass., March 20.—Annie Peeny was suddenly stricken with paralysis in October last while at work in a shop, and at the expiration of two weeks was utterly helpless and oblivious of all that was occurring around her. The best medical skill was employed without beneficial result and she was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, but no relief could be obtained there. She was then taken back to her home, apparently helpless for life. On Friday, March 23, in mission week, and at the request of the young lady's father, the Rev. Father Rioro, one of the mission fathers, visited her at home and read prayers over her.

She was about and able to do her household duties. During the present week she has attended to all the domestic work of the house while her mother has been away visiting. The six months in which she remained helpless and apparently unconscious is a blank period to her.

Woman.

Hope for suffering women. Something new under the sun. By reason of her peculiar relations, and her peculiar ailments, woman has been compelled to suffer, not only her own ills, but those arising from the want of knowledge, or of consideration on the part of those with whom she stands connected in the social organization. The frequent and distressing irregularities peculiar to her sex have thus been aggravated to a degree which no language can express. In the mansions of the rich and the hovel of the poor alike, woman has been the victim of ills unknown to man, and which none but she could endure—and without a remedy. But now the hour of her redemption has come. She need not suffer longer, when she can find relief in Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend." Prepared by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. Price, trial size, 75c; large size, \$1.50. For sale by all druggists.

Referring to the recent difficulty between Messrs. O'Bryan and Youmans in Barnwell County, the Aiken Recorder says: Both are now under bonds to appear at the next term of the Barnwell Court. It will then be seen whether the rigorous provisions of the duelling law will be sustained by the verdict of a jury. It is true no blood has been spilt, but nevertheless a sufficient case has been made out by the publications of the gentlemen and their friends to fully test the amount of moral support this important statute will receive at the bar of public opinion as well as in a court of justice. If the law is to be treated merely as a legal scarecrow, it had better be repealed at the next session of the Legislature.

An Inquiring Mind.

A prototype of the famous Malkittie boy, J. Arkatow, lives here in Dnluth. After returning from church last Sunday he sat in a very thoughtful attitude for a while and then asked:

"Pa, didn't the preacher say that God had created the world in six days?"

"Yes, my son."

"Wasn't it swearing far 'im to say so?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why, wasn't it?"

"Because the word used in that connection is not to be regarded as profane."

"If I was to say that you would be damned if you didn't believe, would it be swearing?"

"Not at all—but don't ask so many questions."

"Would it be swearing if I'd say damn you if you don't?"

"There, there, my son; you are carrying it too far. Be quiet now, for heaven's sake!"

"Will ma be damned if she don't believe?"

"Certainly."

"And me, too?"

"Of course."

"And the dog, too?"

"Oh! for goodness sake hush! You drive me crazy!"

"Say, pa, would Jack, the crazy man, be damned if he didn't believe?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Now hush!"

"Then he'd be like Oscar Wilde, wouldn't he?"

"No, he wouldn't."

"Yes, he would!"

"He would not, and now if you don't hush up I'll thrash you!"

"But he would not!"

"How would he?"

"Why, didn't I hear you say that Oscar Wilde was a damned idiot, and if crazy Jack was to be—"

But before he could conclude the sentence a concussion remote from his talking machine claimed his immediate attention.—*Ex.*

Circumstances Alter Some Cases.

The case was that of a man who was accused of discharging fire-arms in the city limits.

Recorder—"You fired off a gun twice; did you kill anybody?"

"No, your Honor."

"Don't you know that it is a very serious matter to fire off a gun and not kill anybody? Don't you know that you are liable to be punished severely for such carelessness?"

"I do, your Honor; but there are mitigating circumstances."

"What are they, and are there many of them?"

"They are cats, and there are any number of them."

Recorder (brightened up)—"So you are bothered with cats, too, are you? Come here one moment. Tell me, how many did you kill?"

"Three with the first barrel and two with the second."

"Splendid! Glorious! What size shot do you use?"

"I use duck-shot."

"That fetches 'em, does it? Hump! Couldn't you—y-o-u—lend—me—your—gun—for—a—few—days?"

"Certainly, your Honor; but you must remember that you are liable to be punished very severely if you shoot off a gun inside the city limits and do not kill anybody."

"You can go. You will do, but don't let it happen again."

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D., New York City. ang 23-ly

A Husband Offended by the Minister at the Obsequies of His Wife.

Not many weeks ago a gentleman well known in the mercantile world of this city, was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a lady who had been a member of his church for many years. The lady was a gentlewoman well known in the mercantile world of this city, and her husband was a prominent member of the church. The funeral was held in the church, and the minister officiated. The husband was present, and he was offended by the minister's conduct. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to his wife, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to himself. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the church, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the community. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the world, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the universe. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Creator, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Redeemer. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Holy Spirit, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Church. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of God, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of Heaven. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of Hell, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of Satan. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the East, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the West. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the North, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the South. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the East, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the West. He felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the North, and he felt that the minister had been disrespectful to the Kingdom of the South.

A Colored Ex-Confederate.

The maimed figure of a colored man, holding open the Capitol Square gate on Bank and Eleventh Streets, has long been a familiar sight to citizens. The poor fellow stands on two stumps, each leg having been chopped off just above the knee. That colored gate-holder has an interesting story, the facts of which were made known some time ago, when a dyspeptic made objection to the people's standing at the gate. It seems that during the war the man, who was then quite young, was taken out to work on the fortifications near the city. A shell tore away both legs. After the war he posted himself at the Capitol Square gate, and this has been his post for many years. He opens the gate for pedestrians, and takes whatever they will give him.

Some years ago, when a commutation of \$30 was paid to the wounded ex-Confederate soldier of Virginia, some persons interested themselves in the gate-holder, and he received his \$30. As soon as he obtained the money he vacated his post, bought a ticket to Norfolk and other cities, and made a tour of the country, living, as long as his money held out, like a prince. When the cash was exhausted he stumped his way back to his old post, where he remained taking pennies until a few days ago, when he received a second instalment of commutation money, which this time amounted to \$60. He at once started on another tour, and there can be no doubt that the poor fellow will have a glorious time.—*Richmond State.*

How a Little Child's Life Was Saved.

In the afternoon a woman, looking out of a window in the city, saw a child hanging from a window sill, but kept from falling by a dog, who had caught the child's dress in its teeth. The woman had left her baby, 18 months old, on the floor of the front room playing with her toys and a little terrier dog that is its constant companion. The mother was away just three minutes, but when she came back and opened the door her infant's head, arms and shoulders were hanging beyond the stone sill of an open window, and near it, with its feet on a chair stood the little dog holding on the dress, looked a mute appeal for haste and help. In an instant she was by her baby's side and the danger was passed. When the dog had been relieved of his burden he pranced around the mother and child with a delight that was almost frantic.

He Took Some.

"Do you keep coffee here?" he asked, as he entered a Woodward St. grocery.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you roast it yourself?"

"We do."

"Is the adulteration all done on your premises?"

"It is. We have a clean, airy adulterating room, free from ash, broken bottles and oyster cans, and the man who mixes in the beans, peas, ground cocoanut shell and the parched corn uses nothing but the best adulterations. How much will you have?"

"Two pounds," was the blank reply, and he walked off apparently well pleased.—*Detroit Free Press.*

QUEEN CITY OF THE SOUTH.—Mr. D. B. Herman, a very popular traveling salesman from Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have used Norman's Neutralizing Cordial for stomachic affections with the best results. It is an excellent medicine. No traveler should be without it."

The whole number of letters mailed in this country during the year 1880 was 1,053,252,879, an average of 21 to each man, woman and child in the country.

Working C.

Now is the season, *trial South*, for a fair appreciation of the proper appreciation of the advantages of good county roads. To say nothing of the disadvantages of bad county roads, the danger of the long exposure of the driver's hands on the winter roads is a serious question of economy, in which the interests of farmers are much more deeply involved than all farmers may suppose. And although men engaged in agriculture are exceptionally slow in new movements they are nevertheless men of clear heads and practical intelligence, and the day is not distant, we hope, when, carefully estimating the cost and reasonably computing the profits, they will set to work earnestly in co-operation for improving the roads wherever improvements are needed.—*Southern Cultivator.*

The Nebraska Liquor Law.

Hon. C. F. Manderson, the new United States Senator from Nebraska, gives to a Chicago reporter a brief and compact sketch of the high license liquor law of his State. "It is," says the Senator, "the best liquor law in the United States." The license for cities is \$1,000 a year and in small towns \$50 a year. Before it went into effect Omaha had 160 saloons, "and some of them were pretty bad," remarks the Senator; now the number has been reduced to ninety, a little more than one-half. When there were 160 saloons, paying \$100 a year, the revenue they yielded was only \$16,000; now the ninety under the new law yield \$90,000 a year. The new law is of great benefit to the body politic in that "it has cut off all the little low doggeries, which were the ones that made trouble, and the character of saloons is better. Of them is \$50 a year, and the keeper is bonded for the full amount of our health and safety."

A year of his boyhood in Fort Worth to any understanding pecuniary nature of relations with the establishment. At the end of the week after the wedding the landlady presented a bill for twice the amount which he had previously paid, intending to charge him for both himself and his wife. His view of the matter was wholly different. He expected to be boarded free. So he refused to settle. On returning from a theatre with his bride he found the doors locked and their wardrobe and other effects piled on the sidewalk.

The best preparation of iron a doctor can prescribe is Brown's Iron Bitters, because it does not injure the teeth as other iron medicines will.