THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

By Godfrey M. Harman,

LEXINGTON, C. H., S. C.

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Address, G. M. HARMAN,
Editor and Proprietor.

CLOTHING

For the Spring and Summer

—AT—

L. EPSTIN'S,

150 Main Street, Columbia, S. C.

—:o:—

I have just returned from the Northern Markets with a choice line of Clothing, Hats, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Etc., Etc., equal to any house in the State.

I am prepared to offer great bargains this season having bought for cash which gives me great advantage over my competitors. For styles, qualities, and low prices, I can astonish the old and young, big and little, rich and poor. I can sell Gent's, Youth's and Boy's Clothing cheaper than the cheapest.

The citizens of Lexington are especially invited to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Thanking you for your past liberal patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am very respectfully,

L. EPSTIN.

(Successor to Philip Epstin, under Columbia Hotel Block.)

Sept. 7-tf

THE MOST POPULAR

INSTRUMENTS

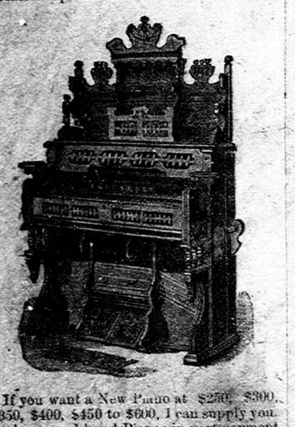
—AND—

SEWING MACHINES,

—ARE AT—

M. A. MALONE'S.

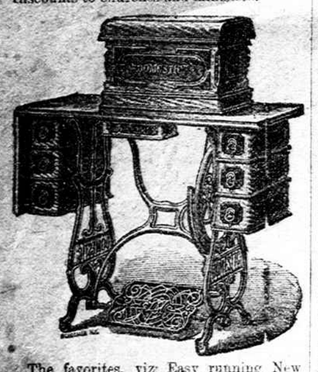
Superior goods from factories of largest productions, with immense capital and greatest reputation.



If you want a New Piano at $250, $300, $350, $400, $450 to $600, I can supply you. I take second-hand Pianos in part payment for new ones, giving me a stock of second-hand Pianos which I can sell cheap.

If you want Parlor Organs at $55, $65, $75, $85, $100 and upwards, I can accommodate you.

If you want an Organ for church or Sabbath-school at $35, $36, $37, $93, $100, $125 to $260, will procure one. Special discounts to churches and ministers.



The favorites, viz: Easy running New Home and Domestic, also White and Davis Sewing Machines. Can supply machines from $30 to $60, all warranted. Can supply you with needles, parts, attachments or oil for all makes of machines.

I have the best equiped Music House in this section of the State, and defy competition, quality considered. Call on me for terms, etc.

Office, Post Office Block,
192 Main Street,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

M. A. MALONE, Proprietor.

June 20—6m

## TROUBLE ON BOTH SIDES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE RETURNS TO THE TABERNACLE.

**The Combined Shadow of Invalidism and Financial Embarrassment—The World Fattens the Horse It Wants to Drive. Home Troubles—Outside Persecution.**

BROOKLYN, Aug. 19.—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's subject today was "Trouble on Both Sides," and his text "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." I Sam., xiv, 4.

The cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man, accompanied by his bodyguard, to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a few pebbles well slung, and that 300 Gideonites scattered 10,000 Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his bodyguard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscalable and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan, on his hands and feet, begins the ascent. With strain, and slip, and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan, and then goes his bodyguard. Bozez on one side. Seneh on the other. After a sharp tug, and push, and clinging, I see the head of Jonathan above the hole in the mountain; and there is a challenge, and a fight, and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his bodyguard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks, and open a campaign which demolishes the enemiss of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or dishearten Jonathan or his bodyguard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meets one trouble, he can go through with it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone, he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. God pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fail him at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles, and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden euroclydon. When the calamity does come, it is awful. The man goes home in despair, and he tells his family: "We'll have to go to the poorhouse." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes, and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left."

Before the Lord turned Adam out of Paradise he gave him Eve, so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it. Permit one who has never read but a few novels in all his life, and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say, that if, when a man's fortunes fail, he has a good wife—a good Christian wife—he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around, and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble—conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez, yet he soon rose, and began, like Jonathan, to climb. But how often it is that physical ailment comes with financial embarrassment. When the fortune failed it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered. His brain was stunned. I can show you hundreds of men in New York whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the staff. Their hand trembled with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are impatient, and peculiar, and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles, either one of which they could have met successfully. If, when the health went, the fortune had been retained, it would not have been so bad. The man could have bought the very best medical advice and he could have had the very best attendance, and long lines of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on the one side and sickness on the other are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows and drop them upon the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God, I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did—climb; climb up into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches and show you men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion, and steady nerves, and clear eyesight, and good hearing, and plenty of friends are necessary to make a man happy, you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble the harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight; and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of his glorious promises. It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has $10,000 in the bank, and $50,000 in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' when my pantry is full, and the canals from the west are crowded with breadstuffs destined for my storehouses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless him that in this world "there was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone, and brain, and muscle, it favors him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him. They will caricature him. They will call his generosity self aggrandizement, and his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will some time come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

John Milton—great and good John Milton—so forgot himself as to pray, in so many words, that his enemies might be eternally thrown down into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, and be the undermost and most dejected and the lowest down vassals of perdition! And Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say, in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted, or fried, or baked, or stewed, or boiled, or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" Ah, my friends, if John Milton or Martin Luther could come down to such scurrility, what may you not expect from less elevated opponents? Now, the world sometimes takes after them; the newspapers take after them; public opinion takes after them; and the unfortunate man is lied about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good, and pure, and honest, set upon by the world, and mauled by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him; as though Lord Jeffreys should write an essay on gentleness, or Henry VIII talk about purity, or Herod take to blessing little children.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied: "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and inspiration, but too much of it, and too long continued, becomes the rock Bozez, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then? Go home, you say. Good advice, that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home, Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes. But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home when he has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation there are many matches made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone unite a couple. The Lord Almighty must proclaim banns. There is many a home in which there is no sympathy and no happiness and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the "Wedding March" and all the odor of the orange blossoms and the benediction of the officiating pastor, there has been no marriage.

Sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution, and on the other side the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such an one do? Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get up the heights of God's consolation, from which we may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates, and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed of the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her." Planting one foot, John Wesley did, upon outside persecution, and the other foot on home trouble, he climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and after preaching forty thousand sermons, and traveling two hundred and seventy thousand miles, reached the heights of heaven, though in this world he had it hard enough—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other."

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text who has bereavement and a struggle for a livelihood at the same time. Without mentioning names, I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living, even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband, or the father, is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank; and wan and wasted with weeping and watching, she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a coffin, behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open I shut my eyes at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give women free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit. Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life, for bread.

And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side, and the rock of destitution on the other, Bozez and Seneh interlocking their shadow and dropping them upon her miserable way. "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." What are such to do? Somehow, let them climb up into the heights of the glorious promise: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Or get up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." O! ye sewing woman on starving wages. O! ye widows turned out from the once beautiful home. O! ye female teachers, kept on niggardly stipend. O! ye despairing woman, seeking in vain for work, wandering along the docks, and thinking to throw yourself into the river last night. O! ye women of weak nerves and aching sides, and short breath and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy; you need the sympathy of God. Climb up into his arms. He knows it all, and he loves you more than father, or mother, or husband ever could or ever did; and instead of sitting down, wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side and an unillumined eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultured deliberation and self poise, if he gets into that position all his self possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong deeds, all the wrong words—strata above strata, granitic, ponderous, overshadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the retributions of the future, the thrones of judgment, the eternal ages, angry with his long defiance. That rock I call Seneh. Between these two rocks Lord Byron perished, and Alcibiades perished, and Herod perished, and ten thousand times ten thousand have perished. O! man immortal, man redeemed, man blood-bought, climb up out of those shadows. Climb up by the way of the cross. Have your wasted life forgiven; have your eternal life secured. This morning just take one look to the past and see what it has been, and take one look to the future and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation; but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright, gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth burns up and the heavens burst.

You see from my subject that when a man goes into the safety and peace of the Gospel, he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to meanness or unmanliness. The Gospel of Jesus Christ only asks you to climb as Jonathan did—climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up—up into the communion of saints, up into the peace that passeth all understanding, up into the companionship of angels. He lives up; he dies up.

O! then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make this morning to all the people. Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between your bereavements and your destitution. Come up from between a wasted life and an unillumined eternity. Like Jonathan, climb with all your might, instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

### The Mystery Was Solved.

Back in 1882 they had an epidemic of typhoid at Auxerre. No one could tell why. The disease appeared suddenly. There was no evidence of contagion. How about the water? Formerly the inhabitants used river water from the Yonne. But the town would modernize itself. A new quarter was built, and all the well to do folk combined to insure a supply of "pure water" by the aqueduct of Valand. The poorer people, as of old, went to the river. Now, the typhoid attacked only those who drunk the "pure water." Dr. de Carrieres, a specialist and expert, was chosen to make a study of the case, and, if possible, to determine the cause of the epidemic.

The doctor proceeded to examine the Valand waters at its source. Arrived there he found a farm house close at hand, and, of course, he found that necessary and more or less charming ornament of a farmyard, a manure heap. Inquiring at the house he learned they had a patient who had lately come from Paris ill with typhoid. The plot thickens! The doctor suspected the big manure heap. He would try. So he took a quantity of rosalinine, a powerful red coloring matter, and distributed it freely over the mass. Next morning when the surviving "best people" of Auxerre turned on the taps, what was their surprise to find the beautiful Valand water as red as blood! The mystery was solved.—Catholic World.

## ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

### Clippings from the Newspapers—Paragraphs of General Interest.

Five hundred dollars per acre has been paid in some cases in England this year for cherries on the trees.

California expects a wine crop of 25,000,000 gallons this year, an increase of 8,000,000 over last year.

Four men at Gainesville, Fla., in twenty days killed 600 alligators for their hides and teeth.

Some people have real good ideas of comfort, and so a Boston undertaker is making two $5,000 coffins.

It is reported that 15,000,000 cottonwood trees have been planted in southwest Kansas this year.

The verdict of the appointed judges is that British grown tobacco cannot be made to pay.

Tea cultivation, it is said, is to be tried by a rancher at Elko, Nev., who proposes employing Indian women and children to gather the leaves.

At Vienna, last year, 363 Jews became Christians, and another paper says that "at no period since the First century have conversions from Judaism to Christianity been so frequent as they are at present."

The authorities of Green county, Ky., recently imposed a fine of $900 on the Louisville and Nashville railroad for breaking the Sabbath by distributing ties along the line of the road.

Telephone rates are comparatively low in Sweden. At Orebo, for instance, the subscriber pays an annual rental of but $4 and gets the use of the telephone system extending 100 miles in the country.

In London dressmakers and others are fined heavily for allowing their girls to work over hours in the shops. Jay, the great mourning storeman, was recently up in the police court on a charge of this sort.

Hao, a relative of the Chinese general of the same name, has just been decapitated for trading in forged decorations. The engraver who did the work received 100 lashes and was banished for three years.

A company has been formed at Pittsburg with a capital stock of $1,000,000, with the object of opening a tin mine in Mexico near Durango. A tract of land has been purchased covering an area of ten miles square.

Hah-skin-gay-goh-lah, the Apache who has just been taken to the Ohio penitentiary to serve an eighteen years' sentence for murder, has been put to work with thread and needle patching prison garments. He says he "no likee squaw work."

The island of Foula, one of the Shetlands, is for sale. It is three miles long by two broad, and it is famed for its rocky coasts and abundant wild fowl, and is one of the few spots in Great Britain in which the great skua, a very rare bird, still lives.

Correspondents of newspapers will find it convenient to have the front edge of their desks divided, for the distance of one foot, into inches and fractions, for the purpose of measuring their printed matter. This simple device does away with the inconvenience of a wooden rule.

The flag of the Pedee Light artillery was never surrendered, but when the war ended in defeat was hidden under the color bearer's coat, and by him carried back to the lady who, four years before, had given it into his keep, and by her has been religiously kept ever since, and only brought out upon occasions of the battery's reunion.

Aluminum, the silvery metal that used to cost $240 a pound thirty-five years ago, is now produced at the Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, for twenty-five cents a pound. Common clay everywhere contains from [illegible] to ten pounds of it in every 100 pounds, and it is likely, within the next decade [illegible] to become more common than [illegible] or two.

Missouri contains over [illegible] manufacturing establishments, which furnish employment for about 150,000 persons. The capital employed is about $200,000,000. The material annually used and worked up amounts to $300,000,000, and the products put upon the market amount to $500,000,000, while the wages paid are nearly $100,000,000.

A review called Der Frauenfeind, or "Enemy of Woman," is to be started in Vienna. The editor, Herr Grose, has set before himself the object of emancipating man from his subjection to "that doll woman, whom idiots idealize and fools bow down before as to divinity." He says that there are exceptions to this denunciation, and generously exempts whole classes of the sex from the scope of his review.

### The Russet Leather Shoe.

The russet leather shoe is frankly confessed by a certain literary and common sense dude to be really the lazy or the economical man's shoe. Its chief merit lies in the fact that it does not need to be blackened or dusted. It is the experience of gentlemen who are sensitive about their foot wear that a shoe ought to be polished about as often as a cleanly man washes his hands. The patent polished shoe is objected to on the ground that it has become greatly cheapened, and, like the Prince Albert coat, has been driven out of fashion's realm, because the toughs have adopted it. Besides, in hot weather, the patent leather shoe is very heating, so the russet leather shoes finds favor in the young men's eyes. But if coolness and economy are what are desired, why not go farther east and get those wonderful shoes that the Chinese make with braided straw? They are nearly the same color, are lighter and cooler, while they are also far more unique.—New York Evening Sun.

### Bibles Put Into Circulation.

More copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, were put into circulation by the British and Foreign Bible society during the last year than existed in the whole world at the beginning of the present century. Adding the circulations of other Bible societies, the number would be vastly greater.—Missionary Herald.

A thrifty Scotch chemist proposes to dispose of corpses by putting their various materials to profitable use.

### Ahead of Keely's "Motor."

Several newspapers have referred to a new invention by one William Timmis, which, if successful, will revolutionize motive power. The inventor is an unpretentious English mechanic residing in Pittsburg, Pa., who claims to have invented a machine by which untold motive power can be stored or used without the expenditure of fuel. The story goes that he has been engaged for years in perfecting the invention, and is now negotiating with the governments of England, Russia and the United States for the sale of the right to use his discovery, which, if after examination it proves to be what he claims, will revolutionize the motive powers of the world. He claims to be able to create a pressure of 20,000 pounds per square inch—more than sufficient to propel the largest ocean steamer afloat or to move eighty laden freight cars in one train.

The machine seems to be simply an air compressor of the simplest sort. It consists of one small cylinder (six horse power), with a balance weight of seventy-five pounds, which runs the entire apparatus; another small cylinder, five inches diameter, with seven inches stroke, compresses the air into the tank from which the power is utilized. Under the piston plate the inventor has placed two layers of bars containing eleven different minerals, the magnetic influence of which is the secret of the inventor. The advantages he claims are durability, economy and simplicity. Experts have examined the machine and pronounce it a success.

In submitting his design to the governments named, Mr. Timmis claims that the pneumatic generator cannot only be applied to war vessels as a motor, but can be used as a defense against hostile attacks by means of air chambers placed behind the armor plating.—Scientific American.

### What One Man Can Do.

A French physician named Raoul, who long dispensed drugs on a man of war, finding life very dull on board ship, stepped outside his professional line a while ago to distinguish himself, and the results have been so noteworthy that the Paris Society of Commercial Geography has just honored him with one of its medals. It occurred to him that the useful products of Tahiti, that large and lovely island of the society group in Polynesia, could be greatly increased by judicious importations from the flora of other countries. So he laid a considerable part of the world under contribution and in course of time many hundreds of foreign plants were doing their best to take root in the soil of Tahiti.

Among his collections were rubber trees from Madagascar, ebony, teak and red cedar from Australia, tobacco from Java and the Rio Grande, cotton from Georgia, hemp from Manila, cinnamon and nutmegs from the Malay archipelago, grapes from Madeira and Teneriffe, coffee from Formosa and a very large variety of grasses and fruit trees. He established a nursery near the chief town of Tahiti and he has already proved that the larger part of his plants will succeed in this favored island. Grape culture, which he introduced, is already beginning to enrich the country and it is said that through the efforts of this man alone the aspects of the vegetable kingdom in Tahiti are undergoing a remarkable change for the better.—Analyst.

### A Collector's Antique Weapon.

A gentleman uptown who has a taste for collecting queer specimens of antique bric-a-brac showed a reporter, the other day, a formidable looking weapon, that he said was over four hundred years old. It was a Persian executioner's sword and had been purchased by a friend of the collector's from an old priest, while travelling through the shah's country.

The blade was of Damascus steel, about 5 feet long and 1 3-4 inches wide, and is double edged. The extremity was rounded, and each side of the blade, from the hilt to the point, was completely covered with curiously etched figures. The etching was quite deep, and the surface of the figures highly polished. They represented hunting and war scenes, and included the figures of men, horses and other animals.

Near the hilt the surface of the blade on both sides was covered with Persian characters in silver Damascene work. The cubic lettering was of a peculiar sort that has not been in use in Persian work of this kind for several centuries past. The legend inscribed, as translated by a Persian scholar, found an invocation to Allah.

The hilt was of wrought iron, of curious shape and large enough to be grasped by both hands. It was inlaid with fine Damascene work in gold and silver, and in some places the threads had nearly been worn away by usage. The sword weighed about five pounds.—New York Evening World.

### Candidates as Debt Payers.

There is one important test which, as far as memory serves, we have never known applied to candidates, viz: Prompt payment of debts. Does he pay his debts? But, as some man would pay who honestly are unable to do so, the test may be expressed somewhat differently. Has the candidate the reputation of being a good paymaster, or, if from misfortune or mistreatment by other men, he is unable to pay, does he give sufficient proof of a willingness and purpose to pay, and that as soon as he can honestly do so? A man who will evade, dodge, refuse or decline to pay just debts should not be sent to the legislature or congress, or put in any office of honor or trust, high or low. In sifting candidates it would not be out of place for voters to inquire: Does he pay his debts? Does he try to pay?—Columbia (S. C.) Christian Neighbor.

### The Destruction of Oaks.

Sea Cliff, Queens county, N. Y., became agitated over the destruction of her oaks, and sent to State Entomologist Lintner a number of twigs broken off by the wind. Upon examination Professor Lintner found the cause to be depredations by the beetle known as Elaphidon parellelum, or oak pruner. After the egg is laid on the tip the larva burrows itself in the wood, and at its changing period cuts around the section just beneath the bark, so that the first strong wind breaks off the twig. It is said the best way to kill these insects is to burn the twigs.—Chicago Herald.

## THE FAIR SEX.

A New York girl has varied the custom by being married at sunrise.

Mrs. John A. Logan is having a portrait bust of herself made by Mr. Flannery, the sculptor, who made a bust of her husband.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's jewels are valued at a round million. Her diamond necklace is the finest in the United States and possibly in the world. It cost $74,000 and consists of large "blue tint" solitaires.

Queen Victoria has decided to import a number of Indian servants for her personal establishment. Last year she sent to India for two, who always stand, robed in their native picturesque attire, behind the royal chair.

Miss Ethel Sprague, who is living with her mother at "Edgewood," her home, just out of Washington, recently entertained her young friends by giving a "blackberry party." The novelty of this party was that the guests helped themselves off the bushes that grow so thickly in the garden of this fine old place. The idea is an attractive one, much more so than would be that of a "strawberry party" if one had to help one's self from the vines.

Speaking of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the American whistler, The Saturday Review of London remarks that many people have been asked out to hear her, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Garden with ecstatic trills or sink into the softest whispered notes the execution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study. Those who have once heard Mrs. Alice Shaw cannot fail to realize that, if whistling were cultivated as a fine art by those who, in addition to musical endowment, have strength of vocal chord, a high roofed palate, and a flexible buccal aperture, they might be trained to take part in a concert, as of many clarionets, with an effect more thrilling than the most exquisite instrumental music has ever conjured up, and which, from its novelty alone, would be more surprising than any concert hitherto heard, whether instrumental or vocal.

### Symptoms of Jekyll and Hyde.

Edgar S. Kelly, the composer, relates in The Theatre that a short time ago a student devoted to chemistry and of a speculative turn of mind, was deeply impressed by Mansfield's Dr. Jekyll. A few weeks afterward he was on two occasions awakened by strange convulsive motions of the muscles of the throat, and looking into the mirror he was startled to find that his features were so distorted that no one would recognize them, and it was some time before they became relaxed. For years he had felt that he was possessed of an evil spirit which tempted him to do cruel and absurd things, but he had thus far contended successfully against it. It now seemed as though it were to appear in a new form. Dr. Malcolm accounts for this as the result of morbid brooding over past shortcomings, magnified through lenses of a supersensitive conscience, thus assuming abnormal proportions, while the muscular contractions were due to insufficient protection for the neck while asleep. These incidents contain the germs of a story similar to Mr. Stevenson's, and may console those prosy individuals who claim they prefer to read that "which might have been true," by the thought that there is less of the improbable in the narrative than might seem at first glance.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Millionaire's Lofty Parlor.

A New York millionaire is having built a suite of rooms on the top of the lofty Equitable building, over 200 feet above the sea level. The apartments are reached by a flight of gilded iron steps. The suite consists of three rooms—a parlor, dining room and bath. All are to be carpeted and crowded with costly bric-a-brac. The little suite of rooms is provided with oval windows four feet in diameter, and will be lighted by electricity and furnished with steam heaters for the winter months or any inopportune cold wave that may break in upon the summer's heat. This superb apartment is the highest in point of elevation from the ground level of any similar suite of rooms in the world. In the hottest day of summer breezes blow in the altitudinous parlor and makes a sojourn there quite as enjoyable and cooling as a siesta in the mountains under the shade trees.—Chicago Times.

### Women Who Will Work.

A recent writer is exceedingly out of tune because German women will work. He sees the farms bought up and the American stock bought out, because the American woman will not do garden and field work. Walter Besant insists that no woman should be compelled to work at all. It is a shame, he says, that "any lady should ever have to stand in the labor market for hire like a milkmaid at a statue fair." He likes the French plan, where, as soon as a daughter is born, they commence to accumulate her dowry. But the women themselves are inclined to settle that question in this country by assuming absolute equality. An increase of general out door helpfulness undoubtedly would make financial matters more secure and healthy mothers more common.—Globe-Democrat.

### For Weary Shoppers.

The International Hygienic society has begun the erection of two buildings or "kiosks," in a fashionable shopping quarter, for the benefit of wearied women shoppers who have no place to leave their parcels or meet their friends or get a cup of tea during a long shopping bout. The Duke of Westminster has granted the land.—New York Sun.

Dr. Leiser propounds the idea that seasickness can be regulated by a system of breathing. One must sit still and breathe regularly and freely according to a fixed schedule.

The man who volunteers the information that he is sober is not to be believed.—Washington Critic.

## A Minister's Conviction.

Rev. O. W. Winkfield, of Union Point, Ga., suffered terribly for twelve years from articular and sciatic rheumatism. He consulted numerous physicians and tried all sorts of medicine. Finally he began taking the Swift Specific as a forlorn hope, and by its use he was entirely restored. He writes: "I feel like a new man. I cannot attribute my miraculous and perfect cure to anything but the Swift Specific. I know that it alone cured me, for nothing else had done me any good for twelve years. I owe my restoration and strength for labor and religious duties alone to this grand remedy, and gladly make this statement for the benefit of all sufferers from this most torturing disease—rheumatism.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

## Platt Springs Paragraphs.

MR EDITOR:—I am settled here until spring, and have now over forty pupils. The young teachers who have been with me this summer have taken schools themselves and are teaching in adjoining townships. I think you will hear from some of them, as one part of my instructions to them was to take an active interest in the moral social and political affairs of the settlements in which they might locate and transmit a record thereof to Lexington to be chronicled in the columns of our favorite DISPATCH. I believe in live teachers, and faithful work will make them, but my experience leads me to believe that it would require a modern Hercules, armed with electricity, instead of a club, to galvanize some patrons and school trustees into active co-operation with the teacher in his noble task. *Some*, please remember, and not *all* diserve this, for the patrons of Platt Springs Academy have just supplied the building with seats and desks that rest the back and feet and hands and give the pupils brain a chance to work.

Platt Springs will be the scene of an exhibition by the pupils of the Academy, and a picnic and basket dinner give them by their parents and friends on Wednesday, August 22nd.

The farmers are happy because the season now well advanced gives promise of an encouraging yield.

Mr. W. R Fallaw is now teaching acceptably at Smith Branch. There they have found a good teacher and they intend to keep him.

The weekly meetings of the Platt Springs Christian Association for the study of the Sabbath-school lesson and practice in music are generally well attended. Meetings are held on Wedneaday evenings.

Mutton corn and roasting ears are now a welcome addition to the bill of fare, and the pleasures of the watermelon are unspeakable and indiscribable.

Mr. Samuel P. Harsey met with a painful accident last week that confined him to the house for a few days. While running near Mr. William Martin's mill his foot caught beneath some slabs and he fell tearing the skin from one of his toes.

Our road overseer does not excuse students from working the roads. I gave one of my young men who was warned to work a written notice that he was attending school but it was no good. He had to work.

The preaching at the protracted meeting held at Sharon or Cross Roads M. E. Church was exceptionably good. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Ferguson, were assisted by the Revs John Inabinet, Lewis Rast, and Simon Shumpert.

Money will soon begin to circulate, cotton is coming, and ginners are preparing for a busy season.

Mr. Jas. J. Smith has returned from Aiken where he was occupied in building a mill. The young and beautiful Mrs. Drew, of Blackville, has returned after a plersant week spent with her aunt, Mrs. D. E. Craft. Mr. Wash Hutto, your "Lexington Musical Wonder," has gone to Columbia, where, in the employ of Mr. Malone, he will give exhibitions of his genius on the many splendid instruments of that enterprising dealer. Mr. Johnnie W. Craft has left Mr. Malone and entered the business house of McCreery & Bro., as a clerk. Mr. J. L Johnson is enjoying his vacation. His father, Mr. W. M. Johnson, is a happy man in the possession of Jimmie and his trio of lovely sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Roof are enjoying their honeymoon among their relatives around Platt Springs.

The new mail route from Rast's store to Mr. Lawrence Goodwin's will be a great convenience.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Inabinet are visiting friends here and are proud of the progress of their nephew, Willie Wise, at school.

Mr. Jas. V. Smith still remains with me.

A sad year has this been for the Neese family. Early in the year Miss Maria died, a few weeks ago Mr. Jacob, and now Miss Charlotte is dead. Flowers and tears—tears and flowers for the dead.

Some good farmers say that we have been having too much rain.

Craft & Richter are doing a fine business.

Mr. G. A. Goodwin is said to be planning the erection of a steam mill.

Miss Idella Craft has a flourishing school at Cedar Creek which in my poor opinion, she is fully competent to teach. I wish we had more ladies in the profession. FITZGERALD.

## Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

June 27—1y.

## Negroes Leaving the G. O. P.

NEWBURG, N. Y., August 12.—The Rev. J. R. Thompson, who is a resident of this city, is a Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and has a number of the Southern and Western States under his charge. These he visits frequently, and has just returned from a tour through the Southern States. He preached two sermons in Goldsboro, N. C, last Sunday, and delivered three Sunday-school addresses in the same city.

Upon his return here he was seen by a reporter. The conversation took a political turn. Bishop Thompson said the colored people of the South had in a large measure forsaken the G. O. P. So far as he could learn, the colored people would largely support Cleveland and Thurman. He said the colored people had outgrown the fear that was preached into them four years ago, and that the poverty and misery that was then predicted for the ex slaves by the Republicans was now known to be only a scare.

The Bishop said that President Cleveland had made a splendid record, and instead of making life miserable for the old slaves of the South, as the Republicans tried to make them believe he would, he had done everything he could to assist them. And, with a significant wink and smile, the Bishop added: "And you'll find plenty of our people in the North here who will support Cleveland and Thurman.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C
181 Pearl Street, New York.

Ice in small quantities during the season, for sale, at the Bazaar.