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.

HOLIDAY CLOTHING

—AT—

L. EPSTIN'S,

Under Columbia Hotel.

Will offer for the holiday seasons the following line of

CLOTHING, HATS

—AND—

Furnishing Goods,

At such low prices which will defy competition at home or abroad.

75 Fine Suits in Cutaways, Sacks and Prince Alberts.

125 Medium grade Suits to suit all classes of merchants, mechanics and tradesmen at less than cost of production.

150 Assorted Children and School Suits below cost.

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75 Very Fine Overcoats to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

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200 Choice Single Coats at half price.

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of every style of the latest fashion at tremendous low prices.

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to sell regardless of cost.

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must be sold way below their worth.

I invite the public to inspect my stock, as they will find it to their interest to make their purchases for the holiday season at

L. EPSTIN'S,

UNDER COLUMBIA HOTEL.

151 MAIN STREET,

Sept. 7–tf

—LOAN AND EXCHANGE—

BANK OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

STATE, CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Paid up Capital.....$120,000
Surplus Fund..... 25,000
Undivided Profits..... 22,500

Transacts a general banking business. Careful attention given to Collections.

SAVING DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received. Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable *quarterly* on the first days of January, April, July and October.

A. C. HASKELL, President.
JULIUS H. WALKER, Cashier.
June 19–1y

"MILLER BROS." STEEL PENS

Are AMERICAN, and the BEST.

LEADING BUSINESS PENS.

No. 87 Falcon — AND NOS. 75, 117, 1, ACME.

LEADING STUB PENS.

No. 4 Carbon Stub — AND NOS. 119, 102, GRAFT PEN.

LEADING LEDGER PENS.

No. 99 Markham — AND NOS. 101, 505, 030.

LEADING SCHOOL PENS.

No. 23 University — AND NOS. 333, 444, 16.

The Miller Bros. Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Steel Pens, Ink Erasers and Pocket Cutlery.

AT THE

BAZAAR.

October 9th–1y.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Capital Authorized.....$100,000
Capital Subscribed.....$83,900

Transacts a Banking and Exchange business. Receives Deposits. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Books of subscription still open. Safety Deposit Boxes to rent at $6 per annum.

C. J. IREDELL, President. JAMES IREDELL, Cashier.
JNO. S. LEAPHART, Vice-President.
Nov. 28–1y

BROOKLAND ACADEMY

PROF. G. A. LUCAS, Principal.

OPENS ITS SECOND SCHOOL SESsion September 2, 1889. This Institution offers unusual advantages to those seeking an education at home or preparation for college.

A thorough curriculum of English, also Latin, Greek, French, Book-keeping, &c., will be taught.

Miss Mamie Ford, an accomplished young lady of Columbia, will give instructions in Music and Stenography.

Board in good families at very reasonable rates.

TUITION

From One to Three Dollars per month, according to grade of pupil.

For further particulars address
G. A. LUCAS, Principal.
or
M. H. WITT,
Chairman Board of Trustees,
New Brookland, S. C.
August 21-39tf.

THE STORMY PASSAGE.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES IN THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF CAPERNAUM.

A Sermon Appropriate to the Place Delivered on the Banks of the Lake Where Christ Stilled the Tempest So Many Centuries Ago.

CAPERNAUM, Dec. —.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a group of friends on "The Stormy Passage," taking for his texts the verses of the gospel following: John vi, 17: "Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum;" and Mark iv, 39: "And he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea." He said:

Here in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilege—to stand on the banks of Galilee. What a solemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes, and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate.

ONE WAVE OF BEAUTY.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill an oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing [illegible] at their moorings. O, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touched the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge.

THE STORM.

Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward he cries: "Peace!" Looking downward he says: "Be still!"

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead and Christ stands with his feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

ALWAYS HAVE CHRIST IN THE SHIP.

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it Arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing.

DON'T EXPECT SMOOTH SAILING.

These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from [illegible] Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation—great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and he will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened.

BE NOT AFRAID.

In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the church of God; we are going to founder; the church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple and truth will come off victor.

FOOLISH FEARS.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat. Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

GOD AND MAN IN ONE PERSON.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that [illegible] bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: "Oh, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

When money is tight it is quiet. That is more than can be said of man.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Skulls of Roman soldiers, the teeth being perfect, have been discovered in the chalk at Folkstone.

Mrs. Mona Caird, who started the "Is Marriage a Failure?" business, has been studying Buddhism.

There is a young giantess 6 feet 8 inches high, said absolutely to be only 12 years old on exhibition in London. She is a Don Cossack.

The fast mail service between New York and San Francisco has been reduced to four days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes.

"What a fine thing old age is," said M. Augier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, attention and respect. But what a pity that it lasts so short a time."

A sturgeon fourteen feet long was caught in the Sacramento river, near Chico, last week. Instead of killing it the fishermen fastened a rope to the body and turned it loose in the river to get fat. They feed it on the entrails of salmon, and the captive likes the treatment.

Little Jim was but a few years old when there was a wedding in the family. The aged grandmother kept her seat during the ceremony. In telling about it afterward Jim said: "We all stood up and got married 'cept grandma!"

A novel advertisement appears in a Gloucester (Mass.) paper. It is from a property holder, and notifies a certain gang of hoodlums that he intends to assert his rights against annoyance. It also reminds the parents of hoodlum minors that there is a legal responsibility for destruction of property, and closes with the remark that if the police did their duty there would be no occasion for the advertisement.

The farmers of the neighborhood of Hiawatha, Kan., are burning corn for fuel, finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm for twenty cents per bushel, while the average price of coal delivered at the farm ranges from twenty-one to twenty-three cents per bushel. The Farmers' alliance brought the attention of the farmers to the relative prices of the two commodities, and advised that half the corn crop be used as fuel, thus advancing the price of the other half and saving money in their fuel bills. The farmers have begun to act on this advice.

The construction of the canals designed to overcome obstructions in the Tennessee river at Muscle shoals has been completed. It was begun by the government in 1873, and nearly $4,000,000 has thus far been expended on the work. The opening of the canals will give water transportation nine months [illegible] Chattanooga to [illegible] being replied that it was [illegible] ladies for a gratuity; [illegible] never would give [illegible] thing. Another said [illegible] sionally gave him a penny when her purse was handy. And still another said he never heard of a lady even noticing a poor sweeper.

The marvelous growth of the colonies is now a familiar story. Certainly nothing more remarkable has been seen in the history of the world. During the fifty years succeeding the accession of her majesty, the area governed by the queen, exclusive of Great Britain, increased from 1,100,000 to 8,400,000 square miles; the European population of the colonies increased from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; the colored population from 9,800,000 to 26,200,000; and the state revenues of possessions beyond the seas grew from £24,000,000 to £122,000,000 a year.

Z. T. Devore, a Parkersburg (W. Va.) merchant, owns a dog of superior intelligence. The dog goes to the store with the mail every morning, and from it takes the mail addressed to the private residence to Mr. Devore's home. Nothing can divert him while attending to his duties as mail carrier, and he never makes a mistake in taking the letters to their proper direction. Every evening he sees to it that the evening papers are taken to the house, and if by chance the papers should be missing, either by being blown away by the wind or carried off by the boys, the dog makes a raid into some neighbor's yard and hypothecates a paper, which he carries off home.

The Deserving Poor.

As superintendent of the Provident association, which seeks to relieve the distress of the worthy poor, I disagree entirely with the great mass of matter printed and preached about the mendicant class. This is all to the effect that hypocrisy and false pretense are the rule among the destitute. This I deny. St. Louis has no mendicant class, and the hardest part of our labor is to hunt up and relieve the class of poor whom our organization desires to benefit. The self respecting poor man or poor woman in dozens of instances that come under my notice every winter shrinks from asking alms until he or she has reached a state of destitution that is pitiable, and which we never intend should be reached. They sell everything that will bring a coin before coming to us, and then in tears and trembling. Many of them, after awaiting for hours to pluck up courage to tell their sad stories, would depart with the words unsaid if we did not look for just such people. We frequently issue relief tickets, which are returned but half used because the head of the family has found work, and desires not to eat the bread of charity.—Rev. Edward Flach in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Having a Good Time.

A young man who came out of the woods of Michigan to have a good time, picked five fights, stole a horse and buggy, set a barn on fire, cleaned out a grocery, assaulted an officer and landed in jail on a six months' sentence. He mourned a little because he didn't have such a very good time after all.—Detroit Free Press.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of those distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

Happy is the bride who does not hear all the comments and criticisms of her dear friends who make up the audience at the wedding.

The Cash System.

Monroe Register.

The cash system gives the farmer his vote; educates him in the affairs of government, helps him to vote intelligently; annihilates difficulties; strengthens the intellect; makes home attractive; educates, feeds and clothes the children. It teaches the value of the brain; makes a mother happy and contented. It wins friends, fills the barns and the larder and obeys the command of God, "Owe no man anything." When we abolish the credit system and adopt the cash system we not only obey God's commands, but instead of our creditor being master we call him friend. God in his infinite wisdom and mercy will smile upon and bless us.

"Who breaths must suffer, and who thinks must mourn, and he alone is blessed" who knows that pain and suffering can be cured by Salvation Oil.

Although we have heard persons remark—"It is worth its weight in gold"—still Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is to be had at all drug stores for 25 cents.

Pin up two facts to be considered when you are discouraged: There are fewer business failures among farmers than among any other class More men begin without capital and become owners of good business in farming than in any other vocation.

Cultivation of Cork.

Corks are an article of convenience to which little attention is commonly given, and yet immense fortunes have been made in their production. Their cultivation and manufacture form an important item in the industries of Spain. An account of this from Mr. Day's work on that country is of interest.

The cork tree is an oak which grows best in poorest soil. It will not endure frost, and must have sea air, and also an altitude above the sea level. It is found only along all the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa and the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

There are two barks to the tree, the outer one being stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety.

The method of cultivating it is interesting. When the sapling is about ten years old it is stripped of the outer bark for about two feet from the ground, the tree will [illegible] about [illegible] feet [illegible] feet [illegible] and if it is split or injured the tree dies.

After eight or ten years the bark has again grown in, and then the tree is again stripped four feet from the roots. This stripping is very coarse, and is used as floats for fishing nets. Every ten years thereafter it is stripped, and each year two feet higher up, until the tree is 40 or 50 years old, when it is in its prime, and may then be stripped every [illegible] years from the ground to the branches, and will last 200 years. It [illegible] about twenty years before anything [illegible] be realized from the tree, [illegible] reason the Spaniards, who [illegible] of looking after [illegible] few new trees.—Youth's [illegible]

The "Altar of Heaven."

China feels just now under the direct displeasure of heaven, manifested by the late fire at the most sacred building of the empire, the "Altar of Heaven," at Pekin, and the breach between the emperor and empress. The young emperor was forced to marry the neice of the empress dowager, though he would have preferred quite another wife; and, as the unlucky young empress is scarcely equal to the dignity of her position, Kwang-Su refuses to see her, and has quarreled with the empress dowager. Accordingly the superstitious Chinese believe that the temple was burnt down as a judgment, although the fire was apparently caused by incendiaries.

This sacred "Altar of Heaven" was a beautiful tripal circular terrace of white marble, with three roofs of blue tiles, and close to the "Temple of Heaven," or "Temple of Prayer for the Year." It was erected about the year 483, and was used for the annual imperial spring sacrifice in February. A bullock was then burnt before the altar, while the emperor prostrated himself before the tablet of the supreme ruler of the universe, and afterwards before his ancestral tablets, another bullock being killed for each emperor commemorated. Finally a prayer was read from a scroll, which was subsequently burnt upon the altar, in order that the petition might ascend in flame to heaven. The emperor will perform the same ceremony next spring before the ruined altar.—London Graphic.

"A man who has tried it" says that wooden posts treated as follows, at a cost of a penny apiece, will last so long that the person adopting it will not live to see his posts decay. Take boiled linseed oil, and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint, and put a coat over the timber.

A railroad dog, who travels steadily with his master in the cab of a Denver and Rio Grande locomotive, is said to be highly valuable in many ways. He can scent cattle on the track when they cannot be seen and drives them off when they are indisposed to get off.

Electric Flatirons.

When the kerosene stove was invented housekeepers rejoiced over the prospect of something that would relieve them of some of the additional heat required in cooking, washing and ironing during the hot days that Maine had at that period, but if the Waterville man's new electric experiments work as anticipated, undesired heat will be reduced to a minimum. In addition to his recently invented electric oven Mr. Willis Mitchell has perfected a flatiron for which wonderful effects are claimed. A cord is attached to a circuit and connected with the flatiron, which is thereby heated for use, all of the heat going to the bottom of the flatiron when it is needed. An iron heated in this way is always ready for use, and, it is said, can be run all day, or as long as the current is turned on, without the operator leaving the table when at work. The amount of heat given to the flatiron can also be regulated as desired.—New York Telegram.

Cotton is king, and yet he is continually sent out of the country where he reigns.

MEDICINES GETTING CHEAPER.

Druggists Say There Is Less Adulteration Now Than There Used to Be.

It may be consoling to the general public to know that at the national convention of druggists, held in Indianapolis, a committee to whom the subject had been referred reported unanimously that adulteration in drugs is decidedly on the decline. They think that in the present state of chemical science adulteration is only possible in a few preparations, and then not to any very great extent.

In other days, the committee says, pharmacology dealt principally with extracts, tinctures, oils, balsams, juices, gums and the like; today the places of these are, for the most part, occupied by clearly characterized chemical combinations.

In times past medicines were compounded from substances of variable constitution and condition, whose examination, test, assay or analysis must needs be a matter of exceeding difficulty and often of impossibility; while now we have exactly constituted salts, composite ethers and alkaloids of definite chemical composition; whose identity may mostly be shown by one or two simple precipitations or color reactions, and whose purity can often be determined by a mere melting, boiling, combustion or solution test; but at all events, by analysis.

Even a number of the more indefinite and heterogeneous substances of the ancient materia medica, such as extracts, have recently been forced to yield their "incognito" to searching test methods, as, for instance, the determination of alkaloidal strength, so that falsifications have become readily recognizable.

Some of the ethereal oils, however, and essences, balsams, etc., which admit of no identity, reaction or quantitative assay, except that exercised on or by the sense of smell, are today, perhaps, quite or nearly as susceptible to adulteration as they ever were.

The medicinal compounds of the Seventeenth century were chiefly empirical nostrums or mixtures of substances, some of which neutralized others, and compounding prescriptions and manufacturing medicines were carried on without any reference to scientific principles.

The dissatisfaction of the compounds of medicines, no doubt, gave rise to this new departure, for the continued complaints of the physicians made them aware that for anything other than crude or garbled drugs, but little reliance could be placed in the wholesale druggist of that day. And the dispenser had to produce his powders by pestle and mortar, if the physician's prescriptions were to be reliably dispensed.

Now, in those days, it was the practice of the wholesale druggist to send his drugs to a drug miller who [illegible] of his products as are the [illegible] try on similar businesses [illegible] is certain, moreover, that [illegible] esale druggist set a bad example [illegible] the miller, for it was not an uncommon practice to send comparatively inert substances to the mill to be ground and mixed with potent drugs.

Tricks were resorted to in the adulteration of simple chemical substances, which leaves but little doubt that, notwithstanding there was a want of chemical knowledge, there was no lack of deliberate intention to defraud.

Early in this century guaranteed powdered drugs were introduced in trade by Thomas Heming, who claimed that his soft, impalpable, bright looking vegetable powders were as pure as the unsightly powders that compounders were producing for themselves by pestle and mortar.

The success attendant upon the production of pure powdered drugs was an incentive to some houses, and it came about that not only were chemical substances prepared with due regard to their medicinal purity, but the organic novelties, such as quinine, morphine and strychnine, which were then finding uses in medicine, were produced on a manufacturing scale of purity, which, considering the chemical knowledge of the manipulators, was highly creditable.

Perhaps the most important factor in the gradual improvement in the quality of the commercial powders has been the extremely low market rates which have prevailed of late years in the prices of the vast majority of crude drugs. Most of the incentive to adulteration was removed.

The pharmacy laws passed by various states, as well as the enactments relating to the adulteration of food products, are also beginning to exert their influence in the direction of greater purity.—New York News.

He Was a-Saying.

A man led a raw boned, humble faced mule down Clifford street yesterday morning, turned into Griswold and finally disappeared in a blacksmith shop.

"Shoes?" queried the stalwart smith.

"Yes."

"Hind?"

"Yes."

"As I was a-saying when you came in"——

Here he picked up one of the mule's legs and was sent half way across the shop by a twist of the animal's hip. He returned to the attack with unruffled calmness, saying:

"As I was a-saying when you'n the mule came in"——

This time he got a hind foot in the ribs and was almost knocked over his anvil. He braced up, opened his eyes a little wider, and making another grab for the same foot he repeated:

"As I was a-saying when the mule and you hove"——

This time he got both feet in quick succession, and was driven to the wall ten feet away.

"What is it you are trying to tell me?" asked the owner of the mule.

"Why, I was a-saying as you turned the corner that if you brought that infernal brute to this shop I'd break his back with a crowbar, and now you get him out or I'll do it!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Healthy Growth.

Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold on the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparations. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity indorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

It is expected that by another year fresh figs, raised in Florida and Georgia, will be put on the Northern market in considerable quantities. Several large fig groves have lately been planted.

The Free Bridge Bill.

The Principal Provisions of the Act Authorizing the County of Lexington and the City of Columbia to Unite in Securing Free Bridges.

As one result of the recent session of the General Assembly was the passing of an Act providing a way for the bridges to be secured between this county and Lexington, the main provisions of the same are published below for general information.

Now that the opportunity has been provided the next step will be to arrange for the necessary preliminary requisite to take advantage of the asme and carry out the conditions imposed.

The main provisions of the Act are as follows:

Section 1. That the County Commissioners for the County of Lexington and the City Council of the city of Columbia be, and they are hereby, authorized to contract provisionally for the purchase of either or both of the two bridges near the city of Columbia, the one across Broad river, known as the Broad River bridge, and the one across the Congaree river, known as the Congaree bridge, to be paid for in such proportions as are hereinafter specified by the city of Columbia and Lexington county as may be voted for under the provisions of this Act: Provided, that the price to be paid for both of the said bridges shall [illegible] ceed in the aggregate the [illegible] $50,000; and provided further, [illegible] in case both of said bridges [illegible] be purchased for said [illegible] County Commissioners and [illegible] Council may contract [illegible] for the erection of [illegible] across one or both [illegible] not to exceed in [illegible] $50,000.

Section 2. [illegible] tract shall [illegible] Commissioners [illegible] shall submit to the [illegible] of said county, [illegible] ated a body politic [illegible] purposes of this [illegible] hereby cre[illegible] purchasing [illegible] corporate for the [illegible] ing bo[illegible] act, the question of [illegible] to the [illegible] said bridges and of issu[illegible] to an [illegible] of said county, to submit [illegible] qualified voters of said county [illegible] amount equal to one-third of [illegible] agreed to be paid for said [illegible] said one-third shall [illegible] ship 14-100, to [illegible] ong the township [illegible] 11-100, to [illegible] 11-100, to Platt Spring township 10-100, to Bull Swamp township 8-100, to Saluda township 6-100, to Broad River township 6-100, to Boiling Springs township 6-100, to Hollow Creek township 5-100, to Black Creek township 2-100, to Gilbert Hollow township 5-100, to Chinquepin township 2-100; and the City Council of the city of Columbia shall likewise submit the question of purchasing said bridges, or either of them, and of issuing bonds of the said city to an amount equal to two-thirds of the price agreed to be paid for said bridges or either of them, to the qualified voters of said city: Provided, four-fifths of the actual resident male freeholders of the city of Columbia, to be ascertained from the books of the Auditor of Richland county, shall first petition said council to call such election, and said City Council shall determine whether four-fifths of the resident male freeholders of the city have signed the said petition; and the said County Commissioners of the county of Lexington and the City Council of the city of Columbia shall respectively order elections to be held in said city of Columbia and county of Lexington, specifying the time and purpose of the election, which shall be held at the usual voting precincts for the respective city and county, and they shall respectively for the said county and city appoint the managers for every election precinct, who shall without compensation hold and conduct said elections at which elections the ballots shall have written or printed thereon either the words, "for bridges," or the words, "against bridges." Notice of the election in the city of Columbia shall be published in one newspaper published in the city of Columbia for one month prior to said election, and notices of the said election to be held in the county of Lexington shall be published for the same period in one newspaper published in said county.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a positive guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1 00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. M. Q. Hendrix.

Some of the novelties at a recent Philadelphia wedding are thus described: The parlor was arranged in rose and chrysanthemums, to represent the interior of a drawing room car. The bride stood under a marriage bell, and at six o'clock six whistles were blown, and bells were rung all over the houses, denoting that the bride is starting on her journey through life.

A Child Killer.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in