Spring walks abroad in all the fields today, Her touch had left the apple orcherds

The baby buds that waited for the May Have shaken out their petals over night. Against the rugged boughs they softly press Shell tinted blossoms on a field of green, Weaving the mantle of their loveliness Across the uncouth shapes that spring

Amid their fragrance croon the drowsy bees, And in the perfumed mazes lose their way While hovering over them the wandering

Lays tender fingers on each sun kisse

spray.
A thousand gifts she joyfully bestows,
But all her fairest handiwork is here.
Where orchards toss their drifts of scent

TALMAGE'S SERMAN.

Dr. Talmage in a Timely Discourse, Discusses Spiritual Archery.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good fails through lack of adroitness; text, Genesis x, 9, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot redbirds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to c'ear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun browned face and arm bunched with nuscle, "a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a better and braver thing to huat down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study gospel archery of whom it may after awhile be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord. How much awkward Christian work

there is done in the world! How many good people ther; are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs-religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharithe yeast or of the leaven of the Pharithe years a transition it was sees." So natural a transition it was and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string-so precise was the direction given. how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exereise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good-studying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you co not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier

broke there are old corselets which There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenshow that the arrow of the English used ness that prowls around, and instead of ascertain if any is missing. An ex to go through the breastplate, through attacking it how many of us hide under amination of the Teuton's bank books the body of the warrior and out through the church pew or the communion the backplate. What a symbol of that | table? There is so much invested in it gospel which is sharper than a two edged | we are afraid to assault it. Millions of sword, piercing to the dividing asuader | dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in of soul and body and of the joints and | corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble | ed. marrow! Would to God we had more floors and Italian top tables and chased faith in that gospel! The humblest ice coolers, and in the strychnine and man in the world, if he had enough the logwood and the tartaric acid and faith in it, could bring a hundred souls | the nux vomica that go to make up to Christ—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less in it. I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not Germany, which is said to hold 800 have been recovered.

accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do

sirocco of the desert, covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Renau was the romance of believing almost nothing; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy its shivering in the night of the soul, ooking up to the stars, affering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that go pel for another who is thoroughly satisfied and helped and contented in his skepticism and I will take the car temorrow and ride 500 miles to see him. The full power of the gospel has not yet been touched. As a sport man throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this gospel after awhile catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and wemen who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sun day schools, and the lay preaching sta tions, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon compared with which the lightning has no speed and avalanches have no heft and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; t is the arrow of the omnipotent gospel. Take careful aim! Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many.

Again, if you want to be skillful in piritual archery you must hunt ie un frequented and seeladed places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Ra quette lake into the wilds of the Adironlacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun lears the forest. From the California tage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along lmost within range of the gun-someimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that. It is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluled. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our way. You will have to go where they Yonder they are down in that cel

lar. Youder they are up in that garret -- far away from the door of any church. The gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The trast distributer and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are willing for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters We are tanding on some street or road expect ing that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in ain. The world will not come.

What the church wants now is to lift

them in the stirraps. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants sad dlebags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid and put on the hunting shirt. We want people have ever learned how the Lord a pulpic on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under Tupper's lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is out side work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and lake expecting in that way to escape. rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparitively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the mil-lions who do not come? Have they no no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are them, no welcome to greet them? I hear today surging up from that lower depth of our cities a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches, and it blots out all this scene from my eves today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the them a fearful chasm. This is called dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the was on the track of a dear. It came to fathomless and thundering abysm of suffering and woe. I sometimes think for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and that just as God blotted out the churches | in utter despair it gathered itself up and of Thyatics and Corinth and Laodices in the death agony attempted to jump because of their sloth and stolidity he across. Of course it fell and was dashed

be damned"—a command, you see, ounctuated with a throne of heaven and a dungeon of hell. I remark, further, if you want to suc ceed in spiritual archery you must weapon than that. It is the arrow of have courage. If the hunter stands the gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a with trembling hand or shoulder that straight arrow; it is feathered from the | flinches with fear, instead of his taking wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies | the catamount the catamount takes from a bow made out of the wood of the him. What would become of the cross. As far as I can estimate or cal- Greenlander if when out hunting for culate, it has brought down 400,000,000 the bear he should stand shivering with of souls. Paul knew how to bring the terror on an iceberg? What would notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, have become of Du Chaillu and Livingand its whir was heard through the stone in the African thicket with a Corinthian theaters and through the faint heart and a week knee? When a courtroom until the knees of Felix panter comes within 20 paces of you knocked together. It was that arrow and it has its eye on you and it has that struck in Luther's heart when he squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady eried cut: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my there!" Courage, Oye spiritual archers! sins!" If it strike a man in the head, there are great monsters of iniquity it kills his skepticism; if it strike him prowling all around about the comin the heel, it will turn his step; if it | munity. Shall we not in the strength strike him in the heart, he throws up of God go forth and combat them? We his hands, as did one of old when not only need more heart, but more wounded in the battle, crying, "O backbone. What is the church could have entered and escaped by the Galilean, thou hast conquered!" of God that it should fear to rear. The police have been unable to In the armory of the Earl of Pem- look in the eye any transgression?

that can take the full meaning of that

that believeth and is baptized shall be

saved, but he that believeth not shall

hogsheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as anything like this gespel.

The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the
religion of Theodore Parker was a

1 stood and looked at it I said to myself:
"That is publing—800 hegsheads.
Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we

Oh, to attack this great monster of interperance and the kindred monsters of fraud and unsleanness requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform you must assault

Would to God that all our American Christian; would band together, not for crack brained fanaticism, but for hely Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign. the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and eleand 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were

hinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the storke of the saber and bulour country the millions of member-ship of our churches would band to gether and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down game, but bring pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming hom; and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings heme the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and lettirg them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest-beak and

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ve hunters for the lord, not only bring down, the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for im nortal souls! If expecting that the prairie fowl will Domitian practiced archery until he ight on our church steeple. It is not could stand a boy down in the Roman their habit. If the church should wait amphitheater with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritts feet from damask ottomans and put ual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bos should be just the size of the archer. the shadow of the church that the fish If it were just his size, then he would know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's lake, where the first swing of words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecra-

> Oh, for a closer walk with God. A calm and heavenly frace, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

I am sure that there are some men who at some time have been hit by the darkness steps into the lake to drink, gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that they hear it right away. If a loon cry conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Schroon Jesus Christ is on your track today, O impenitent man! Not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! Here is the stream of God's mercy and souls? Are they sinless that they need Salvation, where you may enol your thirst! Stop that chase of sin today. By the red fountain that leaped from the they cut off from God to go into eternity | heart of my Lord, I bid you stop! There no wing to bear them, no light to cheer | is mercy for you-mercy that pardons, mercy that heals, evelasting mercy. The 12 gates of God's love stand wide open. Enter and be forever safe.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "dear leap"-two erags, about 18 yards apart; between one of these crags. There was no escape will blot out American and English on the rocks far beneath. Here is a Christianity and raise on the ruins a path to heaven It is plain, it is safe stalwart, wide awake missionary church | Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I command: "God ye into all world and | won't walk in that path. I will take my preach the gospel to every creature. He own way." He comes on up until h confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has some, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils What shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the soul's death leap.

A Lame Tale. Philip Schumacker, paying teller of New Orleans Teutonia bank, a State institution, was shot in the calf of the leg while at work in the bank counting the cash previous to a meeting of the finance committee. When assistance came he was lying on the floor, badly bruised, a pistol near him and money scattered on the floor. He said he was stacked and fired on by two men and that he returned the fire. Although the bank is in the heart of the city men could have entered and escaped by the find any trace of the thieves and th bank officers are counting the cash to tonight seem to point to a shortage of \$18,000. Although his wound is not dangerous, Schumaker is delirious and the doctor said he spoke of being attack-

Crushed by a Stone.

Most of the houses of the village of Acronza, near Polentzea, Italy, were swept away by the fall of an immense

PATRIOTIC POEM

An Incident of the Recant Confed rate Reunion

HE GLORIOUS HOST AGAIN

he Edgetteld Sabre Club and the

Memories t Evoked Twenty-Seven Years Ago

(From the Columbia State, May II. When on Thursday an Augusta amp of Confederate Veterans reacahed Columbia and marched up Main street to the quarters prepared for them a thrill ran through the throng at the sight—for they were uniformed in the phants On some princes rode and old Confederate gray, the homespun royal ladies under exquisite housings, gray of the fighting private, so familiar and 500 coolies waited upon the train, to the eyes, old and young, of thirtyseven years ago; and they were armed; invaded by this excursion, and the and their accountrements were of the old type; and they wore the dusty, grim and battered aspect of veterans who let. After awhile the party brought had stepped from out the distant past. back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, Sentiment was stirred as they plodded Sentiment was stirred as they plodded having left the wilderness of India up the street and eyes were wet with the slain bodies of wild the tears of love and pride which greetghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in have made so profund an impression as these worn and homely suits of gray

The incident recalls another -another

of a quarter century ago, long cherished in the memories of old Columbianswhen Confoderate Reunions were unthe bodies and souls of immortal men! | known and the wearing of the gray was Who is ready for such a party as that? deemed akin to treason. This incident Who will be a mighty hunter for the was commemorated in touching verse by one who was then a Columbian, but s now a resident of Charleston where he holds a distinguished place on the editorial staff of The News and Courier. it in. I think one of the most beautiful | We wish it had been our privilege to print these verses-poetry true and touching, and in the perfection of its art as well as the verity of its rathos uperior to much that comes now from the pens of famous writers-in time for Veterans at our gathering to read them But we secured them only at the close of the Reunion. They are reproduced today with the full assurance that they will be clipped from the State and treasured in many homes. They have een published before, but are far too ittle known, and we append them in the certainty that nothing else we could print in these columns would give more gratification to the readers of the

State. AFTER TEN YEARS. (A troop of cavalry, the "Edgefield Sabre Club," uniformed in Confederate grey, visited Columbia during Fair week of 1873. They reached town about dusk on the evening of the 13th November)

was the first day of the fair. And fast, on every side, rom all the country round about Rolled in the living tide.

ill day along the broad highways The great crowd ebbed and flowed, and whirling wheels and trampling feet Thronged all the sounding road

from morn 'till night 1 marked the route That ceme and wentaway; Despite the wintry wind and rain The town kept holiday.

But at the dusk I stood apar', of tired feet, that down the street ong while I stood and waited there,

Alone and silently. Watching the outer; larger fair Of human vanity. Fill tired at last, I turned away, With seeing satisfied;

Still rising far and wide. But ere that I had gone a rood I marked upon it a 1,

Along the street, from end to end. A sudden silence fall. See there! and every eye was fixed, And every foot was stayed;

We saw beyond the breathless throng A dusty cavalcade ome riding up by two and two, As silent as the dead; Their very horse hoofs made no sound

Upon the hard road-bed. No sound of bugle, nor of drum, Nor loud command was there Fo silken flag threw out its folds Upon the evening air.

But by the light of day That still was left, we thrilled to see, Once more—the rebel grey! and nearer, nearer, yet they come,

Nor flashing uniform they wore,

They climb the weary hill; And, rearer yet; upon the throng The hush grows deeper still.

No silken flag throws out its folds Ut on the evening air, And yet above their heads we see, A tattered banner there! The banner that doth haunt our sleep,

The Southern Cross-and Crown The wonder of a thousand lands, And glory of our own.

That fair hands wrought, that brave one Unsullied all its years:

That hope baptised with fair, false smiles; That memory guards with tears. Our blazon in the days of wrath;

Our pride in days of peace; The flag that guarded all our land And flamed along the seas. The crimson field, the azure cross We see with more than sight!

The stars we deemed forever set Once more shine through the night. Forgotten are our fetters now, Forgotten all our pain— These riders bring a spell with them

And we are free again! o strange they seem, there comes a doubt If these be living men! We cannot think we look uptn

That glorious host again Yes here they ride; and these not all-We see them far along; dehind, before, by thousands more, The old time squadrons throng.

There goes the Army of the North; There Johnston and the West; An angry wave that rolleth on

With bayonetted crest. nce more the light of Jackson's sword Far flashes through the gloom; There Ashby rides; and there, once more,

The toss of Stuart's plume! h, life goes back ten years to-night, And we are men once more; And this old hill is Arlington,

And there the alien shore And over yonder on the heights The hostile camp fires quiver; And sullenly 'twixt us and them Flows by Potomac's river.

And these be going to the front, With work to do ahead, How fair they ride—God go with them! Alas! that day is dead.

er Stuart's head, in place of plume, The long grass now doth wave: Ten times we've seen the violets bloom On Stonewall Jackson's grave. And he who ne'er did yield to man Hath vielded unto death: The stainless sword at Lexington

Hangs idly in its sheath

The red sears on Virginia's bills Are healing one by one, And golden grain on Maltern's side Is waving la the sun.

The field we fought, the wood we he'd, On yonder fearful day; New echo to the song of birds Or sound of childish play.

And there where last we stood strayed, That last sad April morn, forgetful Nature smiles again With ranks of rustling corn.

he flig that once did brave a world! From its proud standard riven, s folded from our sight, and now Hath no place under heaven

Save in our hearts and in our homes Where sadly, day by day, The silent spiders fitting y, Are shrouding it in grey. Sut see! the strange troop fades from sight,

The last file disappears; Ve cannot see them for the night, Or-for these blinding tears ow they are gone! and gone our dream:

And darkly o'er the town, and o'er our hearts, and o'er our past, Once more the night comes down. nd homeward now, with darkened brow. Each takes his silent way; he thoughts that rive within our hearts

We may not shout nor say. et hai'! ye gallant riders all; Though none may speak your praise, ie see how, in a thousand eyes, A thousand welcomes blaze

nd many a kindly heart, I ween, Doth bless your ride to day, in that ye once more bring to sight The wearing of the grey.

Not yet forgotten is our past! Though we to day are dumb, And dream of one to come!

—C. McKinley.

Columbia, S. C., November 10, 1871. TO CHICKAMAUGA

The Schedule of Special Rates There and to Memphis.

The following is the official schedule announced by the Southern railway for the special reunion train carrying the govornor and staff and Confederate veterans from this State to the unveiling of the South Carolina monument at Chickamauga, and to the general Confederate reunion at Memphis, Tenn It may be mentioned that Col. R. W. Hunt, division passenger agent, will accompany this train on this occasion: Lv Charleston, May 25 2:30 pm Ar Columbia 6.00 rm v Columbia 6 15 pm v Newberry 7.30 pm Ly Greenwood 8:40 pm v Greenville ...

10:50 pm Ar Chattanoogs, May 27.... 7:30 am Lv Chattanooga, May 27. 8:00 pm Ar Memphis. 7:00 am This train will consist of first-c.ass coaches with comfortable high back seats and Pullman drawing room buf fat sleeging cars through without It will make a trip down to Lytle Station (Chickamauga.) leav ne Chattauooga at 10 a. m , giving passet gers time to breakfast in Chattagooga n the afternoon it will return to Chattanooga and continue on to Memphis. There will be plenty of room for everybody, extra care being attached to the

rain as needed. Here are the rates for the round trip governing between South Carolina points and Chattanooga and Memphis: From Anderson to Chattanooga \$8 90; Memphis \$11 60.

From Abbeville to Chattanooga \$8 90; Memphis \$11 60. Memphis \$12 10. \$11 00: Memohis \$13 15

From Blacksburg via. Spartanburg Memphis \$12 80. From Batesburg, via Augusta and Atlants, to Chattanooga, \$10 75; Mem-

phis \$12 80. From Batesburg, via Columbia and Asheville, to Chattanooga \$12.10; Mem-From Barnwell to Chattancoga \$10 85;

Memphis \$12.75. From Bamberg to Chattanooga \$11.10 Memphis \$13 05. From Blackville to Chattanooga \$10 65; Memphis \$12 75. From Calhoun to Chattanooga \$7 95

Memphis \$11 00 Memphis 13 75 From Columbia to Chattanooga writers presented by specially written \$11 10; Memphis \$13 30. From Camden to Chattanooga \$12.10;

Memphis \$13.95. From Charleston to \$13 40; Memphis \$14 55 From Denmark to Chattanooga \$10 90; Memphis \$12.90.

From Donalds, via Anderson and Atlanta to Chattanooga, \$8.70; Memphis From Donalds, via Greenville and Atlanta, to Chattanocga \$8.90; Memphis

\$11.60 From Edgefield to Chattanooga \$10 20; Memphis \$12 45. From Gaffney to Chattanooga \$10 20; Memphis \$12.65

From Graniteville to Chattanocga \$9.65; Memphis \$12.05. From Greenville to Chattanooga

\$8.90; Memphis \$11 60. From Greenwood, via Greenville and Atlants to Chattanooga \$8 90; Memphis From Greenwood, via Anderson and

Atlanta, to Chattanooga \$8.70; Memphis \$11.45 From Johnston, via Columbia and Asheville, to Chattancog 1 \$11 10; Memphis \$13 30.

From John ton, via Augusta and Atlanta, to Chattaneoga, \$10.25; Memphis From Newberry to Chattanooga \$9.85; Memphis \$12.40.

From Orangeburg to Chattanoosa \$11.50; Memphis \$13.30. From Prosperity to Chattanooga \$10.05; Memphis \$12.60. From Rock Hill to Chattanooga

\$11 90; Memphis \$13.35. From St. Matthews to Chattanooga \$11.50; Memphis \$13.30 From Seneca to Chattanooga \$7.70; Memphis \$10.80.

\$9.55; Memphis \$12 20. \$13 35; Memphis \$14.10 Memphis \$13.30.

Trenton, via Augusta and Atlanta, to Chattanooga, \$10.05; Memphis \$12.-From Union to Chattarooga \$10.40; Memphis \$12 60.

From Winsboro to Chattanooga \$11.90; Memphis \$13.75. From Sumter to Chattanooga \$12,40; Mem; his \$14 15.

Tickets at rates shown above to Memphis, Tenn., and return will be sold May, 25th and 27th, good to return until June 4th, 1901, and by depositing (in persor) tickets with joint agent at Memphis, between May 28 and june 3d. inclusive, and on payment of fee of 50 cents at time of deposit, an extension four hundred men were killed and many of the final limit to June 19th, 1901, will | wounded.

For Malaria. Chills and Fever

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The formula is plainly printed on every bottle-hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's-its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

e accorded Holders of these tickets will be permitted to stop over at Chattanorga, Tenn , one day, both going and returning, and those holding through tickets to Memphis can get side trip tickets from Chattanooga to Lytle station (Chickamauga) and re

turn for 25 cents round trip. Tickets to Chattanooga and return 'or those not dessring to continue on o the Memphis reunion) will be on sale May 24th, 25th and 26th, good to return until May 30th, 1991. For millitary companies and brass bands accompanyng them. 20 or more on one ticket, to hattanooga and return, and not coninuing on to Memphis, reduced rates have been arranged from all points in South Carolina, and for such companies the rate per capita from Columbia will te \$7.70; Charleston \$8 95; Abbevil'e \$5.50; Anderson \$5.70; Greenville \$6.00; Spartanburg \$6.20; Rock Hill \$7.80, and correspondingly low rates

from other points. Tickets for both the ceremonies of unveiling of the South Carolina monument, Chicksmaugs, and for the Confederate veterans' reunion at Memphis, will be sold via Atlanta or via Ashe ville and Knexville, according to the ocation of the starting point, and from a number of points, via either route.

The round trip for everybody from liattanooga to Lytle Station (Chickmaugs) and return, via the C R and R R, will be 25 cents for the round WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

Courier to be Issued. The Press Committee of the Woman's Department of the South Carolina Iner State and West Indian Exposition, will publish very shortly a man moto special editon of Charleston News and ourier. This great newspaper will be a thirty two page edition and will have a circulation of at least 50,000 copies. When these are exhausted, another edition will be printed. It will be sold From Aiken to Chattanooga \$9 75; in every town, city and village in the

From Allendale to Chattanooga the large cities both north and south. In addition to this, the paper will be on sale at both the Buffalo and Charleston and Ashev.lle, to Chattanooga \$10 45; Exposition; thus extending the influ ence of this great paper through the term of an entire year.

All the reading matter is contributed by the women, and realizing what a power such a publication can become, many of our country's nost famous women have contributed liberally to make the paper a veritable literary

Among the well known poetesses whose verses adorn the columns of the paper, Elizabeth Akers, author of Rock me to Sleep;" May Reilly Smith who wrote, Baby Fingers on the Win-From Chester to Chattanooga \$11 90; and Jennie Drake, South Carolina's own poetess Among famous prose short stories and sketches are, S. Rhett Roman, Kate Chopin, Gertrude Atheron, Septims Collis, Mme Gustave Lehiback, Belva Lockwood and Eliza-

bethCady Stanton. There will be a charming Children's page, to which some of the most cele-brated writers of juvenile literature have contributed stories and poems, while the people devoted to Charleston's landmarks, institutions, societies and surroundings, will be full of interest to all lovers of quaint records of Colonial and Revolutionary days.

What the women are doing to make their share of the exposition a success will be graphically told in articles prepared by the chairmen of the various ommittees and lady commissioners of the Wamans's Department.

Altogether this magnificent paper will be one which every man, woman and child in South Carolina should read, and will doubtless be treasured as a souvenir for long years to come.

The price of this paper will be only en cents, putting it within the reach of all. Any one desiriog copies should leave name and address at this office, with remittances for number of copies desired, or communicate at once with either Miss Martha Washington, Chairman Press Committee, 38, Chalmers St. Charleston, S. C , or Mrs. J. M. Visanska, Business Manager, 2 Bull St., Charleston, S. C.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed conditon of the mucous lining of the From Spartanburg to Chattanooga gets inflamed you have a rumbling 9.55; Memphis \$12 20. Eustschian Tube. When this tube From Summerville to Chattanongs it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can From Trenton, via Columbia and be taken out and this tube restored to Asheville 26tk to Chattanooga \$12 85; its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the ucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars or any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's family Pills are the best.

Great Loss of Life. A dispatch from Pekin, China, says he arsenal at Kalignan, one hundred miles northwest of there, was blown up Thursday. One German officer and

Not His Business to Inquire. "Uncle," said the dusty pilgrim, "how far is it to Sagetown?" "'Bout a mile and a half," replied the farmer.

"Can I ride with you?" "Sartin, Climb in." At the end of three-quarters of an our the dusty pilgrim began to be un-

"Uncle," he asked, "how far are we from Sagetown new?" " 'Bout four mile and a half." "Great grief! Why didn't you tell

ne we were going away from Sage- tion of father in law and son in law to The people involved are fairly promi-"Why didn't you tell me you wanted

to go thar?"-Chicago Tribune. Aunt Hetty-What in creation is the ise of these new-fangled individual forks and spoons? City Niece (a follower of fads)-

and spoons go into people's mouths, you know? Aunt Hetty-Yes; but, land sakes hey all go into the same dishwater .-

Don't you think it's rather nice to have

things which no one else uses? Forks

V. Y. Weekly. No Need to Worry. The mother was in a state of mind

over her first born. When the father arrived, he having returned from his daily labor, he found he mother in tears. "Oh, William," she wailed, "Willi says he wants to be a pirate!" "Don't let that worry you," was th

consoling reply. "When I was his age Mammoth Edition of The News and my ambition was to be a policeman -Indianapolis Press. Then She Departed For two hours a fashionable ladcept the draper exhibiting his goods and at the end of that period she

sweetly asked: "Are you sure you have shown me everything you have?" 'No, madam," said the draper; "I have yet an old account in my ledger I'll gladly show you." He did not need

to show any more.-Tit-Bits. The Soft Answer. her new songs without a sign of approval from Felix)-You are so tire ome, Felix; you have no ear for

Felix (artfully)-Never mind, daring; I have an eye for beauty. (And Ethelinda was soothed.)-Chiago Inter Ocean.

Charge Disproved. Benson-Look here, that boy of ours threw a stone at me just now and barely missed me! Proud Father-You say he missed

rou? Benson (angrily)-You heard what I said, didn't you? Proud Father-Then it couldn't hav been my boy .- Tit-Bits.

Day to Be Remembered. Church-You used to be in busine with that man? Gotham-Yes. "You've evidently lost faith i

him?

"Well, yes; I lost all the faith and, and an equal amount of money the same day."-Yonkers Statesman To Be Removed. Bookkeeper-Did the boss carry o hat plan of yours? Clerk-No; but I guess Mike will.

Bookkeeper-Mike? Clerk-Yes, the porter. The box hrew the plan in his wastebasket. Philadelphia Press. A Money Maker, "I shall make a fortune out of my ew musical box. You put a penny in he slot and-"

"And the thing plays a popula

"No, it stops playing one." - Tit Youth's Bad Start. may soar to Fame's proud height rops with dismal thud

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.



Merchant-Are your habits all cor olicant for Position-Yes, str Merchant (after a pause) Do yo Applicant (absently) - Thanks. Don't

A Matter of Apparel. "Then you don't believe that on can tell character by physiognomy and bearing?" "No; when a man has on his old hoes it gives him a cringing air."-Detroit Free Press.

are if I do.-Chicago Chronicle.

Reversionary. Agnes-He is what might be called reversionary type of man. Edith-Reversionary! Agnes-Yes; it's so easy to make a monkey of him!-Puck.

An extraordinary domestic tangle has come up for settlement in the Distriet Court at Omaha, Neb Edward Barrett is charged with having married twin sisters within ninety days without the formality of a divorce, and his brother, it is said, then married the mother of the twins to increase the peculiar relations of the persons involved Thus the mother becomes the sister in law of her own daushter and the Barret brothers sustain the relaeach other, and Edward Barrett be-

Married Whole Family.

nent. Mrs. Mary Ergles, the head of the family, was a wealthy widow of North Pistte. Her husband a year ago left her about \$50 000 To his twin daughters be left \$30 000 each. All was in ranch property.

Tre Atlanta Journal says "a Darmouth college man has an instrument that can detect the heat of a candle a mile off With such an instrument it might be possible to measure the warmth of soul of that New York man who a few days are give a young boy ten cents for fieding a pocket book con \$1 (00 which he had lost.

A Fowerful Instrument.

A Sad Case. John Fay, employed by the Seattle Bridge Company, a L c court. 1ejrimanded his 15 year-old boy for some trivial off nse, wounded the boy's feelings and he shor himself dead. Seeing h s son writhing in the agonies of death, the fa her picked up the weapon and

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Rip Saws, and all other kinds of wood working machinery. My Sergeant Log Beam Saw mill is the heaviest, strongest, and most efficient mill for the money on the market, quick, accurate. State Agent for H. B. Smith Machine Company wood working machinery, For high grade engines, plain slide valve-Automatic, and Corliss, write me: Atlas, Watertown, and Struthers and Wells.

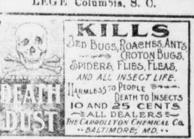
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