

# THE UNION TIMES.

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\$1.50 A YEAR.

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### Two Men In One.

A member of the Royal Chemical Society, London, has recently demonstrated to the Society for Psychological Research a proof that man possesses two distinct consciousnesses. This he explains by the fact that persons under the influence of an anesthetic, while not apparently conscious at the time of operations, are sometimes able, after a few days, to describe the exact details of the operation, instruments used, etc., although not informed as to these before or since. What he calls the "workaday consciousness" was absent at the time, but the "subliminal consciousness" is that which was present during the operation, and which not only felt, but saw, what was going on. Hence anesthetics would seem to postpone rather than destroy the functions of the latter kind of consciousness.

## COVERED THE SHIP WITH BLOOD.

An Old Salt Beats the Record With a Yarn About a Whale.

The story of a whale as told by Mate Schlaikner of the good ship Amrum is as follows:

"The Amrum left Progresso, Mexico, with a cargo of hemp, bound for this port. For the first few days out we had such delightful weather that those of the crew who were superstitious declared that something remarkable would happen before we reached port.

"The officers, of course, paid no attention to them until we ran into heavy northeast winds and seas that ran mountains high. Then we began to think that perhaps they were right, and we felt that the remarkable thing had happened after one of the seamen was washed from the top of the deckhouse by a huge comb that broke over us and was carried the entire length of the ship, 210 feet and 3 inches, without being seriously hurt.

"That in itself was remarkable, but it was nothing as compared to an occurrence on Dec. 8, when we ran upon what the lookout thought was an unmarked island, but what we found to be only a school of whales.

"I've seen whales before, but I never saw such a sight as I saw that day.

"The weather had calmed down, and the sea had become smooth again, and when I took my observation just before going to dinner, at noon, I found that we were in latitude 34 degrees 41 minutes and longitude 47 degrees 34 minutes.

"I had just seated myself at the dinner table with the other officers when the ship received a blow that shook her from stern to stern, and threw us from our chairs. Then the ship ceased to move forward and we were filled with consternation.

"'Derelict!' some one shouted, and we all ran on deck, not knowing what had happened to us. We found the crew all forward, some busy with the lookout and others looking over the bow into the water.

"The vessel was covered with blood from the fore rigging to the bridge, and the lookout appeared as though he had been bathed in it.

"I ran to his assistance, and as I did so another great fountain of blood came over the bows. It was from a whale that we had struck. The whale was spouting gallons of blood, and as I looked at him, I saw that we had hit him broadside on and had cut a great gash in his side, the blood from which had discolored the water for hundreds of feet around.

"He was the largest whale that I ever saw, for he exposed fully 90 feet of his length. How much longer he was I had no means of knowing, for, as he went under our starboard bow and disappeared we forced ahead again and right into the midst of a school of whales that was so compact that one might have stepped upon their backs and walked from one to another without wetting his feet.

"It was a most remarkable sight, and one that is rarely seen.

"Just as we reached the whales they all spouted and went out of sight. The water that they threw into the air with their immense flukes came upon the deck and mingled with the blood of their poor, unfortunate mate, who undoubtedly was asleep when we struck him.

"They arose all around us, and in anger thrashed the water until it was covered with red foam. Some of them followed us for a long distance, but none charged on our ship, as we thought that they might do.

"You can appreciate the force of the ship's compact with the whale when I tell you that we were forced backward, although running eight knots an hour when we struck.

"The blood that covered the bridge and everything forward of it was were two days in removing, and I dare say that even then we did not get it all off.

"It was a most wonderful experience, and one that I do not care to go through again, although there was no danger connected with it."

—New York Times.

### The Four Feet.

"The return of contributions will be expedited if a stamped envelope is enclosed," was the post-surgically from the printed slip which accompanied his rejected manuscript. "Great Scott! Who wants to expedite their return? I'm sure mine couldn't come back any faster than they do if I had a private carrier piece express." And he gleefully fished the five sonnets, the ballad and the rondeau into a fresh envelope and sent them off on their nineteenth round.—New York Tribune.

## A DOCTOR'S STORY.

Showing the Ability of a Somnambulist to Use His Eyes.

A Star writer was asking the physician a great many questions and getting answers to them, while the physician wasn't getting a cent of pay for the part he was performing.

"By the way," inquired The Star man, "do you think that a somnambulist can see?"

"Do you mean when he is awake, or when he is somnambulizing, so to speak?" smiled the physician.

"While he is somnambulizing, of course. I'm not talking about blind men."

"Well, I won't answer your question directly, but I'll tell you a story which may go as an answer. About ten years ago I had a roommate, a young fellow who was a student in the medical college, and a bright young fellow he was too. He was fond of shooting, and to keep up his practice he had a fine airgun, and he converted the hall on the third floor, which we occupied, into a shooting gallery. I used to take a hand myself every time I had a chance, and sometimes for an hour at a time he would be banging away at the target he had fixed at the far end of the hall.

"One morning I came in from a patient's about 3 o'clock and found the whole upper story dark. I lit the gas in the front room, which we used as a sitting room, and was about to go out and light the gas in the hall, when the young fellow came walking in from our sleeping room, attired in his nightclothes, and with his eyes wide open. I spoke to him, thinking something was the matter with him, but he did not answer, and in a minute I saw that he was walking in his sleep.

"This was not altogether unusual with him, but I had never caught him in the act before and concluded I would watch him. He came directly across the room, going around a chair and a table that stood in his path, and opening a drawer where he kept the airgun he took it out, and then he loaded it, getting the small bullets we used out of a box on the mantelpiece. This box he stuck into what would have been his coat pocket, if he had had a coat on, but as he hadn't the box fell to the floor, which he took no note of.

"Then he went into the dark hall, carefully avoiding all furniture in his way, and going as straight to the door as if he had been awake. I followed him cautiously into the hall, and when he had reached the usual point from which we did our firing he stopped, took careful aim and fired. The slight snap and shock of the gun seemed to have quite a different effect than either my voice or the bright light in the room, for on the instant he dropped the gun, made a half step forward and fell into my arms, just about as he would have fallen out of bed if he had waked suddenly on its edge.

"He was wide awake in a minute and began laughing and asking me what had happened. I told him, and we at once lit the gas in the hall and examined the target. The target had been repainted after we had had our last practice, so that we could see plainly where his bullet had hit, and I assure you he had made almost a center shot. Now," concluded the physician, "in the lighted room he missed all the furniture in his way, and in the dark hall he had hit the target. Do you think he could see, or couldn't he?"

The answer wasn't quite satisfactory as an answer, but it made a problem to wrestle with, and the physician kindly consented to let his questioner figure it out to suit himself.—Washington Star.

### Why He Ceased Whistling.

One day as Field Marshal Wrangel and the late Emperor Frederick were walking in Berlin they met an apprentice boy who was whistling a lively tune, but stopped as they came nearer and doffed his cap with a pleasant smile.

Wrangel was highly gratified with the civility of the lad, and said to the crown prince:

"There your royal highness can see how loyal these apprentice lads are. How delighted they seem to be when they come across a member of the royal family!"

"Wrangel," said the crown prince with a touch of sarcasm, "just ask the boy why he has stopped whistling."

"Here, my lad," exclaimed Wrangel, "tell us why you ceased whistling."

"Whenever I see you," replied the boy, "I can't help laughing, and then a fellow can't whistle, you know. And so saying, he took to his heels and promptly disappeared.—London's Weekly.

## W. A. NICHOLSON & SON,

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RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR FIRE INSURANCE.  
THROUGH ALL THEIR COMPANIES.  
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### WOMEN DISLIKE STINGY MEN.

Especially When the Matter Involves Them to a Degree.

If there is one object of dislike to a woman, it is a stingy man. Now, by this we do not mean that the fair sex are anxious for a man to spend more than he can afford, but they do feel that it is due to them when they are invited out to have the privilege of selecting what they want from a menu without being prompted by their host to select what he prefers.

The man doesn't have to say, "You must take this, or you mustn't take that." A woman is quick to recognize the saving keynote when he says: "What will you have? I think I will have a sandwich," and though she may loathe sandwiches she feels it her duty to say, "Well, then, I will have one too." Some mean men know that they can easily bulldoze a woman this way, and it would serve them just right if their guest were to say, "Well, for my part, I prefer terrapin, some fresh mushrooms, a canape Lorenzo and some Nesselrode pudding."

Oh, no, we never do say that. We are guided by the inclination in the man's voice and take whatever he wants us to, whether we like it or not. Now, we don't object one bit to a man being economical. It is a praiseworthy trait, but for goodness sake don't have him practice it when he takes a woman out to luncheon, dinner or supper. If he really can't afford anything she might ask for, he has no right to invite her. Let him do the elegant less frequently and do it right when he is about it.

The woman of the world will perhaps order a more extravagant meal than he would desire, but she won't break him if he entertains her but once in decent style, instead of three or four times in poverty stricken fashion that makes his guest want to pass her purse across the table to hire to help him out of his difficulty. There is no pleasure in eating under such circumstances, and a woman would feel much more pleased with a man if he had such a suggestion were made and she thus escaped an exhibition of his meanness. Let it be said right here that the real problem is not the one to get into such a predicament. He knows he can't, and he stays out of trouble by not inviting you to a swell restaurant and then looking pained if you order something beyond what he had expected. It is the man who wants to make a show of being a "thoroughbred" who too often proves conclusively by some episode of this sort that he is not.

"My boy will know how to order when he grows up," said a young mother the other day, "if I have to write out the menu for him every time he takes a young lady out. There won't be any 'what will you have' about it, but he will select a dainty little meal that will relieve her from the embarrassment of selection, but won't be made up of the cheapest things in sight, and will, therefore, give her a chance, if she does not care for his choice, to make a change in one or more dishes without feeling that she is an up-to-date Jack Sheppard who has lured an unhappy victim into a restaurant just to rob him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### A French Chef Wanted.

There was an interesting episode one day in a well known Washington cafe. The proprietor has a French chef in his employ, and the result is that the menu cards can be guaranteed to puzzle any American.

Two gentlemen sat at a table. One was from the west, and his French education had been neglected. The other had had recently come to Washington from Paris. After reading the menu the westerner said to the waiter: "I can't read French. Bring me a good dinner."

The proprietor of the Frenchman was trying to figure out the words. "Pardon, monsieur," he said, "but you are not a Frenchman, are you?"

"I know not what you say. I am a Frenchman. Let me see the menu. I want not a good dinner. Let me see the menu."

The proprietor heard it, and upon investigation found that his guest was correct. There was a new French chef who understands the French language.—Washington Star.

### THE SOUTHLAND.

O southland! O southland!  
Your skies are always blue,  
Your sun is always shining,  
And nature smiles on you;  
Your hills are crowned with gladness,  
Your valleys filled with peace;  
Your years, they know no sadness,  
Through all their happy days.

O southland! O southland!  
Your warm winds woo me back,  
I cannot stay from you away,  
Nor take the traveler's track;  
Though all the world be calling,  
And waves a beckoning hand,  
I love you so, I cannot go  
From you, my own southland.

—Womankind.

### The Tadpole In Science.

At the close of the last century Galvani astonished the world with the experiments he performed on frogs. There is no doubt but what his work, as far as the development of engineering was concerned, almost retarded the progress, at least for a very short time, but he has opened a field which to future generations may be of as much, possibly of more, importance than all the practical applications of electricity today. We refer to the physiological effects of the electric currents.

Now, as we approach the end of another century, another experiment on tadpoles has been made, which in our minds' eye may have tremendous consequence. Dr. Waller has observed that tadpoles face the positive pole when an electric current is sent through the trough in which they live. This is certainly a remarkable fact, and we hope sincerely that this matter may not be taken up as a matter of ridicule or of play, for there may be hidden in this simple experimental fact a vast deal of knowledge; not that we want to prophesy, but on the face of it it does not seem impossible that this simple fact should be the commencement of a knowledge of electro-physiology, which in 100 years from now might in perfection be second to none of our descriptive sciences.

—Max Osterberg in Electric Power.

In 1890 the United States manufactured 12 per cent more iron than did England, while in steel our manufacture exceeds hers by about 25 per cent.

The toilet requisites of the sultan, including rouge and enamel for the ladies of the harem and jewelry, cost \$2,000,000 a year.

## WAGONS!

We have just received a car-load of Tennessee Wagons, which is the best wagon manufactured.

PRICES LOW.  
Please call and examine before buying.

### Fant Bros. BUGGIES!

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