

# The Lexington Dispatch.

VOL. XXII.

LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1892.

NO. 35.

## ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square of one inch square for first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.  
Liberal contracts made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months.  
Notices in the local column 10 cents per line each insertion.  
Marriage notices inserted free.  
Obituaries over ten lines charged for at regular advertising rates.  
Address, G. M. HARMAN, Editor.

THE Best Advertising Medium IN WEST SOUTH CAROLINA. RATES REASONABLE. JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

### EPSTIN BROS

SELLING OUT THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS, 150 MAIN STREET, UNDER COLUMBIA HOTEL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

We have decided to close out our entire stock of Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods regardless of cost. Our previous advertisement the fact beyond a doubt that we mean business to the letter.

Be sure to call on us for the Greatest Bargains in our line ever offered to the consumer. Dusters, Umbrellas, Starches in endless variety.

Remember our invitation is extended to every purchaser desiring to buy Clothing or Hats to call on us for low prices. Even

Tillman or an other man needing to supply their wants cannot doubt us.

The reason we make such an offer is because we intend to change our business.

Choice Suits for Men, Boys, and Children at sacrifice prices.

For everybody alike. The citizens and farmers of Lexington county, mechanics and laborers are especially invited. Even the

Governor needs good clothes to wear during the campaign at low figures

of special articles on the road to Chicago, at half price. When they see a

man come to the National Convention well dressed he must be from

Carolina.

Call on EPSTIN BROS.,

For Bargains. Sept. 7-17

### Tutt's Tiny Pills

Remove constipation purging the bowels without pain; it weakens their power of motion. A gentle aperient which is only required. Tutt's Tiny Pills are prepared with special views to the permanent cure of COLICNESS and HEADACHE. They are mild and retain in the system until they act on the liver, cause a natural flow of bile and their tonic properties impart power to the bowels to remove unhealthy accumulations. Good appetite and digestion result from their use. Price, 25c. Office, 33 Park Place, N. Y.

Jan. 6-17.

### F. W. HUSEMANN

Gun and Lock Smith, AND DEALER IN PISTOLS, RIFLES, FISHING TACKLE, and all kinds of Sportsmen's Articles, which he has now on exhibition and for sale at his store.

Main Street, Near the Central Bank, Columbia, S. C.

AGENT FOR HAZARD POWDER COMPANY. Repairing done at short notice.

### BUS LINE.

TAKE M'CARTHA'S BUSES

UNION DEPOT, COLUMBIA

On arrival of all trains, for hotels or any part of the city. First Class Livestock and Feed Stable, and First Terminals in the city at moderate charges. Sta. on Taylor street, Columbia, S. C. J. P. M'CARTHA, Proprietor. November 6-17.

### LEXINGTON GRADED SCHOOL.

LEXINGTON, S. C.

P. E. ROWELL, Principal. MISS MINNIE I. DICKS, First Assistant. MRS. M. E. LATHROP, Music. MRS. J. G. GRAICHEN, Election.

OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1891. SESSION TEN MONTHS.

Tuition, Per Month: First and Second Grades, \$1.00; Third and Fourth Grades, \$1.50; Fifth Grade, \$2.00; Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades, \$2.50; Book Keeping, \$2.00; Music, \$3.00; Contingent Fee, \$1.00.

Greek and Latin are embraced in last four Grades—Latin obligatory. French and German, each, \$1.00. All tuition payable Monthly. \$5.00. Board can be had at \$7.50 per month. For further information, address the Principal.

P. E. ROWELL. August 19-17.

## Bill Arp's Talk.

Atlanta Constitution.  
Old Father Time keeps rolling on. All the days and weeks and years seem to be coming this way. Anno Domini has brought another birthday to my house—not exactly a centennial but a sixtiennial. I used to think it would be very sad to grow old and I wondered that old people could be so cheerful. When my young wife was sweet sixteen it never occurred to me that she would be over sixty. It seemed impossible or at least so far away that it gave me no concern. But here it is, she has crossed the Rubicon, trying to catch up with me. Yesterday was her sixty-first birthday, but she is only sixty years old. How is that children? We didn't know what to do for her. Didn't know what she wanted or needed, for she never tells. I did hear her romancing one day about how she would like to have a carriage and a pair of gentle horses and a good driver at her command so that she could ride around and make visits and go to the missionary meeting. I'm going to get her that equipage or turnout or plant or establishment just as soon as I can, though it may be in the new Jerusalem. She deserves to ride the rest of her days, for she has worked and walked enough. She has done her share. Good gracious, what a mountain of toil and care and anxiety it would make if we could see it all piled up. The mother who raises ten children in the old-fashioned way has done enough, has fought a good fight and deserves a pension. For more than forty years she has been making their garments and teaching them to spell and to read and the catechism and washing their faces and blowing their noses and fixing them up for Church and Sunday School and little parties and tying up stumped toes and cut fingers and nursing them in sickness and watching the measles and mumps and whooping cough by night and by day. Job tells us of the dark hours of the night when deep sleep fell upon a man—yes, a man—but it didn't fall upon a weary mother with a teething child. And I have not forgotten the beautiful plaid bosom shirts she used to make for me before the days of sewing machines. The children were the biggest thing, of course, and they are yet, but she has never forgot me. All she wanted me to do was to provide the needful and I did it. Yes, I did it, except during the war. It was nip and tuck then and she was dodging the Yankees a good part of the time, with half a dozen little chaps tugging after her, who thought it was a frolic. They run her and her little brood all the way up and down the Chattahoochee River for 300 miles, and she would hardly get settled down to rest in one place before she had to skeepaddle to another. The good book says, "Love your enemies," but that is such a hard thing to do I don't believe that very many people undertake it; maybe some of the sinners do, but the Christians don't. I know. They didn't at Omaha nor Portland, and some of our Southern preachers bristle up and show fight like a porcupine. There may be some sanctified women who have no resentment, but the men are not. Most of the sanctified folks never had to run from the foul invader.

Well, I don't know what to do for the maternal ancestor, nor how to celebrate her birthday. I thought of doing as Cain did—bring her some of the first fruits of my garden—the garden that I planted and worked in every day—my beautiful potatoes and peas and raspberries and asparagus, and a squash bloom to put in her hair, but the girls said that I had better not. Then I thought that I would write her some poetry and say verses inscribed to my wife on her sixty-first birthday. So I tried to work up a poetic frenzy, but I couldn't. I wanted some thoughts like John Anderson, my Joe, ought to have written in reply to his wife's sweet words:

But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow,  
But blessings on your frosty brow,  
John Anderson, my Joe.

That suits me, but somehow it doesn't seem to suit her raven hair at all. She is not old enough to be nunched up and crunched up with pathetic poetry like that. I used to write some poetry, but some how I've lost the lick. Frank L. Stanton writes all of my poetry, now, and he does it beautifully. In seven years more we will have a golden wedding, if we live, and I'll get Mr. Stanton to write some verses for that. We never had but one wedding, and there wasn't much fuss made over it. No presents. My wife cost me \$25, that's all. Ten

dollars for a ring, and \$10 for the preacher, and the rest went for a fancy marriage certificate.

Yes, we did get some dainties to wait upon us and nurse the children and they were good and loved us and loved the children. They were part of the family, but Mr. Lincoln proclaimed them all away but Tip. Tip wouldn't go until we told him. He had a wife and children to support and we all had to scuffle for bread then. But it is all right. We are not complaining—whatever is right—except some few things like snakes and tarantulas and hyenas and train robbers and Omaha preachers and the foul invader.

But I did commemorate her birthday after a fashion. I backed an envelope with "lines inscribed to my wife on her sixty-first birthday," and inside she found the lines which was a check on Mr. Howard's bank for \$20. That settled it. That made domestic affairs all calm and serene. It generally does. Money is a good lubricator for the wagon in which we make the journey of life. Money is good for sore eyes and fainting hearts. Money inspires our love and graduates and stimulates or religion. Not that the maternal ancestor had been restrained in her desires or limited in her pride, but there is a tranquil satisfaction in having some spare money about you. No man ought to allow himself or his wife to get clean out of money. He ought to carry a dollar or two in his pocket and feel of it now and then. A man can afford to owe \$100,000, but he can't feel like a gentleman if his purse is empty. Some folks carry a buckeye or a rabbit foot in the pocket, but a silver dollar is better than either. History just keeps on repeating itself. Thirty years ago our little four-year-old daughter got the scissors and slipped off in another room and clipped her flaxen hair and cut up things scandalous. Her mother found her diligently pursuing the same business and suddenly lit upon her unawares and spanked her so vigorously that the memory of it is still fresh and green. That little

girl after lives over the hill not far away and has plenty of spanking material of her own now. Yesterday morning her little four-year-old got into the pouts and wouldn't go in to morning prayers. So she was left out rather than have the usual solemnities disturbed. And so while they were praying the old devil was watching and he gave the child the scissors and told her to go it. And she did. Her mother found her hair mangled and gasped and scolded awfully, and forthwith without warning she elevated her garments and spanked her indignation in the good old way. They are even now—mother and child, and so it keeps going on down the line and the law of heredity comes in. But my wife says it is all wrong and she pities the poor little innocent things and comforts them in their troubles and tribulations. And that is all right, too. It takes a mother to do the spanking and a grandmother to comfort them and sympathize with them.

So let the synch proceed.

How's This!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.  
Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. 38

### Receipt for Scandal.

The following is said by those who claim to know to be a first-class receipt for the manufacture of a pure article of scandal:  
Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of run-about, the same quantity of nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb backbite, a spoonful of don't you tell it, six drops of malice, a few drachms of envy, add a little discontent and jealousy and strain through a bag of misconstruence, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence and hang it in a skein of street yarn, keep it in a hot atmosphere and shake it occasionally for a few days and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before waking out and the desired result will follow.

## Hampton's Letter.

Charlottesville, Va., July 7, '92.  
To the Editor of the State— My Dear Sir: In your paper giving the account of the meeting in Columbia on the 4th instant, I find the following reference to myself by Governor Tillman, and I beg you to allow me space enough in your columns to show how absolutely false are the statements made by this man, who never hesitates to resort to falsehoods when speaking of political opponents, or to promote his own selfish personal ends. I shall take his statements in the order they were made, and I shall convict him of falsehood in regard to the first out of his own mouth.

'At Aiken two years ago I said Hampton ought to be in the United States Senate forever, and that I was willing for him to stay there' 'At Aiken he refused to ride in the carriage with me,' and yet, after my having done so, he that day, in his speech, made the declaration as to my remaining in the Senate! Yet he now gives that as one reason why he subsequently opposed my re-election.

Now, as to the facts in reference to my refusal to ride to the meeting in the carriage with him: I was the guest of one of the members of the executive committee, who had invited me to ride with him, and his invitation had been accepted as I courteously informed Mr. Tillman when he asked me to drive with him; and besides this, I have yet to learn that the new regime now prevailing in South Carolina forbids a gentleman to choose his own associates or companions.

The Governor proceeds to say, 'But he had no business to interfere in this family quarrel.' It seems to me that every patriotic citizen of our State was called on to deplore and to deprecate any quarrel amongst brethren whose only hope for the welfare of the State depends on concert of action and unity of feeling. But, waiving this question, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that at the meeting in Charlottesville, one sentence, not one word, in the remarks I there made warrants the assertion that I took part in the unhappy "family quarrel" which has brought such disaster on the State. I came at the request of my old constituents of Richland to plead for peace and harmony. I expressed no preference for any candidate, no disapproval of any, and I appeal to the report of my speech on that occasion, as published, to substantiate my assertion and to prove the falsity of the charge made by Governor Tillman.

'He compared Tillman and his friends to Mahone,' is the next count in the indictment made against me by the Governor. I did nothing of the sort. I warned our people, as I thought my long service in their behalf justified me in doing, of the dangers of dissension in our ranks, and I illustrated my warning by calling attention to the terrible consequences which had befallen Virginia by the quarrel in the Democratic ranks, brought about by the unscrupulous conduct of Mahone. So much for that charge of the Governor, which, like so many of his on other occasions proves to be utterly false.

'I will tell you,' proceeds the Governor, 'where he now is. He is in retirement, where he belongs and where he ought to be.'

Hampton had taught us that an Independent was worse than a Radical. That depended whether the Independent was his friend or not. If Hampton had simply said that an Independent was still worse than a Radical and that he stood to what he said, he would be in the United States Senate today. I beg to assure his 'Excellency' that I stand by and reiterate what I said about Independents in our State, and he must pardon me when I say in perfect frankness that I regard him as an Independent when he "suggested" himself as a gubernatorial candidate in the famous March convention, and I held then, as I do now, that he and his followers should have been ruled at once out of the Democratic party. This, however, was not done and as the Democratic Executive Committee unfortunately recognized him subsequently, I stated that I should vote for him. This I should have done, but for a fortunate accident which saved me from what I should always have regarded as an inevitable but unmitigated calamity.

I refused to speak on the invitation of Irby, for my experience at Aiken, when the Tillman roughs howled me down, taught me that nothing I could say would touch the hearts of my fellow-citizens, nor influence their conduct. I confess it was with a deep sense of pain and mortification that I found a Carolina audience refusing me, even a respect-

ful hearing. I determined then—a determination to which I have adhered to—that I would not again obtrude my advice on my fellow-citizens on any public question.

I am only a private citizen, asking nothing from my State save a last resting place by the side of my kindred.

I am "in retirement where I belong and where I ought" to be," if the verdict of the majority of the Legislature is endorsed by the people of the State. I have made no complaint as to that verdict, but I assure the Governor that I prefer to be in retirement rather than to hold office by the disreputable and disgraceful methods resorted to by him to obtain it.

It may seem strange that I should notice anything emanating from the source of these misrepresentations, but "Fate never wounds more deep than when a blackguard points the dart."

I hope that those papers in the State which still have the fairness to do justice even to a political opponent will give as wide a circulation to my denial of the slanders uttered by the Governor as was given to them and I am, very respectfully,

WADE HAMPTON.

### SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

"For eight months I had no eating nor any tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles." C. R. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

### Prohibition.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A great church council has recently declared its convictions with regard to the saloon, in the following forcible words: "In our judgment the saloon is an unmixed evil, full of diabolism, a disgrace to our civilization, a corrupter of political action and a continual menace to the order of society and to the peace and purity of home. We exhort all our people to encourage every repression and limitation of the business and to keep a steady eye to its total extinction."

Truly, Mr. Editor, no thoughtful person can fail to agree with the sentiment expressed in the above quotation respecting the fearful evil of the saloon and the necessity of its abolition. View from a pecuniary point of view there exists the strongest reasons why we South Carolinians should seek deliverance from the great burden that rests so heavily upon our people. Perhaps no less than fourteen millions of dollars are spent annually by the people of our State for liquors; or about fourteen dollars to every man, woman and child. And then about one thousand people die of drunkenness annually in the State. Is it not time that there should be a mighty uprising of our people against the fearful evil of intemperance, with a demand for a prohibitory law by our Legislature? I trust that at the ballot box in August the votes in South Carolina will, by a sweeping majority, declare in favor of prohibition; and that Lexington county will place herself in the front rank. Let us, a Christian commonwealth, rise up in our might and drive the saloon out of the old Palmetto State. As to the puny excuse set up by some that prohibition won't prohibit," I desire, with your permission, to say something in another issue of your valuable paper.

G. H. POOSER.

### For Over Fifty Years,

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays the pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in a part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind. 40.

## Lexington County.

Fine Crops, a Splendid Country' and People Who Live at Home. Columbia Register.

Yesterday a Register reporter met a gentleman who had just returned from a trip through Lexington county by private conveyance. He stated that he was astonished to see such a splendid farming country, as the impression had been made upon his mind that it was a barren, sandy waste, and that the people had hard work to eke out an existence. But he found one of the most fertile and beautiful sections of our State. Crops are as fine as the land can grow, and he never saw better corn. The people live at home and "board at the same place," and make cotton a surplus crop. All manner of provision crops native to our State are abundantly grown, and the people show every evidence of prosperity and independence. Their fields are as clean as gardens, their stock fat and well cared for and around every farm house you see fine cattle and hogs.

There are various classes of soil in Lexington. If you want clay land you can find it. There is also a yellow sand and a white sand, the former highly productive, and the latter will also yield abundantly with the use of fertilizers. And another advantage in this sandy soil is, that it can be easily worked, and no part of our State yields richer returns for the labor expended. The people are intelligent and nice churches and school houses dot the country. They are supporters of Governor Tillman almost to a man.

Columbia depends in a large measure to Lexington county for her business and it behooves our merchants to cultivate the kindest and friendliest relations with those clever people. The farmers are the backbone of prosperity for our country, and when they prosper we all prosper, and when they are poor and oppressed every business feels the effect.

### A Bad Little Boy.

What He Thought About His Two New Brothers.

"Like all thoroughly bad boys, he is named Willie," said Dr. T. Hamilton Burch in the course of a description of one of his juvenile patients, "and I have had him under my care since his debut in this hemisphere, some five bright years ago. A brighter young one never lived, and while he is always in trouble, his misdeeds invariably develop an element of humor that saves him from the much threatened, but never applied consequences. He has a vein of cruelty in him—there's not one child in a thousand that has'n't—and the one thing that particularly appeals to him is the drowning new-born and undesirable kittens."

In company with his side partner, an equally bad little boy, whose mother will insist on calling him Pettie, he will travel any distance to witness any of these executions, and what he doesn't know about the proper disposal of surplus kittens is not worth acquiring. It so came about that Sunday evening Willie had his list of relations increased to the extent of two little brothers. He was presented to them soon afterwards and eyed them long and critically, while his comment upon them was anxiously awaited by the assemble family. "Say," finally piped the gentle William, "let's keep the one wize zee blue eyes!"

### A "Wet" Victory in Augusta.

For five or six weeks the city of Augusta and Richmond county, Ga., have been agitated by the prohibition campaign. Sam Jones and Sam Small spoke there to stir up the people in favor of prohibition. There has been considerable interest and excitement and some bad blood caused during the canvass. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, bearing banners with various exhortations for temperance, were at the court house all day, near the voting place singing hymns. The election was without disturbance. Prohibition was defeated by 1,400 in a poll of about 4,000. The total vote in the county is 9,000, but a strict registration law, which requires the payment of all taxes, reduced the not more than half.

M. D. Lane, Devereaux, Ga., writes "One summer several years ago, while railroading in Mississippi, I became badly affected with malarial blood poison that impaired my health for more than two years. Several offensive ulcers appeared on my legs, and nothing seemed to give permanent relief until I took six bottles of B. B. B., which cured me entirely."

Georgia is a mocking bird which cannot only take, but whistle almost any tune it hears.

### The Devil's Real Estate.

There is but one spot on the earth's surface, as far as "Ye Curious Man," knows, that has been really and truly deeded, willed and bequeathed to his Satanic Majesty. This sometime to be sulphuric plot lies four and a half miles South of Helsingfors, Finland. A few years ago, Lars Houliarian died in the little town of Pielsjarvi, in the above named country, leaving considerable property in the shape of real estate. How he had come into possession of so much land no one seemed to know, but as he was a very bad citizen it was generally admitted that he was in league with Wihthausa (the devil) and that they had had many business deals with each other.

## Living at Home.

Tennessee Farmer.

Out in the country a farmer, when he feels prosperous and independent, sometimes makes use of the phrase: "I live at home and board at the same place."

There is a world of meaning in this boast, and very few men can truthfully make it. But when a man really lives at home he has solved all of the vexations economic problems which give our people so much trouble.

At the present time the farmers of the West and South are clamoring for financial relief, and they unquestionably need it under a banking system which virtually outlaws them and gives Wall street the control of the currency. Still, we have farmers who do not complain of hard times—farmers whose pockets are lined with money all the year round.

We should make an object lesson of this fortunate class of farmers and study their methods. As a rule they are men who diversify their crops and raise plenty to eat, whether they produce cotton or not. The trucksters, for instance, from Virginia to Florida, are getting along very well. No cry of distress comes from them, and they do not take as much interest as they should in the proposed financial legislation, simply because they do not feel that they need it. Then we have another class—the cautious, industrious farmers who make it a point to live within their means, even if they have to live more plainly for a few years than their neighbors. This policy in the course of time makes them independent. They always have cash on hand, and do not have to go in debt for anything.

Diversified farming, with industry, strict economy and judgment, will make small farmers moderately prosperous, whether they live in Maine or Texas, Carolina or California.

It will be said that thousands of our agriculturists have tried to follow this course, and have failed to succeed. This is true, but among 65,000,000 people in any country there will always be many, on an account of ill health, unexpected misfortunes and mistaken judgment, get behind in their affairs. For these unlucky ones there is no remedy.

We have steadfastly maintained that the country needs financial reform, but we cannot ignore the fact that our people must change their mode of living and working. Until we pay ourselves out of debt, and live within our means, abandon the folly of risking everything on one crop, no financial legislation will give us permanent relief. The farmer who now buys Northern family and plantation supplies will increase his expenditures with an ampler supply of currency and will be no better off than he was before. If the Yankees are to get all our money the per capita amount of circulation makes very little difference.

We are approaching a very critical point in our affairs in this section. If we go on much longer with the all cotton folly, it will be impossible to retrace our steps, and the country districts will be turned over to the negro tenant farmers, while the whites will drift the towns and cities or go West. Diversified crops, enabling our farmers to live at home, will hold them there, and in time the natural increase of population, aided by immigration, will give us plenty of home markets and home consumers.

Some will say we cannot make this change; that our debt-ridden farmers are forced to make cotton their main crop. Well, we must make the change or be ruined, and it is time to face the facts of the case. It may be very hard to quit buying the luxuries and comforts of life when we see our neighbors buying them, but it is better to make the sacrifice for a few years than to jog along in the old way until we reach absolute bankruptcy.

Now, these views are perfectly consistent with our demand for the expansion of the currency through free silver coinage and State banks, or a remodeled system of national banks. We need more currency to move the crops and facilitate the exchange of products, and we need local currency that will not rapidly drift to Wall Street, but all of these reforms will not materially aid us until by forced economy and judicious industry we master the great art of living at home—living within our means and paying as we go.

Perfumery of all kinds, Hoyt's and Taylor's cologne, bay rum for the hair, pomade, hair oil, sweet soap, toilet and tooth powder, hair and tooth brushes, combs, etc., at the Bazaar.

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