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# THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.

VOL. XXVI.

LEXINGTON, S. C., DECEMBER 25, 1895.

NO. 6.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square of one inch space for first insertion, and 50 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.  
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Address  
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Nov. 7-17.

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Northbound.	No. 36	No. 10	No. 38
Oct. 1st, 1895.	Daily	Daily	Daily
Lex. Jacksonville	6:30 p.	6:30 p.	7:30 a.
Ev. Savannah	10:41	10:41	11:50 a.
Ar. Columbia	11:20	11:20	12:00 p.
Ar. Charleston	6:00 p.	6:00 p.	7:30 a.
Ar. Columbia	10:15 p.	10:15 p.	11:05 a.
Ar. Augusta	7:00 p.	7:00 p.	8:05 p.
Ar. Greenville	7:46 p.	7:46 p.	8:51 p.
Ar. Columbia	8:32 p.	8:32 p.	9:37 p.
Ar. Johnston	9:18 p.	9:18 p.	10:23 p.
Ar. Columbia	10:04 p.	10:04 p.	11:09 p.
Ar. Washington	4:50 p.	4:50 p.	5:55 p.
Ar. Columbia	6:01 a.	6:01 a.	7:06 a.
Ar. Trenton	6:57 a.	6:57 a.	8:02 a.
Ar. Rock Hill	7:53 a.	7:53 a.	8:58 a.
Ar. Charlotte	8:49 a.	8:49 a.	9:54 a.
Ar. Danville	9:45 a.	9:45 a.	10:50 a.
Ar. Richmond	6:40 p.	6:40 p.	7:45 p.
Ar. Washington	9:40 p.	9:40 p.	10:45 p.
Ar. Baltimore	11:25 p.	11:25 p.	12:30 a.
Ar. Philadelphia	3:00 a.	3:00 a.	4:05 a.
Ar. New York	6:20 a.	6:20 a.	7:25 a.
Southbound.	N. 35	No. 9	No. 37
Ar. New York	12:00 p.	12:00 p.	1:05 p.
Ar. Philadelphia	3:10 a.	3:10 a.	4:15 a.
Ar. Baltimore	6:20 a.	6:20 a.	7:25 a.
Ar. Washington	9:30 a.	9:30 a.	10:35 a.
Ar. Richmond	12:40 p.	12:40 p.	1:45 p.
Ar. Danville	1:30 p.	1:30 p.	2:35 p.
Ar. Rock Hill	2:20 p.	2:20 p.	3:25 p.
Ar. Columbia	3:10 p.	3:10 p.	4:15 p.
Ar. Johnston	4:00 p.	4:00 p.	5:05 p.
Ar. Greenville	4:50 p.	4:50 p.	5:55 p.
Ar. Augusta	5:40 p.	5:40 p.	6:45 p.
Ar. Columbia	7:00 a.	7:00 a.	8:05 a.
Ar. Charleston	8:10 a.	8:10 a.	9:15 a.
Ar. Savannah	9:20 a.	9:20 a.	10:25 a.
Ar. Jacksonville	10:30 a.	10:30 a.	11:35 a.

**SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.**  
Nos. 37 and 38 Washington & Savannah Line  
Nos. 35 and 36 Lexington & Columbia Line  
Nos. 9 and 10 Lexington & Columbia Line  
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**F. W. HUSEMANN,**  
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**WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE**  
State Courts, offer professional  
services to the citizens of Lexington and  
adjacent counties.  
Special attention given to claims and settlement of estates.  
January 30-3n.



**Farmer Stebbins as Santa Claus.**

By WILL CARLETON.  
[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]  
We went to Pegg town visiting, my good old wife an' me,  
An' thought that we would bathe ourselves in Chris' mas joy an' glee;  
For Sarah Ann, a baxom dame, an' daughter, too, of mine,  
Resides there with her older half an' children eight or nine;  
An' so we gathered gifts enough to make 'em all content  
An' took the train an' landed there the very day we went.

The children warmly greeted us an' crowded round  
my chair,  
With four-a-perchin' on my knees an' young uns still  
to spare;  
An' asked about my spectacles, an' how I groved  
my wig,  
An' if my papa bought my teeth before I got so big,  
An' how my whiskers come to bleach an' other ques-  
tions prone  
To make a mortal realize that younger days have  
down;

An' if I ever looked it up how far I was around,  
An' when I run if it would shake the whole ad-  
jacent ground,  
An' if the your-correct-weight box didn't think I was a lot,  
An' if I wouldn't have to put two pennies in the slot,  
With other questions well designed to give a hint to me  
That I was not a first class slyph so far as they could see.

An' when I told 'em fairy tales they wouldn't be-  
lieve a word,  
An' said the Sin' bad sailor things could never have  
occurred;  
An' all the pleasant little lies that used to cheer my  
youth  
They set upon without delay as destitute of truth.  
An' when of Christmas mysteries in solemn tones I  
spoke,  
They laughed an' said that Santa Claus was all "a  
bloomin' fake."

So Christmas eve I slyly told my daughter  
"I'll show the tots a little sight to laugh at if they can.  
You rake the fireplace clear o' fire, not tellin' them the cause,  
An' I'll come down the chimney way dressed up as Santa Claus  
It isn't very far to climb—the weather's pretty mild,  
An' I would do three times as much to interest a child."

I went an' clad in hairy garb, with whiskers long  
an' white  
An' other things to paralyze the inexperienced sight,  
An' had some sleighbells bright an' new a-hangin'  
on my arms  
An' pockets full o' Christmas things to add unto my  
charms,  
An' with the strongest ladder rope that I could find  
in town  
I entered in the chimney top an' clambered slowly  
down.

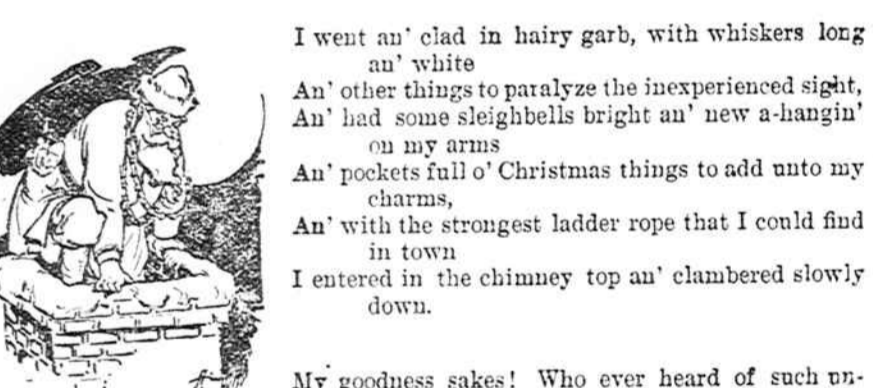
My goodness sakes! Who ever heard of such un-  
timely luck?  
The chimney narrowed all to once, an' suddenly I stuck  
An' hung there like a roastin' hen a-waitin' to be brown,  
For spite of all my efforts I couldn't get up or down.  
An' then the child ren heard the noise an' run distressin' feet  
An' looked an' yelled: "It's Gran' pa Steb. We know him by his feet!"

An' then their mother had to tell what I had tried  
to do,  
Whereat their little fancies sprung the subject to  
pursue,  
They asked me if I'd traveled far, if chimneys in-  
jured coats,  
An' where my span of reindeers was, an' if they'd  
like some oats,  
An' told me, with a childish greed for Christmas  
gathered pelf,  
If I would throw the presents down, I needn't come  
myself;

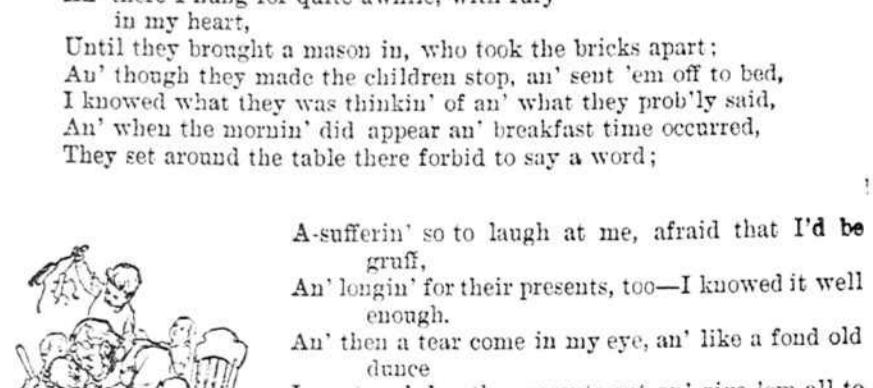
An' there I hung for quite awhile, with fury  
in my heart,  
Until they brought a mason in, who took the bricks apart;  
An' though they made the children stop, an' sent 'em off to bed,  
I knowed what they was thinkin' o' an' what they proly said,  
An' when the mornin' did appear an' breakfast time occurred,  
They set around the table there forbid to say a word;

A-sufferin' so to laugh at me, afraid that I'd be  
gruff,  
An' loagin' for their presents, too—I knowed it well  
enough,  
An' then a tear come in my eye, an' like a fond old  
dame  
I went an' dug the presents out an' give 'em all to  
each,  
An' then I says, "If Santa Claus is what you call 'a  
fake,"  
These pr'nt'ys things he brought far you is real an' no  
mistake."

An' then they up an' danced around an' kissed me,  
one by one,  
An' hinged me harder than the blamed old chimney just had done,  
An' with a thousand looks of love innumbered me with thanks,  
An' made me like 'em more an' more in spite of all their pranks.  
An' one, the prettiest of the whole, who always took my part,  
She smiles an' says: "It's Gran' pa Steb. We know him by his heart!"



**AN EPISODE.**  
[Copyright, 1894, by James L. Ford.]  
Three weeks before the holidays, and the  
outlook for a merry Christmas was  
a gloomy one, at least so far as the  
members of the stock company of the  
Jollity theater were concerned. Salary  
had come and gone, and as yet the  
ghost had shown no disposition to walk,  
and it was because of the nonappearance  
of that most welcome specter of stage-  
land that the rumor had started and was



rapidly gaining ground that Messrs.  
Hustle and Hardup, proprietors and man-  
agers of the Jollity theater, were "in a  
hole again."  
The piece which occupied the boards  
at the box office had fallen in conse-  
quence to a plane never before reached  
in the history of the house. Moreover,  
no new play had as yet been put in re-  
hearsal, and an atmosphere of unre-  
sistible gloom and apprehension per-  
vaded the region behind the footlights  
and weighed heavily on the spirits of  
every one there, from Pearl Livingstone,  
the talented emotional actress who play-

ed the leading female parts, down to lit-  
tle Kitty Sullivan, who was only 7 years  
old and was in the depths of despair be-  
cause for fully three weeks she had been  
out of the bill. In short, every member  
of the company was in a condition of  
mingled uncertainty and anxiety in re-  
gard to the future of the playhouse and  
the projects of its managers, who as yet  
had given no sign of their intentions  
and had, in fact, been invisible to the  
members of their artistic staff ever since  
the last day on which salaries became  
due.

On this particular night, which hap-  
pened to be one of storm and rain, two  
or three of the principal actors had  
gathered together for a serious talk  
about the situation, when Tom, the  
programmer boy, appeared suddenly be-  
fore them in an almost breathless con-  
dition and exclaimed: "Mr. Freelan-  
ce is back from Chicago. He's in the office  
with Mr. Hustle. They've got both  
doors locked."

"Mr. Freelan-  
ce?" cried Miss Living-  
stone, her face lighting up with joy,  
precisely as it does in her scene in the  
second act where her lover comes back  
from India, or rather as it did light up  
in that scene before the business became  
so bad. "Are you sure it was Mr. Freelan-  
ce, Tommy?"

"Sure!" rejoined Tom, with emphasis.  
"I seen him meself when he come in."  
"Then, Tom, you be sure and see  
him when he comes out and tell him  
that I am particularly anxious to see  
him back here as soon as the curtain  
goes down on the second act. Here's a  
quarter for you, Tom, and you'd better  
keep it as a curiosity, for it's getting to  
be a very rare sort of bird in the Jol-  
lity theater preserver."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom, as he  
pocketed the coin, with a grin.  
"I fancy I see a gleam of light on the  
distant horizon," remarked the vener-  
able Mr. Borders in a tone similar to  
that which he assumes in the great  
melodrama called "The Ocean Blue,"  
in the scene in which he is discovered  
sitting on a raft in midocean on the  
lookout for a passing sail. "In the  
meaning," he added, "I think we had  
better wait and hear what Billy has to  
say before we take any further action  
in the matter."

Up to that moment they had taken  
no action whatever, but the phrase  
sounded well, and so Mr. Borders em-  
ployed it.

Now, Mr. William Freelan-  
ce, called by his intimates Billy, was and is today  
one of the best known figures in the  
theatrical affairs of the town, and, as  
every member of the stock company  
knew, he had on more than one previous  
occasion come to the rescue of his old  
friends, Messrs. Hustle and Hardup,  
and that, too, when they were in even  
more deplorable financial straits than  
they were at the present moment.

It was his reputation as a mascot fully  
as much as his remarkable talents which  
caused the whole avant scene to brighten  
up at the news of his presence in the  
theater, for playfolk are notoriously  
childlike in their faith in the efficacy of a mascot  
as well as in the destructive qualities of  
a "jinx."

Just as the curtain fell on the second  
act, Mr. Freelan-  
ce appeared behind the  
scenes and received the rapturous greet-  
ings of the company. Then Miss Liv-  
ingstone took him by the arm, detached  
him from the little group which sur-  
rounded him, led him gently but firmly  
into her dressing room, placed him on  
her zinc trunk, and standing before him  
with folded arms said, "Billy, what's  
going to happen?"

"My dear," replied Mr. Freelan-  
ce, "everything is all right, and  
I just left Hustle for five minutes  
to come back here and tell you so. We  
are going to put on a new piece, and  
there's a part in it that's simply great  
—out of sight, in fact. We are not quite  
sure who'll be cast for the part because  
it's a very heavy one and he didn't know  
how to read lines she would go all to

pieces and the bottom would drop out  
of the whole play. I thought I'd speak  
to you about it because Hardup has  
caught a new 'angel' and said some-  
thing to me about Katy Brown-bridge."  
"If that wif puts her foot in this  
theater," began Miss Livingstone, but  
Mr. Freelan-  
ce interrupted her by plac-  
ing his hand over her mouth and say-  
ing: "Wait for me after the curtain  
goes down, Pearl, and I'll talk to you  
about it. Shadrach's waiting in the  
office, and I've got to give him a 'jolly'  
so as to get the costumes out of him, but  
I'll be back here after the last act."

In spite of the storm outside and the  
dispiriting atmosphere within the per-  
formance given that night by the Jollity  
stock company was a notably brilliant

one, for the news had spread that there  
was to be a speechy change of bill, and  
there was once more in every member's  
breast. Mr. Freelan-  
ce invited Miss Liv-  
ingstone out to supper just as she was  
on the point of declaring that she would  
not go on again unless she received ev-  
ery cent of the back salary that was due  
her, and before they left the restaurant  
she had meekly agreed to study the great  
emotional role which had been intended  
for Miss Brown-bridge and to say nothing  
more about back salary.

The next morning, in accordance with  
a call posted in the stage entrance, the  
company assembled to hear the new  
play read by the gifted Mr. Freelan-  
ce, and such was that gentleman's elocution-  
ary power that when he laid the  
manuscript aside expressions that ranged  
from mere satisfaction to rapturous en-  
thusiasm were heard on every hand,  
and there was scarcely an actor or  
actress present that did not feel con-  
fident of a personal success in the new  
production.

The reading over, Mr. Freelan-  
ce took Miss Livingstone, Mr. Borders and one  
or two other rebellious spirits aside, and,  
as he expressed it in a subsequent in-  
terview with Mr. Hustle, "stiffened their  
backbones" with the assurance that ev-  
erything was all right and that the  
piece was to be done on Christmas eve  
in order that they might have a really  
merry Christmas on the prospects of its  
success. After that, he assured them,  
their back salaries would pour in upon  
them in a perfect avalanche.

As Mr. Freelan-  
ce was leaving the  
theater he felt some one tugging at his  
coat, and on looking down saw little  
Kitty Sullivan standing before him and  
saying, in earnest tones, and with a  
sad, wistful face, "Billy, isn't there  
any part for me in the new piece?"

The child called him by his first name  
because she had always heard him  
spoken to in that way by other mem-  
bers of the company, and Billy rather en-  
couraged her in the idea because it  
sounded funny to him to hear him-  
self addressed in such familiar terms by an  
infant of her size.

Kitty was a veritable child of the  
avant scene, and had been an actress  
from her very earliest infancy. She was  
now about 7 years of age, and was just  
beginning to comprehend the difference  
between the real things of life, such as  
houses, trees and streets, and the pat-  
terned imitations of stageland. And yet it  
was only two years and a half ago that  
she beheld the ocean for the first time,  
and it is related of her that on that  
occasion she stood with Billy's hand  
firmly clasped in hers, watching the  
waves as they broke upon the beach, and  
wistfully turned to her companion and said  
in her serious way, "Billy, how do they  
work 'em?"

And now she was here beside her old  
friend, with her small, pathetic face  
upturned, and inquiring earnestly if  
there were a role for her in "The Giant's  
Causeway."

"See here, Kitty," exclaimed Mr.  
Freelan-  
ce, touched by the child's grief  
"I'll tell you what I'll do for you, and  
what's more, I wouldn't do it for any  
one else in the company. Do you list-  
en?"

"Yes," said Kitty, turning her head  
around.

"Well, I'll write in a part specially  
for you, and that's something that an  
author like Shadrach or myself rarely  
does for any one except a Bernhard or  
a Dax. Now, run along and be here to-  
morrow at 11 for rehearsal."

The child darted away, wiping the  
last tear from her cheek as she ran, and  
Barney said approvingly, "That's the  
best deed you'll ever do in your life,  
Mr. Freelan-  
ce, and mark my words, the  
child'll bring good luck to the house."  
How Billy succeeded in persuading  
the economical Hardup that the piece  
would prove a failure unless a child  
were introduced into it and how he  
contrived to write the part for her  
that very night are matters that had  
best be left to conjecture, but the very  
next day Kitty received the typewritten  
copy of her lines, and rehearsals of "The  
Giant's Causeway" were carried for-  
ward under Mr. Freelan-  
ce's direction  
with the energy and spirit that mark all  
of that gentleman's undertakings.

The opening night, Dec. 24, found  
the house well filled with an audience  
which made a favorable impression on  
the venerable Mr. Borders as he looked  
out through the peepholes in the curtain,  
while behind the footlights feverish ex-  
citement and anticipation prevailed.

As for Kitty, she had become so  
wrought up over her role—the longest  
one she had ever been intrusted with—that  
she seemed in danger of losing her  
balance and forgetting every one of the  
lines that she had, by diligent study,  
crammed into her small head. She was  
standing at the first entrance, with her  
hand clasped in that of Mr. Freelan-  
ce, when her cue came, and as she walked  
out on the stage, the ideal of childish  
loveliness, a murmur of delight ran  
through every part of the crowded house.

"They're going to foreclose the mort-  
gage on the old mill tomorrow night,  
and if that child lives I am a beggar,"  
said the polished, cigarette smoking  
villain, and then a youngster in the  
parquet set up a pitiful howl of despair,  
which was followed by a general ripple  
of weeping that might have proved  
fatal to the piece had not Kitty gone on  
with her lines with the coolness and  
gravity of the born and experienced  
artist, which she was displaying there

by a pre-  
suro of mind which won for her,  
on her exit, the first real applaus-  
e of the evening.

Kitty Sullivan was, as the eminent  
dramatic critic had observed, an old  
hand at the business, despite the fact  
that she was but 7 years of age, for she  
had been born and brought up on the  
stage and was as much at home in the  
presence of a great audience as an or-  
dinary child is before a nursery. As the  
piece went on she realized that she was  
making a hit—a far greater one than  
she had ever made before—and, young

The members of the stock company  
had their Christmas dinner in the ward-  
robe room between the matinee and the  
evening performance. Messrs. Hustle and  
Hardup footed the bill and Mr. Freelan-  
ce presiding, with Miss Pearl Living-  
stone on his right hand and the vener-  
able Mr. Borders on his left. And it is  
a matter of record that no toast offered  
that evening was drunk with heartier  
applause than was the one proposed by  
Mr. Freelan-  
ce to Kitty Sullivan, "the  
mascot of the Jollity theater and the  
founder of this feast."

JAMES L. FORD.

Tom to Sue and Sue to Tom.  
"Can you guess, my sweetheart," queried Tom  
of Sue,  
"Can you fathom by love's art what I'll buy  
for you?"  
Pretty Susan bowed her head, made a pretty  
frown,  
Then in accents sweet she said, opening eyes  
of brown:  
"Why, certainly not. But I'm dying  
to have Christmas eve come so that I  
can find out. I know it will be some-  
thing frightfully expensive—something  
that will cost him more than you can  
afford. You men are so reckless with  
your money!"  
Poor Tom next day ran in debt for a diamond  
pin,  
And he hasn't paid up yet, for he's "shy of  
the."

And he says that if he ever asks Sue  
such a question again it will be after  
he has arranged in advance for a year's  
board in the nearest insane asylum.  
By the way, Sue gave Tom a piece of  
ackwear that cost 75 cents.

**Specimen Cases.**  
S. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was  
troubled with Neuralgia and Rheu-  
matism, his Stomach was disordered,  
his Liver was affected to an alarm-  
ing degree, appetite fell away, and  
he was terribly reduced in flesh and  
strength. Three bottles of Electric  
Bitters cured him.  
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg,  
Ill., had a running sore on his leg of  
eight years' standing. Used three  
bottles of Electric Bitters and seven  
boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and  
his leg is sound and well. John  
Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large  
"Liver sores" on his leg, doctors said  
he was incurable. One bottle Electric  
Bitters and one box Bucklen's  
Arnica Salve cured him entirely.  
Sold at the Bazaar.

**Happening Along the River Side.**  
To the Editor of the Dispatch:  
Fine weather now though a little  
too cold to be comfortable out of  
doors.  
Holidays are near at hand. Have  
already seen one man buy three  
pounds of powder. I told you so,  
Mr. Editor, wait until they get a  
little nearer home: I have a circular  
saw and musket engaged to serenade  
them with.  
Mr. O. D. Anderson is enjoying a  
bachelor's life at present, as his  
mother, Mrs. K. C. Anderson, is on a  
visit to her son, Mr. J. B. Oswald,  
(but he can't bake biscuits.)  
Come up Mr. Editor, and will try  
our luck on rabbit hunting. They  
are plentiful.  
A beautiful Xmas tree will be  
given in behalf of the Sunday school  
at Pine Ridge on the evening of the  
24th inst. It will be a lovely time  
for all who attend, as it is given in  
the remembrance of Christ's birth, a  
day which should be kept as holy as  
the Sabbath, for it is the day in  
which the Great Redeemer came to  
save the world and bear our burdens.  
Thanks "H. C." those shot be-  
longed to some one else I only fur-  
nished the powder.  
I wish to inform the people that  
no petition has been circulated in the  
lower end of school district No. 10  
to remove or tear down the Baptist  
school house. As we have been ac-  
cused of such a thing I emphatically  
say it is false, but I am informed that  
some one wishes to pull down a cou-  
ple of stars, (say ain't you afraid to  
tinker with such planets, old pard?)  
I fear that you could not handle  
them after you would get them down.  
Don't think because they look small  
that you could carry them in your  
pocket for play things.  
Mr. James Koon has swapped  
horses, he now has an iron grey  
which is the finest horse in this  
vicinity.  
Mr. Rufus Koon is going to keep

**Free Pill.**  
Send your address to H. E. Buck-  
len & Co., Chicago, and get a free  
sample box of Dr. King's New Life  
Pills. A trial will convince you of  
their merits. These pills are easy  
in action and are particularly effec-  
tive in the cure of Constipation and  
Sick Headache. For Malaria and  
Liver troubles they have been proved  
invaluable. They are guaranteed to  
be perfectly free from every deleteri-  
ous substance and to be purely vege-  
table. They do not weaken by their  
action, but by giving tone to stomach  
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system. Regular size 25c. per box  
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**Baptist Union Meeting.**  
The next Union meeting of the  
lower division of the Lexington  
Baptist Association will convene with  
the Florence church, Saturday before  
the 5th Sunday in December, at 10 a.  
m. And will spend one-half hour in  
devotional exercise, to be conducted  
by S. E. Berry.  
10:30—Enrollment of Delegates.  
11—Introductory sermon by W.  
H. Joyner.  
12—Adjournment of one hour for  
dinner.  
1—Duty of Deacons by C. H. Cor-  
bett.  
2—The men whom we should send  
to represent us in our Union meet-  
ings and Association by Daniel B.  
Sturkie.  
3—Is it right to excommunicate a  
member simultaneously with the  
charge against? by D. J. Knotts.  
4—Miscellaneous. Adjournment.  
SUNDAY.  
10—Sunday school mass meeting  
by W. B. Fallaw.  
11—Missionary sermon by Thomas  
F. Rivers.  
12—Miscellaneous, announcement,  
adjournment.  
W. B. FALLAW, Clerk.  
Gaston, S. C., Dec. 2, 1895.

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menting in a dyspeptic stomach are  
the direct cause of rheumatism, gout,  
bronchitis, liver and kidney com-  
plaints, asthma, pneumonia and many  
nervous ailments.  
These results are prevented by the  
use of the Shaker Digestive Cordial,  
a remedy discovered and prepared  
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N. Y. It is in itself a food and has  
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LANOL is the best medicine for  
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**Alliance Picnic.**  
There will be an Alliance picnic at  
Irmo, on December 31, 1895. Promi-  
nent speakers will be present and  
discuss and explain the principles  
and demands of the Alliance. The  
public, especially Alliancemen, is in-  
vited to come and bring baskets.  
N. S. YOUNGREN.

**Fruit Cake Ingredients.**  
Ladies bake your fruit cakes in  
time for Christmas and the holidays,  
as age improves taste and flavor.  
You will find at the Bazaar nice,  
fresh, cleaned currents, seedless rais-  
ins, citron and spices. Powdered  
sugar and cake trimmings for icing  
and dressing cakes.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Advertisements will be inserted at the  
rate of 75 cents per square of one inch  
space for first insertion, and 50 cents per  
inch for each subsequent insertion.  
Liberal contracts made with those wish-  
ing to advertise for three, six and twelve  
months.  
Notices in the local column 10 cents per  
line each insertion.  
Marriage notices inserted free.  
Obituaries charged for at the rate of one  
cent a word.  
Address  
G. M. HARMAN, Editor.

bachelor's hall next year, (don't know  
how he will bake biscuits.)  
Christmas time is near at hand,  
One more year has rolled around;  
Let us in a great and lovely band,  
Shout a hallelujah sound.  
A happy Christmas to the Dis-  
patch. ANDY.  
Ella, S. C., Dec. 16th, 1895.

**Dots from Brook.**  
To the Editor of the Dispatch:  
Measles are over this section.  
The Brook String Band had a  
pleasant call on last Saturday night.  
The boys made some melodious  
strains in Delmar which are always  
welcomed are listened to very atten-  
tively. Mr. W. H. Hare was well  
pleased with the music and asked  
the boys to come again.  
The public are invited to attend  
the marriage of Mr. James T. Craps  
and Miss Sallie Meetze, at Cedar  
Grove on Christmas Eve at 4 o'clock.  
There will be a Xmas tree at Cedar  
Grove on Christmas day where we  
hope to see a large crowd. We hope  
to see the Editor out with us on both  
days.  
Success to the Dispatch.  
J. S. C.  
Brook, S. C., Dec. 16, 1895.

**Free Pill.**  
Send your address to H. E. Buck-  
len & Co., Chicago, and get a free  
sample box of Dr. King's New Life  
Pills. A trial will convince you of  
their merits. These pills are easy  
in action and are particularly effec-  
tive in the cure of Constipation and  
Sick Headache. For Malaria and  
Liver troubles they have been proved  
invaluable. They are guaranteed to  
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