RATES REASONABLE.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Asso-clation.] WASHINGTON, Jan. 1 .- Appropriate to the exit of one year and the entrance of another year are the practical suggestions which Dr. Talmage puts in

this discourse, which propose a different mode of measuring time from that ordinarily employed; text, Genesis xlvii, 8, "How old art thou?" The Egyptian capital was the focus

of the world's wealth. In ships and harges there had been brought to it from India frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world and some of the most brilliant chariots, and from all the earth that which could best please the eye and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures, their eyes and beaks and pinions glittering with precious stones; there were marble columps blooming into white flower beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow white horses, golden bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made ont of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were solas footed with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old country man at ease and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face and says to the aged man, "How old art thou?"

Last night the gate of eternity opened to let in amid the great throng of departed centuries the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask today when I lock into your faces and say, as Pharach did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How old art thou?"

How Life Is Measured. People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation, but I simply want this morning to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morning with the stupendons question of the text and ask, "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere wordly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy new year, he said, "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the 12 months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments, you do not go far enough back. Why do you not go back to the time when you were an infant in your mother's arms, locking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when on the cold, sharp winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot out over the resounding ice of the pond? Have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? We there is no sinful egotism when a Chris-you never a girl? Between those tian man, fighting the battles of the and this how many mercies the Lord | Lord, or if you will have it, voyaging has bestowed upon you! How many | toward a haven of eternal rest, says, "I joys have breathed up to you from the know more about spiritual tactics and flowers and shone down to you from the stars and chanted to you with the voice

of soaring bird and tumbling cascade and booming sea and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountain side! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease of everything in the promise, "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a banquet, with inskies or the first step on a goad that old art thou?" Toward what destiny ed. as was the night over Bethlehem.

# BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM Western South Carolina. THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.

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VOL. XXIX.

LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1899.

## GLOBE DRY GOODS COMPANY

1620 MAIN STREET,

COLUMBIA, S. C.,

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October 13-tf.

are you tending and how fast are you getting on toward it?

The Fourtowed Brow. Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the plowshare bath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed, and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his evesight he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane theater, London, his enemy sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one! Pope, applauded of all the world, has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys him so much that he bas a tunnel dug, so that he may go unobserved from garden to grotto and from grotto to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him because it is such a poor specimen of sculpture, and so, sometimes through taste, and sometimes through learned

troubles come to harass and annoy. And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortunes, because where there is one stalk of nightshade there are 50 marigolds and harebells; where there is one cloud thunder charged there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky, asleep in their bosom. Because death came and took your child away did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the 15 years in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Euroclyden your fortune went into the breakers did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas, that is an unwise man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an unphilosophic man, and, most of all, an un-Christian man, who measures his life on earth by groans and tears and dyspeptic fit and abuse and scorn and

menace, and sometimes through phys-

ical distresses-aye in 10,000 ways-

terror and neuralgic thrust! Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say, "The year 1866 or 1870 or 1898 was wasted." Why? "Made no money." Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money. as though it had no value. It may represent refinement and education and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the children's bunger. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to decent sepulcher, and the putting up of the slab on which is chiseled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall against

The Curse of Money. But while all this is so, he who uses money or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end, will find out his mistake when the glittering treasures elip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. "They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him that he should not see cor-

But I remark, there are many-I wish there were more-who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development.

It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be.' There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say, "I know more about military tactics that I used to before I took a musket in my hand and learned to 'present arms' and when I was a past to the dril! officer." It is not base egotism for a sailor to say, "I know better how to clew down the mizzen topsail than I used to before I had ever seen a ship." And

about voyaging toward heaven than I Why, there are those in this presence who have measured lances with many a fee and unhorsed it! There are Christian men here who have become swarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer meeting, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by halleluiahs in the temple. They have stood on Sinai and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pisgah and looked over into the promised land. They have stood on Calvary and seen toxication and roistering. It is the first | the cross bleed. They can, like Paul the step on a ladder that mounts into the apostle, write on their heaviest troubles "light" and "but for a moment." plunges into a horrible abyss. "How The darkest night their soul is irradiat-

proclaim glory and good cheer. They are only waiting for the gate to open and the chains to fall off and the glory

I remark again, there are many-and I wish there were more—who are estimating life by the good they can do. . John Bradford said be counted that day nothing at all in which he had not by pen or tongue done some good. If a man begin right, I cannot tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity and mental acumen and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain and delved into the mine and crossed the sea and trudged the desert and dropped at last into martyrs' graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, in every throb of their heart, in every respiration of their lungs, the magnificent truth, "No man liveth unto himself." They went through cold and through heat, foot blistered, cheek smitten, back scourged, tempest lashed, to do their whole duty. That is the way

good they could do. The Eternal Life. Do you want to know how old Luther was? How old Richard Baxter was? How old Philip Doddridge was? Why, you cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic! Add to their lives 10,000 times 10,000 years, and you have not expressed it-what optical instruments trying to peer in they have lived or will live. Oh, what a through the cracks and the keyholes of standard that is to measure a man's life | beaven-afraid that both doors of the There are those in this house who think they have only lived 30 years. They will have lived a thousand; they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are 80 years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a babe in

they measured life-by the amount of

Christ to begin at all. Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are. I do not know what your tact or talent is. I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them, but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these-neither wealth, nor elogunce, nor learning-you at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast injustice, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments said, "I hope this tragic scene will scon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malesherbes said in his last moments to the confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sickroom and said, "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on

earth in drawing a diagram of his own Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson as be said in his last moment: "The breezes of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory." Or with Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god. It will consume you with the biaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen and the monuments have crumbled and the world has perished they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

The Coming Year. This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it God only knows. Now let me ask you all, have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother. Have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson river in indignation tore up the tract which was handed to him and just one word lauded on his coat sleeve, the rest of the tract being pitched into the river, that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep-"eternity." A dying woman, in her last moments, mid, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back." Oh, it cannot be called back. We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health, and perhaps recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back, but time gone is gone forever.

Some of you during the past year

made preparation for eternity, and it

makes no difference to you really, as to by the faces of those who have come to the matter of safety, whether you go now or go some other year-whether this year or the next year. Both your feet on the rock, the waves may dash around you. You can say, "God is our refuge and strength-a very present help." You are on the rock, and you may defy all earth and hell to overthrow you. I congratulate you. I give you great joy. It is a happy new year

I can see no sorrow at all in the fact that our years are going. You hear some people say, "I wish I could go back again to boyhood." I would not want to go back again to boyhood. I am afraid I might make a worse life out of it than I have made. You could not afford to go back to boyhood if it were possible. You might do a great deal worse than you have done. The past is gone! Look out for the future! To all Christians it is a time of gladness. I am glad the years are going. You are coming on nearer home. Let your countenance light up with the thought-

nearer home! Now, when one can sooner get to the center of things is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the freshman class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of him, but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get a more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him 50 years through pictures or words. The little child that died at six months of age knows more of God than all Andover and all Princeton and all New Brunswick.

The Center of the Wheel. Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear cut on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly burled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of open before our entranced vision-rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world wendering if this is good for rheumatism and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly

where the inhabitant never says, "I am What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center! What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May time orchards of beaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down

ushered into a land of everlasting health

which angels of God walk two and two! In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the orduance the city trembled and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence when the trumpets shall sound and the last day has come. At the signal given the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by ail the cathedral towers of heaven-the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the

PINCURABLE **DISEASES** Many diseases considered incurable are catarrh under other names. Simple catarrh in the head is called 4

incurable. Consumption is catarrh of the lungs, and its victim is. no doubt, past help bers of people die of consumption

needlessly. It is certain that every phase of catarrh, including many cases of consumption, are cared by the right treatment. Pe-ru-na, Dr. Hartman's great prescription, attacks catarrhal diseases scientifically and cures them. Dr. Hartman explains it fully in his books which are mailed on application. Here is a letter from Mrs. Harmening, Mazo Manie, Wis., who is one of many cured of consumption by Pe-ru-na

Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O. DEAR SIRS:-"I cannot praise your remedy too highly. Last winter I had la grippe and hemorrhage of the lungs followed. All the doctors around here told me I had to die of consumption. Then I thought I would ask Dr. Hartman for advice, which I did. He prescribed Pe-ru-na for me. and I took it according to his directions and was cured. I advise everybody that is troubled with lung disease to take Dr. Hartman's treatment. I am sure they will not regret it if they do. I am now enjoying good health, and can thank Pe-ru-na for it."

The Republicans are getting ready to wave the bloody shirt in Congress. The politicians are determined to mike the most out of the race treu bles in the Carolinias, but they will be as dumb as oysters in reference to the (roubles in the State of IllioCORNCOB MEAL.

Used For Making Maple Sugar, Coffee and Tobacco. 'We are constantly meeting with fakes and fakirs." said a young Wall street broker the other day, "but one of the slickest schemes that I have ever come across was a corncob mill in Cairo, Ills. The way I became acquainted- with the business was through a friend of mine out there, who was interested in the deal and who picked me up, a young chap without any money. and made me the purchasing agent in

"It was a long time before I myself knew the wherefere of the mill. It was erected in an inaccessible place, two or three miles out from Cairo, and a board fence ten feet high was built around it. The company had its own private wires to Chicago, Kansas City and New Orleans, and every detail of the business was scrupulously kept secret The employees themselves did not know what use the corncobs were put to. They merely knew that large quantities of cobs were sent in, but the company gave it out that they were seeking to invent a new process for paper pulp, and that

silenced questions. "This was not the only use for the cob meal, however. The company furnished it straight to one concern out in Kansas City and to another down in New Orleans. It was part of my business, however, to find out the disposition that was made of the meal, and this is the strange part of my story. The firm out in Kansas City showed me a large vat and a distilling apparatus. In the vat coffee berries were placed and boiled. The drip, which was strong black coffee, passed by means of the distiller over to another vat containing nothing but this corncob meal. The latter became saturated with the coffee juice. Both berries and meal were dried, and the boiled berries were placed upon the market as a cheaper grade of coffee, while the meal was put up in packages

and sold for ground coffee. "The firm in New Orleans had a similar scheme, except that it made use of the stems of tobacco leaves. You know that in cigar and other tobacco factories the leaves are semmed and the stems are sold to snuff manufacturers. But this firm boiled the stems, distilling them off into a vat containing corncol meal. The result was sold as tobacco under a brand you'd easily recognize were I to mention it.

"Another curious use for corncobs discovered in Chicago when I was doing the buying. I went around to all the big grain elevators and contracted to take their cobs at \$1 per car. All you had to do was to run your car on the siding next to the elevator when they opened a shoot and fill the car with cobs in a very few minutes. So you see there was very little expense attached to it, as the elevator people helped load the cars in order to get rid of the cobs. But I was greatly surprised one day to find that I had a rival who was trying to bull the market. He had gone to the elevator men and offered them \$1.25 per car for the cobs. I hunted him up and laughingly told him that I didn't know there was another fool in town looking for corncobs. Later on he told me the use he made of them. He showed me three or four immense kettles in which he made sirup ont of the commonest and coarsest brown sugar. Into the sirup he dumped his cobs, broken up into little bits. The result, after straining, was one of the best imitations of maple sirup that I ever struck. It tasted exactly like the genuine.

The firm that I worked for paid \$50. 000 for its plant and declared a small dividend the first year. The second year it paid 250 per cent dividend. It ran along swimmingly until the Illinois legislature passed a law prohibiting the exportation of adulterated food stuffs. That killed the scheme. The plant is being used now as a flouring mill." New York Commercial Advertiser.

I have written with my hand, and the writing bears witness to me, because one day I shall leave it and de-

With what strength my hand has written, when my hand shall perish my strength is still there. And there is no scribe that will not

pass away, but what his hands have written will remain forever Write nothing with thy hand but that which thou wilt be well pleased to

I wrote, and I thought there was no harm, because my hand will perish one day, and its writing will remain. And I knew that God will bring it forth temorrow. What then -oh, that I had considered -what defense will it

The Lord Jesus Christ, may be cause this holy copy to avail for the saving of the soul of the wretched man who

And lighten the eyes of his mind to know the mystery of his interpretation and the understanding of his spiritual secret and make him worthy to strive in knowing for himself and him who in Belleview, Fla., writes of him: shall read in it!-From Coptic Version

I do not myself believe that our generation will get much value out of the Nile valley For in what does the Sudan consist? It is, as it were, a single thread of blue silk drawn across a great brown nugget, and even the blue thread itself is brown for many months in the year Where the waters of the Nile soak into the banks there grow thorn bushes and poisonous weeds. Where the inhabitants splash the water over their scrappy fields-perhaps 50 yards square-there are hard won crops. This belt of vegetation is rarely more than a few hundred yards broad. And the rest is desert-miserable, aching, desolate desert There is plenty of room to lie down and die in. But it is no place for a man to live in .- "The Fashoda Incident," by Lientenant Winston Spencer-Churchill, in North American Review.

Charity covers a multitude of sins.

Baking

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

VOLCANIC BATHS.

The Bather Revels In a Crater of Ice

Velcano baths are the proper thing nowadays in certain parts of California and Mexico. Down in Mendocino county, Cal., such baths have become most

The volcano bath is not a water bath, nor is it a fire bath or a lava bath, as might be supposed. It is a mud bath, and no ordinary mud bath at that. Ice cold mud of a bluish tint and of the consistency of freshly mixed mortar is the element into which the bathers plunge, splashing and spluttering. The way they manage it is unique. A sapling is felled in the forests near the volcano craters, stripped of its limbs, carried to the crater and placed across it, so that each end of the pole rests on firm ground. Fancy yourself sliding out on one of these saplings stretched across a crater's mouth, then slipping gently off into the middle of a gurgling, bubbling, ice cold mass of mud and swinging yourself there, suspended by your hands until fatigued. Then, with just life enough left to crawl back along the log, you reach unyielding ground again.

Once plunged into one of the craters of mud, with all ties to the sapling above severed, a person would be lost forever, being swallowed up in the murky depths in an instant, for vastly quicker in action and surer of its vicim than quicksand is the mud of Mendocino's mysterious volcanoes.

Cleanliness has nothing to do with it. It is not that for which people face the dangers of the volcano bath. The mud which is belched forth from the earth's interior is supposed to contain important medicinal properties.

There are about 25 of these singular mud belching volcanoes in Mendocino county, and they are among California's many wonders. They are situated high on a mountain side, seven miles from Cabto. At this time of the year they are unusually active. Their gurgling roar may be heard for a distance of several miles when they are most violent. The mud frequently shoots over the rim of the crater, flows down the mountain like a lava stream and enters one of the Eel river's tributaries called Mud creek. It fills the craters, which are about five feet above the earth's surface and bounded with a circular base or miniature crater from four to seven feet in diameter at the base and two to three feet at the top. Prospecting parties have hewn down saplings 50 feet in length and pushed them into the mouth of a crater. Some of these have disappeared altogether. Others remain near the surface, playthings of the muddy clement, which tosses them about like fishermen's bobbins in a rough sea. A significant coincidence is the fact that when the ocean. 20 miles away, is unusually heavy and rough the volcanoes become intensely active, belching forth not only their burden of ice cold mud, but volumes of warm vapor. In some mysterious way the ocean seems to control their action. -San Francisco Bulletin.

When Cannon Was Silenced. Congressman Cannon is a hard hitter and merciless. I never saw him disconcerted but once, and then he was himself hit hard and silenced for the day. It was this way: Boutelle, as chairman of paval affairs, brought in a bill to pension the widows and orphans of the victims of the Maine disaster in Havana harbor. Cannon jumped on it and asseverated that any jackleg pension attorney could drive a coach and four through the bill and loot the treasury without limit, and then he cited similar legislation in the case of the Samoa

disaster in 1889. Boutelle is a fierce man, a capital talker, the bandsomest man in the house and impulsive. Springing to his feet, his face ashen with anger, every nerve quivering with passion, his voice vibrant with rage, he pointed his finger at Cannon and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, there are men in this world who would break up a funeral procession if they were not appointed to drive the hearse." The house screamed with laughter and delight, for there were few there into whose legislative dumpling Cannon had not at some time put a spider. It was the only time old Joe was not able to return a Roland for an Oliver. - Washington Letter in Louisville Courier-Journal.

old John Bryant.

John Bryant, a brother of William Cullen Bryant, is living in Princeton, Ills., in good health. A relative living "John Bryant was 91 years old last July, I think. He writes me quite often, though it is some time now since I have heard, not since he went north in the spring. I suppose if he is well he will be in St. Nicholas, near Jacksonville, this winter. That is where he usually goes. His mind is bright as ever, and for his age he is quite active; cannot see to read evenings, so some of us used to plan to have a few games of whist every evening to while away the long hours for him.'

A New Peach Pest.

Michigan has developed a new peach pest which arrests the growth of the fruit when it is about the size of a hazelnut, thus producing a crop locally known as "little peaches." It was first noticed about two years ago, and this year its ravages were alarmingly extensive. So far no remedy has been found for it, though expert investigation and experiment are not wanting. In Saugasuck township during the present season more than 4,000 trees were affected.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

Mr. T., a kusiness man of Cleveland, says The Plain Dealer, rents desk room in his office to Mr. B., whence the following story. "Is Mr. B. in?" asked a caller. "No," replied Mr. T., thinking he recognized an unwelcome caller. 'Well, I'll wait for him," replied the

caller, sitting down. At 5 o'cleck he was still waiting. At 5:30, still waiting.

A few minutes before 6 Mr. T. closed his desk for the day and prepared to go home. The caller ventured to ask if Mr. B. was likely to return to his office that day. Mr. T. answered:

"No. He is in Buffalo and will be back next Tuesday morning." The caller showed no anger. On the

contrary, he smiled. "Don't apologize," he said. "My business was not important, and your office has proved a pleasant lounging place. Fact is," be blandly added, "I suppose I'm caming down with the smallpox, and the doctor told me I must stay indoors and keep warm."

Carried Off a Roof by a Turkey. Harry Dahill, at the Norwalk hotel, climbed out on the roof to catch a 32 pound turkey that had escaped and was roosting there. He took the bird by the legs. It started to fly and pulled bim into the air and off the edge of the roof. Then he let go, and now he has a broken arm. Hartford Courant.

A Little Late.

Book Agent (to Georgia backwoodsman)-I have with me, sir, the lives of all the Federal generals. Would you like to take them?

Georgia Backwoodsman - Naw, I don't want ter take 'em now, but if yer had come ter me 33 years ago I'd er tuck ther whole lot. -Atlanta Constitu-

### Regardless of Age.

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering, and deaths than any otner organs of the body. A majority of the ills afflicting people tralay is traceable to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition. The symptoms of kidney trouble are

anmistakable, such as rheumati -m. neural-

gia sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the

back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply. Uric seid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing poisoned and germ-filed blood. Sometimes the heart acts bady, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in tae urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form

of kidney trouble. All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It has a world wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at fity cents or one dollar. You can have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery, Swamp Root, and a book telling all about it, boin sent to you absolut ly free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y, and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the

#### For Wedding Cakes.

Lexington Dispatch.

Just received a full and fresh line of fruit ingredients and decorations consisting of citron, raisins, currants, spices, essences, ready for immediate use without trcuble, cake icing in white and colored sugars, leaves in gold and silver, white and green, roses in white and red, a varied a ortment of fancy caudies for trimming on Christmas and wedding cakes, Baker's and Huylers chocolate, a complete assortment of these goods can be found only at the

#### \$500 Saved.

I have been using Ramon's Liver Pills Tonic Pellets for the past two years and consider that they have saved me \$500 in doctor's bills, to say nothing of the suffering and loss of time. I c n recommend them as one of the best liver pills ever made. I sell twelve boxes of Ramon's to our of any other kind. Dealers need have n · fear of getting overstocked on Ramon Memedies for they are ready sale and always give satisfact on -R L. McDapiel. Keily, La. For sale by G M Harman and J. E. Kaufmann.

#### He Spoke Too Soon.

The young man had asked her the momentous question. And she had softly whispered

Then she asked: "Henry did "No, darling, he interrupted," with

beaming smile. "Never." She drew herself away. "I was not going to ask you if you ever cared for anybody el-e," she stid. "I was about to ask you if you fell in love with me for myself alone." After half an hour's haid work he succeeded in plecating her.

There are plenty of people in the world who practically grumble because they can't find something to grumble about.

A pinno contains nearly a mile of wire.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one cent per word for first inserzion, and one-half cent for each subse-

Liberal contracts made with those wish-

ing to advertise for three, six and twelve Notices in the local column 5 cents per line each insertion.

> ent a word, wien they exceed 100 words, Marriage notices inserted free. G. M. HARMAN, Editor and Publisher.

Obitnaries charged for at the rate of one

How to Prevent.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold cr from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years aro when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous diseare. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann. .

#### The Lien Law Question.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In a recent issue of your valuable paper I read a justification of the lien law. Taken from your standpoint its continuance is seemingly justified. I will try to express the views and observations of one who has intimate connection with the effects and workings of this arch destroyer of independent manhood ard moral integrity. The purpose of all laws should be the elevation of the people in intellect and morals thereby checking the incentive to crime, duplicity and evasion. While this law stands on the statute books one man is as good as another, or better in the proportion of his ability to procure, a certain amount of cotton, orother saleable products. This fact alone is a direct incentive to those inclined to crime. Again, after such persons have procured advances they are tempted to dispose of anything they can by other channels than the p oper ones as they know that the crop raised is the end of the obligation to pay, thus putting a premium on dishonesty. The honest man is no better than a thief, or not as good under the law because he surrenders everything and has to buy at the price established by the experience of the merchant, which price is fixed by the number who pay out of a cert in number furnished. We will illustrate: A merchant undertakes to supply 100 perties at \$100 each and has found by experience eighty will pay. He charges a per cent. suffi-

idlers. You say again that the poor man could not get credit which is a mistake of the same kind as the assertion that a man could not borrow money if the usuary law was enacted. Money is more plentiful at 8 per cent. than it ever was at 12 to 15 per cent. and even higher rates: and I submit there is a certain amount of capital in the merchantile business and that goods will be sold just the same whatever law is repealed cr nacted. The lien law sustains any profit demanded and the buyer is bound to his furnisher without recourse. It reminds one of a trap baited for rats-they can get in easy enough but if they get out it is th ough the mercy of the man who owns the institutions. We never can have true manhood on top 'till we knock out all props on which rascals can stand. American manhood is the pride of the world, and the only way to keep it up to the standard is to annul all laws that in their tendency protect or justify actions not morally right. Yours for fairness. J. F. Lyles.

cient for the eighty to pay the bills

of the 100, thus getting himself into

the moral wrong of taking twice if

a'l pay. Thus the honest and indus-

trous pay the bills of the rogues and

A most remarkable record has been made by Bamon's Pepsin Chill Tonic in curing bills and Fever and all Malarial Troubles. Only about one in every thousand who used this famous remedy in '96 reported a failure to cure, and to each of these the money was promptly refunded. Tasteless and guaranteed. 50c. For sale by G. M. Harman and J. E. Kaufmann.

Fond Mother-Well, Harold, how are you succeeding at college? Harold-The teacher says I'm getting up in figures. Indeed. Yes; I used to be seventh in my class and now I stand sixteenth. I am pushing on.

Rev. G. H. Morrison, of Hartwell, Ga, is no sloth or sluggard, but what soever his hand findeth to do he does it with all his might. Besides preaching every Sunday and sometimes on Saturday, he made this year, with his family, twenty-one bales of cotton and enough corn to do him, and pays his subscription premptly, all of which goes to prove that he is of the

Colonel Jim Smith, of Oglethrope, Ga., will not make more than 15,000 bales of cotton this year, where he usually gets 25,000. He says the man who farmed successfully this year will do to farm again.

Coal men say there is about to be a coal famine. The price has gone up about 69 to 75 cents a ton.

A hosiery knitting mill may be built at Merry Hill, N. C., by J. H. When we say a person has good

sense about most things, we mean, of course that about most things he has good sense to agree with us.

Methodist Appointments. The following plan for Lexington Circuit, during the year 1899, will be

observed: 1st Sunday, Hebron, 11 a. m.; Horeb, 3:30 p.m. 2nd Sunday, Shilob, 11 a. m, and the Saturday before at 11 a. m. 3.d Sunday, Hebron, 11 a. m., and

4th Sunday, Lexington, 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Wanted.

3:30 р. ш.

1,000 pounds of beeswax, in large or small quantities. Highest market price paid by, R. B. Harman, at the Bazaar.