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**WESTERN SOUTH CAROLINA.**  
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# THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.

A Representative Newspaper. Covers Lexington and the Borders of the Surrounding Counties Like a Blanket.

VOL. XXX.

LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1900.

No. 29

### FRUIT TREES

That Grow and Bear Fruit.

Write for our 60 page illustrated Catalogue and 40 page pamphlet, "How to Plant and Cultivate an Orchard." Give you the information you have long wanted. Tells you all about those big red apples, peaches, and plum trees with their fruit at once, all of which you have in your own orchard. Write for prices and give list of wants.

**I. Van Lindley Nursery Co.,**  
**POMONA, N. C.**

When writing mention the Dispatch.

### Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

Only First Class Companies Represented. See my List of Giants:

**Assets.**

**ETNA FIRE**, of Hartford, Conn. \$13,019,411

**CONTINENTAL FIRE**, of New York. 9,809,660

**PHILADELPHIA UNDER-WRITERS**, Phila., Pa. 16,528,773

**ETNA LIFE**, of Hartford, Conn. 47,584,967

**FIDELITY AND CASUALTY**, of New York. 3,482,862

My Companies are Popular, Strong and Reliable. No one can give you better business better attention; no one can give you better protection; no one can give you better rates.

**BEFORE INSURING SEE**  
**Rice B. Harman.**  
 General Insurance Agent,  
 LEXINGTON, S. C.  
 When writing mention the Dispatch.

### LOAN AND EXCHANGE BANK

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

STATE, CITY & COUNTY DEPOSITORY  
 COLUMBIA, S. C.

Capital Paid in Full. \$150,000.00  
 Surplus. 3,000.00  
 Liabilities of Stockholders. 150,000.00

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**  
 Interest at the rate of 4 per centum per annum paid on deposits in this department.

**TRUST DEPARTMENT.**  
 This Bank under special provision of its charter exercises the office of Executor, Administrator, Trustee or Guardian of Estates.

**SAFETY DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.**  
 Fire and Burglar proof safe deposit for rent from \$4.00 to \$12.00 per year.

**EDWIN W. ROBERTSON,**  
 President.  
**A. C. HASKELL,**  
 Vice President.  
**J. CALDWELL ROBERTSON,**  
 2d Vice President.  
**G. M. BERRY,**  
 Cashier.  
 February 12-14  
 When writing mention the Dispatch.

### THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

COLUMBIA, S. C.

CAPITAL. \$100,000.00  
 SURPLUS. 30,000.00

ESTABLISHED 1871.  
**JAMES WOODROW,** President.  
**JULIUS WALKER,** Vice President.  
**GEORGE H. SAWYER,** Cashier.

DIRECTORS—James Woodrow, John A. Crawford, Julius H. Walker, C. Fitzsimmons, W. C. Wright, W. H. Gibbs, John T. Sloan, T. T. Moore, J. L. Minn, E. S. Jones.

THIS BANK SOLICITS A SHARE, IF NOT ALL, OF YOUR BUSINESS, AND WILL GUARANTEE EVERY FAVOR CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY AND SOUND BANKING.

January 29, 1897-19  
 When writing mention the Dispatch.

### Saw Mills,

Light and Heavy, and Supplies.  
 CHEAPEST AND BEST.  
 Write for every detail.

**Lombard Iron Works and Supply Co.,**  
 AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

January 27  
 When writing mention the Dispatch.

### GEORGE BRUNS

MAIN ST., COLUMBIA, S. C.

**JEWELER and REPAIRER**

Has a splendid stock of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Silverware. A fine line of Spectacles and Eyeglasses to fit every one. All for sale at lowest prices.

Repairs on Watches first class, quickly done and guaranteed, at moderate prices.

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### W. A. RECKLING,

ARTIST.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

IT IS NOW MAKING THE BEST PICTURE that can be had in this country. All who have never had a real fine picture should now try some of his latest styles. Specimens can be seen at his gallery on stairs, next to the Hub.

When writing mention the Dispatch.

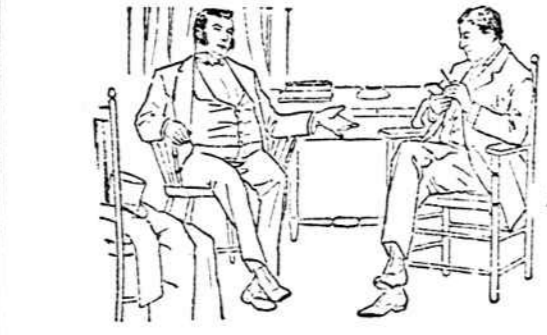
### BEESWAX WANTED

IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES

I WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for clean and pure Beeswax. Price governed by color and condition.

**RICE B. HARMAN,**  
 Lexington, S. C.

Remember that you can always find nice candies, cakes and fruits, at the Bazaar.



### THE VICTOR'S SHOUT.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE JOY OF OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

**BRACE HIS SERMON ON THE SATISFACTION EXPRESSED BY CHRIST ON THE SUCCESSFUL OUTCOME OF HIS EARTHLY LABORS—Balm For Troubled Hearts.**

WASHINGTON, May 27.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows in an unusual way the antagonisms that Christ overcame and finds a balsam for all wounded hearts; text, John xvii. 4. "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profuse. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The four thousand crew who attempted to tread on him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when he said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the deadliest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balsam for that wound—the balsam of divine restoration. To carry this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupendous.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of his way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In the first place, his worldly occupation was against him. I find that he earned his livelihood by the carpenter's trade, an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know as well as I do that in order to succeed in any employment one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through high, hard, dry, husky, insensate Judaism he had a way for a new and glorious dispensation was a stupendous undertaking that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ. We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments, but you know that after a man has been toiling all day with adz and saw and hammer, plane and ax, about all he can do is to rest. A weary body is an unfavorable condition to a brilliant mind. You whose life is purely mechanical, if you were called to the upbuilding of a kingdom, or the proclamation of a new code of morals, or the starting of a revolution which should upturn all nations, could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with his heavenly mission.

**Christ's Humble Apparel.**

In his father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in examining wood in the carpenter's shop. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed it was far from shabby, for after he had worn it a long while the gamblers thought it worth raffling about, but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in his diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought him wine to drink. On the seashore he ate fish, first having broiled it himself. No one fetched him water to drink; but, bending over the well in Samaria, he begged a drink. He sat at all simple banquets, and that not at all sumptuous, for to relieve the awkwardness of the host one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Other kings ride in a chariot; he walked. Other kings, as they advance, have heralds ahead and applauding subjects behind; Christ's retinue was made up of unburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one, as far as I now remember, on a cot, and that borrowed.

His poverty was against him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless

## GLOBE DRY GOODS COMPANY,

W. H. MONCKTON, JR., MANAGER.

1620 MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Solicits a Share of Your Valued Patronage. Polite and Prompt Attention.

Christ. "Why? They said, 'Who is to pay for this new religion? Who is to charter the ships to carry the missionaries? Who is to pay the salaries of the teachers? Shall wealthy, established religion be discontinued by a penniless Christ?' The consequence was that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to lose. Affluent Joseph of Arimathea buried Christ, but he risked no social position in doing that. It is always safe to bury a dead man. Zarephus risked no wealth or social position in following Christ, as he took a position in a tree to look down at his beset. Nicodemus, wealthy Nicodemus, risked nothing of social position in following Christ, for he skulked by night to find him.

**Difficulties Overcome.**

All this was against him. So the fact that he was not regularly graduated was against him. If a man come with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. But here was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John said, "The Jews marveled, saying, How hath this man learned, having never learned?" We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one and that a college cannot transform a sly dog into a philosopher or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head, after the laying on of hands of the presbytery, is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those old times for a man with no scholastic pretensions and no graduation from a learned institution to set himself up for a teacher. It was against him.

So also the brevity of his life was against him. He had not come to what we call middle life. Very few men do anything before 33 years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first 15 years you take in nursery and school; then it will take you six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to 21 years. Then it will take you ten years at least to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man at 33 years of age gets fully established in his life work, he is the exception. Yet that is the point at which Christ's life terminated.

**Complete Triumph.**

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from which lineage is standing before him and says, "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there, unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Ah! The idea of such an unlearned young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little

mind not to join in his company, all well. If they came, they were greeted with no loud salutation; if they went away, they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him; that was all.

All this was against him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amid such infinite embarrassments and by such means? And yet I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding his worldly occupation, his poverty, his plain face, his unpretending garb, the fact that he was schoolless, the fact that he had a brief life, the fact that he was not accompanied by any visible organization—notwithstanding all that, in an exhilarating which shall be prolonged in everlasting chorals, he declared, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

**Beyond Human Power.**

See him victorious over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulcher. It swallowed the Central America, the President and the Spanish armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Some of us who have sailed on it know that Lake Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in his presence and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When he beckoned, they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of his foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely atrophied no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmity how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind, "The open" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry may do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the wine gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes until, in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up again, and the disciples lay huddled and began to pull, when, by reason of the

multitude of fish, the net broke. Nature is his servant. The fowls—the birds—into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the conqueror of death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus smothered up the keys of death and hung them to his girdle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him: "O death, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

**Supernatural Nature.**

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm, amid its muscles and nerves and bones, were interwoven the energies of omnipotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that tread the deck of the ship in Caesarea shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demotion. This poverty struck Christ owned Anagnostis, owned the sanhedrin, owned Tobias, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its water—

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

owned all the castles and all the heavens. To him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmaus the high-gizares were the fire shod steeds of his chariot. Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say, "It was sleight of hand!" And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say, "Easily explained; not really dead; playing dead!" And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say, "Chalivoyant doctor!" Oh, what shall they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment and the hills shall rock and the trumpets shall call out on the hills? In the time of Theodosius the Great there was a great assault made upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, and during that time Theodosius the Great called his own son to sit on the throne with him and be a partner in the government of the empire, and one day the old bishop came and bowed down before Theodosius, the emperor, and passed out of the room, and the emperor was offended, saying to the old bishop, "Why didn't you pay the same honor to my son, who shares with me in the government?" Then the old bishop turned to the young man and said, "The Lord bless thee, my young man," but still paid him no such honor as he had paid to the emperor. And the emperor was still offended and displeased when the old bishop turned to Theodosius and said, "I have never before been offended with you, but now I am offended with you because I don't pay the same honor to your son, whom you have made partner in the government of this empire, the same honor I pay to you, and yet you encourage multitudes of people in your realm to deny the Son of God equal authority, equal power, with God the Father."

**Handicapped For Life.**

The Transvaal war has proved disastrous to old England in more senses than one. Just think of it! Since the struggle commenced the following names have been conferred upon British babies: James Spion Kop Skinner, Ladysmith Waghorn, Thomas Elands-hagte Wilks, Alice Pretoria, Amelia Ladysmith and Cecil Redvers—St. Louis Star.

**Robbed the Grave.**

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, is the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c guaranteed, at J. E. Kufman's Drug Store.

**CHAT WITH A PAWN BROKER.**

The Oddest Thing Ever Offered to Him—The Business Not All Profit.

"The oddest thing I ever had offered to me," said a pawnbroker, "was a skeleton, and I didn't take it. I hadn't any doubt that it was all right; that the man that offered it owned it and had a right to sell it. I suppose he was a medical student who wanted money just then more than he wanted the skeleton. But I didn't know anything about the value of skeletons and how much to advance on it, and so I didn't take it. But that will give you some sort of an idea of the variety of things that the pawnbroker has offered to him.

"Of course, you understand that not all pawnbrokers take everything; there are men who advance money on nothing but watches and jewelry and diamonds and pictures and that sort of thing and who wouldn't give anything on the handsomest satin lined overcoat that ever was, because it isn't in their line. They have no place to put such things, no conveniences for taking care of them. And then there are pawnbrokers that take a general business; who take all sorts of things—watches and banjos, boxing gloves and silver spoons, practically anything and everything that offers. They might occasionally run across something that they wouldn't take, as I did with the skeleton, but not often. There's practically nothing but what they will take and practically nothing but what is offered at one time and another.

"On some things the amount advanced is very small, but still I've got things in safe that I never should get my money back on if I had to sell them. You'd suppose it would be easy for the pawnbroker to give on a thing no more than he could get for it if he had to sell it, and so it would be, but, as a matter of fact, he may give more than he could get back. He would be governed by circumstances and by his judgment of the person offering the goods.

"I might have a customer bring in a diamond ring that I would lend so much on, whatever it was, and that would be a safe loan. The ring would be good for it if it was never reclaimed. But maybe the next week the same customer, hard up and needing money, would bring in a pair of trousers, spotted and worn, not worth much if you had to sell them. And very likely I would lend more on those trousers than I could ever get for them, lending that because he's a customer and I want to accommodate him and I want to keep him as a customer and because the chances are that he'll take the trousers out again, but if he doesn't, why, then I'm out.

"The question of whether a man who wants a loan is likely to redeem what he offers is often taken into account. It is a common thing for the pawnbroker to look at the man, maybe a stranger, and lend on his judgment of the man as well as on his knowledge of the value of the thing the man puts down on the counter. Of course he makes mistakes in this, but he takes the chances, and I suppose he often gets it right or not. There might come in here you or anybody needing money with an old fashioned key winding watch, that I could not get \$10 for, and want to borrow \$15, and very likely I'd lend it, though I know I never could get my money back if the watch was not redeemed. But I know, or I think

**A Thousand Tongues**

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So, will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. E. Kufman's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

**Power of Red Ribbon.**

Two of the fairest maidens of the Winnebago tribe of the Indians were through an hour of absence from the other afternoon when they had their faces pasted with white mud. The "pasting" was only the efforts of Hugo Loeb, sculptor, to get masks of the young maidens.

T. H. Roddy, the newly appointed chief of the Winnebagoes, brought the two girls to Chicago on a visit. Annie Bluering, the fairest of all Indian maidens, attracted the artistic eye of Mr. Loeb, who asked to be allowed to make a mask of her face. Mr. Roddy led the two girls to Mr. Loeb's studio, and the mystery of the masks was explained. When everything was ready, both girls declared evil spirits lurked in the plaster and refused to go.

"Chocloates!" said Mr. Loeb. Both maidens became attention at once. Mr. Loeb made the mistake of feeding them a pound of chocolates before he completed his work. All the explaining of Mr. Loeb and the commands of Mr. Roddy were without avail.

"Red ribbons!" suddenly said Mr. Loeb. He brought forth several yards of the reddest of red ribbons, and both girls made a rush for them.

"After I have taken the mask," said the sculptor, with a winning smile. The bright colors proved too great an attraction for the young Indians, and with the reward of ribbons suspended from a gas bracket they at last permitted their faces to be covered with the plaster—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**To Annihilate an Army.**

A retired artillery officer of the Belgian army has invited a number of officers and engineers to an exhibition at Antwerp of an invention he contends will revolutionize warfare. The inventor, Mr. H. H. H. H., says that his invention is so deadly that the army against which it is directed would be entirely destroyed in a few minutes. It is a species of bomb, loaded with a terrible explosive, the name of which the inventor has not yet divulged. He has promised to give incontestable proof of the destructive powers of the invention before experts.

### A Baby's Birth

is very much like the blossoming of a flower. Its beauty and perfection depends entirely upon the care bestowed upon it from the moment of its birth. Expectant mothers should have the tenderest care. They should be spared all worry and anxiety. They should eat plenty of good nourishing food and take gentle exercises. This will go a long way toward preserving their health and their beauty as well as that of the little one to come. But to be absolutely sure of a short and painless labor they should use

### Mother's Friend

regularly during the months of gestation. This is a simple liniment, which is applied externally. It gives strength and vigor to the muscular system, and is a most valuable agent in the treatment of expectant mothers. Mother's Friend is used there is no danger whatever.

Write for free trial bottle at the drug store, \$1 per bottle.

**THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,**  
 ATLANTA, GA.

## BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

—IN ALL KINDS OF—

# DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

AND

# MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

BUY FROM HEADQUARTERS AND SAVE MONEY!

We Have the Right Goods at the Very Lowest Prices.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

### THE CUT PRICE CASH BARGAIN MERCHANT

# J. C. MOORE,

1700 Main Street, Columbia, S. C.

Men in military life have done their most wonderful deeds before 33 years of age. There may be exceptions to it, but the most wonderful exploits in military progress have occurred before 33 years of age. But as a legislator no man becomes eminent as a legislator until he has had long years of experience. And yet the gray bearded scribes were expected to bow down in silence before this young legislator, who arranged snuffboxes and accused governments. Aristotle was old; Lycurgus was old; Seneca was old. The great legislators of the modern world have been old. Christ was young. All this was against him. If a child 12 years of age should get up in your presence to discuss great questions of metaphysics or ethics or politics or government, you would be as contemptuous as these gray headed scribes in the presence of this young Christ.

**All Against Him.**

Popular opinion declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary and fountains and gardens and congregations, and all kinds of festivity." This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Popular opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wing startles nations and the plume of whose horn beak indicates cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out knock his out; if a man breaks your tooth, break his. Retort for re-

lishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does he set his foot in the towns or cities of Judaea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving, they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes and says, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, crawling woman presses through the crowd and says, "I must touch the hem of his garment." Children who love their mother better than any one else struggle to get into his arms and to kiss his cheek and to run their fingers through his hair and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these. For every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judaea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it I do not, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Again, I remark, there was no organization in his behalf, and that was against him. When men propose any great work, they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty, and to run their fingers through his hair and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these. For every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judaea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it I do not, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 7 cents per square of one inch for each subsequent insertion.

Liberal contracts made with those wishing to advertise for three, six and twelve months.

Notice in the local column 5 cents per line each week.

Obituaries charged for at the rate of a word a week, when they exceed 100 words.

Marriage notices inserted free.

Address  
**J. M. HARMAN, Editor and Publisher.**

I know, at a glance whether he will redeem the watch or not, what sort of man he is and how much he values the watch for its associations, and I go according to my judgment.

"No doubt, as a general proposition, the pawnbroker sets out to lend on things no more than he could sell them for. There are times when, instead of making money, he loses it. What he tries to do is to get a profit as the net result."—New York Sun.

**A Doubtful Compliment.**

Governor Shaw of Iowa had amusing experiences with newspaper men during a recent visit down east. "One reporter," he said, "referred to me as 'a dapper little old man,' another said my clothes didn't fit me and that I was 'no orator, according to classical standards,' but the funniest compliment I ever received was during the campaign last fall in my own state. After I had made a speech before a crowd that had gathered to hear a debate between Jim Weaver and myself an old farmer pushed his way through to where I stood, grasped my hand and said, with every indication of sincere admiration: 'Governor, that was a fine speech—an excellent speech! Do you know, you reminded me very strongly of Abraham Lincoln in your powers of illustration? Of course you are a better looking man than Lincoln was! Then, stepping back and taking another look at me from head to feet and evidently intending to emphasize the compliment, he added, 'But not much, either.'—Omaha Bee.

**The Bishop and the Bore.**

Archbishop Temple of Canterbury is always made impatient by bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese who had pestered him a good deal recently wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of the church and asking permission to do so. By the time the archbishop reached the end of the epistle his patience was quite exhausted, and he replied on a postal card, "Dear Blank—Hang the picture." The clergyman is still wondering how he ought to regard the reply.

**Truly Generous.**

Are the complaints of the ministers really well founded as to lack of generosity in supporting churches? As soon as the coinage of the half cent was announced the first thought apparently in all minds was its influence on the Sunday collection plate.—Baltimore American.

**POWER OF RED RIBBON.**

Induces Two Indian Maidens to Have Face Masks Made.

Two of the fairest maidens of the Winnebago tribe of the Indians were through an hour of absence from the other afternoon when they had their faces pasted with white mud. The "pasting" was only the efforts of Hugo Loeb, sculptor, to get masks of the young maidens.

T. H. Roddy, the newly appointed chief of the Winnebagoes, brought the two girls to Chicago on a visit. Annie Bluering, the fairest of all Indian maidens, attracted the artistic eye of Mr. Loeb, who asked to be allowed to make a mask of her face. Mr. Roddy led the two girls to Mr. Loeb's studio, and the mystery of the masks was explained. When everything was ready, both girls declared evil spirits lurked in the plaster and refused to go.

"Chocloates!" said Mr. Loeb. Both maidens became attention at once. Mr. Loeb made the mistake of feeding them a pound of chocolates before he completed his work. All the explaining of Mr. Loeb and the commands of Mr. Roddy were without avail.

"Red ribbons!" suddenly said Mr. Loeb. He brought forth several yards of the reddest of red ribbons, and both girls made a rush for them.

"After I have taken the mask," said the sculptor, with a winning smile. The bright colors proved too great an attraction for the young Indians, and with the reward of ribbons suspended from a gas bracket they at last permitted their faces to be covered with the plaster—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**To Annihilate an Army.**

A retired artillery officer of the Belgian army has invited a number of officers and engineers to an exhibition at Antwerp of an invention he contends will revolutionize warfare. The inventor, Mr. H. H. H. H., says that his invention is so deadly that the army against which it is directed would be entirely destroyed in a few minutes. It is a species of bomb, loaded with a terrible explosive, the name of which the inventor has not yet divulged. He has promised to give incontestable proof of the destructive powers of the invention before experts.

**A Thousand Tongues**

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So, will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. E. Kufman's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

### A Baby's Birth

is very much like the blossoming of a flower. Its beauty and perfection depends entirely upon the care bestowed upon it from the moment of its birth. Expectant mothers should have the tenderest care. They should be spared all worry and anxiety. They should eat plenty of good nourishing food and take gentle exercises. This will go a long way toward preserving their health and their beauty as well as that of the little one to come. But to be absolutely sure of a short and painless labor they should use

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regularly during the months of gestation. This is a simple liniment, which is applied externally. It gives strength and vigor to the muscular system, and is a most valuable agent in the treatment of expectant mothers. Mother's Friend is used there is no danger whatever.

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