

THE EDITOR'S JAUNT.

After the fatigue and worry incident to traveling over the roads of the Fork, sometimes in the early morning ere the first rays of the King of Day had bathed themselves in the mist of the new born day and at others after he had wrapped the draperies of night around his drowsy form and sank to rest behind the western hills, and still at other times in all sort of weather, it was indeed refreshing to drive up to such a pleasant home as that over which our fellow citizen and kinsman Perry C. Fulmer, is the lord and master where we could rest our weary bones and minister to the requirements of the inner man. This home is beautifully situated at the foot of Little Mountain and around which peace, happiness and contentment sheds a halo of serenity that is refreshing to the wayfarer within its gates. Mr. Fulmer is a man of sterling qualities of character which makes a useful citizen and a desirable neighbor. He farms on the theory that it is better policy to raise his own supplies than to have his corn crib and smokehouse in some other man's backyard, the result is, of course, that there is always a side of bacon in his smokehouse and an ear of corn in his crib.

At Mrs. Mary E. Busby's we found a large crowd of patriotic taxpayers, who had come out to make their returns and so save a trip to the court house. After transacting our business at this place we left for Ballentine, and by invitation took dinner with Jim Boozer. Here a sumptuous repast was spread and we enjoyed ourselves to our fullest capacity. We were glad to be informed that our friend was meeting with a large measure of success in his business undertakings and that he is on the high road to prosperity. His domestic affairs are under the skillful direction of his charming daughter, who is well up in the art of housekeeping, and it is a delicious luxury to rest in his comfortable and cheerful home. He is indeed fortunate in having such an accomplished daughter to preside over his home.

At this point we left the Auditor to board with his relatives until Monday and pulled out for home to spend Sunday. Early Monday morning we were on the road again in hot pursuit after delinquent subscribers, with our faces turned in the direction of Irmo. We arrived safe and sound and the Auditor proceeded immediately to business and remained at his post until the dinner horn sounded, when we wended our way to the home of Mr. Elias Metz to enjoy the good dinner which we knew awaited us there. Our expectations were fully realized, for Mrs. Metz had outdone herself on this occasion and we enjoyed one of the best dinners that it was ever our privilege to sit down to. We staid all night with Mr. Metz and after a sweet and refreshing sleep started early Tuesday morning for Capt. R. T. Hook's, which was the last appointment in the Fork. Capt. Hook, and he earned the honorable title fairly by gallant and faithful service in the Confederate cause, having won his promotion through conspicuous bravery, is one of Lexington's distinguished sons, and to her every interest he has always proven true and faithful. He served his county with fidelity and efficiency as a member of the Board of County Commissioners, and his sound business ideas and practical judgment in the discharge of his public duties and his upright walk in the paths of private life, has added more leaves to his laurel crown and new achievements have been recorded upon the unsullied pages of his life's history. And now, when the days of the sere and yellow leaf have come upon him, he has retired to the shades of private life bearing with him the love, confidence and esteem of his comrades in arms and his fellow citizens to light up the gathering gloom of an honorable and well spent life.

The people of the Fork are somewhat "blue" over the killing of the grain crop, but they are not disheartened and have gone manfully to work to repair the damage by sowing more small grain and they hope that by hard work and economy they will be able to make both ends meet at the end of the season.

Timmerman for Governor.

Dr. W. H. Timmerman, of Batesburg, has publicly announced his candidacy for Governor. Dr. Timmerman has been in public life for a number of years. He was first Lieutenant-Governor and afterwards State Treasurer, both of which positions he filled with marked distinction. Without any disparagement to his competitors he is unquestionably one of the purest men today seeking preferment and should he be elected the State would suffer no loss thereby. But this is a matter for the people to decide for themselves and as far as this paper is concerned every candidate must "tote his own skillet." The people certainly have a list of good men to pick from and no matter who succeeds in knocking down the gubernatorial plum he will be a good man, who will give the State a clean and business like administration. This paper is not nor will it be pledged to the support of any man in the coming race for State offices. A fair field and a free fight for all, and may the best man win. Dr. Timmerman is, however, very popular and will probably carry this county by a flattering majority.

Thousands Sent Into Exile.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at J. E. Kaufmann's Price 50c and \$1.00 Every bottle guaranteed.

Talk About Hard Times!

To the Editor of the Dispatch: We quite frequently hear people talking about hard times. Edgefield county is now asking the government for help. That is often the case, some one is always at the gate of starvation, but I never knew of a person in all of my life to perish who was a God fearing person and yet we hear that solemn old time hard time, hard time. It is a disgrace to a civilization. Why do we have hard times? Simply because we make them ourselves. People go on in their wickedness and then expect to always have a good time and plenty to eat. It is a shame the way people do. They act as if there is no God to fear, no heaven to gain or no hell to shun. "I will go and prepare a place for you," for who? Not the intoxicated. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," but not those that have their pants laden down with a pistol in their pocket.

Max.

If You Were Scared

Easily you might suppose that the pain in the lower part of your back meant kidney trouble. But being a person of sense you know it is only muscular stiffness, from cold, and that prompt treatment with Perry Davis' Painkiller will prevent it from growing into lumbago. Act accordingly and you will be glad you saw this. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Threatened Scandal.

Washington, January 22.—An ugly scandal is in prospect in the canal fight. It is charged that the Panama lobby has raised a big sum of money to defeat the Nicaragua. Circumstantial evidence is piling up to sustain the allegations charged against the advocates of the Panama route. It is known that the canal will not be built on the ruins of defunct French enterprise, but advocates are determined to kill the Nicaraguan plan at any cost. Startling disclosures are expected.

Remarkable Cure

Of Croup.—A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steele, of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth today.—Joel Demont, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.

BILLIARD BALLS.

The Time, Care, Trouble and Expense of Making Them.

Few persons who wield a billiard cue are aware of the time, trouble and expense of making the ivory spheres. The billiard ball in its natural state is the principal means of defense for an elephant. In time the elephant falls a victim to the venturesome hunter, and he parts with his tusks, which are the most valuable of all his possessions to commerce. Most of the tusks find their way to London, which is the greatest sales mart for ivory.

There are different kinds of ivory, and only the finer kinds are suitable for making billiard balls. The best comes from the small tusks, which are from four to six inches in diameter at the thickest end. They are sawed into blocks, each section being large enough to allow of the turning of a single ball. The factories devoted to the billiard ball industry in this country usually receive the ivory in this shape, the sections being marked so that the turners know from what part of the tusk each piece comes and in this way can calculate as to its grain and quality. It takes a long time to produce a perfect billiard ball, and only skilled labor is employed.

The exact center of the ball is first discovered by means of measurement. The block is then placed in a socket, and one-half of the ball is turned by an instrument made of the finest and sharpest edged steel. The half turned ball is then hung up in a net for awhile; then the second half is turned and the ball hung up as before in a room the temperature of which is kept from 60 to 70 degrees.

The roughly turned ball is kept in this position about a year. Then comes the polishing, whitening, etc. A good deal of hard rubbing is also necessary, as the ball, before being used, should be as near a certain weight as possible and measure two and three-eighths inches in diameter. It has been found impossible to get two balls exactly the same weight. Very often they will be heavier on one side than on the other, and frequently they split right through the center. This is due to decay. Not until after it has been placed on the table is the real life of the billiard ball shown. The pores of the ivory may close, and then if the ball is kept in a hot room it is likely to crack, or it may crack by reason of concussion with other balls. This is one of the great difficulties to contend against. To overcome this the balls should be kept in as even a temperature as possible.

When a billiard ball is first used, it occupies the first rank. A crack may soon be exposed and then it is returned to the factory. The nick is shaved off, and it comes back slightly smaller in size. It may then find its way into some second rate billiard room. After some more hard usage it is again returned to the factory and comes forth again much reduced in size and probably becomes a cue ball in pool.

After it is found to be practically useless for the purposes for which it was originally made it is bought by dealers in bone and ivory, and the ball is then turned into buttons or burned and used in the making of ivory black.—New York Herald.

Praying Large.

When Clifton Johnson was traveling in Ireland, he sat down one day in a cottage to talk with an old woman. As they were having their "dish of discourse" there came a clap of thunder, and the old woman at once spread out her hands in supplication, crying: "God bless and save us and save his honor and save the people and all of us!"

For the space of half an hour the thunder was frequent, and each time she prayed. Then she told Mr. Johnson this story, which has a good moral in its defining of the proper spirit which should belong to prayer:

"There was a man, and he was working in a field like, and it came on to thunder, and he put his head in a hole in the wall, and he said, 'God save what's out o' me!' But he ought to have prayed for the whole of him, for he no sooner said that than the wall fell and took his head clean off."

"It was telled to me that this was a judgment on the crathur, because it is not right to pray small just for yourself, but you should pray large to save us all—pray big and open hearted. But that may be only a story, sir."—Youth's Companion.

A Hint to Heaven.

A peculiar clerical announcement is recorded in a Buckinghamshire (England) paper. It is headed, "Little Messenger's Vicarage" and reads: "The vicar regrets to have to inform his parishioners that in consequence of his advanced age it will not be possible for him to visit the residents of the

hiltops. He will still be able to perform all the Sunday church duty. If at any time it should please God to send him a pony and carriage, it will give him great pleasure to resume his former course of visiting."

The hint to heaven will probably reach the hiltops. Life in Epigram. Joseph Cook not long before his death wrote at the request of the editor of The Christian Endeavor World a characteristic message for Christian Endeavorers:

Man's life means Tender tears, Teachable tentatives, Tireless trinties, Fiery forties, Forcible fifties, Serious sixties, Sacred seventies, Aching eighties, Shortening breath, Death, The sod, God.

THE MEDDLING WOMAN.

She is Generally Well Meaning, but Often Very Troublesome.

The meddling woman is not a bad woman, not even always an objectionable woman. She is a bit of trial, although she is often pleasant and cheerful and generally well meaning. She is one of those beings who make you sometimes exclaim, "Oh, save us from our friends!" She puts her foot in it with an air of innocence that says: "I'm so sorry! I did not mean to hurt your feelings, dear!"

At parties she arrives early, so as to be useful if called upon to give the slightest help. She generally succeeds in introducing to each other people who have not the slightest desire of making acquaintance and young couples who are not in the least anxious to dance together. As long as the guests keep arriving she takes her post just behind the hostess or close by her side. People ask themselves who she is, whether she is part hostess. She has a kind smile for every one. She is a regular society stager, up to every trick, and she feels she is indispensable, that at every moment she may come to the rescue of the hostess, get her out of every possible little difficulty. She knows everybody. She is a living encyclopedia of society knowledge.

When the party is complete, she disappears from the side of the hostess, who begins to breathe more freely. She disappears, but she does not go. She finds that she still may be able to render thousands of services, and she immediately sets about it. Her most objectionable habit is that of rendering services. It is a disease, but a disease that keeps her in good health and cheerful spirits. Now she multiplies herself and is seen at once in the drawing rooms, dancing rooms and refreshment rooms. In the reports given by parties in the society papers she is thus described: "Mrs. A., with a graceful smile for every one, was everywhere." In England they say "she ubiquitous." And so she is.

In the refreshment rooms she sees that every one gets something to eat or drink. She suggests to such and such men that Mrs. B. or Lady C. has had nothing. Then she makes an introduction and by and by whispers to the hostess: "Poor Mrs. B." or "Poor Lady C.!" I found that no one was paying any attention to her, so I introduced So-and-so to her, and I got her something to eat." And the hostess whispers back, "So kind of you!"

You cannot get rid of her because she never gives you an opportunity for quarreling. She is not a gossip, much less of a wicked tongue. On the contrary, she speaks well of every one, praises your parties, your children and all your belongings, and you cannot help liking her.—Max O'Rell in New York Journal.

A Joke on Bishop Burgess.

The clergy of the diocese of Long Island are chuckling over what they regard as a good joke on their recently chosen bishop, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Burgess. It may be recalled that the recent convention at which Dr. Burgess was elected lasted from early morning until past midnight. Ballot after ballot was taken, and no clergyman had a majority. Finally Dr. Burgess arose and made a motion to adjourn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I move we adjourn. We've been here all day and all evening deliberating and voting continuously, and we're all tired and in no mood for appropriate action. Anything we do now will be only a makeshift, and we'll be sorry for it in the morning."

The motion was not seconded, and the balloting was taken up again. About three minutes after Dr. Burgess' little speech he was chosen bishop of Long Island.

Now his brethren declare that Dr. Burgess is neither a "prophet nor the son of a prophet." No signs of regret have yet appeared over that midnight action, which the doctor raised his warning voice against.

I take great pleasure in giving the very highest testimonial to Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure. I used it in 1895 Inflammatory Rheumatism. I was severely afflicted with the disease and tried my family physician, in addition to various remedies, without effect. I procured some of the above medicine, and before using a bottle of it I could walk without my crutches, and by the time I had used a bottle and a half, I felt entirely well, and have not suffered any since. I cheerfully recommend it, and believe it will do all its proprietors claim for it.

Respectfully, R. O. Mastin, Deputy Collector of Wilkes County, N. C. Feb 22, 1898.

Queen Wilhelmina's Privilege. Queen Wilhelmina, unlike several other European sovereigns, can leave her dominions where she likes and is at no time obliged to remain in her kingdom. In this respect she is more fortunate than, for instance, the young ruler of Spain and his mother, who cannot leave the peninsula without previously obtaining a full fledged permission from the national legislature. The only obligation placed upon Queen Wilhelmina in this respect is that of spending a minimum of ten days each year at Amsterdam, which is the real metropolis, The Hague being merely the seat of government. Thanks to this freedom, she has traveled extensively, mostly incognito, in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy, England and France.—London M. A. P.

Jennie June.

The death of Jennie June Croly has made less impression on the public than it would had the event occurred twenty years ago. Mrs. Croly was the pioneer newspaper woman of this country and ever took an interest in affairs that were of particular interest to her sex. She founded Sorosis and in many ways aided women in their intellectual pursuits. If there is any gratitude in female hearts, there should be some expression of the good she accomplished in a long and active life.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They Drink the Water.

The new waterworks at Calcutta brought before pious Hindoos the question whether they would drink from the same sources as the Christians. The religious leaders on appeal gave the diplomatic answer that they might drink this water since they had to pay taxes on it, and thus constituted a penance for doing so.

Child Worth Millions.

"My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Bird of Harrisburg, Pa. "yet I would have lost her by croup had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is a sure cure for coughs, croup and throat and lung troubles. An absolutely safe cough cure which acts immediately. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. J. E. Kaufmann.

If a man is afraid to think for himself he should get married.

If you have not paid your taxes you had better do so at once.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Central Time at Jacksonville and Savannah. Eastern Time at Other Points. Schedule in Effect June 30th, 1901.

Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound routes, listing stations like Jacksonville, Savannah, Columbia, etc., and their respective times.

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Sleeping Car Service. Excellent daily passenger service between Florida and New York. Nos. 33 and 34—New York and Florida Express. Drawing-room sleeping cars between Augusta and New York. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between Port Tampa, Jacksonville, Savannah, Washington and New York. Pullman sleeping cars between Richmond, Norfolk and Norfolk. Dining cars between Charlotte and Savannah. Nos. 35 and 36—U. S. Fast Mail. Through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between Augusta and New York. Dining cars between Augusta and Charlotte. Dining cars serve all meals enroute. Pullman sleeping cars between Jacksonville and Columbia enroute daily between Jacksonville and Cincinnati, via Asheville.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

Advertisement for Seaboard Air Line Railway, featuring the logo and text: WEST INDIA LIMITED TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 1st, 1901.

Table with columns for Southward and Northward routes, listing stations like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., and their respective times.

NORTHWARD.

Table with columns for Northward routes, listing stations like Tampa, Jacksonville, Savannah, etc., and their respective times.

NOTE—Daily Except Sunday. Cafe Cars between Hamlet and Savannah on Trains Nos. 31 and 34. Central Time. Eastern Time. For any further information apply to W. P. SCRUGGS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Savannah, Ga. R. E. L. BUNCE, General Passenger Agent. J. M. BARR, 1st Vice President. Portsmouth, Va.

Money to Loan.

WE ARE PREPARED TO NEGOTIATE loans promptly on improved real estate in Lexington county at 7 per cent interest. No commissions. Borrower pays actual expenses of preparation of papers. THOMAS & GIBBES, Attorneys at Law, Columbia, S. C. November 13, 1901.

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