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WASHINGTON'S DREAM.

Remarkable Prophecy Alleged to Have Come to George in a Vision.

(Reproduced by Request.)

The following interesting article is taken from The American Banner, published at Pittsburg, Pa. in 1871:

The last time I saw Anthony Sherman was on the fourth of July, 1869 in Independence Square. He was 69 and very feeble. Together we went into Independence Hall. Seating ourselves on one of the wooden benches my aged companion said:

"I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no man knows of except myself, and, if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction. You will see it verified."

I give the following narrative as near as possible in his own words:

When the bold action of our congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the old world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels whom British grenadiers would very soon tame into submission; but undauntedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one that I much fear, and that is the American people do not appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and without it is checked, will at no distant day undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill one time victorious and other time conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the

winter of 1776. Ah! I have often seen tears coursing down our dear commander's cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray; well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose Providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

One day, I remember well the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, and the sky was cloudless, and the sun shined brightly. He remained in his quarters nearly all afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something upon his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I have mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it is owing to my anxiety of my mind or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch something in the room seemed to disturb me. Looking up I beheld, standing opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed for the fifth time to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself suddenly

became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily and vacantly at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed filled with sensation—and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy the mysterious visitor, herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined dissolution.

"I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move, all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixed and vacantly at my companion. Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually faded away and I beheld a strange scene. Before me lay out, in one vast plain, all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw the Atlantic rolling and tossing between Europe and America, and the Pacific lay between America and Asia.

"'Son of the Republic,' said the same voice, 'look and learn'. At the same moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel, floating in midair between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand he sprinkled some on America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud rose from each of these continents and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightnings gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving waves it sunk from

view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying:

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn'."

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up one after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice saying:

"'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn'."

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array against each other. I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'Union', bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation, and said: 'Remember ye are brethren'. Instantly the inhabitants, casting forth their weapons, became friends once more, uniting around the stars and stripes. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying:

"'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh, look and learn'."

"At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking some water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld fearful scenes. From each of these continents arose thick black clouds which soon joined in one and throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of men who moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the cloud. I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and burn villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, the shadowy angel placed the trumpet

once more to his mouth and blew a long fearful blast. Instantly a light as from a thousand suns shone down from above me and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud that enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose head still shone the word, 'Union', and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who immediately, taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard:

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn'!"

"As the voice ceased the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it over America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back together with the armies it had brought leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried aloud:

"'While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last. And taking from their brow the crown on which blazed the word 'Union', he placed it upon the standard, while the people, kneeling down, said 'Amen'."

"The scene now faded away and I found myself once more gazing upon the mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I heard before, said:

"'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils shall come upon the republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which the world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the republic learn to live for his God, his land and the 'Union'. With these words my visitor vanished and I started from my seat feeling that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, pro-

gress, and destiny of the United States. In Union strength; in dissolution weakness."
 "Such my friend, the venerable Anthony, the words I heard on my own lips."

KILLED SEVEN
 Former Citadel Man Gately in

Dr. J. H. David, of Bennettville, has just received the following letter from the United States Department of Internal Revenue, all of which was published in the week's Pee Dee Advertiser, Washington, D. C., April 24, 1918.

Dear Dr. David:—I enclose an excerpt from a letter received from my son Danfel, whom I infer from the same trenches and when he was killed. My

"You would be surprised the number of men killed through their own carelessness. Just the friend of mine was away. You will be surprised another case of a son of Dr. David, near Carolina, who met a—a glorious one—it. He was overwhelmed but he had a pile of front of him. He fought accounted for seven Bo pistol and than was an empty rifle when I heard. My friend was and a fine officer."

This is a splendid record should you in the loss. Is it thing to have contributed to the defense of our country. While expressing thy for you in the relationship, I congratulate State on having reared such instances should the attention of the A as they will inspire people in this war of manly and democratic With kind personal Sincerely Danfel


Records to Be Made

E. W. Robertson, state the third Liberty Loan committee in South Carolina addressed a letter to all men and workers through calling for an alphabetic subscribers, the lists to permanent record in the

Mr. Robertson also people "back home" the of investing bonds, who on the firing line, put their lives for our protection and well-erations, have taken in order that they may be protected in of war should fall

BIG TEN DAY SPECIALS

We have a large stock of the following specials that we desire to put on sale for the next Ten Days in order that our customers can reap the benefit of the reduced prices in this time of soaring prices. Having purchased these goods long before the advance in price, we have been offered a handsome profit by the same people that we purchased them, but rather than sell them to the mills, we've decided to give our customers the benefit of these goods and the low prices. Also other specials that we have not space to enumerate. It is better to see them than to read about them. Come, while the getting is good.

SPECIALS		SPECIALS
One Case Figured Lawns Fast Colors, 25c quality at 15c.		One lot Val and Linen Lace, 5 to 15c quality at
One Case English Long Cloth, 25c value, at 19c.		One lot Laces and Insertions, 10c to 25c values at
One lot 3-4 Percales, worth 15 cents, fast colors at 10c.		One lot Embroideries and Insertions, 25c values, at
Four Cases "Schlosburg's Full Value" Cambric, 35 cents quality, at 22c.		Two Cases Pajama Checks, 36 in. wide, 25c quality our special price 16c.
One lot Linene Stripe Skirtings, 36 in. wide, 50 cents quality, at 24c.		Four Cases "Schlosburg's Leader" Bleaching, 36 in wide 25 cents quality, at 17c.
150 Fancy Silk Parasols, all colors and styles, prices range from \$2 to \$10, to be sold below cost.		Four Cases "Schlosburg's Special" Bleaching, Cambric Finish, 30 cents quality, at 20c.

HARRY L. SCHLOSBERG

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