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The Matchman and Southron.

Published Every Wednesday, . —ВУ—

N. G. Osteen, SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS :

Two Dollars per annum-in advance. ADVERTISEMENT:

One Square first insertion......\$1 00 Every subsequent insertion...... 50 Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates.

All communications which subserve private interests will be charged for as advertisements. Obitnaries and tributes of respect will be

FUN IN BILL POSTING.

Picturesque and Mirthful Effects Produced With Paste Pot and Brush-Devils and Angels Are Incongruously Mixed Up. "Post No Bills" Goes.

All trades have their droll aspects, but that of the billposter is one long vista of fun. He may become an artist comedian of the first order. It does not require much brain weight either. An old fence is his only arena, and his posters are his stock in trade.

His fun is but momentary, but it is potent while it lasts. He accomplishes it by means of the combinations he is forced to make when he posts new bills over the old ones. Some of the combinations are very funny. Thus he is forced to become a mirth producer whether he will or no, but there are some among the men who get their livelihood in this manner who intentionally place the new bills where they will produce the oddest if but momentary effects.

The reporter watched one of these knights of the paste pot while he proceeded to cover up a rather flaming picture of his satanic majesty with a bill which portrayed a naval officer in full uniform. The first section put on was the officer's head. As it fitted exactly on to Mephisto's shoulders the effect was comical. The next section brought the naval man down to the bottom of his coat. From a short distance it appeared precisely as though he was minus his nether garments and stood bare legged in the rising flames which enveloped him to his knees. The billposter | Expert Dealers In Live Stock Do Not chuckled as he surveyed his work at this point and asked the reporter what he thought of it while he covered the officer's nakedness with a pair of trousers and shoes.

The billposter was quite talkative in his way and spoke of the droll side of his business. "Did it never occur to you," said he as he picked and sorted some flaming colored bills preparatory to pasting them on the fence, "did it never occur to you what an odd and amusing business this is? You saw me put a uniform on the devil. Funny, wasn't it? Well, it wasn't a patch to the effects produced sometimes. These bills have to be changed nearly every week, and the posters get fixed up in the queerest way. I've put angels' heads on devils and devils' heads on angels. I've put a man with a dress coat on where a ballet girl was, so that it looked as though the skirts branched out below where the coat was. I left it there for a moment while I pasted other bills, and quite a crowd gathered around. A policeman came along, and I had to cov-

"Once I had a Salvation Army poster to put up, and when I pasted the top portion of it over a bill advertising the play of 'Julius Cæsar' the large blue bonnet of the Salvation Army girl fitted Cæsar perfectly. It was too bad I had to spoil it."

"You see that ballet girl on the fence over there? I have got to paste this big cat over it. Now watch me do it."

He took a section of a bill with the head of a grinning feline on it and placed it so that it fitted to the girl's shoulders. A halo surrounded the cat's head, and the whole affair had a puss in boots air about it that reminded one of early fairy tales. Near by on the fence was a heroic size negro minstrel, whose immense teeth showed through lips which

stretched form ear to ear. "Now see how I will fix that fellow," said the man of the brush as he got ready a bill on which a large tiger was represented balanced on a big blue ball. The tiger's position was on the upper part of the poster. The first section fixed the animal's head on the fence, and with the next the body and feet were pasted up. Then appeared a curious effect. Where the blue ball was to be pasted the negro's face still grinned. but the tiger was now standing on top of the man's head.

"That," said the billposter, "is what I call a real artistic effect. It isn't often an artist can create a Samson in almost one stroke of his brush.'

Following his pasting of the tiger, the man proceeded to put up a bear. On the spot where it was to go an overfat baby held up a package of a compound much advertised of late. The bear was built up from the feet, which rested on a horizontal bar. The bear's neck and the baby's neck touched the same point, and before the bear's head was pasted up there appeared a combination of human and brute anatomy which could hardly be equaled by a monstrosity in a dime

Bill posting has undergone a great change in recent years. It is not the haphazard business it once was -that is, it is not allowable for men to go around pasting bills wherever they could find a fence. Most of the big fences are preempted now by firms who pay rent for the privilege.

The old sign of "Post no bills" is in it is worth \$300,000.

more potent than it was. Its infringement now may mean a lawsuit. It used to be very much disregarded. There is record of a very literal man who was arrested for infringing a sign which read "post no bills under penalty." When the judge asked him if he had any excuse to offer, he said he had not "posted under penalty. He had posted further along the fence."-New York

THE ELECTION RETURNS.

They Make the Busiest Night of the Year In a Newspaper Office.

There is one night in every year in every great newspaper office when work is done that is the least understood of all that goes on in the making of a daily paper, one night when the highest state of fever attends the excitement and strain of the most intense work that fails to the lot of any men, except soldiers in war. That is election night. That is the night when a few men sit down at 6 o'clock before virgin sheets of paper, with the knowledge that before 2 o'clock the next morning they must cover those sheets with the election returns of a nation, digesting family do all things possible to divert mountains of figures and apprising the public of the results in the most condensed forms, weeks in advance of the official announcements, as sparks might be counted while they fly from the shapeless iron on a blacksmith's anvil. And these calculations must stand the test of comparison with those which the rival newspapers, working without collaboration, as eager competitors, will publish at the same moment.

The election figures come in driblets and atoms and must be put together as the Florentia's make their mosaics. Some of it, we shall see, is plucked from the very air—as a magician seems to collect coins in a borrowed hat-begotten of reasoning, but put down beside the genuine returns with equal confidence and almost accuracy.

Ah, but that is a work to try cool heads and strong nerves. I am quite certain no other men in the world include periodically, as a fixed part of a workaday existence. No other men, regularly once a year, feel themselves so truly in the focus of an intense public interest, manifesting itself in so many ways. -

WEIGH WITH THEIR EYES. .

Often Use Scales.

The dealers in live stock who buy and sell the thousands of cattle, hogs and sheep which are daily handled at the Bourbon stockyards must be expert in guessing the weight of a live animal at a glance. In conversation with a well known stockman a few days ago he explained why this is necessary:

"It would be impossible to weigh the cattle in many cases because of the immense labor involved and the length of time it would take, while the market price, which is subject to constant fluctuations, might easily vary from its highest to its lowest limit while we were weighing the animals in one of our big scales. For instance, today, which has been the biggest day of the year thus far, there have been received at the Bourbon yards over 2,400 head of cattle and about 6,000 hogs. Suppose we had to drive all of those upon the scales to ascertain their weight? There are dozens of old stock men who can inspect a herd of animals and form an estimate of their average weight which will be readily accepted by purchasers as

the basis of a trade. "In a test case which was made some time since a man who has had a lifelong experience in buying and selling a herd of cattle, after inspecting a herd of 500 animals, guessed their average weight within one-third of a pound of the actual figure ascertained by weighing the cattle individually. The feat was accomplished by Mr. Ben D. Offutt of this county and is not so extraordinary as it appears, because similar instances of expert 'guessing' occur here every day."-Louisville Courier-Jour-

For a Sweet Breath.

Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink sour lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgatives, exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, heaithy and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath resulting from a bad tooth, wine or garlic scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint, creams, orris root, cloves, mastic rosin and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Ten drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth. A teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the very best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble or any slight indisposition which may affect the breath. -Philadelphia Times

Lord Crewe's Collection.

Lord Crewe once, on the occasion of some charitable entertainment, leaned up against a corridor wall, fast asleep. with his hat in his hand. Some wild sanctioned the plans for a railway up about powder magazines. They are also young men started dropping coppers and the Jungfrau. The railway will, in its to be used for signaling from balloons half crowns into the hat until the chink- upper extremity, run in a tunnel, ris- at night and can be fixed to the helmet ing awakened him, when, with gay hu- ing in spirals in the interior of the when the men have to dig trenches aftmor, he pocketed all the silver and pelt- mountain and will end on a little er dark. - Berlin Exchange. ed his impertinent pence.-London Million.

The "great bell" at Moscow weighs 443,732 pounds, is 19 feet and 3 inches high and measures 60 feet 9 inches around the lower rim. The bell metal

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration, and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they ar a the verge of hysterics and acute nc. ous pain all the time. A woman, if she be inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came into my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles, and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

"'Do you talk as much as that very

often, madam?' I asked. "She drew herself up and said in an offended tone: 'This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep, and though my my mind and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer'-

"And so her tongue rattled on until I again had to stop her.

" 'Now, listen to my prescription,' I 'Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make any calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater, do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed, and your nervous system will get rest.'

"What did she say to that? Well, I such a night of tension and excitement, do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

"Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did. It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity or complete loss of brain power if his business goes wrong. But the very hervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family -few in numbers, I mean-to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

" 'Keep quiet a few hours every day, and you will be a well woman,' is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it, they come back and say, 'Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription.' "-New York Sun.

Chinese Hospitality.

"Very few people have any idea of the great hospitality of the Chinese," said a Pittsburg Celestial recently. "Chinamen coming to this country retain their ideas of oriental hospitality and always keep open doors for any of their race who may need shelter. A Chinaman arriving in Pittsburg without money would never want for a lodging and boarding place. He would simply go to the first Chinese laundry or residence, feeling assured that he would find a welcome there. If, after staying a couple of days, he should learn that the circumstances of his host were such that the latter could not well afford to keep him, he would move away, making his home with another Chinaman. He would continue doing this, dividing himself up, so to speak, until he was able to get work and support himself. Of course such wanderers usually endeavor to find the most wealthy Chinamen and become their guests. I have known some of the laundries in Pittsburg to have 10 and 12 transient visitors-you could not call them boarders to stay over night."—New York Home Journal.

Bullock Teams Against Railroads. An instance of road versus rail competition occurred here on Saturday, when three bullock teams laden with general merchandise arrive in Casterton from Portland for Messrs. H. & G. Harris. The goods had been brought by steamer from Melbourne to Portland, when they were loaded up by the well known teamsters, Messrs. G. Humphries, J. Taylor and A. McEachern, who drove 16 bullocks each. The drivers left Portland on Saturday week, where they had gone with loads of wool. They give the roads generally a good name and state that on the route they were frequently spoken to as to the competition against the railway and a return of the good old days when the bullocks held full sway of the roads.-Casterton (Australia)

Railway Up the Jungfrau.

The Swiss authorities have at last rocky plateau on the western side of the summit. The last portion of the aselevator. The narrow ridge at the summit will be leveled by blasting for a hoFRAUDS EXPOSED.

Some of the Tricks of So Called Mind Readers Solved by Dr. Hyslop.

Dr. Hyslop of Columbia college, says a writer in the Boston Herald, has helped to bring down several so called mind readers who have visited New York. The Taylors, a man and woman who gave exhibitions in New York two years ago and convinced nearly every one who saw them of the genuineness of their manifestations, gave a private seance for the benefit of this Columbia professor and some of his scientific friends. They found hidden objects, they picked out cards that had been selected from a pack and then shuffled in again, and all the other familiar tricks, with more than common success, one of them staying in the room and being in the secret, and the other coming in after all was ready and supposedly reading the partner's mind.

All went well until Dr. Hyslop and a confederate took the Taylors aback by announcing that they could do the same things. They had found that the words used by one of the "mind readers" in calling the other into the room were what gave the desired information. It was discovered that by skillful arrangement of not more than six words a surprising amount of information could be conveyed. This is the first time the fact that the Taylors were not genuine mind readers has been made public.

Another "mind reader" exposed by Dr. Hyslop and coinvestigators was Guibal, who gave exhibitions in New York recently and astonished hundreds of persons, most of whom suppose to this day that his tricks were bona fide was a woman called Greville, who sat on the stage, and who, so far as could be seen for a long time, gave him absolutely no sign of what was in her mind. Guibal apparently read that mind as if it were an open book. The whole thing was found to be a trick, and the explanation is now in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research. It is believed that Guibal and Greville were the same persons whose performances had amazed London not long before. The woman breathed very heavily, and the code of signals lay in the manner of her breathing, messages being conveyed by long and short breaths, something like the dots and dashes in the Morse telegraph code.

SOME PEOPLE'S RELIGION.

Marion Crawford Writes a Pointed Little Lecture on Intolerance.

There are very good and devout men and women who take the world-present and to come-quite literally, as a mere fulfillment of their own limitations; who look upon what they know as being all that need be known, and upon what they believe of God and heaven as the mechanical consequence of what they lmow, rather than as the cause and goal, respectively, of existtence and action; to whom the letter of the law is the arbitrary expression of a despotic power, which somehow must be looked upon as merciful; who answer all questions concerning God's logic with the tremendous assertion of God's will; whose God is a magnified man, and whose devil is a malignant animal, second only to God in understanding, while extreme from God in disposition.

There are good men and women who -to use a natural but not flippant simile-take it for granted that the soul is cast into the troubled waters of life without the power to swim or even the possibility of learning to float, dependent upon the bare chance that some one may throw in the life buoy of ritual religion as its only conceivable means of salvation. And the opponents of each particular form of faith invariably take just such good men and women, with all their limitations, as the only true exponents of that especial creed, which they then proceed to tear in pieces with all the ease such an undue advantage of false premise gives them. None of them has thought of intellectual mercy as being perhaps an integral part of Christian charity. Faith they have in abundance, and hope also not a little; but charity, though it be for men's earthly ills, and theoretically, if not always practically, for men's spiritual shortcomings, is rigidly forbidden for the errors of men's minds. Why? No thinking man can help asking the little question which grows great in the unanswering silence that follows it .- Marion Crawford in Century.

Safety In Speed.

In the course of experiments with the Maxim gun at Lydd camp bamboo screens were the targets. The greater the velocity obtained the less was the effect on the screens. It was sometimes almost impossible to see where the bullets passed through. The inference is that if a bullet struck a human being in a fleshy but not vital part the injury would be less serious than that inflicted by a projectile of less velocity. -London Standard.

To Carry Electric Batteries.

It is probable that large numbers of the German soldiers will be equipped with portable electric batteries weighing about half a pound. A small lamp goes with it, and the invention will be of great value to the men employed

Philip I of France fell out with the cent will be made, painful to relate, by queen, turned her out of doors and marsomething so intensely modern as an ried the wife of a nobleman, giving the unique reason, "I like her better than i do my wife and can provide for her better than her husband can."

CHANTING PRIESTS.

A SERVICE OF SONG NO HEARER CAN EVER FORGET.

An Important Part of the Greek Church of Russia-The Baying, Bull-like Voices of Monks Intoning Prayers For the Czar. A Magnificent Tomb.

The chant of the priests' voices was the most striking thing that I encountered in my travels in Russia a year ago. Never in any place have I heard music at all like it. More like the cry of some great animal or the moaning of a musical wind it seemed than human tones. Deep, strong, roaring, yet soft and melodious, it haunted me as no music had ever done. This intoning, which forms so important a part of the Greek church in Russia, is performed by men who are chosen especially for the tremendous depth of their voices, to be used in intoning alone, not singing. Trained and cultivated into still greater strength and depth, there is in the whole wide world no human sound

There are only certain parts of the service that are thus intoned, such as "Halleluiah," "Lord have mercy," 'Lord, we pray thee," "Grant this, O God," but above all, "Save long, O God, the life of the czar!" Over and over again are these words moaned, sighed and roared, like a varying wind, through the arches and galleries of the splendid psychic phenomena. Guibal's assistant | churches of the most splendid country of the world.

There is a priest in the Church of St. Saveur in Moscow who was pardoned. and brought back from Siberia solely because of the extraordinary depth of the tones of his voice.

These great baying, bull-like voices bring to their owners, it is said, a very good income. The last part of the service is always the loudest, and the last words, in a tremendous final roar, are always the petition to save long from death the czar: Unlike the Latin service of the Roman Catholic church, the common people of Russia can understand much of the service of their church, as a part of it is in modern Russian and the rest in old Slavonic. Thus that cry which rings through the churches to save the life of the czar is understood and felt by the humblest subject Although this intoning can be heard

everywhere in the churches throughout Russia, the best example of it is perhaps in the famous Alexander Nevsky monastery in St. Petersburg. At 4 o'clock every afternoon the priests' chant can be heard there, and no traveler should miss this extraordinary spectacle. In the winter, when the higher classes are in town, there are long lines of elegant conveyances at the door, that have brought the fashionable Russian devotees to hear the monks chant. But at all times of the year it is a resort not only for Russians, but for the strangers from the hotels. The monastery is at the end of the fashionable Nevsky Prospekt, the Fifth avenue of St. Petersburg. In the green inclosure there are many buildings connected with the monastery, but it was to the chapel where the monks chant the evening service that we first directed our steps one afternoon late in June. Far back in the dimness, in a chancel behind two altars, was a collection of large, brawny men. Their long black robes, high black velvet caps and long flowing veils, all of black, magnified their height and their imposing appearance. Their beards were long, and heavy locks of hair hung like thick manes on their shoulders.

They were already chanting, when we entered, in those peculiar organlike tones which I found the most impressive thing in Russia. How that strange volume of sound moaned and rose and fell throughout the structure! How it wailed in our ears, like a mighty wind, and always, whether loud or soft, in the saddest, sweetest melody! There were half recitative solos, chanted first by one voice and taken up by the others. "Lord have mercy!" "Lord grant it!" they wailed and mouned until it seemed as if the sound would never again leave my ears.

After a time it ceased, and then the procession of towering black robed monks came out into the body of the chapel, leaving but little room for us as we crowded ourselves against the wall. Placing themselves with their backs toward us and their faces toward the altar in a semicircle, they began again their chant, in a different and much louder refrain, "God save long the life of the emperor!" Never shall I forget that semicircle of black monumental figures nor the waves of sound that still vibrated on the air after their voices had ceased.

We turned away and walked across the green courtyard, where many rich Russians are buried. All Russians esteem it a sacred privilege to be buried in the soil surrounding a monastery, and among those who lie here is the novelist Turgeneff. We traversed nuthe tall, black veiled monks passing us, racqui.

until we reached the chapel of Alexander Nevsky, the czar monk who lies buried here-buried in such a temb as no other man ever had, for it is of solid silver, weighing 3,250 pounds. Not only the sarcophagus but the altar near which it stands and also the rails which surround it are of solid silver. A likeness of the great czar, who was also a monk, lies on top under a sheet of solid gold. Diamonds and rubies gleam in the sconces that hang here and there, and the key of Adrianople, framed in jewels, hangs near the silver tomb. Strangemingling of austerity with splendor is this wonderful chapel! In this same monastery are the famous coffers of jewels and gold and gems untold that were brought from Persia on camels' backs during the reign of Alexander Nevsky .- Cor. New York Sun.

Hungry Pike.

One of my sons, aged 15, went with three other boys to bathe in Inglemere pond, near the Ascot race course. He walked into the water to about the depth of four feet, when he spread out his hands to attempt to swim.

At that instant a large fish came up and took his whole hand into its mouth, but finding itself unable to swallow it relinquished its hold, and the boy, turning round, prepared for a hasty retreat. His companions, who saw the fish, scrambled out of the pond as fast as

My son had scarcely turned around before the fish came up behind him, and seizing his other hand crosswise inflicted some very deep wounds on the back of it. The boy raised his free hand, which was still bleeding, and struck the great fish a hard blow on the head, when it disappeared. The other boys assisted my son to dress, bound up his hand with their handkerchiefs and brought him home.

We took him to the surgeon, who dressed seven wounds in one hand, and so great was the pain the next day that the lad fainted twice. The little finger was bitten through the nail, and it was more than six weeks before it was well. The nail came off, and the scar remains to this day. - Fishing.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Phenomena Which Give Rise to Stories About This Wonderland.

Strange stories are told of phenomena that appear at the Shoshone falls. Sometimes when the air is perfectly still the spray arises several hundred feet above the walls of the canyon and can be seen on the plains at a considerable distance. Then for days and weeks at a time there is scarcely any spray at all. Often the whole canyon around the falls will be filled with spray, and every bark and rock will drip with moisture. Again it will be as clear as a frosty night under the same conditions from influences that no one has been able to discover or ex-

Often above the monotone of the falling waters weird sounds may be heard unlike any that were ever named and can be compared to no other, and again from time to time a sudden throbbing is audible, measured by regular intervals, like the beating of a human pulse. These, too, proceed from no apparent cause, and science has been unable to solve their mistery.

At the crest of the highest rock in the center of the Shoshone fails is the nest of an eagle, and for 34 years the same bird has come regularly on the 26th, 27th or 28th of March to repair and recccupy it and raise a brood of young. Charley Walgomet first noticed her when he located here in 1860. The nest was standing then, and as long as he lived there, until five years ago, he kept a record of her reappearance. She never varied more than three days in her arrival. Since his time the record has been kept by others, who testify to the same regularity.

The spray from the falls carries a sediment which clings like frest to the windows of the little hotel and can be scraped off with a knife. Mr. Keller, who keeps the place, says that they clean the glass every spring by laying the sashes flat and pouring upon them a solution of vinegar and salt. After they have soaked for three or four days the coating can be wiped off with a cloth, but in a few weeks the glass is covered again, as if it was frosted. The scrapings look like the dust of lime. The same sediment clings to the leaves of the trees and vegetables that are grown around the place and can be scraped off the rocks and the face of the bare clay. -Chicago Record.

Made Bold by His Brush.

Detaille, the French painter whose studies are all of military life, looks every inch a soldier. He is tall, slender and has a martial air. Detaille knows absolutely nothing of the life of a soldier except what he has read. At the age of 20 he was rather timid, but his character began to change as soon as he devoted his brush to military subjects.

The name of Lake Ontario was first noted as Skanodairo (beautiful lake). It was also, at various times and by different men, denominated Lac de Frontenac, Lac de Iroquois, and Lac de St. merous cloisters, with now and then Louis. The Mohawks called it Cainda-

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

