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The Lantern, Chester S.C.- February 4, 1898

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THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 35.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1898.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Subscription Price, \$2.00 Cash.

HOME TALKS.

Dealing with Stubborn Daughters— Young Step-Mothers—John and his "Pardner."

My dear friends must be patient if I keep some of them waiting awhile for answers to their inquiries. Here is a puzzled mother who is disturbed over the stubborn will of a little girl of three. She says, "Husband tells me we must break Dorothy's will and teach her obedience." By all means, teach Dorothy to obey, but never, never, break her will. The will is to be trained, and guided, not broken. Avoid painful contests with your little daughter. Do not say "You must do this or that," and enter on a fight to make her do it. If you are wise you will use gentleness and tact, influence her imagination; say, "Mother asked you to do this dear," and when you must punish, let it be for a great nause where there were many rooms, and here, Mary, talking John at his word, had given him a big, sunny chamber, where he had full liberty to keep his things in the wild confusion and fearful chaos men fancy they like. What was the result? John came to breakfast one morning and remarked, pleasantly: "My dear, I wish you would occasionally take time to put my den in some sort of order. I'd rather keep my traps in our room anywhere; they're harder to get at, and if you want my den for Jack's play-room in stormy weather, pray take it and welcome."

John, dear fellow, is the happier, for a grievance, which he knows, and Mary knows, is half a whimsical pretense after all. John prefers to stay where the rest of the family do, and that is close beneath the shelter of the little mother's wing.

A John I wot of, calls his wife "Pardner," and refers every question to her for its ultimate settlement. "Pardner will manage it somehow," he says, cheerily, whenever there is a difficulty—and so she does.

What John needs, dear wife, more than all else, is a great deal of downright honest loving, and a trifle of every-day petting and indulgence, since hidden away in every good man's heart, is the boy he used to be, who didn't mind now and then clinging to his mother's apron-string. Every good wife mothers her husband a little, for take life at its best and at its worst, one finds new situations which a mother can not straighten out if they are puzzling.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Christian Herald*.

Printers as Farmers.

The idea of colonizing the unemployed printers to New York's big union on the abandoned farms of New England is not so absurd as it seems at first glance. Printers as a rule are intelligent and quick of perception, and it is natural to suppose that the printers of Big Six are among the best in the country.

Agriculture, like every business in the world, gets into ruts without the infusion of fresh blood. Agriculture in the present day is suffering largely from that complaint. New men with new ideas are needed. It was not a printer who invented type setting machines, nor was it a mechanic who first discovered the use that steam could be put to. Nor are we to expect revolutions in any line to rise from its own ranks. If these men undertake farming on the old plantations abandoned by disgruntled farmers of a past generation on New England's hills, they will accomplish something, and those farmers who have stuck to the old places will be benefited by their new neighbors.

The question is not whether the printers will succeed as farmers, but whether they will undertake farming. The great mistake that has been made was in not bringing the colony south.—*Columbia Register*.

THE BLIZZARD.

Transportation and Communication Cut off—Fire and Death in Broken Wires.

BOSTON, Feb. 1.—A northern snow storm, which set in yesterday, raged until this afternoon and completely paralyzed all branches of business and street car and steam railroad traffic, and for a time shut off the city from communication by wire with all the places outside the limits of Boston. The storm was the most severe this city has experienced in 25 years, and caused the loss of several lives, besides doing a money damage of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Between one and five o'clock this morning a foot of heavy wet snow drifted over the city, and levelled wires in all directions. The snow clung to the poles and wires and crossed by a blowing at the rate of 50 miles an hour prostrated electric light, telephone and telegraph lines in and out of the city.

In Newton broken wires fall across others started a fire in the elegant residence of Charles J. Travelli, the wealthy Pittsburg steel manufacturer, and in two hours nothing remained of the house except ashes. Mr. Travelli's family escaped in their night clothes, without saving anything. The loss amounts to \$100,000.

Late last night the big three masted schooner Charles T. Briggs, of Bath, Me., coal laden, was dashed to pieces on the Nahant coast, and it is believed her crew of eight is perished. The body of one of the crew has been recovered.

In the business district it was nearly noon when many employees reached their places of employment, all suburban trolley lines have been abandoned, and the steam roads being unable to run more than two or three suburban trains during the forenoon. All through trains from New York and the west as well as through from the east, were from four to six hours late. Tonight the few trains moving are running without a telegraphic service.

Many horses were killed in the streets by stepping on the ends of telephone wires which had fallen across the trolley wires.

Tonight the situation assumed such a dangerous aspect that Mayor Quincy ordered that none of the electric lights be turned on except in districts where the wires are under ground. It will require weeks to restore the telephone and telegraph service. Not a single telegraph wire out of Boston was in operation all day, and the telephone wires were in almost as bad condition. The wholesale and most of the retail business districts of the city were deserted all day.

Shipping in the harbor was damaged greatly and it is feared many disasters to coast shipping will be reported when telegraphic communication is restored.

The centre of the storm appeared to be in the vicinity of New Bedford, and the brunt of it fell on Boston and territory within a radius of 15 or 20 miles. From meagre reports received from the middle and western parts of the State the storm there was less severe. Here about 20 inches of snow fell.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The storm which began Sunday night swept over New York State with great fury and to-day was central in the New England States. Northern New York is snow-bound. Business has been at a standstill in many of the smaller towns; wires all over the country are down; roads are blocked and railway traffic greatly impeded. The "up-State" residents have suffered from the cold, which ranged as low as 20 degrees and more below zero. At Albany, Troy, Saratoga and many other places in the State as much as two and three feet of snow has fallen and reports are to the effect

that the blizzard is still raging, the worst storm since the memorable one of 1885. Citizens of this city have had to battle their way to business against a gale of wind that at times swept along at 40 miles an hour and carried sheets of snow with it.

Forecasters' official thermometer at 8 o'clock to-night registered 12 and the mercury is going down rapidly.

Much delay was caused to the railway mail service from the northern part of the State which has been practically cut off, and trains running on the New York Central railroad were from four to five hours late. From 10,000 to 20,000 men have been at work with thousands of teams on the streets clearing away the snow, and yet there has been no appreciable decrease in the amount that is piled up in every direction.

Portions of Long Island suffered almost as much from the storm as far up the State. The East end of the island has been blockaded by the drifting snow. The Long Island railroad was completely closed to-day. Snow plows driven by five of the most powerful engines on the road are now battling with the drifts on the eastern section of the road.

WATERVILLE, Me., Feb. 1.—

Some houses have been buried by 20-foot drifts of snow. Cotton Mills have been closed, the operatives being unable to reach them.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 1.—

The storm has paralyzed business and traffic. Street car lines are tied up and communication with other towns is almost suspended. All the mills are seriously affected by the storm. Many of the operatives are out and some of the mills are not running at all.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 1.—

The storm here to day was one of the worst ever known. Telegraph and telephone wires are all down and the city is overwhelmed by three feet of snow which has blown into immense drifts.

Concise.

It is not easy to learn to keep an expense account all at once. For instance, if one is told to be concise and business-like, one may mistake the proportions desirable, and be too concise. An exchange presents an illustration of this.

A young husband gave his wife a neat little account book, prettily bound, and designed to be inviting in appearance. He also gave her \$50, and said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

Two weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept that account," said the young matron. "Here it is." And on one page was inscribed: "Received from Algy fifty dollars," and on the opposite was this summary: "Spent it all."

Berkshire Manners.

Mary Russell Mitford used to declare that there was no place in England like her "Sunny Berkshire." As to the country people, they were unmatchable for their savvy, courtesy, and respectful manners. One day Miss Mitford was walking through a pasture with an incredulous London lady. There was a lad driving a cow, and his manners were to be tested. "Now," said Miss Mitford, "you will see how gallant are our country folk." There was a gate to be opened and the boy opened it, and the ladies passed through. There was triumph on the part of Miss Mitford. The London lady put a question to the boy: "You are not Berkshire, I'm sure; and this was the gentle boy's reply: "There's a liar, vor I be!"—*Argosian*.

A NEW MONEY CROP.

Making Hay in Georgia at \$75 Profit to the Acre.

Charleston News and Courier.

The Macon, Ga., *Telegraph* says of Mr. W. H. Mansfield, a farmer who lives in that city and farms near it, that when he was a boy he learned to "make hay when the sun shines," but now that he is a man, he "makes it all the time."

He is a good farmer, to begin with, as proved by the fact that he "easily raises 75 bushels of corn to the acre" on his swamp land and large numbers of hogs, and he has achieved so great success with both corn and hay that "other farmers throughout the country are always seeking to learn his methods."

It is as a hay-maker, however, that Mr. Mansfield has achieved most enviable distinction. He has a grass farm of "several hundred acres" near Macon, from which he cuts three crops of hay every season. "He grows 'about six or seven tons to the acre' in a season, which brings \$12 a ton on the market, and there is always a good demand. "His grass crop nets him about \$75 an acre."

His land is good, but there are thousands of acres like it in Georgia. He "cultivates" the grass on his farm and makes it pay. Being asked "if the quality of the land did not have a great deal to do with the yield?" he replied: "Undoubtedly, but the man has a great deal more to do with it." As for the grass, which yields a "net" profit of \$75 an acre, every year, it is not a hitherto-unheard-of kind of grass at all. It grows in all parts of the South, and there is a good deal of it in South Carolina, in spots. General Hagood and Mr. W. G. Childs, of Columbia, we believe, cultivated it with profit some years ago, if not more recently. The seed or roots, can be obtained very cheaply, and when it has once been planted any where it grows right along, at the same place, for years, without requiring special attention. Fertilizing and cultivation, cutting and curing, are what make it pay \$75 net profit per acre to Mr. Mansfield every year. We do not recall its Latin name, but farmers in South Carolina usually refer to it as "that damp grass," when they do not call it "Bermuda."

Mr. Mansfield's money crop beats tobacco; beats grain; beats sugar; beats any crop with which we are acquainted. Other crops may bring in more money to the acre—very few bring in as much, but there is no other that we know of that leaves \$75 per acre clear profit in the farmer's hands every year. If Bermuda grass had never been grown before in the United States, and Mr. Mansfield had just introduced it with the showing that he makes as to its profitability, farmers throughout the South would be falling over each other in their efforts to get a chance to "try it," and paying high for the privilege. Some of them who have had it on their farms for years might do well to try it any way, under the conditions exemplified by Mansfield.

Getting on in the Wood Lay.

Yesterday a pile of wood lay in front of an office. Soon after it had been thrown off the wagon a young white fellow came along and asked the owner if he wanted to hire the wood cut. He did want it cut, but the enquirer didn't look like the man to do it, since in the place where one arm should be, dangled only an empty sleeve. But he was given the job, and soon showed that, armed as he was, he was a match for that wood pile, or any other one, for that matter. In a remarkably short time he had it cut and carried in, a job which most able bodied darkeys would have consumed three times as long in doing. On our streets yesterday was

GOOD ROADS.

The farmers and the railroad companies of Texas are alike interested in the subject of good roads; the farmer, because it cheapens the cost of getting their produce to market and enables them to market much that otherwise would be unsold; the railroads because it would add much to the volume of transportation business, since products now not brought from the farm would seek markets along the railroad lines; and both, because good roads add wonderfully in the settlement of a country and in enhancement of values in land and products.

In all the "good roads" discussions the employment of convict labor in roadmaking has received considerable attention, and as the subject is one that will almost certainly be present as a subject of legislation in Texas, an object lesson in California may be found of interest to *journal readers*.

In that state the object of getting the benefit of convict labor without working the convicts in public was attained by putting them to work in preparing road materials. Machinery for quarrying and crushing the rock was supplied by the state. The Southern Pacific Railroad company gives low transportation rates, and now the state can put on the cars 1,000 tons of rock ready for use on the roads at a rate of not more than 25 cents a ton. Other railroads are carrying this material at the bare cost of train service. The valleys of California, where no rock or gravel are to be found, are now being supplied with the best of roads, the road materials delivered where needed at 50 or 60 cents a ton.

This is, perhaps, about as good a disposition as Texas could make of the convict labor question, and would give considerable employment to free labor and to the teams of the farmers along the lines of road construction.—*Texas Stock and Farm Journal*.

The old toll-house on the Boston post road, at the Connecticut line, near Greenwich, is to be removed. Washington and his army were permitted to pass through free, and were given two barrels of ale by the keeper's wife, besides

AN EGYPTIAN ELIXIR

By FRANK M. EASTMAN

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How the world looked when it was fresh and young. And the great deluge still had left its green.

I had been exploring a large rock tomb in the vicinity of Karak for a number of weeks in the summer of 18—.

The opening to the sepulcher, accidentally discovered, consisted of a straight passage, barely large enough for the entrance of a single individual at a time upon his hands and knees.

The walls of the passages and chambers were, like those of all of the grander Egyptian tombs, decorated with numerous spirited paintings, the bright colors of which still shone as fresh and lustrous as if they had been laid on but yesterday.

While painting away industriously, and sometimes reduced almost to despair in my attempts to mix colors as bright as those before me, I noticed that the paint had blistered or peeled off a little just at the point of the king's nose.

By taking advantage of the almost imperceptible interstices between the stone and the wall the work was somewhat accelerated, and several hours were saved in two holes some eight inches deep.

Allowing time for the fumes of the powder to dissipate, we returned and found the great slab had been bored through where it lay, broken in two main pieces upon the floor of a noble corridor of great width and height.

Being a torch from one of the beams of the ceiling, I saw the presence of a faint or possible presence of a soul or pot-

possibly game. Luckily there was neither. A moment's examination satisfied me that this was the real or main tomb to which the other had merely served as an antechamber, or perhaps had been placed there as a blind to deceive those who might search for the principal sepulcher.

As the sign of these objects burst upon me by the flickering and blighting light of myself trembling with excessive emotion. Here, was it, might be, the greatest Egyptological discovery since the finding of the Rosetta stone.

After a restless night I was up with the dawn, and, eating a hasty breakfast, hastened to the scene of my discovery, but before repairing thither I sent a messenger to Professor Bates,

Let the team walk. Roland Smith, in *The Farm Journal*, says that one of his employers kept three large teams, and always gave orders to trot them whenever a level or the laid permitted.

It is a short time the men returned with the apparatus, the derrick was erected and clamps were placed across the polished surface of the massive lid.

By taking advantage of the almost imperceptible interstices between the stone and the wall the work was somewhat accelerated, and several hours were saved in two holes some eight inches deep.

Reaching down into the great stone box, I managed to grasp the flask and, holding it aloft, I beheld the fellows set up a terrified shout as the light of their torches was reflected from it in streams of dazzling brilliancy.

BRYAN AT ERSKINE

Strong Efforts to Induce Him to Accept the Recent Invitation

Some in six states, have been very cordial in expressing the hope that Mr. Bryan would accept the invitation sent to him to serve as the anniversary orator at the next commencement in Erskine college.

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Corn Culture

Making the crop of corn and peas with seven furrows and without using the hoe

Prepare the land as thoroughly as possible adapting the preparation to the character of the soil and subsoil. We break all land broadcast before planting.

Open after a week or two with a large double winged shovel a deep furrow. In this drop two to four grains of corn and a good handful of compost (such as described in the last issue of *Southern Farmer and Horticulturist*) between the hills of corn.

As soon as corn is large enough side with a twenty-four inch heel scrape, running the first furrow on the same side that the scooter furrow was run, throwing in just enough soil to cover young grass but not the corn and only half filling the furrow when plowed on both sides.

After peas are large enough side with sixteen inch scrape. This completes the cultivation of corn and the planting and cultivation of the peas with seven furrows.

Ohio River & Charleston Ry. Co. — CONDUCTED WITH THE — South Carolina & Georgia R. R. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT OCT. 19, 1927.

NORTHWARD	(S. C. & G.)	SOUTHWARD
Leve, 7:10 am	Charleston	Arr, 8:00 pm
10:25 "	Branchville	8:20 "
10:55 "	Kingsville	8:44 "
(S. C. & G.)		
8:00 pm	Camden	8:00 "
8:15 "	Laurens	8:00 "
8:30 "	Camden	8:00 "
8:45 "	Rock Hill	8:15 "
9:00 "	York	8:30 "
9:15 "	Blackburg	8:45 "
9:30 "	Shelby	9:00 "
9:45 "	Poplar City	9:20 "
10:00 "	Sturtevant	9:40 "
10:15 "	Marion	10:00 "
10:30 "	Marion	10:15 "
GAPPNEY DIV.		
Leve, 8:00 pm	Blackburg	Arr, 7:30 am
7:00 "	Gaffney	6:50 "

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Then get some of our NEW LARD TINS to put your lard in and you will be fixed.

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