

**Intended for Humor.**

Tommy—Let up kids. Don't t'row any more snowballs at de couple in dat red sleigh,

Jimmy—Why not?

Tommy—'Cause it's wast' of snow. Dat pair are making love an' dey wouldn't feel cannon balls.—Denver Post.

The Professor's Wife—Bobby has been very naughty, my dear, and you must whip him at once.

The Professor (wearily)—Must it be done?

"Yes, I gave him his choice—getting whipped or going to hear your lecture."—New York Herald.

"What's the matter?"

"Dead broke."

"Cheer up! The future may have much in store for you."

"Yes, but what good does that do if I can't get any credit at the store?"—Cleveland Leader.

Wigg—Why do you say so positively that a man can't do wrong in marrying a widow!

Wagg—Why, it's plain enough that if a man marries a widow, he don't marry amiss.—Boston Transcript.

Customer—What! Fifty cents for that chicken? Don't you take anything off?

Butcher—No, sir; no sir; not even a leg. I am willing you should have it all.

"Then Mr. Richey didn't really give according to his means?" said the minister's wife.

"No," replied the minister, "merely according to his meanness."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Handout—Have you no desire for better things?

Tramp—Certain! I wish you'd take back dis hash and gimme broiled chicken!—Judge.

"How can we keep our brides from becoming disillusionized?"

"I don't know. Drowning them before they get their eyes opened is the only thing I can suggest."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Magnate—I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the West?

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah; kalsomining."—Maverick.

Rector—We have poor congregations in summer, don't we, dear?

Rector's Wife—I should say so! There isn't a decent trimmed hat in the church before the 1st of October.—New York Times.

Jones—My wife is very short-sighted, you know, and has been so since her girlhood.

Smith—(after taking a look at Jones)—Oh, then, that explains—er—I mean—it's of no consequence.

Authoress (to her husband)—Just think, Albert, our Flocki, the miserable dog has chewed up the whole manuscript of my new poem!

Husband—How was that?—Did you read it to him?—Wiener Salonwizblatt.

I did not make a new resolve When the old year did flit-o; I took the one I made last year, And wrote beneath it: "Ditto."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Good Work of the Sons of Rest--Their Encouragement of Bible Reading.**

From Yorkville Enquirer.

The Lancaster Tabernacle of "The Noble Sons of Rest" has spread its good work to the extent that it now has one hundred and fifty citizens of Lancaster pledged to simultaneous reading of a chapter in the Bible every Sunday. The class began with the first chapter of Matthew and proposes to go on through the New Testament. It is a most capital movement, and might be emulated with profit in Yorkville as well as throughout the state. Captain White's favorite argument in behalf of the movement is this quotation: "Search ye the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." It is pretty generally held that Bible reading is declining rather than otherwise. Just how true that is, we do not know; but we are doubtful about it. The Bible has not been the unchanged and unchangeable book of books throughout so many ages to go into decline at this late day. There has always been many to ignore it, and there will always be; but at the same time there have always been and always will be multitudes who have recognized and who will continue to recognize the Bible as the source of worldly wisdom and spiritual comfort the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. That the Bible is not read as much as it should be, there is no question; but the losers on that account are only those who neglect such a great privilege.

**How to Cure Chilblains.**

"To enjoy freedom from chilblains," writes John Kemp, East Otisfield, Me., "I apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Have also used it for salt rheum with excellent results." Guaranteed to cure fever sores, indolent ulcers, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and skin diseases. 25c at Crawford Bros. and Funderburk Pharmacy.

**Negro Lynched in Alabama for the Usual Crime.**

Midway, Ala., Jan. 5.—A negro, name yet unknown, was lynched and his body riddled with bullets by a party of citizens. Wednesday night he entered the room of Miss Morrell King, at Midway, through the window. Her screams brought assistance and soon a posse was in pursuit. The fugitive was captured yesterday and taken before his victim, who positively identified him. The negro made full confession and the lynching followed.

**The Right Name.**

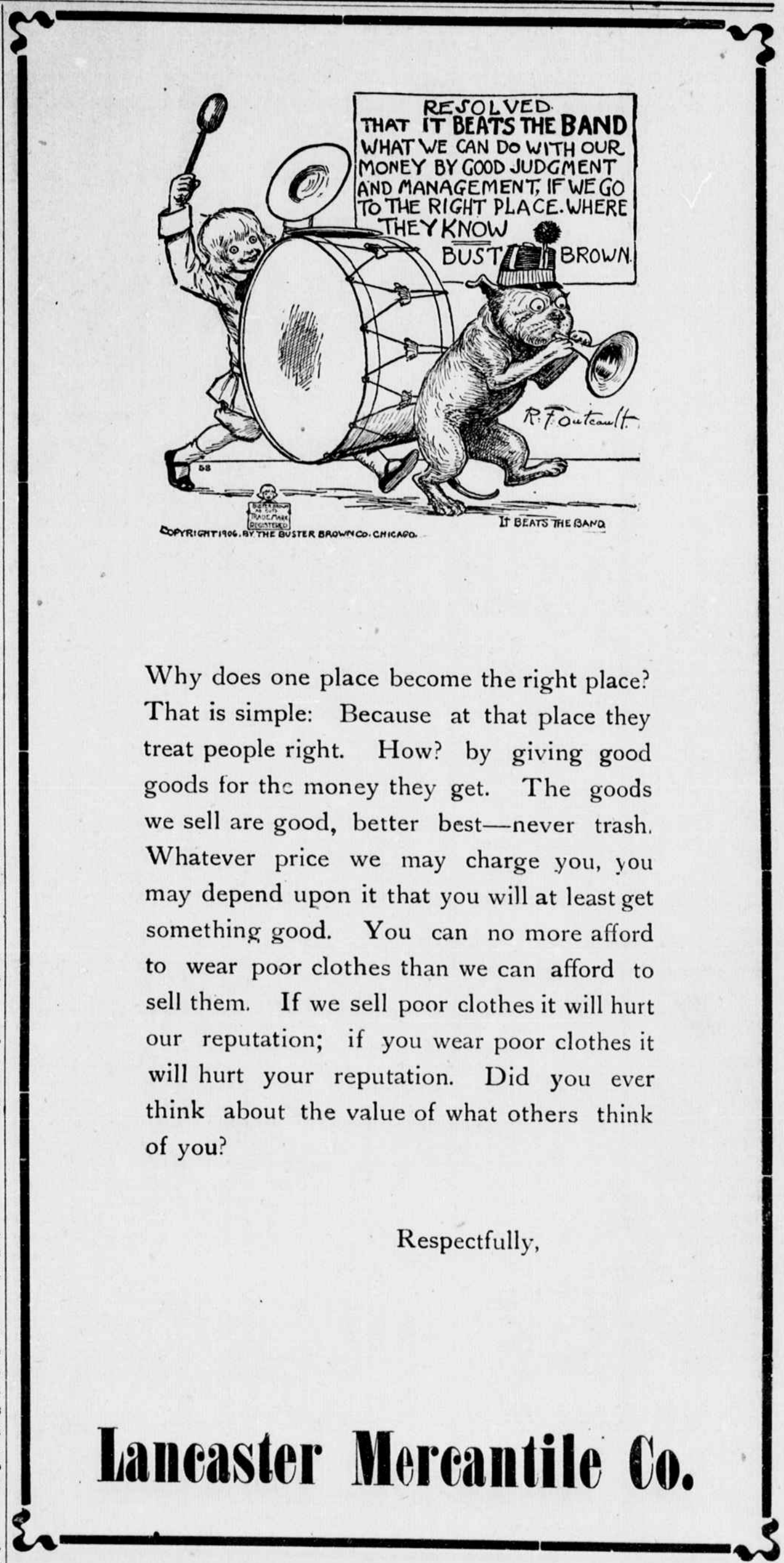
Mr. August Sherpe, the popular overseer of the poor, at Fort Madison, Ia. says: "Dr. King's New Life Pills are rightly named; they act more agreeably, do more good and make one feel better than any other laxative." Guaranteed to cure biliousness and constipation. 25c at Crawford Bros. and Funderburk Pharmacy.

"The Rev. Mr. Sixthly has a good deal of nerve."

"How so?"

"Why, he bought a barrel of old sermons and had them charged to the church."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clear up the complexion, cleanse the liver and tone the system. You can best do this by a dose or two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Safe, reliable little pills with a reputation. The pills that everyone knows. Recommended by Crawford Bros.



Why does one place become the right place? That is simple: Because at that place they treat people right. How? by giving good goods for the money they get. The goods we sell are good, better best—never trash. Whatever price we may charge you, you may depend upon it that you will at least get something good. You can no more afford to wear poor clothes than we can afford to sell them. If we sell poor clothes it will hurt our reputation; if you wear poor clothes it will hurt your reputation. Did you ever think about the value of what others think of you?

Respectfully,

**Lancaster Mercantile Co.**

**Brother of Governor-elect Ansel Dead.**

Anderson special in the Charleston Post: John J. Ansel, an elder brother of Governor elect M. F. Ansel, died at his home at Walnalla this afternoon after an illness of several weeks.

He was a veteran of Orr's regiment, 58 years old and leaves a wife and five children.

When the cold winds dry and crack the skin a box of salve can save much discomfort. In buying salve look for the name on the box to avoid any imitations, and be sure you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Crawford Bros.

**Big Liquor Seizures in Charleston last Month.**

Charleston Post: The state constables at Charleston confiscated more liquors and wines during December, just gone, than usual, a seemingly larger quantity being in the hands of the tigers.

A total of 456 gallons of alcoholic refreshments was found in December. Last year 290 gallons fell into the hands of the constables.

"Where we found ten gallons in storing places last year," said

Chief District Constable Holmes today, "we got forty or fifty gallons this year. There was a much larger quantity of liquor brought into the city this year than usual."

Not only were the captures for December larger, but for the year of 1906 a total of 3,800 gallons of whiskey, wine, brandy and so on, were seized, besides almost 24,000 bottles of beer, and some 4,000 gallons in kegs. In 1905, 2,400 gallons of liquor were seized.