THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Humorous Department.

TRADING A HORSE.—They say when a man goes to trading horses he can no longer be honest, at least in respect to horses, and yet, "they say," may be mistaken. At least it occured to me so, one day, as riding a pleasant road I met a man on horseback.

"Want to buy a horse?" he inquired.

"What you want for him?" said I.

"$200," said he.

"What do you ask for him?" said I.

"$175," said he.

"What will you take for him?" said I.

"$150," said he.

"What will you get for him?" said I.

"$125," said he.

"What did you give for him?" said I.

"$100," said he.

"What is he worth?" said I.

"$75," said he. I reckon you don't want to buy a horse, mister," and he rode into a yard of a big establishment I could see through the trees.

"What's that building?" I asked of a man a hundred yards farther on.

"Lunatic asylum," he replied curtly, and I steered in the other direction.

THE TWINS.—"Boss," he whispered, as he leaned over the counter, "de old woman wants some tea mighty bad, and I hasn't got any money."

"Can't help that, sir," was the reply. "I'm giving more than I can afford to without taking on any new applications."

"Zactly, boss—I presume so. Boss, please give me your full name."

"John Y. Blank."

"An' dat of you pardner."

"His name is William J. Jones. What do you want with our names?"

"Wall, I didn't get tea, but you used me like a gemlen, an' bein' as we got twins in our family I'ze gwine to name 'em arter you an' your pardner."

"Oh!" you said tea, eh? Why, yes, I'll be happy to put you up half a pound. Green or Japan?" Twins, eh? Hope the mother is doing well. Say, if you want those boys to make smart men give 'em smart names. If I were you I'd call 'em Washington and Jefferson."

EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.—The showman, Barnum, was always equal to a situation, said a Saratoga woman the other day. Years ago, when Tom Thumb was his only attraction, he came to Saratoga and attempted to give an entertainment. The village fathers, however, scared him away by the price of their license, and he went to Ballston, the next town, and advertised the performance. A special train was run from here, and a great many of us went down on it. When the curtain went up, Barnum came out and made a little speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began "it was my first intention to give this entertainment in Saratoga, but I soon discovered there were some men in that place so much smaller than my famous Tom Thumb, that it would be useless to attempt competition with them."

The Saratogians laughed as hard as the Ballston folks, and the hit was retailed for many a day.

HIS CIRCUS.—"I say, John, did ye see the circus?" yelled a little boy to another, last evening.

"No-o-o-o, I didn't see the circus," sneeringly said John, who had been kept in the house for disobedience.

"Humph! You ought to have been there; biggest show you ever seed; elephant and carmel and boa contwisters and—and everything! If I couldn't go to the circus I'd run away."

"Who wants to go to your old circus?" yelled John. "I had a circus all to myself. Tied the milk can to the cat's tail and the cat knocked down two flower pots, and smashed the cucumber frame, and broke a pane of glass in the dining room window. Git away wid yer old circus; been to more'n four hundred, and didn't have so much fun; and didn't git licked, nuther;" and the boy who had been to the circus felt as if he had got hold of the castor-oil bottle by mistake.

THE MACHINE COULD STAND IT.—The stranger at the hotel approached the typewriter girl stationed in the reading room and said with some embarrassment, according to the Inter-Ocean:

"I want to send a letter to a man in Milwaukee, and I haven't time to sit down and write it. It wouldn't take you more than three or four minutes to click it off from my dictation, would it?"

"No, sir."

"And that's what you are here for, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"The—the man I want to write to has played me a scurvy trick in a business transaction and I want to use some pretty strong language. I didn't know whether—whether you would."

"I guess the machine can stand it," said the typewriter girl with a yawn. "Fire away."

IN THE INTERIM.—"You are doing nicely," said the doctor encouragingly to an old darkey patient. "I will call again tomorrow, and will leave you this prescription now, to save you from pain in the interim." Then he went out.

"Da's er 'scription dat de doctah lef'," said the patient feebly to his wife, "an' I want yo' ter go to de drug sto' an' git it filled. Tell de drug sto' man dat it's fo' my interim, an' be sho an' ax him ef I'se ter take it eternally, or jess rub it on the outside, an' ef so whar."

☞ Her lips quivered, and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak. "Do you love me?" he anxiously demanded, seizing her shrinking hand. "I—I don't know," she faltered. Gently he insinuated his arm about her. "Darling," he murmured, "would you like to have me ask your mamma first?" With a sudden cry of terror she grasped his arm. "No, no, no!" she shrieked convulsively. "She is a widow. I want you myself." She clung to him until he solemnly promised that he would say nothing to the old lady for the present.

AMICABLY ADJUSTED.—"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asked one rival railroad man, during a dispute they had on business.

"No, colonel, I don't mean to call you a liar. On the contrary, I say that you are the only man in town who tells the truth all the time; but I am offering a reward of $25 and a chromo to any other man who says he believes me when I say you never lie," was the response.

"Well, I'm glad you took it back," replied the other party, as the tiger-like look of ferocity faded out of his features.

☞ A pious and aged Saco lady, who felt that the end of her earthly existence was close at hand, was settling her bill with the ice-man the other day and took occasion to remark, in an earnest way, "I don't suppose I'll take ice of you another year. I expect to pass over to the other side of the river before long." "Oh, no trouble, no trouble at all," replied the enterprising ice-man, "we send a team over there every day!"

☞ Apropos of the lawyers pitching into experts on the witness stand in murder trials, the case is recalled where the lawyer looking quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said: "Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?" "The same as lawyers," was the reply. "But doctors' mistakes are buried 6 feet under ground," said the lawyer. "Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing about 6 feet in the air."

☞ They had been quarreling about his next summer clothes. She wanted to have his light clothes cleaned up for 1894, and he wanted a heavier suit. "What's the use of fighting about this?" he said finally. I may be in the cemetery next summer." "I think," she replied, "you will need your summer clothes wherever you may be."

☞ A disappointed fish hawker was belaboring his slow, but patient horse in the street one day, and calling out his wares at intervals, as "herrin,' herrin'." A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly, from an upper window, "Have you no mercy?" "No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin'."

☞ Brown—Did the christening of the twins go off all right?

Mr. Poppeigh—Yes; but I didn't like the hymn the choir sang.

Brown—What did the choir sing?

Mr. Poppeigh—"Still there's more to follow."

Wayside Gatherings.

☞ How to make farming pay. Work.

☞ Fair dealing is the sand and cement of society.

☞ The worst troubles we have are those that never happen.

☞ Mail is distributed in 68,403 post offices in the United States.

☞ Be careful of your manners; they indicate your breeding.

☞ "About all the use some people's heads are is to put their hats on.

☞ The walls of Babylon were 340 feet high and 100 feet thick at the base.

☞ Worth recently made for a Persian belle a gown which cost the wearer $30,000.

☞ A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

☞ Native laborers in Palestine work for 15 cents a day and pay all their own expenses.

☞ Australia is said to have more churches in proportion to population than any other country.

☞ No man has so many faults as his enemies declare, nor so many virtues as his admirers claim.

☞ There is at present a colored prisoner in the Alabama mines who speaks twelve different languages.

☞ Some one who believes that brevity is the soul of wit, writes, "Don't eat stale Q-cumbers; they'll W up."

☞ Photographers claim that they can take a picture of a rifle-ball traveling at the rate of 3,000 feet per second.

☞ There are now about 100 army officers engaged in teaching college youths the theory and practice of the art of war.

☞ Christianity does not propose to make a man better than his neighbor, but it proposes to make him better than himself.

☞ One of the sages says: "Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads."

☞ One ought to carry his religion into everything that he does, just as he carries any other part of himself—unconsciously.

☞ Roman law allowed divorce for three causes: the Scriptural reason, designs on a husband's life, and the possession of a false key.

☞ "Patrick, were you a minor when you landed in America?" asked the naturalization officer. "No, your honor; I was a bricklayer."

☞ It takes a man with a good deal of influence with himself to do something he doesn't want and doesn't have to, because he ought to.

☞ These six—the peevish, the niggard, the suspicious, the dissatisfied, the passionate, and those who live on others' means—are forever unhappy.

☞ Marriage is a contract, but it differs from all others in that it is the only contract that minors can make which in a court of law will be held good.

☞ In North Carolina there are 33,280,000 acres of land, about 12,000,000 of which are in cultivation. Of this number 1,600,000 acres are in cotton.

☞ No man's religion is better than his politics; his religion is pure whose politics are pure, and is religion is radically wrong whose politics are wrong.

☞ "Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying deacon, who was very selfish. "It might melt," was the minister's consoling reply.

☞ The most curious animal in the world is the ornithornycus parodoxus. It has a beak like a duck, a body like an otter, is web-footed, is amphibious, and lays eggs.

☞ A scientist says: No one need have any fear of a male wasp. He has no sting. The trouble is that a fellow isn't positive as to its sex until after he has been interviewed.

☞ It is so much easier to raise your hand at a revival meeting, to signify that you are a Christian, than it is to lift the same hand to do a good deed after the meeting is over.

☞ Sir James Stephen knew the value of a short and explicit will. His is as follows: "This is my last will. I give all my property to my wife, whom I appoint my sole executrix."

☞ Some of the early kings of England and France, when they were traveling, were attended by coiners, who supplied them with money as it was needed, fresh from portable mints.

☞ The oldest engine is claimed to be in operation in a Savannah (Ga.) rice mill. It was built in 1815 by James Watt, of Lancashire, England, and was brought to this country in the same year.

☞ Near Brenham, Texas, lives a man who has only one eye, the strange feature of his case being the fact that the place where the other eye should be is a blank, and has been so from birth.

☞ "You say, Pat, that the Garden of Eden was in Ireland." "Yis, sor." "But there are no serpents in Erin." "Shure, now, don't you know that Adam lived before St. Patrick kem over."

☞ Within the last month Iowa, Kentucky and Ohio have granted full suffrage to woman, making twenty-three States in which women can vote on equal terms with men in all elections pertaining to school management.

☞ During a call that little four-year old Mary was making with her mother, a slice of cake was given to her. "Now, what are you going to say to the lady?" asked the mother. "Is you dot any more?" said little Mary, demurely.

☞ "Say, are you the boy I sent with a letter about three weeks ago?" Boy—Yes, sir. "Well, why in the mischief didn't you bring the answer back?" Boy—You told me to wait for a reply, and the man won't be home before next spring.

☞ "Well, why don't you say that you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during the little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management. "Because I don't wish anything of the sort," she retorted. "I only wish you were one."

☞ The Oxford University press has issued the most diminutive Bible in existence. It is finely printed on Oxford Indian paper, and its minute dimensions are only three and three-fourth inches in length, two and one-eighth inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness.

☞ Little Tom K., was to have a new father, and his grandfather, who was to prepare his youthful mind for the event, said: "Tom, by this time tomorrow, you'll have a new papa, and your mother will have a new name." Tom (with bewilderment): "And who will I be, grandpa?"

☞ Of our fifty-one States and Territories, twenty-seven are each larger than all of England, while the entire territory of the Union would contain England sixty-nine times. Five of our States and Territories are each larger than the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

☞ The migrating instinct is uncontrolable in birds that have it at all. Geese hatched from the eggs of the wild variety, though they have no opportunity of learning, take wing in the fall and fly off to the South; if their wings be clipped they will walk off as fast as and go as far as they can.

☞ "Let me tell you, Mrs. Thomas," said a happy Long Island parent to a rustic neighbor, "my son Ernest has got a first prize." "Oh! I quite understand your feelings, marm," said Mrs. Thomas. "I felt just the same when our young pig carried off a medal at the agricultural show."

☞ Several of the senators in congress take daily naps on the lounges in the cloak rooms, and it frequently happens in the middle of the afternoon that the lounges are all occupied by sleeping statesmen, some of whom snore so loud that the doors have to be closed to keep the rumble from becoming audible in the galleries.

☞ The Shah of Persia is exceedingly superstitious. He always carries with him when he travels a circle of amber, which is said to have fallen from heaven in Mohammed's time and which renders the wearer invulnerable, a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crime.

☞ All Europe seems to have the exhibition fever and some sort of world's fair is to be held in every European capital during this year. And the epidemic is spreading farther afield. Alexandria is preparing a national exhibition of ancient and modern Egypt, to be open in that city during the coming summer. It is to be a complete exposition of the modern life, social industrial and artistic, of the land of the Pharaohs, and also of much of the country's wondrous past.

The Farm and Fireside.

TAN LEATHER AT HOME.

In a recent letter to the Abbeville Press and Banner, Mr. W. L. Anderson says:

Enclosed you will find a piece of alum-tanned leather. The process of preparing it is sometimes called glove tanning, from the fact that small skins are tanned in this way for glove making. Some persons, who have seen some of the leather prepared by Mr. J. Rhodes, who is living on my place, have asked me for a description, in detail, of the way it is done. I have thought it might prove interesting to the farmer readers of The Press and Banner, to learn of a better way of disposing of their beef hides and sheep and gout skins than selling them at two cents and buying from the merchants their necessary supply of leather at 40 or 50 cents per pound.

Another reason for sending this to you for publication is that there was a man in the town of Ninety-Six last week trying to sell the rights to use this or a similar process at $5 each. There is nothing new in it. It is rather ancient for a patent. With this preface I will give, in as few words as is consistent with being understood, the details of the process by which the leather was tanned from which the piece enclosed was cut. All the farmers need to make a tanyard is a kerosine barrel sawed into two tubs. Locate the yard under shelter, out of rain and sunshine. Begin with the skin as soon as taken from the animal. It is more easily worked, but if you start off with a dry hide, soak in water for about three days or until thoroughly soft and pliable, remove all the bits of flesh and fir from it and put into lime or strong ashes and water sufficient to cover. As soon as the hair becomes loose, in about two days, remove it all. I use a common farm hoe to scrape the hair off with, return the hide to the ashes or lime and soak it two to four days longer to swell the hide. This loosens the texture so it will readily take in the tanning substance. Next you want to get rid of the lime or caustic potash left in the hide; to do this, soak it in the other one-half barrel in clean water, which keep up for four to six days changing the water every day, or tie it to a weight and throw it in the branch.

If you expect to curry the leather, you will do better to keep it out of the sand of the branch. The hide is now ready for the tanning vat, which is the easiest and simplest part. Use alum and common salt; alum one part, salt two parts by weight.

For calf, sheep or goat skin, one pound of alum with two pounds of salt; for the hide of a beef weighing 50 pounds to the quarter, it will take 5 pounds of alum with 10 pounds of salt; spread the hide out flesh side up, sprinkle the pulverized mixture of alum and salt on it, fold or roll it up with the alum or salt inside, place in the vat with heavy weight on it, without water. Let it stand for six hours, and if the hide is not covered by the solution coming out of the hide and water see that it is. Take it out every two days, fold it a different way and return to the vat. A small skin should remain in tan four to six days, a hide from one week to three weeks, according to size.

When the leather is taken out of tan, comes the working part of the job. If you want soft pliable leather, elbow grease is essential just here. Begin as soon as it comes out dripping wet to beat with heavy sticks or flail it over the top of a stump for fifteen or twenty minutes and repeat three or four times a day until it is ready for use. Do you ask what sort of oil? Don't use any vegetable oil, castor, linseed, olive, nor cottonseed. Beef-foot oil is excellent; home made lard (I am afraid you havn't got it) mixed with kerosene is good. How to curry the leather I do not know, but you will find a way to get the rough off, or you may know some one skilled that way. Brother farmer, try this: you can, with a box of copper rivets and burrs, make all your plow and wagon harness at home that will, with care, last as well as store bought ones made of leather at 40 or 50 cents per pound.

In dressing sheep skins with the wool on, of course, you do not soak in lime or ashes, but carefully remove all the flesh and fat, and wash thoroughly with soap and water, then sprinkle on one pound each of alum and salt pulverized, fold together accurately the flesh sides, and leave it so for three days. Do not weight it or cover it with water, nor beat it with sticks, but rub often until dry, to keep it soft and suple.

"If you don't succeed try again."

PASTURING THE TEAMS.

It requires some management at this season to keep the teams in good condition. Farm work of all kinds is pressing, the teams must do their part, and this is often the hardest part. All animals, at this season, crave something fresh and green, and a supply is very beneficial after long feeding on dry grain and roughness.

But the teams need all the rest they can get, and for this reason it is not always best to turn them into the pasture at night. There are two serious objections to this. One is that it deprives them of needed rest, and the other is that it is an unpleasant task tramping through the wet grass early in the morning after them, to say nothing of the time lost. Yet this plan is followed by many farmers. As soon as the horses are done eating their grain at night, they are turned into the pastures and are put back into the stables the next morning. In their desire to satisfy the appetite for something green, the horses will tramp the greater part of the night, and while the grass does them good, the loss of rest does not.

One of the best plans is to have a good but small pasture convenient to the stables, and then after they have eaten their grain at night they can be turned into this pasture for an hour or two and then be put back into the stables.

Another plan that is often followed is to have rye or clover growing conveniently near, cut a good feed at night for them and feed it in the stables.

While some grass is a good thing, too much of it is harmful on account of its weakening effects. But when the teams are not at work they can nearly always be turned into the pasture with benefit.

It pays to use all reasonable care to keep the teams in good, thrifty condition. They must have strength if they are to stand up well under the work that is to be done at this time; and, while grass is a good feed, plenty of grain with some hay is needed to supply material for bone and muscle. It is possible for teams to do considerable work on grass alone, but they cannot be pushed, as is often necessary, without a liberal supply of dry feed.—The Republic.

SEASONING OAK.—Oak is one of the timbers that requires extra care in seasoning, as its sap ferments and heats more quickly than the sap of any other wood. The logs, remarks an exchange, should be sawed as quickly as possible after being cut, or at least after warm weather sets in. It has been noticed that the sap exudes to a considerable extent after the planks are sawed, and that it dries, forming a gummy surface, which to a considerable extent prevents the action of the air upon the interior sap. To overcome this, experiments have been made by putting the planks into swinging crates and sinking them in running water so that they are entirely submerged. After they have been in the water two days they are removed and stood upon end under a shed, where they are well protected from the sun and rain, and where there is a good circulation. In this position they dry without warping, and much more quickly than when piled up in the customary manner, and when seasoned the color is uniform.—Scientific American.

THE PERFECTION OF LEMONADE.—Good lemonade is one of the most perfect drinks ever devised. I can hardly understand why it is not in daily use in place of tea or coffee, and why it does not drive out every kind of alcoholic drink. Perfect lemonade is made as follows: For a quart, take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. Carefully peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; cut this into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or a jar with a cover. When the water is just at the boiling point, pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold. Try this way once, and see if it is not delicious. While on the subject, let me say that I know a physician whose exclusive drink is lemonade. He uses about three thousand lemons a year. He weighs 185 pounds, and does not know what it is to be ill.—Journal of Hygiene.

☞ The first cattle brought into the American colonies were landed at Jamestown, Va., in the summer of 1607.

The Story Teller.

THE FUGITIVE LIEUTENANT.

A STORY OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

It was while the American army was freezing and starving at Valley Forge, and the British army were rioting and luxuriating in Philadelphia, that a lame, dirty, beggarly looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outpost of the royal forces, and, with a simple idiotic laugh and leer, announced his intention of entering the city, and taking the British general prisoner.

"Indeed! then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you," said a young subaltern, winking at some of his companions, and assuming a serious air.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the idiot; "just you try it—that's all."

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?"

"Do!" exclaimed the other, drawing himself up with an air of defiance, "why, I'll tell the great General Washington."

"Then, I am afraid to enter upon your arrest, so pass on; you will probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot suddenly looked troubled, glancing about him warily and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the general he was so boldly going to capture, but, finally, hobbled off toward the city. With some such silly dialogue, he got past the sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly within the town, and kept on his way, sometimes humming snatches of old songs, and, in general, not much noticed by any. Through one street after another he continued to hobble forward, until he came to one of great length, containing a block of three story respectable-looking houses, which might have been occupied by persons in middle circumstances. This street was not lighted, and appeared deserted, so that when he stopped before one of the dwellings, he was not perceived. He knocked at the door. A woman's head appeared at the second-story window.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'am?—I'm nearly starved," said the idiot.

"Yes, poor fellow!" replied the woman, in a kindly tone; "in a minute I will hand you something."

Soon after, a lower shutter was pushed back, and a hand containing some bread and meat was thrust out.

"Mother," said a low voice.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the female within, in an agitated tone.

"Hush!" returned the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

A moment after, and the door was thrown open.

"Yes, ma'am—thank you—don't care if I do," as if in answer to an invitation to come in, at the same time crossing the threshold with an appearance of deep humiliation.

The moment the door closed behind him, the man dropped his crutch, and flung his arms around the other, fairly sobbing:

"Mother! dear, dear mother!"

"William!" exclaimed the other, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; "oh, my dear, dear William! what is the meaning of this? and how is it that I find you in this sad plight?"

"I have passed the British lines in this disguise, playing the fool to the sentries. But tell me how you are, dear mother, and how you fare in these troublesome times?"

"Indifferently well, my son. The British are our masters here; but, so far, I have little to complain of in the way of personal treatment. Provisions are very scarce and high, and only by the strictest economy shall I be able to live through, if they continue to retain possession of the city any considerable time. Your sister Mary is at your uncle's in Delaware, and will deeply regret that she missed this opportunity of seeing you."

"Are you alone, mother?"

"No; two English gentlemen are boarding with me."

"Do they belong to the army?" inquired the young man, quickly, uneasily; "and are they in the house?"

"No, they appear to be private gentlemen, of some means, and neither is within at present. But you look troubled; have you anything to fear, my son?"

"If detected, I may be hung as a spy."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mother in alarm; "you terrify me. Are you here without permission—without a pass?"

"Yes—did I not say I played the fool to the sentries, and got past them?"

"But I thought that was for your own amusement. "Oh, William, if you should be discovered! Why did you venture in this desperate manner?"

"I could not get a pass, and I was so anxious to see you and Mary, that I resolved to risk all."

"Quick, then; come up stairs, and let us fix up a hiding-place, at once, before anything happens. Oh, William, I am so alarmed!"

Both hastened to the third story, and after considering several places, decided that the loft close under the roof might be the best place for concealment, as the trap-door leading to it could be fastened underneath, which would tend to blind the search; while the young man, if pressed, could escape to the roof, and by means of a long rope fastened to the chimney could lower himself into the street or yard. This would not insure his escape! but this was the best plan the two could think of, and served to render both less fearful of detection, and the serious consequences. Having provided the rope, the mother hastened to bring up a large quantity of food, which he soon began to devour with a ravenous appetite, which showed he had told no untruth, when in the character of a beggar, he had declared himself in a state bordering on starvation.

While he was eating his mother plied him with questions concerning the army at Valley Forge, in which he had a lieutenant's commission, and which he had left on a furlough; and the answers of the young soldier depicted a state of destitution and suffering that caused his hearer to weep for very sympathy. Three thousand soldiers were down on the sick list at one time, and, without the common necessaries of life, had perished by hundreds; while of those capable of doing duty, scarcely any had a blanket to cover them at night, or food enough to keep soul and body together. Pale, emaciated, ragged and dirty, many, with their bare feet upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the camp by day, and crowded themselves together by night, to get what little warmth they could from each other's bodies—the most forlorn and wretched set of beings that ever a nation called to arms.

"God help us!" ejaculated the mother, in a dejected tone; "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our tyrannical foes."

"Never!" cried the young officer, "while there are a thousand men left in our country to make a desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant should rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and disgrace. Ere that time, dear mother, I shall be beyond the reach of earthly monarchs."

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically grasping his hand; "your father's spirit speaks in you. He died on the battlefield with those sentiments in his heart; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood, and that of thousands of others, hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained beneath his mother's roof, supposing his presence to be known only to themselves. But one evening, at the end of his furlough, when he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, an officer and six men appeared at the door, and said he had orders to arrest one William Ruggles, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"Why, that is my son," said the widow, in great trepidation.

"So much the more likely that he should be here, then," was the unfeeling reply.

"And for what would you arrest him, and what will be done with him if found?"

"We will take him for a spy, and if found guilty, he will be hung, of course, as every cursed rebel should be. Here, you Bent and Walters, begin the search; and you, Jones and Johnson, remain where you are. Sharp, now, all of you! Let the fellow be taken alive, if possible—but, alive or dead, let him be taken! Now, good woman, if he is in this house, of which we are strongly assured, let him appear, and save yourself much trouble; otherwise, the consequences be on your own head."

"If you think my son is in the house, search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search began.

Meanwhile, the young lieutenant who had heard enough to comprehend his danger, had set about making his escape, but not altogether in the manner first intended. He went on the roof, it is true, and tied the long rope to the chimney, casting one end of it down toward the street, but this only for a blind. He had seen that the bricks of the dividing wall between the houses occupied by his mother and one or two adjoining buildings had been loosely put up under the ridgepole, and his present design was to remove a few of these, crowd through into the loft of the other house and replace them. This purpose he effected before the soldiers searching for him came up near enough to hear the little noise he was compelled to make. The open trapdoor of the roof, and the rope around the chimney, served to mislead them, as he had hoped, and it was with intense satisfaction that he had heard them announce the manner of his escape. Immediately after the whole party left in haste, first threatening Mrs. Ruggles with subsequent vengeance, for harboring, concealing and conniving at the escape of a rebel spy, even though the man were her son.

When fully satisfied that the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into his mother's dwelling by the way he had left, but in again displacing the bricks for the purpose, one of them slipped and went down through an open trap-door, upon the floor below, making a loud noise. Immediately after a light flashed up through the opening, and a timid female voice demanded who was there.

Here was a dilemma. Should the soldier reply, he would be exposed; and should he keep silence, a search would be made which might prove more serious in its consequences. What was to be done? A sudden inspiration seized him. It was a woman's voice, and women are seldom steeled to pity.

He would make himself known to her, appeal to her sympathies, and throw himself upon her mercy.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, calculated to reassure his fair hearer, "be not alarmed. I am a friend in distress, the son of your next neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, and if found my life would be forfeited. If you cannot pity me, for God's sake, pity my poor mother, and assist me for her sake."

He presented himself at the opening to the loft, and boldly descended the loft leading down from it directly before the lady, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless, with a commingling of fear, surprise, and curiosity. The young man continued to speak as he descended, and hurriedly went on to narrate all that had occurred, concluding with the search of the soldiers, and his escape into the loft above.

"Thank God, it is in my power to aid you sir!" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a look and feeling of sympathy that made the heart of the young soldier bound with strange emotions.

She went on to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his size and build, and looking not unlike him, was then on a visit to the family, having a pass from General Howe. This pass she had been looking at, and by accident it was in her possession, the cousin having gone out with the rest of the family, and forgotten it.

"Take it and fly, and may God preserve you," she said; "I can arrange it with my kinsman. I can have lost it, and he can easily procure another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a cloak on his shoulders on the way, which she insisted upon his wearing, saying that it had belonged to a deceased brother, and he could return it at any future time. She then hastened to get the pass, which she placed in his hand, and urged him to go at once.

"If I could but see mother for a moment," he said.

"No, no—leave all to me. I will explain all to her. Go while you can—before it is too late."

"God in heaven bless you, sweet lady!" he said, impulsively seizing her hand, and touching it to his lips; "I will never forget you."

The next minute he was gone. He escaped; and true to his declaration, he never did forget the sweet girl who befriended him in his hour of peril. Years after, the honorable wife of General Ruggles was many a time heard to tell of her first romantic meeting with him she loved, then a hunted fugitive from the Continental Army.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

Office of Supervisor of Registration of York County,

YORKVILLE, S. C., March 12, 1894.

NOTICE is hereby given that the books of registration will remain open in my office, as the law directs, IN THE COURT HOUSE AT YORKVILLE, on the FIRST MONDAY in each month, commencing on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1894, and continuing until the FIRST MONDAY IN JULY, 1894, inclusive.

This is for the purpose of registering all persons who have become of an age qualifying them to vote, or who may be entitled from other legal causes, since the last election, to register; to transfer voters so desiring from York to another county, or from one residence to another. Voters desiring to avail themselves of any of the above privileges, must make application before, or on the FIRST MONDAY, 2ND DAY OF JULY, 1894.

CLAY HILL and THOMPSON'S MILL precincts have been discontinued by act of the legislature, and in their stead a voting precinct has been established at FOREST HILL. Electors affected by the change are required to surrender their registration certificates in order that they may be made to conform with the law. Those who fail to have their certificates changed, will not be entitled to vote. A change of certificate will also be necessary to enable electors to vote at the new precinct of SHARON. The location of TIRZAH precinct having been changed from the Church to the railroad station, persons who have been voting elsewhere, and find it more convenient to vote at Tirzah, can have their certificates changed accordingly.

I. B. GORDON,
Supervisor of Registration, York County.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
York County.

WHEREAS W. BROWN WYLIE, C. C. C. Pleas, has applied to me for Letters of Administration, on all and singular, the goods and chattels, rights and credits of JOSEPH L. PLEXICO, late of the county aforesaid, deceased:

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me, at our next Probate Court for the said county, to be holden at York Court House on the 14th day of JUNE, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., to shew cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand and Seal, this 5th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and in the 118th year of American Independence.

W. H. McCORKLE,
Probate Judge of York County.

May 9 19 6t

MONTVALE STOCK FARM,
Blacksburg, S. C.

REGISTERED JERSEYS, WELCH AND SHETLAND PONIES, (Imported stock.) ESSEX AND REGISTERED CHESHIRE PIGS. Bred and for sale.

OUR JERSEYS are all of the celebrated Victor and Stoke Rogis strains, which have attracted so much attention throughout the North. BULL CALVES FOR SALE AT FARMERS' PRICES. If you are thinking of starting a dairy herd don't overlook the Jerseys. They are the best dairy cows known to the world.

We guarantee our ponies to be perfectly safe for ladies and children to drive. CAN SELL SHETLAND PONIES AS CHEAP AS ANY BREEDERS IN THE SOUTH. Write for what you want.

Address, Dr. J. G. BLACK,
Blacksburg, S. C.

BUILDING LUMBER FOR SALE.

I HAVE in my yard about TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET OF FIRST CLASS HEART PINE LUMBER, which will be sold at a very low figure for spot cash. It consists of FRAMING LUMBER, FLOORING AND WEATHER BOARDING, etc. For prices and further particulars, apply to

W. C. LATIMER.

May 9 19 tf

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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He Held Up His Hands

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A YANKEE IN GRAY

BY

M. QUAD

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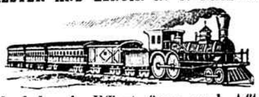
Equitable Life

It offers advantages to be had under no other form of insurance, besides being backed up by the richest and strongest society in the world. Write at once for particulars.

W. J. RODDEY, Manager,
Department of the Carolinas,
ROCK HILL, S. C.

CHESTER AND LENOIR N. G. RAILROAD.



Schedules in Effect from and After March 25, 1894.

G. W. F. Harper, President.

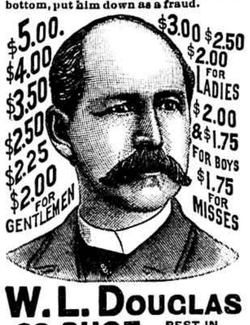
GOING NORTH.	No 10.	No 60.
Leave Chester	6 40 a m	9 00 a m
Leave Lowrysville	7 07 a m	9 35 a m
Leave McConnellsville	7 26 a m	10 03 a m
Leave Guthriesville	7 35 a m	10 15 a m
Leave Yorkville	7 57 a m	11 00 a m
Leave Clover	8 30 a m	11 43 p m
Leave Gastonia	8 08 a m	1 20 p m
Leave Lincolnton	10 10 a m	2 45 p m
Leave Newton	11 12 a m	4 15 p m
Leave Hickory	12 20 p m	6 20 p m
Arrive Lenoir	1 30 p m	8 00 p m
GOING SOUTH.	No 61.	No 9.
Leave Lenoir	5 30 a m	3 15 p m
Leave Hickory	7 01 a m	4 40 p m
Leave Newton	8 20 a m	5 48 p m
Leave Lincolnton	10 05 a m	6 12 p m
Leave Gastonia	12 50 p m	7 50 p m
Leave Clover	1 20 p m	8 09 p m
Leave Yorkville	3 05 p m	8 42 p m
Leave Guthriesville	3 33 p m	9 02 p m
Leave McConnellsville	3 45 p m	9 12 p m
Leave Lowrysville	4 12 p m	9 33 p m
Arrive Chester	4 55 p m	10 05 p m

Trains Nos. 9 and 10 are first-class, and run daily except Sunday. Trains Nos. 60 and 61 carry passengers and also run daily except Sunday. There is good connection at Chester with the G. C. & N., and the C., C. & A.; also at Gastonia with the A. & C. A. L.; at Lincolnton with the C. C.; and at Hickory and Newton with the W. N. C.

L. T. NICHOLS, Superintendent.
H. H. BEARD, General Passenger Agent.

March 28 6 tf

CAUTION.—If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas Shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without name stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud.



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W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better satisfaction at the prices advertised than any other make. Try one pair and be convinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas' name and price on the bottom, which guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them. Dealers who push the sale of W. L. Douglas Shoes gain customers, which helps to increase the sales on their full line of goods. They can afford to sell at a less profit, and