

Gumorous Department.

GUYING THE GUYER. There was once a Harvard student that had a sister at Bryn Mawr, the girls' college, near Philadelphia. The young man was unwise; he wrote her letters, poking fun at the college, and she read them to her classmates. They determined to inflict punishment by "guying" him, a method of torturing in which girls are experts. A Chicago paper describes the subsequent proceedings: The sister, who was one of the conspirators, invited her brother to visit the college. He came, sent in his card, and was ushered into a large reception room, where he waited for half an hour, during which time 14 girls came in and looked at him. They came in pairs. A pair would turn the corner of the room, and on seeing him, start and say "Oh!" in a surprised way, after which they would look him over very carefully and say "Oh!" again; but in so queer a tone that the Harvard man found himself wishing that he hadn't come. This ordeal being over, his sister came in and took him to her sitting room. "I've invited some of the girls to meet you," said she. "If any of them should come in while I am gone, you entertain them. I'm going over to Denbigh for a minute." Scarcely had she left the room when a dozen girls came trooping in. The Harvard man arose; but they took no notice of him at first. After distributing themselves picturesquely in groups, they fastened their eyes on him, and one of them began: "Rather a nice-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Yes," said another, "rather, but his nose is too big. He doesn't look a bit like Edna." "Poor fellow! Isn't it too bad that he's so deaf?" "Oh, well, it serves to make him quiet. Most Harvard men talk too much." "Freshman, isn't he?" "I believe so. He looks young." During this conversation the subject of it turned more colors than a prism exhibits. Presently one of the girls marched up to him and yelled in stentorian tones, "How do you like Bryn Mawr?" "B-b-b-beg your pardon," stammered the visitor, finding his voice. "It's a m-mistake you know. I'm not deaf. You've got the wrong man. I can hear perfectly well, really." "We are delighted to hear it!" proclaimed the girls, in measured chorus. Then they all came forward and shook hands with the youth, solemnly congratulating him on his excellent hearing; but his face was too much for them, and the continuation of the farce was spoiled by a gale of laughter, in which the victim finally joined. Thereafter in his letters to his sister, he never again referred to Bryn Mawr as a "hot-house for the forcing of incipient blue-stockings." SHE GOT HER POSITION. The session of the legislature in every State brings to the capitol a retinue of applicants for every position from clerk of the senate to assistant fireman. This year there has been an unusually large number of people out of work. In one of the States, where the number of employees for the 60 day's session has been limited by law to 200, there was no less than 2,500 needy applicants. The day before the opening of the session a shy girl knocked at the door of the attorney general's office. "Is the attorney general in?" she asked timidly. "Yes," said the clerk. "He will see you when he gets through this long line of job hunters. Just have a seat." In the numerous chairs, on the office lounge and standing were 20 or more waiting for a turn to press some claim for a position. The attorney general was rather a gruff looking man, and he dismissed each with the remark: "I can't do anything for you. Sorry, you know, but there are hundreds of applicants, and each officer, every legislator, has a dozen begging for each position." When the timid girl's turn came, she handed the impatient looking officer a letter. She said nothing she hardly looked into his face. "I'm sorry, Miss C., that I can do nothing for you. It was foolish for you to come here expecting to get work. I'd be glad to help you if I could; but, you see, it's this way—I have no influence to see you a position. I am very—" "We were speaking of that at home, but I thought it would do harm to see you," she interrupted. "And we were saying what a pity it was that you had lost your influence." The State official winced. He looked as if something hurt him. "Brown," he said, turning to his deputy with unnecessary abruptness, "this young lady is to have a position in the enrolling department. See that there is a place for her if you have to muzzle every legislator in the building."—New York Herald. A SLIP OF THE PEN.—Mrs. S., a widow of two years' standing, drew a check for \$150. Presenting it for payment, she observed an amused expression on the face of the paying teller but she received her money and departed. A month later her book was written up and her vouchers returned, and the amused expression on the face of the paying teller was explained. Her check of a month previous read: "The Blank National Bank will pay to Bearer One Husband and Fifty Dollars." The lady is thinking of suing the bank for the balance due, for, as she says, she certainly has not collected all that the check called for.—Boston Herald.

Wayside Gatherings.

No night was ever so dark that morning did not come. Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason. We never knew a person who was not saturated with some fool notion. Men are often called good because they have not been found out. Scientific men say that a wink occupies about one-sixth of a second. You can make up a quarrel, but it will always show where it is patched. As soon as a man acquires fairly good sense, it is said that he is an old fogey. The Gulf Stream is 100 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep. What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick. The bodies of the women contain a smaller proportion of bone than those of men. Children would do as they are told a great deal better if grown folks did as they tell. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debt of the firm. A friend's help in your troubles never travels beyond the point where it affects his own interests. The Bible is the chart on the voyage of life. Consult it often if you would shun the breakers. Perhaps it is safe to say that no two farms can be run, with the best success, on the same plan. People should take more care of their health while they have it, and less after they have lost it. The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and make good use of leisure. The great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. If we have done one act of service for God, there is all the more reason that we should do another. If you want to spoil your boy give him a latch key and allow him to come in at any hour of the night. The nearer a young person can imitate the steadiness of an older person, the better it will be for him. The meanest thing that can be said of a man is that he sometimes speaks ill of those who speak well of him. Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth. Keeping everlastingly at it brings success, but the trouble is that most of us keep everlastingly at the wrong thing. It is a mistake about it being unhealthy to sleep in feathers. Look at the spring chickens and see how tough he is. The people spend so much time worrying about the faults of others, that they do not more than half behave themselves. Venezuela has 56 holidays every year. On these occasions the people close their stores and enjoy themselves in chicken-fights. A mother of six boys declares that those who say that boys know nothing about economy, never saw them when using soap. The Bible is now accessible, as to language, to nine-tenths of the world; in the early part of this century it could be studied by only one-fifth. According to The Medical Record, castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks. One of the religious papers answers a query as to the true posture for prayer in this wise: "The only posture to be avoided is imposture." A pious man is never sure he will not do something that will send him to hell until he dies, and then nobody knows whether he is saved or not. General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has followed the example of Pope Leo XIII, in forbidding members of the organization to join secret societies. She—Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know that we are one now? "Yes, darling, I know that; but judging from the hotel bill I've just had handed to me, the manager doesn't seem to think so." "What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcombe, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house and the scholars not allowed to look out." "Mother," said a fair-haired urchin, "I don't want to go to Sunday-school. I want to go fishin'." "But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good and go to their Sunday-school." "Well," responded the probable future president, "I'll risk it anyway; maybe there's some that's like me." The train was full of fierce robbers. Strong men sat in the seats of the car, and held their hands as high as possible. Women trembled and wept, with the exception of the spectacled young woman from a wayside station. A robber approached her. "Don't you dare to touch me," she shouted, "or I'll scream as loud as I can." The Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon relates that a certain man had a weather vane made for use on one of his buildings, in which were wrought the words, "God is love." Some one said to him: "You have placed an immutable truth on a very changeable thing." "Well, sir," replied the man, "I want you to understand that that means God is love which ever way the wind blows." Truly there was a whole sermon in this.

Farm and Fireside.

TAIN'T WHAT IT YUSTER BE. When I go home in summer time, Down to the slow 'ol town, Where father, mother, Nell an' John Still kinder hang aroun', I ask 'em how they're gettin' long, How farmin' is, an' he, Father, he shakes his head, an' says: "Tain't what it yuster be." An' arter rovin' roun' the place, With John down through the lots; An' 'out eroun' the cider mill; An' all them 'dear 'ol' spots, I ask him how the fishin' is, Down in the pon', an' he, He says, "Although it's purty good, 'Tain't what it yuster be." On Sunday we go off to church, To hear the Scripser read; An' there I meet the village boys, Erlong with Deacon Stead. "Seems good," says I, "to come to church, An' 'hear salvation's free." He looks the young folks o'er, an' sighs, "Tain't what it yuster be." They ask how long I'm goin' to stay, An' what my judgment is, Ebout their comin' inter town To run a bizzness; An' then I tell 'em 'word for word Jest what wuz 'ol' to me; "Thet tho' it's better 'n tis to hum, 'Tain't what it yuster be." An so is in ev'ry place, I hear the same 'ol' plea; Thet nuthin' 'now is quite so good Ez what it yuster be. An' 'out uv all these diffrent things, This thought comes hum to me: "Ez what we same, who make each charge, Ez what we yuster be?" REARING YOUNG TURKEYS. It is best to confine the brood for a week at least after hatching. Should the mother hen then become restless, she may be let out during the middle of the day. As the turkey retires early and dislikes being disturbed after settling down for the night, be sure and coop them before the sun sets. The young turkeys will eat but little the first week. Feed separate from the mother, for she will devour all the food within reach. For downright greediness an old turkey hen has few equals. Dry bread soaked in sweet milk is one of the best foods for the young, as is curd from fresh butter-milk. A whole flock has been raised on warm curd. A custard made of one egg to a pint of milk, thickened with bread (no sugar), is a good food. When about two months old, feed whole wheat part of the time and mix corn meal with their feed; this should not be fed exclusively. Allow plenty of liberty, as confinement will kill young turkeys. When the mother hen begins tramping wildly from one side of the coop to the other, better let her out unless the weather is unfavorable. When about the size of partridges and old enough to follow the mother in long rambles, the young will need but little attention, simply a little feed morning and evening. They much prefer bugs, grasshoppers, insects and seeds to a more civilized ration. Do not neglect to bring them home at night and put them under shelter until old enough to fly into trees and care for themselves. Turkeys do not always select wisely the best resting place for the night, hence vermin sometimes attack and annoy them. Teach them to come at the sound of your voice; it will save many a weary tramp in searching woods and fields. Six weeks' time is sufficient to fatten for market. Feed twice a day all the whole corn they will eat, but do not attempt confinement, as a turkey chafes under restraint and will lose flesh rather than fatten. They will not take more exercise than is necessary to keep in good health.—Southern Farm. PRESERVING MILK. If milk is heated to the boiling point it kills all ferments which it may contain or which may have been absorbed from the air, and if then it is excluded perfectly from the air it will keep sweet and sound for an indefinite length of time. It is only necessary to heat it and seal it up while hot to have it keep just as well as berries and fruit do that are soft and perishable, and for precisely the same reasons, viz: killing with heat the ferments, which consist of living organic germs that either exist in the fruit or milk, or are taken into them from the air, and by sealing to prevent the introduction of any new germ by absorption. The contact of air even does not injure or prevent milk from keeping, provided the air is pure and free from any infectious agency. Pure air is rather a benefit than an injury to milk. Experiments by German chemists have demonstrated that milk, after heating to 212 degrees, may be kept in contact with the air and remain sound any length of time, provided, only, that the air admitted to it shall have passed through some absorbent or filter that will keep back any and every infectious germ it may contain. These facts have long been known to scientists, and it seems strange that while they have found very general application in the case of soft, pulpy fruits, they should find so little application in the preservation of milk. Only now and then a man, scattered here and there over the country just often enough to demonstrate its practicability, can be found who has rendered the easy way of preserving milk available. It should be more generally understood that milk can be preserved just as well as pulpy fruit if treated in the same way. There is no good reason why the delicious milk of June, or the rich milk of September and October could not be put up for the winter's use, to extend that luxury through all the year. A Chinese farm-hand can be hired by the year for from \$7 to \$17, with food, clothing, headshaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from 6 to 8 cents with a noon-day meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from 8 to 12 cents a day, with 5 meals, or 25 cents without food.

MYSTERY OF THE GREAT RUBY.

BY LUCIE ST. DEANE. (Copyrighted 1894, by American Press Association.) CHAPTER XIII. I have been in more than one desperate encounter, but never was I caught more hopelessly than on that autumn night when the forgotten man leaped upon my back with the deadly stealth of a beast of the jungle. His momentum threw me forward on my face, and at the moment of falling he flung his sinewy arms about my own and pinned them to my side, so that, although my right hand was on my revolver, I could neither draw it nor turn the muzzle toward him. I was as helpless as an infant in his grasp. As we went down he uttered several excited sentences in a foreign tongue. I knew like a flash that he and his companion were Asiatics. The second man bounded forward and leaned over me while I struggled fiercely to bring my weapon into play. He added his voice to that of the other. One sentence, no word of which I could understand, was repeated again and again with increasing anger. The rising inflection at the end showed that he was asking a question or making a demand of me. They had mistaken me for Darius Howard and meant to make me answer them. I comprehended the error, and knowing my life hung on the passing seconds I replied: "I am an American. I am not Mr Howard." Without loosening his grasp the man on my shoulders wrenched me partly round and peered into my face. His countenance was so close that, despite the gloom, he must have noted my features plainly enough to know that my words were true. The second man stooped, and his countenance almost touched mine. Not fully satisfied, he drew a match from his pocket and struck it on the sole of his shoe. As the little flame flickered and came near being blown out in the slight air stirring I felt the warmth against my nose. My hat had fallen off, so that the view he obtained was perfect. By the tiny twist of flame I saw their faces, black, swarthy visages that shone in the gloom tenfold more hideous than under the glare of the sunlight. "A thousand pardons," said the man in my front. "We make great mistake. We look for another man. A thousand pardons!" His accent was broken and had peculiar hissing aspiration. The one who had been holding my arms pinioned leaped backward with the dexterity of an acrobat, and I was free, without a hair of my head injured. I picked up my hat, replaced it and rose to my feet. Tragedy and comedy are twin brothers, and paths and humor go hand in hand. A moment before I was struggling helplessly for my life. Now the grim humor of the thing struck me, though I felt like emptying my revolver into both of them. The East Indian who had addressed me in English repeated his apology over and over until it became monotonous. "I accept your explanation," I said when he paused for breath, "but after this I suggest that you ask a gentleman for his card before attacking him. I hope you and your friend are enjoying good health." With no appreciation of my humor, they both made a salaam as if saluting one of their own potentates at home and walked off toward the main road. "It would serve you right," I muttered as the figures dissolved in the gloom, "to test my marksmanship upon you." But why do that? They had apologized for their mistake and made all the reparation possible. Then, too, they must be armed, and their return shots might prove uncomfortable for me. The explanation of the incident was clear. The two were prowling around the house in quest of Darius Howard. Nothing could be more natural than the error they had made. Doubtless they had come all the way from India to settle some deadly dispute with the man who had brought with him the ruby of Nana Sahib. It may have been to compel him to restore it to them, from whom not unlikely he had stolen it. If this were the truth, the alertness of Howard and his wife was not that they feared shadowing and pursuit by any of our officers, but the enmity of their own countrymen. It may be said that the path was open for me, though it was by no means a path of roses. It might be added that I had met with enough adventure for the evening, but no real progress had been made. The real problem still confronted me. Relieved of all fear from them, I resumed my approach to the building, from which still glowed the light that was my guide from the first. "Dogs are not the only animals to be dreaded," I reflected, "but since I have encountered both the way ought now to be clear." The resemblance to the dwelling of the night before struck me when I paused at the head of the lane. There was no man, however, pacing up and down with his lighted cigar and hum-

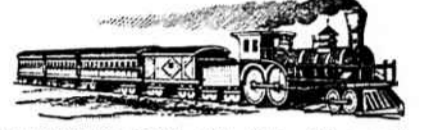


I felt the warmth against my nose.

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OHIO RIVER AND CHARLESTON R. R. SAMUEL HUNT, General Manager.

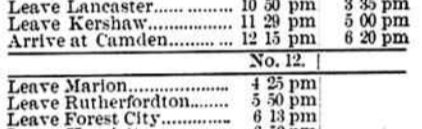


TIME TABLE of the Ohio River and Charleston Railway Company, to take effect Saturday, December 1st, 1894, at 7:45 a. m. STANDARD EASTERN TIME.

Table with columns for GOING NORTH, No. 31, No. 35, and GOING SOUTH, No. 32, No. 34. Lists train routes and times between stations like Camden, Kershaw, Lancaster, Catawba Junction, Leslies, Rock Hill, Newport, Tazewell, Yorkville, Sharon, Forest City, Hickory Grove, Marion, Rutherfordton, and Blacksburg.

CONNECTIONS. No. 32 has connection with Southern Railway at Rock Hill. Nos. 34 and 35 will carry passengers. Nos. 11 and 12 have connection at Marion with Southern Railway. Roddeys, Old Point, King's Creek and London, trains stop only on signal. S. B. LUMPKIN, G. P. A. A. TRIPP, Superintendent. SAM'L HUNT, General Manager.

CHESTER AND LENOIR RAILROAD.



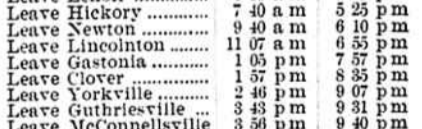
Schedules in Effect from and After April 28, 1895. G. W. F. Harper, President.

Table with columns for GOING NORTH, No. 10, No. 60, and GOING SOUTH, No. 61, No. 10. Lists train routes and times between stations like Chester, Lowrys, McConellsville, Guttriesville, Yorkville, Clover, Gastonia, Lenoir, Lincoln, and Blacksburg.

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 Lincoln with the C. C. & A.; at Hickory and Newton with the W. N. C. L. T. CHOLS, Superintendent. H. H. BEARD, General Passenger Agent. March 27 13

"ALL MEN MUST DIE."

YOU will observe that the above quotation does not say, all men CAN die, MIGHT die, MAY die; but "MUST" die. There is no escape. The debt MUST be paid sooner or later. It is our calling to care for the mortal remains of loved ones who pass into the "great beyond."



Therefore, we wish to announce that we are prepared to perform the services required of us as FUNERAL DIRECTORS. We carry in stock a complete line of caskets of every style and trimming, and also coffins of all grades from the cheapest to the best. S. T. FREW & CO., Rock Hill, S. C.

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