

Humorous Department.

ROOM FOR ANOTHER.
In a certain town lived an old deacon who was noted for his grasping, avaricious disposition. He had several grown-up sons and a son-in-law—Dave—a wild harum-scarum fellow, whose chief delight was in "working" the old man. One day, when all the hands were at work in the hayfield, the deacon stopped, and, leaning on his rake, told the "boys" a story of a wonderful dream he had had, wherein he was transported to the realms of bliss, and wonderful indeed were the sights he had seen there.

Dave listened, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, until the old gentleman finished his story, and then proceeded, as was his habit to tell a bigger one. He also had had a wonderful dream, wherein he, too, had been transported to the heavenly land, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of that place discounted the old man's by long odds. But suddenly Dave found himself out of that glorious place, and standing before a pair of massive stone gates, above which was written in characters of fire, the word "Hades." He knocked and was admitted, and calling a little imp, asked to be shown the sights. His guide showed him two cells with tortured inmates. "All at once," said Dave, "as we were walking along, we came to where there was a monstrous kettle, filled with sulphurous liquid, boiling at a terrific rate, in which I noticed a great many queer-looking black lumps, and inquired what they were. 'Well, you see,' said the guide, 'there are a lot of these fellows who come down here who have such small souls that if we put them in a cell we could never find them again, and so we have fixed this arrangement;' and taking a ladle he fished out one of the lumps, cooled it with his breath, and handed it to me to look at. It was of iron, about the size of a goose egg, with a hinge on one side and a lock upon the other, and a name written in the iron. 'Is it possible,' I inquired, 'that any human being could have a soul small enough to occupy the hole which you tell me is inside of this?' 'O yes,' said the imp, 'where did you come from?' I told him, and he went around to the other side, and began fishing up the lumps and reading the names on them, and to my surprise read the names of several whom I had known, and finally wound with the name of Deacon ———, and the question, 'Did you know him?' 'Know him!' I replied; 'why he was my father-in-law. I knew he was small; but it isn't possible that he was small enough to go into one of those things, is it?' 'Yes,' said the imp. 'He is all in there,' and was about to throw the egg back into the kettle, when suddenly he stopped, held it up to his ear, shook it, and exclaimed, 'Holy Moses! There's room enough in there for another.'

HE WAS PARTICULAR.—In a hotel not over 1,000 miles from Indianapolis, there is a clerk who is very strict with the employees who come under his orders and rules the bellboys and porters with an iron hand. The employees have come to understand his ways, and it is needless to remark that his orders are usually obeyed with alacrity. A large stove heats the office in the winter. The clerk had a habit of dispatching a boy after a bucket of coal, and saying in a peremptory manner, "Jimmie, go out and get a bucket of coal; bring it in and set it down." One cold day last winter, he called one of the boys up to his desk and said: "Charley, go and get a bucket of coal." In a few minutes the boy came lugging it in. He walked up to the stove and stood there without placing the scuttle on the floor. The clerk looked at him fiercely, and exclaimed: "Well, what is the matter with you?" The boy hesitated, then looking at the clerk appealingly, said, "Please, sir, shall I set it down?"

GOT IT DOWN TO A FINE POINT.—Jones (to new office boy)—Bob take this letter around to Mr. Smith. If he isn't in, leave it in his office where it will attract his attention as soon as he comes back. It is very important.

Jones (15 minutes later)—Bob did you deliver that letter to Mr. Smith?

Bob—Naw; he wasn't in an' nobody else was in der office.

Jones—Well, what did you do with it?

Bob—You tol' me to put it where he'd notice it first thing he comes in, an' I stuck a pin 'trough it an' laid it on his chair, so's to attract his attention.

The Washington housewife was undergoing that severe ordeal, the employment of a new servant. She had called in her husband to assist her in selecting somebody whose face would promise a cessation of mysterious disappearances from the pantry and unexplained entries in the grocery book.

"The first thing I want to know," said the prospective assistant, "is how many's in your family?" "That's the first thing we want to know, too," replied the husband. "How many's in your family?"

While traveling in a country village in Northern England, Mr. Blank left one of his shirts behind in a small tavern. Upon finding his loss, he wrote at once to the chambermaid asking for its return. She answered as follows: "Dear Sir: Your letter came too late. I have made your shirt into a shift, so now you will have to shift for a shirt. Your humble servant, Mary Jones."

Tommy—My father is a church member. Johnny—So is mine. Tommy—But my father says your papa ain't 'cos he don't come to church, nor put nothin' in the collection box. Johnny (bravely)—Well, my papa is an honorary member, and honorary members don't chip in.

Wayside Gatherings.

Hope is the half brother of happiness.

If your heart is wrong, your life will be wrong.

He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages.

The motto of the physician and patient should be "Live and let live."

There are marine plants which grow 300 feet from the bottom of the sea.

The peanut crop of the South is said to be far below the average this year.

Some people think they have religion, when all that ails them is poor health.

God rewards a man according to the amount of heart he puts in his work.

No church is ready for a revival until its members are living in peace with each other.

A man can be moral without being religious, but he can't be religious without being moral.

The philosophy of want—Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

Someone, believing that "brevity is the soul of wit," writes: "Don't eat stale Q-cumbers; they'll W up."

Saxe graphically described certain pieces of beefsteak as "an infringement on Goodyear's patent."

Never worry about what you can't help. Believe in God, and give him all the burdens you can't carry.

A woman's idea of a true friend is one who will admire her children just as much as she does herself.

Germany is the only civilized country in the world wherein murderers are still beheaded with axe or sword.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan, it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

Piling up manure in the stables may be convenient; but the health of the animals will not be promoted thereby.

God does not ask where you have been, or what you have been doing. He wants to know where you are now.

Josh Billings says, "If a man has got \$80,000 at interest and owns the house he lives in, it ain't much trouble to be a philosopher."

A good many people don't accomplish anything because they try to do too much. Don't take a sledge hammer to crack a peanut.

Wearing his hat on the back of his head is one of the ways in which a young man can tell every body he doesn't know much.

No, my son, neither loud talk nor rapid speaking is argument, but many there be who think that it is, and who act accordingly.

The British census report says that if all the houses in England were placed side by side they would cover a space of 450 square miles.

A woman's heart was really broken—burst into halves—in England, recently, not from love or sorrow, but from eating too hearty a supper.

After the Franco-German war it was calculated that the proportion of killed to the bullets spent in endeavoring to kill them was 1 to 1300.

To keep back the sharp word which you are tempted to speak may require more grace than to face a great danger or resist a terrific temptation.

Cultivate a gentle, even temper. The man who flies into a passion upon every provocation is like a wasp, senseless and exceedingly annoying.

That is a queer moral process by which some men persuade themselves the meanness of others is a warrant and justification of their own evil conduct.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

In Persia and Afghanistan, asafetida is considered a delicate perfume, and many luxurious persons carry a quantity of it in their pockets or in a bag suspended from the neck.

On a tomb in Blairsville, Pa., cemetery may be read this curious epitaph: "A. B. — was a good son, a loving husband, a fond father, an able lawyer, but an honest man."

One of the Rothschilds is quoted as saying that there will be more chances to make money in America during the next five years than in any other section of the globe.

The first known coin is Chinese. It is copper, and specimens weighing from one to five pounds, and supposed to date from a period at least 2,000 years before Christ, are still in existence.

Five barbers in Paris make a livelihood by shaving dogs. Some of the dogs have the forward part of the body shaved, some the rear, while others are ornamented in six or seven stripes.

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

Besides her plague of rabbits, Australia is now threatened with a plague of foxes. These animals, imported for the sport of fox-hunting, have increased so rapidly that a reward is now offered for their capture.

That the Lord's Supper ought to be a real meal and not a sham supper of crumbs of bread and drops of wine, was the radical proposition put before his congregation by the Rev. I. M. Gibson, of Plattsburg, Mo., a few days ago. And it is stated that many of the congregation are heartily in favor of the innovation.

Farm and Fireside.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Dyspeptic or bilious headache is very common, and it seems to me, it is the headache which is most easily traceable to its cause, and most readily avoided without medicine.

Every one who has ever suffered from it knows, as well as I can tell them the cause, and remedy. It is the old story of appetite, indulgence and punishment.

If you wish to know my advice as to curing bilious headache, I say—Don't get it. Eat such food as agrees with you; be temperate in all things, and be as regular as clock work about your habits. In the case of young people this headache can always be traced to some error in diet—as rich food and immoderate quantity, eating at unreasonable or unusual hours, drinking wine or beer, etc.—and it readily gives way to an emetic and sleep. Almost any emetic will do—ipecac or sulphate of zinc. In the case of elderly persons, however, the headaches, although less acute, are apt to be more tedious and more exhausting. Rest in bed, cold applications to the head, and some purgative medicine taken so as to operate in the morning, will usually effect a cure.—Dr. McHenry, in Ladies' Home Journal.

JAPANESE KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—To the inhabitants of the western world the people of the East seem unnecessarily cruel, especially in their treatment of criminals and prisoners of war. But when it comes to animals, there is much yet that we can learn, in spite of the good work done by the humane societies and similar organizations. Professor Morse, writing about Japan in The Youth's Companion, says: "Birds build their nests in the city houses; wild fowl, geese, and ducks alight in the public parks; wild deer trot about the streets. He had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. No one attempted to injure the bird, but several began sketching him.

"Imagine if you can a wild deer straying into an American town and escaping with its life! Imagine a crowd here giving an artist time to sketch a heron sitting in a treetop in any of our cities!"

PRETTY ORNAMENTS.—You didn't know salt would grow in a bowl, did you? Well, it will. Take a glass and fill it nearly full of salt; then water it every morning the same as you would a houseplant. After you water the first day pour in a little of three or four prettily colored inks. In about a week the salt will begin to grow and crystallize on the sides. The different colors in the ink blend, and the effect is strikingly beautiful. Another very handsome ornament can be made with a glass nearly full of water and a handful of oats. Just pour the oats in the water, and in a month a beautiful green bunch will spring up and grow to a height of about a foot. The sprouts will stay green for a couple of months. If you like green things wet a sponge, sprinkle it with Silurian grass seed and suspend it from the ceiling. In less than a week the sponge will look like a ball of green grass. Hang four or five of these balls around a room and the effect is quite pretty. But those were old time decorations, and I don't know as people would care for them now.—Philadelphia Record.

WOMEN WHO NEVER REST.—Many women never rest. They seem not to understand what rest—real rest—means. To throw one's self down with a newspaper or a book is not rest; it is only a change of occupation. To sit down and keep the fingers flying over some sort of fancy work, as if one was pursued by a demon of unrest, is certainly not rest. But to lie at full length upon a hard surface, arms extended at the sides, head back, with no pillow, eyes closed, all cares worries dismissed—this is rest; this will smooth away wrinkles in face and in temper; this will give an air of repose to the tired, anxious, nervous woman; this will take away many an ache and straighten out rounded shoulders and craned necks.

COST OF EGGS.—The cost of producing eggs on farms where the hens have a free range, and can fully supply their own wants with plenty of grass, insects and seeds that would otherwise be wasted without the aid of poultry, is almost nothing in summer, but in winter, when the whole of the food must be provided, the cost of a dozen eggs ranges from 6 to 12 cents according to the profligacy of the hens in proportion to the food consumed. Although eggs bring high prices in winter, the profits are greater in summer, because eggs are then produced at no cost whatever on some farms.

FOR NEURALGIA.—Boil a handful of lobelia in a half pint of water, strain and add a teaspoonful of very fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid very hot, and apply till the pain ceases, changing as fast as cold, then cover with dry cloth for a while to prevent taking cold. Two large table spoonfuls of fine salt, mixed in a bottle, makes an excellent inhalant for facial neuralgia. Horseradish, prepared the same as for the table, applied to the temple or wrist, is recommended.

Molasses is coming into prominence as a cattle food in Germany. Cows particularly devour their sweetened provender with the greatest relish. The food is claimed to be both healthful and economical.

The Story Teller.

A RACE FOR LIFE.
Many years ago there lived upon the shores of Stevens river, a small stream emptying into Casco bay, a man named Peter John. An honest, upright fellow, a good neighbor and friend, but with one abominable habit that won him many enemies, and caused much discomfort and even suffering to those around him. This fault was an almost irresistible fondness for practical joking, that would not allow him to let an opportunity pass unimproved where he could gratify this special passion of his being.

There came a time, however, when the exercise of this peculiarity brought upon him an ordeal so sharp that it cured his unfortunate propensity, to the great joy of his family and friends. The process was disagreeable, but the cure was effectual and permanent.

One day Peter had been at work a few miles from his home. After his day's labor was finished, his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him; this invitation Peter accepted, and then his system fortified with a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward.

It was a dark, cold December night; the wind swept fitfully among the great pines and beeches, and strange, moaning sounds went sobbing through the forest; now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry, or the sudden rattling of the dead leaves told where some timid animal scurried away from the sound of footsteps.

But Peter was strong and stout-hearted, and trudged quietly along, without paying much attention to the sights and sounds around him, until he had achieved perhaps one-half of his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet descending the long rocky path behind him. Gradually the sound drew nearer, until the sharp, peculiar voice of the horseman could be heard urging the beast to a faster gait.

"Ah! ha!" said Peter to himself, as he heard the familiar tones; "that is Uncle Tom Barry."

Now Uncle Tom and Peter were neighbors, that is to say, their clearings lay about a mile apart, and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of a timid disposition, and furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear, nothing that he had not rather meet, than a wolf.

No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbor, than he resolved to use this trait of Uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a most capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he prepared to put them into execution. Creeping through the undergrowth which bordered his path, he crouched down, and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before Uncle Tom, his horse at a sharp trot and himself casting timid glances around, arrived opposite his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then springing forward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps, followed by the loud, clear, gathering cry of the wolves.

The effect upon Uncle Tom was electrical. Springing half way out of his saddle, he uttered a scream of terror, and then, stooping until his head nearly touched the mane, he plunged his spurs into the horse's flanks, and was off down the road like a shot. As for Peter, he rolled over on his back and kicked his heels in huge enjoyment of his success. Loud and long he laughed, occasionally varying the performance by making the forest ring with a repetition of the wild, savage cry that had struck such terror into Uncle Tom's timid heart.

But there is an end to all things, and so after a while there was an end to Peter's mirth, and he, wiping his eyes, regained the path, and was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the cold shivers coursing over his body, and almost froze the blood in his veins. The wolves heard his successful imitation of their music, and were coming in full cry upon him.

In an instant he realized his position and peril. From the sounds he knew that the wolves were coming down on either side of the path he had just traveled. Therefore, the nearest point of safety was his own clearing, more than a mile away.

Calling all his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than did Uncle Tom Barry himself. Peter was a famous runner, and had come off victor in many a trial of speed when the people had come together at a raising or log rolling, but this was no holiday game. The race was for life.

Down the long slope that led to Pilkin's Hollow, and up the ascent beyond, fled Peter, while hardly a hundred yards behind came a snarling pack hungry and fierce. The life of an unarmed man would not be worth a minute's purchase could they once surround him.

Down another long slope, across a broad sheet of ice at its foot, and Letherbee's Hill, with its long, steep ascent, lay before him. He shuddered as he glanced up its rugged side, for he felt that his strength would hardly suffice to carry him to the top. Still he kept on, though it seemed madness to hope, for his pursuers had gained on him fearfully; he knew it by the beating of his footsteps; but, with energies inspired by mortal terror, he ran on, hoping to gain only the brow of the hill, for the ground became more open, and his own cabin was but a few yards beyond. He felt sure that his pursuers would not follow him beyond the summit, but could he reach it before they would close upon him?

No, not by his own exertions, for just as the thought passed through his

mind, his foot caught under a gnarled root that extended across the way, and he fell heavily forward, and he lay struck the frozen ground, and he lay senseless.

When Peter recovered consciousness he found himself hanging over the broad shoulders of his brother John, and about to enter his own door. Here he soon collected his scattered senses, and was able to listen intelligently to his brother's account of his rescue.

Uncle Tom Barry, in his flight, had stopped at the cabin long enough to shout through the window that the wolves were out, and hurried on, John, who lived with his brother, knowing that Peter must come the same path, took his gun and walked out to the edge of the forest, where he halted to listen. But a short time elapsed before he heard the sound of the pursued and pursuers, and rushing down the hill, he arrived upon the scene just in time to leap between Peter's prostrate form and the wolves, the foremost of whom was less than 10 feet distant. Taking steady aim, he sent a bullet into the creature's brain, and then, while the pack were fighting over the dead body of their comrade, he slung Peter over his back, and gained the open ground in safety.

Peter frankly told the whole truth about the affair from beginning to end, and concluded the story with the emphatic assertion that as long as he lived he would never be guilty of another practical joke, a vow he faithfully kept until his dying day.

How HE WAS CURED.—The following story is told of "Fighting Fitzgerald," a celebrated bean, gambler, horseman and duelist. After his return from Ireland, an old gentleman declared his intention of trying to cure Fitzgerald of his love of dueling, and one day provoked him to a contest. His friends tried in vain to persuade him not to go out. "Leave me alone," he said, "I'll settle him. I have got the choice of arms. Each of us shall be mounted, each choose his own weapon, a space shall be marked out, and whoever first crosses the boundary shall be declared vanquished." Fitzgerald being informed of these strange proposals, did not like to refuse, and, confident in his admirable horsemanship and skill with all weapons, accepted. He appeared on the ground superbly mounted on a fiery steed and armed with pistols. To the surprise and mirth of all, the old man trotted up on a donkey, carrying a bladder with dried peas inside, and a scarlet cloak in his hand. Waving the cloak and shaking his rattle, he rode into the space. Off started the fiery courser, and before Fitzgerald knew where he was, he had crossed the boundary and lost the duel. The ridicule was too much for him, and he never "went out" again.

A DARLINGTON HERO.—The following is an extract from the speech of Hon. John L. McLaurin before the veterans of Horry county: "At the battle of Gettysburg a stalwart lad from Darlington was bravely advancing in the face of a hot fire when a shot tore off his first finger. An officer ordered him to the rear. 'No, sir,' was his reply, 'they will call me a coward if I go back for that.' A moment later a piece of shell took his arm off clear and clean above the elbow. A comrade caught him, and the poor fellow said, 'I will go back now; but I would rather lose my arm than to be called a coward.' Two weeks ago there was a death in the poor house. The bed was hard, the walls bare, the wan face cold and still, while across the breast was pinned the armless sleeve of a pauper's coat. The heroic soul of Henry Miller had winged its flight to God, far beyond the reach of want and ingratitude. Oh, my friends, why honor the dead, why build monuments of brass and marble? It is but a hollow mockery when heroes like this die dishonored and in want."

HERE AT LAST.

THE people have been calling on us for Canned Tomatoes ever since the frost hit this section in October; but we had none. We have them now and they are good—extra quality. The price for 3-pound cans is as follows: Single can 10 cents, three for 25 cents, or \$1.00 per dozen. We have extra choice Canned Corn, the celebrated Sunbeam Brand, at 15 cents a can or two cans for 25 cents; and we have another brand about equal to any on the market at 10 cents a can, or three for 25 cents.

Java and Mocha.
We have just received a small shipment of blended Java and Mocha Coffee. No more delicious, stimulating or invigorating coffee is to be found anywhere. It is roasted. The housekeeper who delights in good coffee, should try this. It is worth 25 cents a pound, or three pounds for \$1.05.

Baker's Premium Chocolate.
We have Wm. Baker's celebrated Premium Chocolate—the best on the market. Also Schep's Shredded Coconut, ready prepared for cakes and put up in 4 and 14 pound packages.

Layer Figs and Raisins.
We have extra choice Layer Figs and Raisins. We have the latter in 5-pound boxes at 65 cents. We would advise all who want the best ingredients for their Christmas fruit cakes to send and get them at once. We have a good stock on hand now, but it is going in a hurry. Catawba and Isabella Grapes are worth 25 cents a basket.

We Can't Begin
To mention all the seasonable delicacies we have in stock, but hope those who buy will give us a call and learn for themselves what we have. We have Mince-meat, Apple Jelly and Apple Butter.

Prepared Buckwheat.
We have the best quality of Prepared Buckwheat Flour and choice New Crop N. O. Molasses. **GRIST COUSINS.** Don't forget us and don't fail to remember that we want to buy eggs. Don't want butter or chickens. People have pork.

DON'T FORGET STRAUSS
When buying Your Christmas Presents. He Has Silverware Of such variety And elegance as to Please the most Fastidious taste. Don't buy until You see what he Has to offer.

There is nobody anywhere who can sell you better Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, Cloaks, Capes, Underwear, Hats, Shoes, Hosiery, Clothing, Overcoats, Mackintosh Coats, Boots, Umbrellas, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Cravats, Trunks, Valises, Handbags, or anything else cheaper than H. C. STRAUSS.

Please call for Fashion Sheets, they are free to everybody.

Don't forget that my place of business is on the **NORTHWEST CORNER OF FOUNTAIN SQUARE,** And that I will save you more dollars and cents than anybody!

H. C. STRAUSS,
Agent for Coats's Spool Cotton.

IT'S EASY.
If you are a reader of THE ENQUIRER, and not a subscriber, it is probably, and in fact likely, due to the fact that you don't think yourself financially able to subscribe for THE ENQUIRER, and so you borrow from your neighbor, although your conscience tells you not to do it; but the conscience has no effect when it is THE ENQUIRER that you want. The easiest way to get it, is to give the first club maker you meet \$1.75 and tell him to send you THE ENQUIRER for a year. Another easy way is

TO GET UP A CLUB
Of TEN subscribers and get THE ENQUIRER free. You can probably induce your neighbor who is not a subscriber to subscribe in five minutes' time. If he is a subscriber, ask him to renew his subscription on your club. He will do it. Try the first 10 men you meet. Five minutes to each one—50 minutes—a year's subscription for a club of 10. Can you make \$1.75 in 50 minutes in any other way?

Don't read a borrowed paper—your neighbor pays for it—but get up a club of TEN or more subscribers

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

"Procrastination is the Thief of Time."

DOUBTLESS it is your intention at some time to throw around your wife and children that protection which is guaranteed by a life insurance policy in a first-class company. You have been thinking about it for years, and during that time have seen numbers of your neighbors and acquaintances lay down life's burdens and leave their dear ones to fend for themselves, and to strive as best they could to provide themselves with clothing and food. Now, haven't you? There is no doubt that he "intended" to protect his loved ones, but he put it off from day to day, for reasons that he thought were satisfactory, until it was too late. Is there not a strong probability that you will allow the opportunity to slip from your grasp? Read the acknowledgment in the special notice columns of this paper from Mrs. Sarah H. James, of Chester. If Mr. James longer his family would have been minus the amount of \$3,000. We represent the strongest premium Life Insurance company in the world. Its plan is the correct one. We can give you gilt edge protection at about half the cost charged by the other companies. See us TODAY. Tomorrow may be too late.

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