

Humorous Department.

WHY THE SEAT DID NOT FIT.—When "Ben" Wade of Ohio was the presiding officer of the senate, he used occasionally to call some senator to take the chair, and relieve himself by walking up and down in the lobby, which runs back of the senate chamber. Once, while thus walking, he was overtaken by a certain carpet-bag senator from one of the southern states, who occupied the identical chair that Jefferson Davis had used while a member of the senate. Walking along by the side of Wade, he rubbed his back wearily and said: "Wade, these senate chairs are the most uncomfortable things I ever saw. My back is positively blistered from sitting in mine."

A KNOTTY QUESTION.—A duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be shot, than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves that either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot Nott himself, when the whole thing would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot not Nott but Nott. Anyway it, is hard to tell who was shot.—Exchange.

THE LATEST TOLD TALE.—What the London papers don't know about America isn't worth knowing. Here's the latest told tale, and it's about our own worthy town, too: "The scarcity of servant girls in Boston, we read in a contemporary, has led to the importation of farmers' daughters from the rural districts of Maine. Not all of them have yet caught the trick of service. One afternoon, for instance, a lady called at a residence in Beacon street, where one of these girls was employed, and rang the bell. Samantha Clodddaughter answered the call. "Can Mrs. X. be seen?" the visitor asked. "Ken she be seen?" sniggered Samantha. "Well I guess she ken; she's 6 feet high, and 4 feet wide! Ken she be seen? You can't see much of anything besides when she's around."—True Flag.

COULDN'T AIM.—A Boston young man was taken out by some Fort Worth gunners to kill ducks at Hurst's lake. As a large flock of canvas backs floated right by him, and he didn't shoot, one of the Fort Worthites got excited and yelled: "Why in thunder didn't you shoot?" "Why," answered the Boston man, "every time I got my gun leveled at one, four or five other blame green headed fools would swim right in between, so I never could get a good aim at one." The party went home.

The following rules for guests are published by the Philadelphia Bulletin: Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter. Guests wishing to rise early without being called, can have self-raising flour for supper. Guests wishing to do a little driving, will find hammer and nails in the closet. If your room gets too warm, open the window and let the fire-escape. If you are fond of athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and see the spring. If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that is light enough.

A BIRD IN HAND.—"Well," he said to the minister, at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?" "Oh! I'll leave that to you," was the reply, "you can better estimate the value of the service rendered." "Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for a year. By that time I will know whether I ought to give you \$100 or nothing." "No, no," said the clergyman, who is a married man himself, "make it \$3 now."

GENERAL GORDON'S STORY.—General Gordon of Georgia tells the following story of the war period to illustrate the shrinkage of the Confederate currency: "One day a cavalryman rode into camp on a reasonably good horse. 'Hello, cavalryman,' said a foot soldier. 'I'll give you \$3,000 for your horse.' 'You go to (the bad place),' was the horseman's reply. 'I just paid \$1,000 to have him curried.'"

AN OPINION ON CURRENCY.—"It's a great relief," remarked Meandering Mike, "ter 'tink dat dere ain't no call for us to worry 'bout de financial policy er dis country." "Still ye can't help kinder 'tinkin' 'bout 'em," replied Plodding Pete, "specially when everybody else is givin' 'emselves up ter it. Right down in yer heart, Mike, what metal do yer honestly favor, gold or silver?" "Neider," was the prompt response. "Ez long ez beer is five cents a glass, I don't see no use er havin' anyting but nickels."

NOT EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—"My dear," remonstrated a wife, peering out from under the bed clothes, "I do wish you would use the word 'sheol.' It sounds better." "It may sound better at times," replied her husband, who was noisily nursing his heel, "but when a man steps on a tack he wants the old version."

Wayside Gatherings.

A dog is fully grown at the end of his second year.

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

A man born to command is different from one made to order.

The hand that rocked the cradle is now guiding the bicycle.

There are 28,000 Hebrews in the city of Amsterdam, and over 10,000 of them are dealers in diamonds.

It was left for a New York youngster to describe the foolish virgins as the ones that didn't get married.

The first English hymn book used in public worship was that compiled by Isaac Wesley in the year 1715.

McKinley and Hobart were each born in 1844. That was the year when Henry Clay made his last run for the presidency.

The largest room in the world is said to be the hall of the imperial palace in St. Petersburg. It is 160 feet long by 150 feet wide.

The greatest potato eaters are the people of Germany and Belgium. Their consumption of this vegetable averages 100 pounds per annum for each person.

The art of dentistry was introduced into New York by John Greenwood in 1788. He is said to have made the first artificial teeth ever manufactured in this country.

A celebrated naturalist once said that he found out something new every time he studied a plant, even though he had apparently discovered all there was to learn about it.

The telephone line stretched recently from New York to Chicago is twice as long as the longest line known. Nearly 1,000,000 tons of copper wire were used in laying it.

Fifty bicycles were impounded on one day in Paris recently because they had no plates bearing the owner's name and residence soldered to them, as the new law requires.

A cambric shirt worn by Louis XVI on the day before his death retailed for \$370, and the napkin used at mass on the morning of his execution \$380 at a recent London sale.

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years." "Was he in that business when he married you?" "Yes, indeed." "I thought so."

There are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia. They respire, so they say, through a little stem, apparently answering the purpose of a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."

On the state railway in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green, and third-class white.

Captain William Williger of the North German Lloyd line has crossed the Atlantic 400 times, 1,400,000 miles in all, or 60 times around the earth. He has safely carried 200,000 persons, and rescued hundreds of persons at sea.

Over \$700,000,000 are invested in electric railroads in the United States, \$325,000,000 in electric lighting. The total electrical investments are estimated at \$1,250,000,000, and the yearly increase is estimated at \$100,000,000.

Queen Victoria, in her long life, has traveled very little abroad. She has never been in Russia, Denmark, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Spain, Switzerland nor Greece. She has never yet set eyes on any of her colonies, nor upon any part of Asia, Africa or America.

Burmese humanity to animals go so far as to provide buffaloes kept in stables with mosquito netting. The mosquito are as annoying to cattle as to human beings, but when left out of doors the buffalo can protect himself by rolling in the mud and letting it cake on him.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears that all the land and freshwater shells are peculiar to the locality. Fifty-seven out of the 78 species of bird, and 700 out of the 1000 species of insects, do not exist in any other portion of the globe.

H. M. Stanley, the explorer, says that certain portions of Africa will always be worthless on account of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers 10 miles broad by 30 long, marching down a valley, and, when the grass was fired against them, they were thick enough to smother the flames.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person, upon stepping out of his morning tub, has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

Fire broke out in a building in the avenue de Neuilly, just outside the Porte Maillot, one of the gates of Paris, and the Paris firemen were called out. On reaching the gate, they found that they could not pass it without a special permit from the prefect of police, and had to watch the house burn down while some one hunted up the prefect.

A resident of England, who died at the age of 82, attracted considerable attention in the community in which he lived on account of a phenomenal growth of hair which appeared on his head just before his death. For over 12 years he had been bald, and then in some inexplicable way a heavy growth of hair suddenly appeared, like that of an infant.

The Story Teller.

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowadays stripe, but an old 1849 Californian miner. I have been engaged in all description of mining transactions, except the new fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions.

I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and began to examine it. It was written with a pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners who wished to obtain my money. Fail to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, 25 paces due north of this, a bag containing \$5,000 in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of

ANDREW FORREST.

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No, the place where it was found and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log and turned the matter over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ;" and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No, I was in the right place, but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditation, and on looking up I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparation of their supper. As an excuse I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48 said: "I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination we decided that his suspicion was correct, and after some consultation we determined that the next morning we would commence digging.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than dig down in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack proposed that he and my partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least "make grub," while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search that I had become utterly regardless of anything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging and my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about 15 feet into the hill, when on one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About 10 feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its surface prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend danger in

that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy for the rest of the day, so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, How long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time and then forgot the figures.

How much would I have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, How can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I could be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was not pleasant. I racked my brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl through it? If it only succeeds in making an air hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my rescue. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen.

After I had cut a channel for water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel I forced it through the moistened earth as far as I was able and then waited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing my pick handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, and I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint light glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into a certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump upon lump was washed away by the stream until the channel became large enough for me to place my head in the opening and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found that it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my companions I concealed it and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

On opening the bag we found about \$5,000 worth of gold. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money among us.

THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

A Quiet Meeting at Hampton and Ten Days Off For Chicago.

Trouble was expected at Hampton last Friday. It was on account of a threat to howl down G. Duncan Bellinger, candidate for solicitor; but, as is usually the case when trouble is expected, it failed to develop.

In Colleton county, on Wednesday, it will be remembered, the friends of the Broxton Bridge lynchers treated Solicitor Bellinger outrageously and refused to let him speak. At Beaufort, the people were enthusiastic for Bellinger; but at Hampton there was present a large crowd of the Broxton Bridge sympathizers who came over for the express purpose of trying to make it unpleasant for the solicitor. The Hampton people had given out the word that if the Colleton toughs should attempt to raise any trouble there would be a row, and when the Colleton toughs realized the situation, they decided to subside, confining their demonstrations to cheers for Charles Carroll Simms, Mr. Bellinger's opponent. Bellinger, however, had the Hampton crowd, and the issue in the race is law and order against anarchy.

Governor Evans and Mr. Duncan had their usual spat about the bond deal and the commissions, and members of the crowd asked both candidates some questions; but nothing unusual developed until after the meeting, when the following resolution, offered by Mr. W. P. Murdock, was adopted: "Resolved, That we, the Democracy of Hampton county, have heard the arguments of Governor Evans and Mr. J. T. Duncan, touching the bond matter, and our judgment of the governor has been guilty of no indiscretion, much less a crime, and that his course in the entire matter from beginning to end has been that of an honest man, faithfully striving for the best interests of the state."

July 13, when Judge Earle is expected to make his first appearance on the stump.

A CHICAGO WIDOWER'S GRIEF.—"I want you to come up, Dan and tell me what you think of the way I've got my wife's grave decorated. I tell you what it is, there's some few things I won't allow no one to get ahead of me in, and one of them is in decorating wives' graves. I flatter myself that there ain't a wife in Rosehill, from one end to the other, any more decorative or with any more money spent on it than my wife's grave. It costs like sin, but it takes the rag off the bush for decorating. I've done the whole thing up brown—got shells, bushes, cut flowers, rustic benches, tombstone and the whole business, and I ain't ashamed to take any one, man or woman, to see my wife's grave." This is a true story and many of the readers of The Tribune have paused with feelings of amazement at the variety of garnishing on the above mentioned resting-place of a wife who, if report be true, was never overburdened with decorations in life.—Chicago Tribune.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure. ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure. ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.

CHESTER AND LENOIR RAILROAD. Schedules in Effect from and After June 28, 1896.



G. W. F. Harper, Receiver. CENTRAL TIME STANDARD.

Table with 3 columns: GOING NORTH, No. 12, No. 10. Rows include Chester, Lowryville, Newton, Yorkville, Clover, Gastonia, Lincolnton, Newton, Hickory, and Arrive Lenoir.

Trains Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12 are first-class, and run daily except Sunday. Train No. 9 is second-class and makes weekly trips, going north Monday, Wednesday and Friday, passing Yorkville at 8:50 a. m. No. 61 is also a second-class train and makes tri-weekly trips, going south Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, passing Yorkville at 2:25 p. m.

Close connections at Chester with the S. A. L. going east or west, and with the Southern railway going north or south. Also close connections with the Southern at Gastonia and Hickory going east or west. For further information apply to local agents.

L. T. NICHOLS, Superintendent.

OHIO RIVER AND CHARLESTON R. R.

SAMUEL HUNT, General Manager.

TIME TABLE of the Ohio River and Charleston Railway company, to take effect Monday, June 1, 1896, at 7:40 a. m.

STANDARD EASTERN TIME.

Table with 3 columns: GOING SOUTH, No. 12, No. 10. Rows include Marion, Rutherfordton, Forest City, Leesville, Mooresboro, Shelby, Patterson Springs, and Arrive Blacksburg.

GOING NORTH.

Table with 3 columns: No. 32, No. 34. Rows include Blacksburg, Earls, Patterson Springs, Shelby, Mooresboro, Forest City, Rutherfordton, and Arrive Marion.

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.

At Roddeys, Old Point, King's Creek and London, trains stop only on signal.

A. TRIP, Superintendent. SAM'L HUNT, General Manager.

THE ELECTROPOISE.

HAS passed the experimental stage and is now endorsed in all sections of the country by intelligent people.

Nervous Prostration. SUMMERVILLE, S. C. Sept. 19, 1895.

Dear Sir—I am very much pleased with the Electropoise. I used it by your directions and my nerves have greatly improved as well as my digestion. Can you stand twice as much mental work and am growing in physical strength daily. Wish I had gotten an Electropoise at an earlier date. Yours truly, (Rev.) W. ASBURY WRIGHT.

A Cure All. ORANGEBURG, S. C., June 17, 1895.

Gentlemen—We purchased one of your pocket Electropoises in December, 1893. We have tried it on every member of our family and found it all that is claimed for it. We have treated successfully with it, severe cold, chills, fever, diarrhoea, etc. Its effect on teaching children is wonderful. Our family numbers seven and we have not used a dollar's worth of medicine since we had the 'Poise. Respectfully, Mrs. I. W. BOMAN.

Catarrh. LANCASTER, S. C. August 1, 1891.

I consider the Electropoise a most wonderful discovery. I have applied it in my family for la grippe, acute sore throat, neuralgia and nervous headache with perfect success. I am also treating a severe case of chronic catarrh with the Electropoise as the agent, and it has given great relief, and if treatment is continued I believe it will effect a perfect cure. An intelligent use of it carries conviction with it. Yours truly, B. J. WITHERSPOON.

For All Ailments. MOCLELLANDVILLE, S. C., Aug. 14, 1895.

Dear Sir—I purchased a 'Poise in February '95 and it cured me of a chronic bad cold, and now I hardly ever take cold. It also cured me of lumbago and a disordered liver. I use it in my family numbering nine persons for all ailments. Have only paid in physics and physicians fees during the time \$1.50. Would not be without it for many times its cost. Respectfully, A. W. LELAND.

Rheumatism. YORKVILLE, S. C., January 15, 1892.

Dear Sir—In reply to your inquiry will say my wife is delighted with the effects of the Electropoise, and has improved very much from the treatment. The rheumatic pains have been very much reduced, and the swelling in the limbs disappeared. She had no faith whatever in the Electropoise when she first began, but is now fully convinced of its beneficial powers; and eventually looks for a permanent cure. Yours very truly, J. E. LOWRY.

Catarrh, Piles, Dyspepsia, Etc. MILLETTSVILLE, S. C., Feb. 14, 1895.

Gentle—The Electropoise has done all that you claimed for it. I had a complication of diseases, catarrh, rheumatism, piles and dyspepsia. I nearly gave up, had the knife used on the piles, and soon after got the Electropoise, used according to directions and am still using it. I was without energy or appetite, and am now a new man. Can eat three hearty meals a day, enjoy and digest the same. Almost relieved of catarrh. I cannot say too much for it, and recommend it to all that are sick. May I add my relief from the catarrh? I had been a great sufferer and know how to appreciate the Electropoise. Very truly, HENRY BLACK.

W. M. PROPST, County Agent, Yorkville, S. C.

TUNISON'S

NEW TOWNSHIP, COUNTY, RAILWAY, DISTANCE, STATE

MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THIS new Map of South Carolina has just been completed and has no equal. It was constructed by the most accomplished draughtsmen and engravers; is based on government surveys, official railroad information and other authentic sources. Unequaled in accuracy, it is newer in design than any other, and is the only map of the State sold at a reasonable price. Each township is colored separately in sea shell tint colors by the hand and stencil process and named. The counties, including the new county of Saluda, are plainly outlined and the principal wagon roads all over the State are shown, also the canals.

This is also the most complete railroad map of South Carolina ever published, as it gives the entire railroad system of the State with the correct distance between every station marked with figures from official railroad guides. The names of the railroads are printed on them; thus we can tell what railroad to take to go to any town or place, and the correct distances, shortest road, and cost of travel between any two places.

This map locates each postoffice, including those most recently established. It gives the population of towns and counties, also of the State according to the last census and a brief historical sketch of the State with views of Charleston and a large scale map of Charleston. TO THE GOVERNMENT SURVEY, making it the latest and most valuable map of South Carolina ever published.

Size, 2 feet 4 inches by 3 feet. Colored, varnished, bound with tape. Will be given away free for a club of TWO ADULT SUBSCRIBERS TO THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER at \$1.75, or will be sent, postage paid, to any address upon receipt of \$1.25. Address, L. M. GRIST & SONS.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Dr. J. B. Delvaux's Great Indian Blood Purifier Is Nature's Own Remedy.

MADE from the best and most powerful medicinal and curative roots and herbs of the forest, Dr. J. B. DELVAUX'S INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER is truly a marvelous remedy for the treatment of all chronic disease in individuals who have thin blood and have lost their vitality, and as a tonic it has no equal. It invigorates the system, overpowers dyspepsia and rids the system of all ailments, having a tendency to depressed spirits. Within a radius of 100 miles it has nearly run all other preparations from the market and is emperor of all family medicine chests. It cleanses and tones up the stomach, promotes a healthy action of the liver, bowels and kidneys, and produces pure and clear blood, thus giving the patient the strength to withstand the attacks of diseases. It cures syphilis in any stage, scrofula, old sores, piles, shaking chills, nervous prostration, general debility, and will prevent malarial fever. This great remedy has no rival. Sold in all first-class drug stores, and general country stores, and by authorized agents, who are now covering every nook and corner of the county; or you can get it direct from us by applying to Dr. J. B. DELVAUX & CO., Yorkville, S. C.

S. W. WATSON. PHOTOGRAPHER.

Cleveland Avenue, Yorkville, S. C.

PHOTOGRAPHY in all the latest styles of the art. Special attention given to portrait work. My gallery is thoroughly and comfortably furnished with all the latest improvements. Terms reasonable and strictly cash. S. W. WATSON.