

Humorous Department.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—The Indianapolis Sentinel says that during the cold weather a few weeks ago a little incident happened in the Woodruff place kindergarten that illustrates the vivid imagination of children.

The morning was bitterly cold and the teacher was watching with some anxiety for the arrival of her little pupils.

As she looked out she saw one little tot, Johnny by name, coming down the street with his feet raised very high and his head bent over as though playing horse. He did not come in at the ringing of the bell, and she in some wonder went to the door to look for him.

Out in the cold he stood by a tree, stamping his feet and shaking his head, his face blue with the cold.

"Aren't you coming to school, Johnny?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"Well, come on in then, the bell has rung."

"But I'm a horse," was the reply.

"All right, little horse, come trot into the stable and get warm."

"But I can't," he chattered. "I can't get away for I'm playing I'm tied to a tree."

And to get the little fellow to come in Miss Anna had to go out and pretend to untie him.

HIGH LIVING IN GEORGIA.—A Negro, being hotly pursued by dogs that were guarding a farmhouse in the owner's absence, fled to a swamp and climbed a tree for safety. In telling about it afterwards he said:

"Yes, suh! I wuz in a tight place, I tell you! Up dat tree I went, and dar I stayed for two days an nights, wid dem dogs keepin' guard at de foot. When dey'd get tired, dey'd relieve each yuther, but dey wuz always a couple er dem on duty all de time, so dar I wuz, en 'fraid ever' minute 'ad bring de farmer, wid his gun!"

"And you had nothing to eat all that time?"

"Oh, yes, suh; I wuz well fixed in dat respect; I lived high, so ter speak."

"And what did you live on?"

"Well, suh, ter make a long story short, dar wuz a 'possum up dat tree likewise, and bless God, he wuz ez 'fraid er de dogs ez I wuz!"

TOO BAD.—Some persons develop a positive genius for looking on the dark side. An exchange gives this example:

There was a very rich farmer who would never own that he had anything to be thankful for in the way of profits. The parson once said to him during a fine harvest season:

"Come, Mr. Jones, you can have nothing to complain about this year, at all events!"

"I can't say that," said the farmer. "Still you can't say what is amiss."

He thought a bit, and then replied very grudgingly, "Well, you see, there will be no spoilt hay for the young calves."

HER TOUCHING APPEAL.—Who says the art of writing love letters is no more? Here is a passionate and fetching epistle from "Clara," a correspondent in a New York divorce suit now pending. It is filed in the evidence as "Exhibit K." Horace—My heart is bleeding today. I cannot live without you. I would once more kiss you and say good-by. Darling, what love more perfect than a life with thee? Tonight we meet! Do not fail, Horace, to bring me a bottle of rock and rye and a bottle of raspberry jam."

THE FAMILY.—Mrs. Winks—"This paper says that the average size of the American family is 5.04. Now, what in the world does that mean? Take our family for instance. Do you understand it?"

Mr. Winks—"Certainly. It is as plain as day. The '5' represents you, of course, and as we have four children the '4' represents them."

Mrs. Winks—"Oh, I begin to understand now. But what represents you?"

Mr. Winks—"The '0.'"

WHISKER PROBABILITIES.—Barbers, who have to be silent so much of the time, have taken to writing their jokes, like other witty people.

"Do you think I—aw—shall have a good beard?" asked an unpromising candidate for such honors.

"I'm afraid not, sir," answered the barber, after a close inspection.

"Aw, weally. My father has aw werry fine beard, you know."

"Maybe you take after your mamma, sir!"

SURE ENOUGH.—Two gentlemen were walking up the street engaged in a lively conversation.

"Since you have some notion of marrying," said one, "why don't you take Margurite, your sister's charming friend? She is an angel."

"I don't dispute that, but she paints."

"Oh, come now, my dear fellow, honestly, have you ever seen an angel that painted?"

TOO GREAT A RISK.—A woman in China, Me., called on a local insurance agent the other day to inquire about a policy for her house. "Ye see, 'Squire," she said, "we haven't had insured for some time. We've been kinder trustin' in the Lord for better'n seven year, but, to my mind, in these times, it's ter'ble risky."

Bobby—"Papa, what is natural philosophy?" "Natural philosophy is the science of cause and reason. Now, for instance, you see the steam coming out of the kettle, but don't know why or for what reason it—"

"Oh, yes, I do. That's for mamma to open your letters so you won't know it."

The Story Teller.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

AN OLD FELLOW'S STORY.

When I, Noah Snimes, was a younger of eighteen—and that's not so many years ago—I managed to fall desperately in love. I don't know exactly how it came about, but I was in, over head and ears, before I well knew what happened to me. Some folks say that to be in love is to be in purgatory. I think, however, it will be admitted that it is a very fascinating sort of purgatory. However, lads, as I was saying, I fell over head and ears in love. Perhaps I was a little infatuated—just a little, I say; but then I qualify it with a perhaps; for I must tell you that only to see Patty Doyle would have furnished any man, no matter who, with a good excuse for losing his heart.

Ah! Patty Doyle was something superfluous! I guess there never yet breathed a creature that was her equal—nor, in fact, that could come anigh her. Such nut-brown ringlets; such a smiling face; such lustrous, laughing black eyes; such rosy, pouting lips, from which sweet words, and sweeter kisses, dropped like honey-dew; such a merry, loving heart; so happy and so kind; and such a pretty fairy figure, with dainty footsteps, falling lighter than zephyr's upon gossamer, were hers; so that to match Patty Doyle was something impossible—except in wedlock, and that I was determined upon—but then, that's a match that won't bear any comparisons.

I said that I didn't know how I managed to fall in love, and that's true enough; but I believe that it came on at first with a case of strong likings. After that my heart lost its equilibrium, and got pretty considerably out of the perpendicular, until at last it leaned so far over that it fairly toppled into Patty's. Soon after this happened, Patty's toppled into mine, and then such pleasant times commenced—such continual interchanges of soft words, melting looks, and deep meaning sighs, that we never felt thoroughly happy unless we were together. For my part, I couldn't bear to be away from her a minute—courtin' was such a delightful excitement; and, besides, as all the other chaps used to look as if they grudged me, I shouldn't wonder if there was a spice of jealousy in my hankerings.

I was busy down at father's wharf all day, but I used to contrive to see Patty at dinner and tea-time; and at night—every night—I used to be waiting for her near her house; and then she used to come out, and I used to walk about with her for one or two hours. After a while, though, it came on to three, then four, and at last till five hours at night.

Then father interfered. "Noah, boy," said he, "you mustn't keep such late hours at the wharf; you'll injure your health. Diligence and stick-to-work are the right sort of thing, but you may stick too tight, for all that. Go ahead, boy, only mind you don't overshot the mark."

Poor old soul! He hadn't an idea what I was after; he thought I was busy with the "books" all the time. Well, I didn't keep better hours; and at length the old man began to smell a rat. I had written Patty Doyle's name all over the cashbook, and opened an account with her in the ledger, where it ought to have been Smith, Jones & Co. Father sat down one day to make out our bill against this firm, and then he discovered what I had been doing. He didn't say much at the time; it put him to a wrinkle or two, though, for the next day after he says to me, "Noah, boy, who was that person with you last night?"

"With me, father?" said I. I felt very stupid, and shouldn't wonder if I looked more so.

"Yes," said he; "and if I don't mistake, I saw you with that showy little hussy, Patty Doyle."

"Patty Doyle, father!" said I, half choking, for I felt my heart beating at a most unpleasantly high rate of speed, and somewhere, as I thought, too near my throat.

I was going to say something else, but I couldn't get the words together. Father saw how I was fixed, and looking quite red and angry, said:

"I'm surprised at you! What do you mean by it, sirrah, eh?"

I felt kinder riled when I saw how his dander was rized. I didn't say anything, though, and in a few minutes he cooled down.

"Noah," said he, "here's a bit of advice for you; take warning by me, boy. Dark eyes are deep traps. Your mother was just a most such another Patty Doyle. Mind you don't put your foot in it before you know what you're treading on."

"Never fear, father. I know what's what," said I feeling more courageous like to hear him talk so.

"There are others who know the same thing, too," said he, and walked away.

Next day he tells me that I must house myself sooner at nights; and so I did for a night or two, but in a week's time I was as bad as ever. It was just as if I couldn't get in. I had always something so very particular to say to Patty; she had some very pretty little reply to make; we could not part until we'd had our say out; and so it went on until I grew later and later, and at last mother used to have to sit up to let me in.

Now, this wasn't exactly the thing. Mother could excuse herself to father for being up after he had gone to bed, and so she did for sometime; but at last father, who didn't like being woke up out of his first sleep by her, took it into his head one night that he wouldn't do to bed till she did. So there they both set up together till they let the fire out, and then father began to feel cold—then he got cross, and then—I came home.

"So this is what your mother sits up for, is it?" said he, looking first at me and then at the clock, and looking precious angry beside. "Pretty time to come home at—just a quarter to twelve."

"That clock's half an hour fast," said mother, who began to sympathize with me.

"I'll teach him how to keep courtin' in bounds," said father, rising and going up stairs. When he got to the top he stopped, and shouted down, "Just stop out tomorrow night, boy, that's all, and see how'll I'll serve you!"

Well, that next night I had to see Patty home from a quilting; and when we got back—which wasn't till latish—why, we couldn't part all at once, that's all; and so we went on talking till I forgot that I was promised the key of the street; I don't know how time slipped by; but I declare that before I thought it could be twelve, I heard the meetin' clock strike one. "Good-by. God bless you, Patty," said I.

"Ain't you goin' to take me to the door, Noah?" said she.

It was about fifty yards from her house where we stood. I couldn't refuse, and when we got to her door there we talked for another half hour—half an hour with Patty was worth whole nights of bed—and when at last I got home, there was I locked out, and nobody sitting up to let me in.

I knocked about a dozen times, but no answer came; father, I afterward learned, had locked the key up with his revolvers. I felt rather unpleasantly fixed, I confess; however, I considered for a few minutes, and then I made up my mind.

I made it up, too, that I wouldn't be beaten. Away I went to the back of the house, then I mounted the garden wall, and then I tried the window of the back parlor—where, as I don't mind tellin' the truth, lads, I used to sleep upon a sofa bedstead.

Well, the sash slipped up. Wasn't I glad? In I got, as slick as you like—shut the window down softly, and then to bed.

Next morning early I heard father shouting at the front to mother, who was up stairs.

"Missus, where's the key?"

I didn't hear what she said, but he went up stairs, I suppose to fetch it—and then they both came down together, talking.

"He won't fancy being out all night, and winter coming on," said father.

"You must be a very hard man to lock the lad out," said mother. "Pray, what harm has he done?"

"What does he stop out for?" said father.

"Remember yourself at his time of life, husband," said mother.

"So I do, and that's why I pity the boy, and should like to save him," said he.

"Save him from what? Eh! Pity, indeed! 'Tis a pity you should talk so," said mother; and then they both set to, and had a civil altercation for the next half hour.

After this father went to the wharf and then I got up. Mother heard me in the room, so she came to the door.

"Noah," said she, "is that you?"

Then I told her how I had managed, and she promised to keep it a secret. She did so for sometime, but at last father found me out, and then it was no secret at all.

"Yes," said father, "I'll cure him;" and so he ordered me up to the first floor back, where my big brother Jem slept.

Jem had been in love once himself—he was a widower then—he's married again now—and he promised to assist me in any little device I might contrive. It was not long before our plans were arranged, and that very night I stopped out again as late as ever.

When I came home I walked straight up to the door, and gave a rat-tat-tat. No reply. Then I gave another, and his night-capped head popped out.

"Who's there?" said he.

"It's I, Noah," said I.

"Then stop there," said he. And so saying he shut down the window.

I went round to the garden, mounted the wall, and with a long hickory stick tapped at Jem's window.

"Is that you, Noah?" said he, throwing it up.

"Yes," said I.

"All right, my boy," said he; "now, then, give me your hand—put your foot on the pear tree—that's it," and in two minutes I was safely housed and in bed.

Well, father found this out at last—not how I got in, but that I was in, and that every morning I got up out of bed as though I had been there all night.

This riled him uncommonly. He beat colts from horse-chestnuts—he was fairly non-fuscitated. However, he orders a bran new patent lock for the front door, for he thought I got in that way; and when it came home and was put on, he reckoned that the preventive service was complete. But of course he found out his mistake, for next morning I got up again the same as usual. So what does he do, but goes and nails all the windows up!

I avow that this made me feel rebellious like. If I wasn't home by half-past ten every night, there was I locked out. It did rile me, I assure you, and that's a fact! I was obliged to make all sorts of excuses, too, to Patty—I had a cold, mother was poorly, father wanted me to "post the books," and a hundred other things beside I told her. At last, one clear, sharp, frosty moonlight evening, Patty says:

"Noah, there's a sleighing party to Nineveh tomorrow night."

"I know there is; but I don't intend going," said I.

"But I do," said she, glancing at me with a sly look.

"I knew they couldn't get back now from Nineveh much before midnight; how precious puzzled I felt.

I didn't know what to do. At last I said, "I can't go, Patty; and you must not go alone."

"No," said she, affirmatively.

"No," said I, confrimingly.

"No," said she; "and there's no need for me to do so, either, as Seth Prior has offered to take me with him."

"Wasn't I mad! And yet you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"Seth Prior take you, Patty!" said I. "No, never! I'll go my myself. I'll have our best sleigh and the new trappings."

"Do," said she.

"Depend upon it," said I, and soon after this we parted for the night.

Next day I asked father's leave.

"No," said he; "not unless you can be in by half-past ten."

This was impossible. What was I to do?

When I came home to dinner, I said, "Mother, you were complaining about the new lock yesterday. Shall I oil it for you?"

"Do, Noah," she replied; and I took the lock off.

"What's that boy doing at the door?" said father.

"Oiling the lock," said mother.

"Well, it doesn't go at all slick and easy," said he, and he went out.

How my fingers itched! Mine was a case of great extremity and extreme temptation. Doubtful thoughts of Patty, and dark ones of Seth Prior, were workin' me just beautiful. At last I could stand it no longer. I took the wards out of the lock, put them in my pocket, and then I put the lock back in its place.

It acted capital. Any key a'most would fit it. Mother was pleased to see it work so easy; and father, when he came home to tea, said:

"Noah, you've improved the lock wonderfully; but it won't do, boy; if you take it off a hundred times, you won't be able to get a key that will pass those wards."

That night I drove Patty in the sleigh to Nineveh. Wasn't it a pleasant frolic! And didn't Patty enjoy herself! and didn't she cut Seth Prior! And wasn't I happy! Yes, I just was.

When I got home I soon turned back the lock, and soon afterward turned into bed. Well, father didn't find out this move for more than a month. I used to get up before him, go down to the wharf, and when he came—and he was always an early bird—I was busy at the desk. However, one evening he and old neighbor Proddles, who lived opposite, were having a glass together, when I heard father say:

"I wonder Noah isn't frozen to death this cold weather, lying out all night as he does?"

"Where does he lie?" said Proddles. "Don't you know?"

"No," said father; "nor can I learn, either."

"Well, I don't know where he sleeps," said Proddles, with a quiet grin; "but I only know what my missus says—that she's seed him come in at your door several times at a deadly late hour."

"But he hasn't got the key," said father; "and, besides, it's a new patent lock."

"He gets in, though, you may depend upon it," said Proddles.

"Never!" said father.

"True, by Washington!" said Proddles.

Father sat quiet for a few minutes then he called me to him.

"Noah," said he, putting his hand in his pocket, "here's the key of the house; I can neither lock you out, nor nail you out; so now come in when you like; and, what's more, if you're sweet upon little Patty Doyle, it shall not be said that your father hindered you."

"That's right," said Proddles; but now that you have got both the key and the consent—two important matters, as I take it, for the successful prosecution of courtship—I think you ought to tell us how you managed to get in."

I told them; and when they had done laughing, Proddles said, "'Tis a true saying, neighbor, 'Love laughs at locksmiths.'"

"They have a right to laugh that way," said I, and away I went to tell Patty that I had got father's permission.

Her friends had no objections; and in less than two years after I took her as my wife; and a charming little creature she was, and is now, though many years older—God bless her!

HAMPTON ON WAR.

Would Not Serve Under General Nelson A. Miles.

General Wade Hampton was interviewed a few days ago at his home near Columbia, in regard to the Maine disaster and probable complications, etc.

"I cannot express my opinion as to the cause of the tragedy," said the distinguished Confederate cavalry leader, "as that is a matter which will be determined by experts and divers. But as to what course the United States should pursue should the disaster prove to be due to Spanish treachery or to the fanatical hatred of the United States on the part of some Spaniard, I do not hesitate to say that we should demand a heavy indemnity and enforce the collection of it at the muzzle of the guns."

"Here again another contingency arises. It is whether or not Spain will choose to pay or go to war. In the latter event there is not much doubt as to the outcome. There is one fact that should not be lost sight of, however, at this point, and it is that Spain has a navy as large or slightly larger than the United States, though I doubt if it would fight as well as ours. Once war is declared we all know that the issue will be determined on the sea. Spain will be unable to invade the United States and likewise we unable to invade Spain. There would, therefore, be but little land fighting, except that the Spanish fleet might shell a

few of our more exposed seaports. We, in turn, would take possession of Cuba and the war would ultimately end on account of Spain's inability to continue it."

General Hampton was asked whether he would offer his services to the government in case of war, but declined to answer directly. From his subsequent conversation the inference was drawn that he would not serve under General Miles.

He would advise, he said, that the men of the south stay at home and let the north furnish the troops. "We are," said he, "just recovering from a terrific struggle which depopulated our section of the country, and another war would give us another set back. If it becomes necessary our citizens should take up arms to defend our seaports, but not otherwise."

When asked what disposition should be made of Cuba, General Hampton expressed a strong disapproval of an annexation. "We have enough bad voters in this country now," said he, "without taking in any more. It would be well for the United States to exercise a protectorate over both Cuba and Hawaii, but I am unalterably opposed to annexation."

"He is a big-headed fool; vain pea-

cock kind of a fellow," was General Hampton's characterization of General Miles.

He said that General Miles was responsible for having ex-President Davis put in chains where there was no demand from other quarters for such action. His book on his Indian campaigns contains nothing, said General Hampton, but vainglorious praise of himself.



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BETWEEN this date and the MIDDLE OF MARCH, it is usual for the people of this section to select their reading matter for the following year. Being one of the clearest, most enterprising and reliable newspapers in the state, it is natural, therefore, that THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER should also be one of the most popular. Ninety per cent. of the families in the county desire it as a regular visitor to their homes, and all those who can afford it, may reasonably be looked upon as probable subscribers. One of the most peculiar drawbacks, probably, is the inconvenience of writing letters, sending money and attending to the matter of subscribing at the proper time. It is this fact that makes it especially desirable for us, just at this time, to secure the services of a large number of intelligent and energetic assistants, and to make it worth their while to give the matter their attention, we are making the liberal offers which we will presently explain. The price of a single subscription one year is TWO DOLLARS. This is to the individual who does not give his name to a clubmaker; but sends it direct to this office. In clubs, however, the price is only ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. That is the price which the subscriber pays the clubmaker, and the price which, under all circumstances, he is expected to pay us. Now to our propositions:

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The three leading premiums are a CAROLINA BUGGY, a ROCK HILL BUGGY, and a MONARCH BICYCLE, for lady or gentleman. The "Rock Hill" is to be a leather top, and the "Carolina" is an open buggy. Both vehicles are to be of the very best grades manufactured by the respective well-known establishments. The Bicycle is to be of the highest grade manufactured by the Monarch Cycle Company, and the Monarch wheel, as every wheelman knows, is without a superior.

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The clubmaker who returns and pays for the largest number of subscribers—NEW AND OLD—will be entitled to the choice of the three above described premiums. The clubmaker who returns and pays for the largest number of NEW NAMES, will be entitled to second choice. The clubmaker who returns the second largest number of names—new and old—will be entitled to the third choice. In other words, the first choice goes to the clubmaker who has secured the largest number of new subscribers; and the third choice to the second largest club of old and new subscribers.

OTHER PREMIUMS.

In addition to the competitive premiums mentioned above, we also offer various other premiums for clubs containing specified numbers of names, and propose to deliver the premiums whenever the numbers specified are returned and paid for. Upon securing one premium—a watch or sewing machine, say—a MACHINÉ, together with all attachments, say a "HOUSEKEEPER'S" SET OF KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS, made by Rogers; a "WALTHAM" WATCH in coin silver, dust-proof case, NO. 4 AUTOHARP, BANJO, GUITAR, or LOW ARM SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

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SUBSCRIBERS, choice of the following, each valued at \$10: NEW YORK STANDARD JEWELRY WATCH in dust-proof case; 14K GOLD FILLED WATCH CHAIN, or HALF DOZEN TEASPOONS, HALF DOZEN TABLESPOONS AND BUTTER KNIFE (13 PIECES).

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For 20 and Less Than 30 SUBSCRIBERS, we will give a NO. 37 AURORE, valued at \$5.00; or THE ENQUIRER and any monthly magazine or weekly newspaper published in the United States, for one year.

For 10 and Less Than 20 SUBSCRIBERS, a CONCAVE WARRANTED RAZOR, SILVER PLATED GRAVY LADLE, or an extra quality FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIFE, with name and address on the handle. Any of the articles mentioned would be a bargain at \$2.

For 6 and Less Than 10 SUBSCRIBERS, a "CLIMAX" WATCH, warranted for one year; an extra quality THREE BLADED POCKET KNIFE, or CHILD'S SILVER PLATED TABLE SET. Good values at \$1.50.

For 4 and Less Than 6 SUBSCRIBERS, a "YANKEE" WATCH, warranted for one year; "Siren" pattern BUTTER KNIFE, or TWO-BLADED POCKET KNIFE, with name