

Humorous Department.

A WELL-SELECTED JURY.—Down in an extremely rural district of Arkansas an old man was arrested for stealing a hog.

When the court adjourned, the judge approached the lawyer for the defense and remarked: "Look here, my friend, I never heard of such a verdict."

WHY THE PARSON LEFT KENTUCKY.—A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition.

"Well Parson, why did you leave Kentucky?" "I don't care to say anything about it. Besides it was only a trifle."

A story of close management is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the west. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him: "Wal, I reckon, you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you'll lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

PAT'S PLEDGE.—"Tim, this won't do; you must take warning from the fate of your friend, O'Shaughnessy."

In arguing a point before a judge of the superior court, Colonel Folk, of the mountain circuit in North Carolina, laid down a very doubtful proposition of law.

Canvasser—Beg pardon, but would you object to look at a book I have with me? Busy Man—Not at all.

The Story Teller.

WHY I LEFT SANTIAGO.

I was the only American operator in eastern Cuba in February and March, 1898, which were very busy months in the cable office at Santiago, where I had been for four years.

The cable from Santiago to Spain goes under the sea first to Kingston, Jamaica, thence to Puerto Rico, thence to St. Croix, and from there to Pinar del Rio and Pernambuco in Brazil.

Beside myself, there was but one other operator in Santiago office, Laurin Merode, a young Spaniard, who had learned cable work at Lisbon.

One day we sent 13,742 words in over 1,100 despatches, yet we were two hours "back" at midnight, with Havana fuming at us over the land wire, and still hurrying messages through the Cienfuegos cable.

Anything like clockwork I can "tinker," but the mouse mill that works the siphon pen is a very delicate bit of mechanism, which assists the faint electric impulses that come great distances through the cable to move the ink point of the recorder and to drop on the tape.

I suppose I had taken the record tape clockwork and mouse mill apart twenty different times; and on the evening of the second of April, after Merode relieved me, I set to work to wind a new motor coil for the mouse mill, which had worked so very badly all day that, rather than struggle with it longer, I had determined to sit up all night and build a new "mill."

The cable-house at Santiago is a most lonesome place, particularly at night; but a Spanish sentinel was supposed to pass the door every three minutes. These poor fellows were rarely paid, and often looked in at the door to beg a cigarette.

In an instant Merode was on his feet and shouted, "Sentinela!" at which our unexpected visitors laughed good-humoredly, and the Cuban said, "I must beg the Senor Telegrafista not to distress himself concerning the worthy sentinel, for that watchful soldier is now lying comfortably on his back outside, with a gag in his mouth, and his hands are tied to his feet."

"Well, who are you, and what do you want here?" I exclaimed, in Spanish. The young man in white duck laughed. "You are an American; anybody could tell that by your Spanish. Oh, I know about you. Speak English."

"Certainly," I replied. "What do you want here?" "The news?" "Are the Spanish war-ships Vizcaya and Oquendo, still at Puerto Rico? Has the torpedo flotilla arrived there, or has it gone to St. Vincent, at Cape Verde?"

"It is contrary to the rules of the cable company for me to give such information," I replied. "Besides, all these Spanish government messages are in cipher, which I am not supposed to know anything about."

I am also an honest man, employed here to do a certain duty, which I will not betray.

"You will not help me, then? Very well, I shall examine your tapes by force."

"It is not my business to fight for Spain," said I. "I have no force to resist you, but I will not help you."

"Do you think you can read our tapes?" I asked, incredulously. "Sure. I was a cable operator three years."

"That's a matter that was arranged in Havana, three months ago. Your tape bobbins for the current week are in the table drawer, I presume?"

"Look for yourself," I said. "But my fellow operator here is a Spaniard. I do not speak for him."

"These gentlemen wish to see the record tapes." Merode had stood listening, making out what we said with difficulty.

"This will be a somewhat long and tedious business," he remarked, beginning to unroll one of them. "You might help me if you would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lamp a little and placing it on the table here."

"Oh, this is a dandy siphon of yours, isn't it?" "What asks your mouse mill?" "Say, friend, your record here looks like the teeth of an old dull buck-saw."

"I sat back and quietly looked on. Merode still lay on the floor. The Cuban stood watching us both; if Merode stirred, he shook his machete at him. Thus, fully an hour passed; it seemed much more than an hour, indeed, before our American visitor found what he sought."

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "Here we are! So the Vizcaya and Oquendo left Puerto Rico for St. Vincent last Sunday. Good! Blanco is informed that the torpedo flotilla is going to St. Vincent, too, instead of coming to Havana."

"That's all I wanted to know," he continued, turning to me. "Sorry to leave your tapes in such a mess, but I really cannot stop to roll them up again; for I must be well out to sea before daylight. Oblige us now, both of you, by remaining quiet here after we bid you good night."

But just then there was a new noise outside. The door opening to the street was flung back, and there stood a Spanish lieutenant from the fort, with half-a-dozen soldiers at his back!

The Cuban turned instantly, killed the lieutenant with a swing of his machete, and was at once shot down by a soldier who fired over the shoulder of his falling officer.

After the manner of Spanish justice, both Merode and myself were put under arrest, pending an investigation, which showed that neither of us knew anything about the affair. Yet the commandant at Santiago suspected that I had planned it, and sent me under arrest to Havana, by steamer, the following evening!

I expected to remain in Las Cabanas for the rest of my days, but was dismissed without trial the second day after arriving there, and left Havana along with a 180 other Americans on the following Sunday.

HOT WEATHER CAUTIONS FOR BATHERS.—Never enter the water when overheated; rest a little first, and cool off, but not enough to feel cold. Bathers should enter the water when the body is at a glow, not when it is in active or violent perspiration.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

Summary of the News That Is Being Published by Exchanges.

CHESTER—The Lantern, June 21: Mr. Giles Corhill is home from Furman. Miss Louise Ratchford, of Yorkville, is visiting Miss Sallie White.

LANCASTER—Ledger, June 22: Mrs. Sarah Ann Dunn, widow of the late John Dunn, died at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. M. C. Gardner, in Flat Creek township, on the 7th inst., after a lingering illness of consumption.

GASTON—Gazette, June 23: At the commencement exercises of Erskine college, at Due West, last week, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. A. S. Lyons, of Monmouth college, Ill.; Rev. R. G. White, of Griffith, and Rev. J. C. Galloway, of Gastonia.

Mr. Wm. Thompson and family, of Cedar Creek, had a narrow escape from drowning last Sunday. They were on their way to preaching at New Hope and were crossing at a ford on Camp creek, when their buggy overturned by reason of a washout in the ford and they were all thrown into the creek.

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Lightning struck a cottage owned by Dr. J. E. Rutledge and occupied by Mr. Frank Edgeworth, at Kershaw, last Thursday, tearing away several feet of one end of the building.

Mr. P. L. Funderburk, last Tuesday, of consumption. He was 68 years of age, a member of the Baptist church for 40 years, and a good citizen. For 15 or 20 years he was a deacon at Spring Hill.

Magistrate Secrest, of Waxhaw township, has threshed 465 bushels of oats from a two-horse farm. Four hundred and twenty bushels was from his 10-acre brag patch, an average of 42 bushels to the acre.

CHEROKEE—Gaffney Ledger, June 23: Yesterday afternoon Mr. Nathan Sanders and Miss Rosa Jenkins were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. C. E. Robertson.

Mr. W. A. Hass is the champion weaver at the Gaffney Manufacturing Co. He wove 14,446 yards of cloth in 14 days, averaging 1,035 yards per day.

Mr. John McKeown, of Wilkesville, brought the first cotton bloom of the season to this office Tuesday. It was plucked on the 19th.

When You Want Nice Clean Job Printing You should always go to THE ENQUIRER office where such printing is done.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

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CHATTEL MORTGAGES, LIENS FOR RENT AND SUPPLIES, Title to Real Estate and Real Estate Mortgages in blank form for sale at THE ENQUIRER OFFICE.

CLEVELAND—King's Mountain Reformer, June 23: In Lincoln county, near Orleans, on Tuesday evening of last week, a Mrs. Etters was struck and instantly killed by lightning.

A Prompt Response.

OUR recent effort to save money for those who buy medicines of various kinds has met with a prompt response at the hands of the people and this is very gratifying to us of course.

Lambert & Lowman, of Detroit Are among the largest and most reliable manufacturing chemists in the United States and are manufacturing a full line of the most popular patent and proprietary medicines on the market and putting them up under different names from those used by the original manufacturers, and by which they are known to the public.

Koch's Syrup of Hypophosphites Is Exactly the same formula as Fellow's. We sell Fellows at \$1.20 and Koch's at 75 cents a bottle.

Liebig's Sarsaparilla Is the SAME formula as all the leading sarsaparillas sold on this market. We sell one at 80 cents a bottle—the dollar size—and Liebig's at 65 cents.

Liebig's Celery Compound Is the same as Paine's. We sell the former at 65 cents and the latter at 85.

Dr. Green's Herbal Compound Is the SAME preparation as the leading female remedy—Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and is worth \$1, while our price is 70 cents. The other is usually sold at \$1—our price is 80 cents.

The Doctors Can Recommend Lambert & Lowman's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, Lime and Soda, get satisfactory results as from any other Cod Liver Oil preparation and save money for their customers. We sell it at 65 cents a bottle.

Rochell Salts. We have Rochell Salt and when you want a mild, pleasant and satisfactory purgative call and get a nickle's worth. GRIST COUSINS.

CAROLINA & NORTHWESTERN RY.

G. W. F. HARPER, President.

Schedules in Effect from and after March 6, 1897.

CENTRAL TIME STANDARD. GOING NORTH. No. 10. No. 60. Leave Chester 6:45 a.m. 8:45 a.m.

GOING SOUTH. No. 9. No. 61. Leave Lenoir 3:15 p.m. 5:30 a.m.

Trains Nos. 9 and 10 are first class, and run daily except Sunday. Trains Nos. 60 and 61 carry passengers and also run daily except Sunday.

WHEN YOU WANT

TO have your PHOTOGRAPH taken you should not fail to come and see me. I have been in the "picture-taking" business for a great many years, and am confident that I know my business.

HAVE YOU ANY

Photographs that you would like to have enlarged? If you have, come and see me about it. I can do the work.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW

Where my Photograph Gallery is, ask anyone in town and they can tell you.

DURING THE WINTER,

You will find my Gallery warm and pleasant. Come and see me whenever you need photographs. Respectfully J. R. SCHORE.

JOURNAL AND STATE

I HAVE recently taken the agency for the COLUMBIA STATE, in addition to the NEW YORK JOURNAL, and will be pleased to furnish the public with either at 20 cents per week—6 STATES or 7 JOURNALS. Single copies of the JOURNAL may be had at 3 cents for the daily and 7 cents for the Sunday editions. Single copies of the STATE, 5 cents. OLIVER E. GRIST.

FINLEY & BRICE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ALL business entrusted to us will be given prompt attention. OFFICE IN THE BUILDING AT THE REAR OF H. C. STRAUSS'S STORE.

The Yorkville Enquirer.

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