

Humorous Department.

ANYTHING TO PLEASE.—She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered, as he came forward to meet her, that she had been there about 10 minutes before. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have the telegram I wrote just now. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore the words 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk as he handed her the message. The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words, and said: "It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charley very much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it, I will drop a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same time."

"Oh! thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done anyone good, with the possible exception of Charley.—Baltimore Herald.

NO LONGER BINDING.—"He told me he'd die for me," said the weeping woman who had come to consult the lawyer about getting a legal separation with plenty of alimony.

"When was that?" he asked. "Before he married me," she answered.

"Too late," commented the lawyer, "you can hardly hold him to the promise now. It's outlawed by the statute of limitations."

Thereupon she was so indignant at this reflection upon her age that she went home and got her husband to come down and thrash the lawyer. Truly women are uncertain creatures at best, and yet—

Well, the lawyer put in a bill for effecting a reconciliation, so, perhaps, he didn't get the worst of it after all.—Chicago Post.

LIFE STILL A HORRIBLE GRIND.—"It ought to be easy to make a living here," the visitor from the frozen north remarked.

"Why, so?" asked the resident of the tropics. "Because you have nothing to do but reach out and pull off your bananas and your bread fruit."

"Ah, no!" rejoined the other, turning languidly in his hammock. "Sometimes we have to climb the trees to get them. I tell you life here is no picnic!"—Chicago Tribune.

AN EXPLANATION.—"What did you mean?" asked the indignant caller, "by saying in your paper this morning that 'Bingman ought not to listen to the foul fiends who are trying to persuade him to run for county judge'?"

"You are the 239th man," replied the editor of The Daily Bread, lifting his haggard face to view, "to whom I have explained that 'foul fiends' was a typographical error. I wrote it 'fool fiends.'"—Chicago News.

AN ARTIST WITH SENSE.—"What on earth are you doing with that picture?" asked the artist's friend, coming into the studio.

"Why," replied the artist, with a quiet smile, "I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Saddle will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell of the rabbit, she'll buy it."—New York Weekly.

THE LONGEST SENTENCE.—School-mistress—How many of my pupils can remember the longest sentence they ever heard?

Billy—Please, mum, I can. School-mistress—What! Is there only one? Well, William, you can tell the rest of the pupils the longest sentence you ever read.

Billy—Imprisonment for life!—Tit-Bits.

IN COURT.—Lawyer—So your name is Sampson? Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—Now, remember, you are on your oath. Do you seriously think you could break your namesake's record? Witness—I don't know, sir; but I'd like to try when you have finished with the jawbone.—Brooklyn Life.

CLOSED THE BARGAIN.—A shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows: "I am able to offer you cloth like enclosed sample at half a crown a yard. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only two shillings a yard. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price."—Tit-Bits.

NOT HE!—"My friend," said the sanctimonious clergyman, "are you not ashamed to make your living playing poker?"

"Huh! you and I are very much alike," replied the unregenerate man. "When we hold a good hand we do not care to accept a call unless there is a raise with it."—Troy Times.

A YOUTHFUL CONCLUSION.—"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No. What was it?" "He said: 'There! mamma's been gettin' bargains again.'—The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RETURNED WITH INTEREST.—"So you want my daughter do you?" spoke the stern father. "I like your nerve, young man!"

"I am glad you do. I like your Minerva, sir," responded the ardent youth, unabashed.—Chicago Tribune.

HE KNEW.—Visitor—I suppose you know where the bad little boys go? Johnny (who had been told to stay at home)—Yes, I do. They go in a swimmin' and have a rousin' good time.—Philadelphia Press.

Wayside Gatherings.

What is the best drawing lesson? Drawing a salary.

Steel rails average 180 tons to the mile; iron 145.

The best reputations are usually owned by poor men.

We learn something from everything, even from failure.

One should play, read or labor with earnestness, and then rest.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

Few men get their life labor accomplished without some heart-aches.

The fruit crop of Georgia was one-third ruined by rains of last week.

The more promise there is in you, the more you will disappoint your friends.

The general opinion seems to be that economy should begin at somebody else's home.

Sewing-circles are sometimes gatherings where dresses are sewed and characters ripped.

Last year Kansas exported 3,700,000 dozen eggs, as compared with 151,000 dozen in 1895.

It is estimated that the total wheat yield of Oklahoma will be 30,000,000 bushels this year.

It is more natural for a man to lie in bed and wish he were rich, than it is to get up and earn a dollar.

Mexico is now the only country in the world of any commercial standing which remains on a silver basis.

Some men address people in the way a farmer calls his pigs to corn, and then wonder that they are not popular.

Dimes are little opportunities—the man who rejects them waiting for the big opportunity of a dollar, never becomes rich.

The number of people who die inside of the city limits of London every year would fill a cemetery of twenty-three acres.

There is one thing about the devil that ought to frighten you in thinking of him—he never fails to collect what is due him.

The mite mentioned in the gospel in connection with the widow's contribution to the treasury, was a Greek copper coin weighing 18 grains.

"Spoudulix," as a slang name for money, had its origin in the Greek word spoudulox, a shell; shells of that species being once used as money, both in Greece and Egypt.

The Japanese press urges active measures against China, with or without the consent of the powers, and Japanese naval and military officers are busy with preparations.

A man in Washington county, Pennsylvania, has a bantam rooster that is so familiar with a cat that it can get on the feline's back and crow without the cat taking any notice of it.

A little girl who had been badly bitten by mosquitoes the night before, seeing a lightning bug, ran to her mother, exclaiming: "There's a mosquito now with a lantern looking after me!"

One towboat on the Mississippi, in a good stage of water, can take from St. Louis to New Orleans a tow carrying 10,000 tons of grain, a quantity that would require 50 trains of 10 cars each.

The Washington Grand Lodge of Masons, in session in Tacoma, has voted not to admit liquor dealers to membership in the order, and directs present members who are in that business to withdraw.

The transport Burnside, which left New York for San Juan de Puer to Rico, carried \$1,000,000 in American gold, silver, and paper money, which is to be put into circulation in Puerto Rico as rapidly as it can be exchanged for the old Spanish money.

A story has been printed in London to the effect that in January four Oriental maidens arrived at York house and announced themselves as a present to the Duke of York from an eastern potentate. They were dismissed diplomatically.

The Kreuz Zeitung, at Berlin, says: "There is a good chance that the Boers will maintain themselves in Lydenburg and the Zoutpans district, where they will establish a new stronghold, leaving the English Rand. Guerilla warfare may be kept up without diminution."

Belgium has been visited by huge swarms of large winged insects, variously described as dragon flies and locusts. In Brussels people in the street had to cover their faces, and many fled indoors at the sight of the invading swarms. In several squares, the story goes, there was a veritable fight for possession between the insects and the human inhabitants.

In buying out his associates in the Southern Pacific, Collis P. Huntington becomes sole and individual owner, manager and controller of a vast transportation system, embracing 7,000 miles of railroad, ferries, terminals, river and ocean lines extending from Portland, Ore., through California, to New Orleans, and representing \$350,000,000 of securities and nearly \$60,000,000 of annual gross earnings.

A young man who was hunting recently in the Alleghenies, near Red Oak Knob, Va., shot a large bald eagle. The bird measured 7 feet two inches across the wings. The hunter found one of the eagle's claws held firmly in a powerful steel trap, to which was attached a steel chain 5 feet long. Trap and chain had marks of vicious blows from the eagle's beak, showing how he had vainly endeavored to free himself from them.

The Kentucky is to join the North Atlantic squadron soon, and then under Rear Admiral Farquhar will be assembled one of the most powerful aggregations of warships the Stars and Stripes has floated over—Kentucky, Kearsage, Indiana, Massachusetts, Texas, and New York, carrying sixteen 13-inch, two 12-inch, thirty 8-inch, ten 6-inch, twenty-eight 5-inch and twelve 4-inch guns, besides 100 6-pounders and a full complement of maxims, gatlings, etc.

Returned with interest.—"So you want my daughter do you?" spoke the stern father. "I like your nerve, young man!"

"I am glad you do. I like your Minerva, sir," responded the ardent youth, unabashed.—Chicago Tribune.

HE KNEW.—Visitor—I suppose you know where the bad little boys go? Johnny (who had been told to stay at home)—Yes, I do. They go in a swimmin' and have a rousin' good time.—Philadelphia Press.

Farm and Fireside.

LAY TWO HUNDRED EGGS.—How can we produce hens that will lay 200 eggs per annum? By scientific breeding, as for a good butter cow or a cow milker, as for a good trotter or high jumping horse. Experiments have been made to increase the number of rows of corn on the cob with success. The same method is applicable to poultry breeding. We will start with a hen that lays 120 eggs. Some of her chicks will lay 150 per year. From these we will pick out layers, and so on until 200 or better are the result. At the same time, it is just as essential to breed out of males from prolific layers as it is the females; in fact, it is more so. If we look after the breeding of the females only we will introduce on the male side blood which is lacking in proficiency, and thus check every attempt in progress. It is just as essential that the male should be from the hen which lays 175 eggs and from a male that was bred from a hen that laid 150 eggs as it is that the hen should be from one that laid 175 and whose mother laid 150 eggs.

CIDER VINEGAR.—It is not generally known, even among farmers, that the apple crop can be converted into vinegar, and made ready for market in less than 30 days. The usual plan is to let time do the work, requiring from six months to a year. There is a much quicker, and far more certain, and one by which the surplus fruit of any kind, can be made into June vinegar, in a very short time enabling the farmer to supply his customers with June vinegar, at profitable rates.

The vinegar factory will consist of your old cider barrel with from 10 to 15 gallons of cider or fruit vinegar. Set the barrel or tub of cider on a level with the top of the vinegar barrel, and permit the cider to drip into the old vinegar, at the rate of a pint per hour, which is three gallons per day. This small addition will be converted, by the old vinegar, into good merchantable vinegar. Arrange for overflow of the factory barrel, in any way to suit yourself—or when nearly full, draw off three gallons per day.

BUYING A HORSE.—If you want to buy a horse, take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but the halter and lead him around. If he has any failing you can see it. Let him go away by himself, and if he walks right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness or tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But be as smart as you can, you'll get stuck. A horse may look over so nice and go a great pace and yet have fits. There isn't a man who could tell it until something happens. Or, he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts again; but soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick can start him.—Southern Stock Farm.

GOOD CHOW CHOW.—Slice green tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight, then drain and chop. Take 4 quart jars chopped tomatoes, 3 quart cabbage, 2 quart onions, 3 large peppers, half-cup horseradish, 3 pints good cider vinegar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, teaspoon each ground nutmeg, cloves and allspice, and half cup sugar. If one has celery, from one-fourth to one-third of the onions may be omitted and celery used instead. This chow chow requires no cooking and never fails to keep if the vinegar is good. It should be kept in glass or earthen jars and be always covered with the vinegar. If one has no vegetable cutter, the onions, horseradish and celery may be put through a meat cutter or sausage grinder and thus save much tedious chopping.

CHAPPED HANDS AND SOAP.—Chapped hands are often the effect of using too much soap. The acids of the soap destroy the oil glands and cells of the skin. The way to cure chapped hands is to use less soap, and always use a little powdered borax in the water. Tepid water is better for the hands than hot or cold water. Warm borax water used for cleaning the hands, and a nightly rubbing with cucumber or almond cream, will cure the worst case of chapped hands, and prevent them from getting in that condition again.

IRISH POTATOES AND BOTS.—So far as known the juice of Irish potatoes is better calculated to cause the bot to let go the lining of the stomach than any remedy that can, with safety, be given the horse. The juice does not kill the bots, but causes them to become numb. Hence they curl up and let go, and the horse is relieved from his bots. Six to twelve tubers will furnish enough juice, when scraped, to relieve the worst case.—D. T. Stephenson.

A ROSE THAT THRIVES IN A CEMETERY.—The best white rose for cemetery planting is Madame Plantier. It is a variety of somewhat slender growth, and on this account is sometimes termed a half-climber. But it requires no trellis, being much more graceful when allowed to train itself than when given a support of any kind. It throws up a great number of stalks, on which great quantities of milk-white double flowers are borne in clusters during June and July.

TO MAKE FISH BITE.—To one ounce of asafoetida add ten drops of oil of sassafras and enough alcohol to make it into a thin paste. A small quantity of the above spread upon the bait will produce the desired results. At least, so say old fishermen who use it constantly on trot lines.

Simple Cure For Sweeney.—Get a piece of poke root the size of a silver quarter, slit the skin at the shrunken part, slip the root in and let it stay 12 hours; then take it out, give your horse a few days rest and he is cured.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

Summary of the News That is Being Published by Exchanges.

CHESTER—The Lantern, June 29: Other towns throughout the state are organizing or have already organized baseball teams. Baseball within the proper limits is a fine sport, and why not Chester organize a team? These long summer evenings it will be something in which the boys can expend their surplus energy. What has become of Chester's baseball enthusiasts? Tennis is already played on a small scale. Why not Chester organize a club and play some of the adjoining towns and cities.—Mrs. A. A. Munn died last night, leaving five children. We have not been able to get definite information; but have heard that blood poisoning was the cause of death. The funeral services will be at the A. R. P. church at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and will be conducted by the Rev. J. S. Moffatt, on account of the sickness of the Rev. H. C. Buchholz, pastor of the deceased. Burial will be in Evergreen cemetery.—Mr. John M. Love, son of Senator Love, of McConnellsville, met with what came very near being a serious accident Wednesday evening. After making his returns as census enumerator, he started home. The One Mile branch, which crosses the Sandy River road, had been very much swollen by the heavy rains. Mr. Love attempted to cross, when Negro, mule, buggy and himself were driven down stream by the strong current. Mr. Love and the Negro managed to get out; but the mule and buggy were very much damaged. His census portfolio was found the next morning in such a damaged condition as to necessitate a new enumeration, on which Mr. Love started yesterday morning.

Dr. W. S. Gregg, whose sickness we mentioned Tuesday, died yesterday about 7 o'clock. Bright's disease was the cause of death. He had had two or three severe attacks before. His brother, M. J. Gregg, Esq., of Birmingham, Ala., arrived yesterday evening. Another brother, Dr. E. L. Gregg, of Rusk, Texas, is on the way. It will not be determined until the latter arrives whether the remains will be buried here or taken back to his old home in East Tennessee. Dr. Gregg was a familiar figure about Chester. He was pursuing the study of medicine when the war broke out, and we believe his course was never completed. After the war closed, the Union sentiment was so strong and bitter in his neighborhood that he was forced to leave there for safety. He drifted over into North Carolina, was in Charlotte for some years, and in 1872 came to Chester in the employ of S. B. Meacham & Co., in the shoe business. Later he and Mr. J. D. Means became proprietors of this business and conducted it with marked success. Since they sold out their business, he has been taking care of the investment of his money. Starting with nothing, he accumulated a fortune of perhaps \$50,000. Dr. Gregg was never married; but he leaves in his adopted home a host of friends. Besides the two brothers already named, he leaves a brother and three sisters in Tennessee. He was probably about 62 years old.

CURIOSITY AMONG NATIONS. China the Only Surviving Type of Ancient Civilization.

By James A. Hall. The "Boxer" movements in China brings into renewed and startling prominence the most unique and interesting among the nations of the world. Of all the great communities mankind has built up the Chinese Empire stands alone—a rare curiosity in human existence. And the tenacity exhibited by this relic of the remotest age in its resistance to the disintegrating influence of modern civilization forms an absorbing study for the student of history and ethnology.

It seems a strange contradiction of human experience that this picturesque nation, with an unbroken history extending back beyond the days of Nineveh and Ur of the Chaldeans, should to this day maintain its individuality and the peculiar character of its people, unchanged even in slight degree of contact with the life and thought by the rest of the world. No other nation has existed so long and felt so slightly the effects of the events which go to make up history, and no character is so hopelessly fixed and conservative as that of the Chinaman.

The Mongolian race was the first to attain any degree of civilization. The oldest sculptures in the world, whether unearthed on the banks of the Tigris or the Nile, show the smooth, full face and the oblique eyes of the Chinaman and of today. With a quicker and more comprehensive intellect than any of the other tribes of savage man, the Mongolian soon mastered the arts useful to him and organized an equitable government.

More than twenty-five hundred years before the Christian era China is said to have reached its golden age. Commerce and agriculture flourished and schools of philosophy were maintained under the care of such wise rulers as Hwangti and Yao. Great canals were constructed and other public improvements carried out. The people were peaceable and industrious and China, at this remote period, presented all the features of an enlightened and progressive community.

But the civilization of the Chinese was childish and superficial. That inevitable quality called race character cannot be trusted aside or overcome by any manner of teaching, whether by the wreck of empires or the humble solicitations of the missionary. The Chinese development encountered a strange arrest in what may be called its childhood stage, and their language today is but a conglomeration of primary sounds. No other people in the world speak a language so crude; no other government is so primitive in form and paraphernalia.

Other and stronger peoples pushed the precocious Mongolian out of the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates and built up great kingdoms and more splendid civilizations, but only their broken arches and crumbling pyramids remain to tell of their existence.

In China, fenced off from the rest of the world by mountain and desert, the Mongolian character reached its full fruition, and the Chinese of today in their speech, their government, their religion and their social customs resemble the Babylonians, the Medes and the Egyptians.

It seems incredible that a nation embracing many millions of inhabitants and covering a vast area of the world's surface, should have stretched out its existence through forty-five centuries of war and turmoil and conquest. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, in turn, arose, extended its empire and sank into the grave of nations, but all of this shifting of power and changing of the face of the world had no effect whatever on the destiny of China. Only during the present century can it be said that European influence has penetrated even slightly the outer crust of this curious relic among the nations. During the past few years the invasion of Europeans has reached a point which might well bring alarm to the conservative Chinese. The restless current of the world's progress has reached the foundations of this ancient structure and it must be tumbled down.

What the Chinese Empire must do is clear to every observer of our times. Indeed, if it were allowed to retain its individuality for another century or two it would be the strangest thing connected with all its strange history. Its doom is sealed. Every one recognizes that it is an encumbrance upon the earth and a block to human progress, yet one cannot look upon the destruction of this ancient empire without emotions much akin to those awakened by the overthrow of some splendid monument or the pulling down of a stately and magnificent ruin.

The blast of the locomotive whistle in the valleys of the Whang Ho sounds like the crash of the steel drills into the walls of the pyramids or the temples of Luxor.

The Chinaman was a scholar and philosopher long before the savage Caucasian had learned to clothe himself in a bearskin or had exchanged his cave den for the bark hut; but now the Caucasian has come to the walls of the Mongol Castle, walls gray with age long before the Caucasian was born, and means to pull them down.

This hungry Caucasian goes everywhere on God's green earth. He never rests, he is never weary. He carries in one hand a peddler's pack, in the other a bayonet. When he finds a door locked against him he goes away and returns again with a battering ram. Diplomacy, negotiation, bribery or force may be employed; but the door must open. China can no more hope to maintain its isolation in the modern world than could the sturdy Cherokee keep his village on the banks of the Oostanauki. The concentrated weight of an enlightened and aggressive age lies against the antiquated wall and the mighty pressure cannot be withstood. It is the pressure of steam, of electricity, and that most resistless of all missiles, a superior intellect.

The contest between decaying China and civilized Europe and America is like a struggle between some ponderous and helpless antediluvian monster and a steel clad giant armed with electricity and dynamite.

It is a Wonderful Convenience as a Means of Evading Boredom.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness," said a man who had been at the national capital for three months in the interest of a contraption which he is sure will save the government millions annually, "then the average senator and congressman must be more than the common lot. I keep a little memorandum, a diary I reckon you would call it, of the lawmakers on whom I have called in three months to talk of this affair of mine. As a matter of curiosity I write in the little book the result of every call. In three-fourths of the calls I have this entry: 'Senator was in his bath.' Sometimes to vary the monotony, I write, 'Senator was taking his tub.' I didn't know but what I might go to England some day, and that sort of an entry would admit me to parliamentary circles.

"Then I find an entry like this: 'Called on Congressman Blank. Said he had engagement to take a Turkish bath and couldn't stop.' Or this: 'Found Congressman — at a Turkish bath. He admitted me and listened to me while he was being rubbed down. Asked me to have one with him.' 'Here is one which I wrote as a curiosity: 'Met senator in corridor and got an opportunity of presenting my case. He listened until I thought I had him handed. Told him the scheme would save the government a million a year. He wanted to know why I didn't spring it. Told him I had no spring board, that it would take \$500 to get the board. Said he was just starting for a bath and asked me to see him later. Saw him later about a dozen times. On his way to take a bath every time I saw him. Tried to see him several times and found he was taking a bath.'"

"Here is another entry: 'Called at residence of Congressman Dash. Servant said he was at his bath. Asked how long he would be. Servant said it depended on my business.' 'The more important my business, in this case, the more the congressman needed cleansing.

"This is a job in pencil: 'Saw Congressman — from Arkansas. Told him my scheme. Said he hadn't time to talk then because he was going to wash himself.' He has not been here long.

"There are baths and baths in Washington. One night I pushed the button in my room, and to the Negro who answered I said, 'I want a bath.' 'Yes, sah,' he said as he bowed low. 'Congressional, senatorial or jes' plain?'"

"I asked the difference as a matter of curiosity, and the fellow replied: 'Well, sah, ef it's congressional, dah's some folks yo' is willin' to let. Ef it's senatorial, yo' don't see nobody at all. Ef it's plain, nobody want to see yo', and tha' yo' can't see nobody.'"

"If the country wants to know why congress lasts so long as it does, I can

tell. In the language of a member from Texas: 'Cut down the appropriation for soap, and pump the Potomac dry. You won't have so much cleanliness; but you'll have more legislation!'—New York Sun.

BLOOD POISON

Old Running Sores, Mucous Patches in mouth or throat, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, Bone Pains, Pimples, Boils, Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism and every form of Blood Poison, quickly cured forever by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Druggists, \$1. Directions with each bottle. Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) heals every sore, makes the blood pure and rich. Cures when all else fails.

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How About Your Watch? Does it keep the correct time? Or do you have to set it every twenty-four hours? Do you know what is the matter with it? Bring it to me and let me put it in correct-time-keeping order. It may be dirty and need cleaning. It may have a cog broken. It may have a screw loose, or it may only need regulating. Bring it to me and no matter what ails it, I can put it in first-class condition. My charges are very moderate and the work will be done promptly. I also repair Jewels and Clocks. For anything in my line see me. I can do most all competition. See my line of Spectacles and Eyeglasses. I can suit anyone with Glasses or Frames.

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Schedule Effective April 1st, 1900. Table with columns for North Bound, Passenger, Mixed, and Mixed. Lists routes like Leave Chester, Lv Yorkville, Lv Gastonia, etc.

South Bound, Passenger, Mixed, Mixed. Lists routes like Leave Gastonia, Lv Yorkville, Lv Chester, etc.

*20 minutes for supper at Gastonia. No. 10, north bound, connects at Chester with Southern Ry., Seaboard Air Line, Lancaster and Chester Ry. from all points south of Yorkville with South Carolina and Georgia Ex. Ry.; at Gastonia with Southern Ry.; at Lincolnton with Seaboard Air Line; at Newton and Hickory with Southern Ry. No. 9, south bound, makes close connection at all junction points.

SOUTH CAROLINA & GEORGIA EXTENSION RAILROAD CO.

Table with columns for WEST and EAST. Lists stations like Camden and Blacksburg.

Table with columns for WEST and EAST. Lists stations like Blacksburg, S. C., and Marion, N. C.

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Trains Nos. 32 and 33 connect at Blacksburg with trains on the Gaffney Division. Train No. 32 connects at Camden with the Charleston Division of the Southern Railway for all points South. Train No. 33 connects at Camden with the Charleston Division of the Southern Railway for all points South. Train No. 11 connects at Blacksburg with the Southern Railway from the South. At Marion, N. C., with the Southern Railway going west. SAMUEL HUNT, President. A. TRIPP, Superintendent, S. B. LUMPKIN, Gen. F. and P. Agt.

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