May mean

Humorous Department.

PASSED IN AS USUAL. Old and a little shaky on his pins, he appeared at the tent now pitched up on Grand River avenue and audibly wondered if they would let him in.

"What would we let you in fer?" was the gruff reply. "Don't block the way,

"All right; but that makes me think of one time we was showin' down in New Orleans. The reg'lar man was sick, so I was on the door with orders to hustle and make up soon's the jam could han'le the crowd. A great big remains will be buried in the Arme- races are there at war. They are the colored 'mammy' waddled in and began nia churchyard this afternoon at 4 three which were founders of this city. goin' through her pockets searchin' for o'clock, and Rev. G. M. Boyd will cona ticket. 'Don't block the way, now,' says I, in just them words.

Somebody done rob me,' she shout blockade. Well, sir, we had to give 'mammy' a front seat, furnish her with peanuts to feed the elephant and promise her a ticket for the afterpiece before she would stir. Your remark recalled it."

"Did, hey? Broken down member of the perfesh, are you? Clown?"

"Yes, and acerbat. But the tele-I could use the same jokes the year were all there. We have heard sevewhen they got to puttin' them in the each one was extravagant in his praise papers and had all been read in town afore I got there I was done for."

"Go on in, old man, and have all the a pass some day. Drop around anytime"

As the smiling veteran was leaving the door, the tender pointed him out to friends, constantly cooled the ardent a policeman as an old-time clown. "Great man in his day."

"Old time fraud," growled the policeworks any graft but shows. Seventy years old and has a clear score for doing you fellows."-Detroit Free Press

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"It was exciting while it lasted." said the commercial traveler who is home for a few days. "Now, what people may say never causes me any uneasiness, so when I saw a good thing in the new shirtwaist that is all the go I immediately fittted myself out with a yellow affair that rivaled the famous sunsets that we had a few years ago As I look back at it now I am satisfied that I must have left a yellow streak through all the towns that I visited. and I doubt if the excitement created went to it hurriedly and found the boilhas subsided yet. The candid and open er house on fire. The alarm was turncomments I heard would have caused a ed in, and pretty soon the colored peoman with less nerve than I have to ple's reel, which is in the power house blush and give way to public opinion. But I am made of sterner stuff, and sent into the flames. The white team's the frank comments that I heard only reel arrived also, but later on, on acmade me the more determined to see count of greater distance. The flames

little town that I visited to take a fell slight, not amounting to more than out of me. I sailed up to the desk in \$25, but the danger of a heavy loss was all the glory of my shirt waist, seized imminent. Part of the machinery was the register, dashed down my name, running Wednesday and all was runand demanded the best room in the ning yesterday. Mr. Page is unfortu-

man calmly, looking at me without a consumed and all his machinery dequiver of his eye.

"'What's that?' I shouted.

"'Two dollars down,' he answered

as he rescued a fly out of the ink. dozen times and always paid my bills?' "'Can't help that,' he answered. "It's \$2 down or git!"

"He runs the only hotel that the attack once more.

beat?' said I, mad as a wet hen.

"Perhaps ye are, and perhaps ye hard up that he has to wear his wife's any chances. Two dollars down, please!" "I came down, so did the shirt waist

Detroit Free Press.

ALL IS SELFISHNESS. is it but selfishness? The optimist who suspicion of unusual danger. Two faith are sent in pairs. His subsequent goes through life whistling and singing teeth were pulled, but when the third standing will depend in some measure songs of cheer is not entitled to any was loosened the patient gave way. on the account he gives of himself in special credit, because it is a pleasure Respiration and circulation ceased. to him to be happy. If it didn't make Artificial respiration was resorted to. him glad to be na-py, he wouldn't be Every precaution had been taken and that way. So you see selfishness lies every effort was made to resuscitate and feed them-and labor to convert pole in her band suddenly appeared. I the responsibility, but he didn't think at the bottom of his good cheer.

duty to mankind to paint dark pic- ried to her home. Some of the colored tures? Not at all. His is another clear people imagined they saw her move and case of selfishness. He gratifies him- a runner was sent up town and a phyself by being unhappy and trying to sician summoned, but he found her make others so. Love, too, is selfishness. The maiden doesn't love the man to make him glad. It's her own happiness that she promotes in looking upon him as the noblest work of God the same selfish motive.

"So, too, the philanthropist's love of the world. He loves it and loves to do a satisfaction to know that he is doing

"Consider it from whatever standthing that man does he does selfishly It is always a case of gratifying his own inclination. It—"

Just then the wise man turned a somersault and skinned his nose against

man replied, "you ought to have that grin photographed. It would make a good frontispiece to Darwin's works."

—Chicago Herald.

The material success and rapid numerity and as he came in sight she called him, and he joined us and was introduced as her brother. A glance from face to their religion and marital system.

Breeder of ITALIAN BE
and as he came in sight she called him, and he joined us and was introduced as her brother. A glance from face to face made me doubt the relationship. What he meant.—Denver Times.

June 19

Breeder of ITALIAN BE
and as he came in sight she called him, and he joined us and was introduced as her brother. A glance from face to face made me doubt the relationship.

Miscellancous Reading.

FROM CONTEMPORARIES. News and Comment That Is of More or Less Local Interest.

CHESTER. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Wright, died June donderry and Lucknow. 29th and was buried at Woodward church on the 30th, funeral services Stewart, the little two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Boyd, of

aside, but it was like pushin' a stone red today in Evergreen cemetery...... the crowd, and it was a sure enough late John A. Brice, of Woodward, died yesterday morning in New York city, where she had gone to be operated on.....On Tuesday evening last, the beautiful residence and spacious lawn of Dr. G. B. White, on Saluda street, was a scene of light and laughter. The occasion was a reception tendered by Mrs. White in honer of her visitors Mr. Erwin and Annie Lee Brazeale, of graphs put me out. Before they was in Anderson, and Chester's younger set around and everybody would yell. But ral comments on the occasion, and

of the many pleasures of the evening

.....Miss Lillian Horne gave her nunerous friends a most delightful lawn fun you can. All of us is passin' away, party last Wednesday evening, beas the poet says, and I'll be looking for neath the spreading oaks on her father's front yard. A string band filled the air with sweet, catchy music; and Miss Horne, aided by a few neighboring vouths with delicious cream and cake All those in attendance pronounce it a most pleasant occasion.....Mr. and man, "but great man all the same. He Mrs. A. M. Aiken gave their many was never out of Wayne county in his friends a delightful garden party last life, unless up and down the river, but evening in honor of their charming he gets into every show he wants to visitor, Miss Elliott, of Winnsboro You were lucky he didn't have One of the gentlemen who attended you to take up a collection among the said, in response to our inquiry, that men. He's the smoothest confidence the whole affair was "quite elegant." man in the business, but he never Two kinds of sherbet, wine and pineapple, and two kinds of cake, choco late and caromel, were served during the evening......In our last issue we stated that the court was engaged in the trial of the last case on the docket that of the state vs. Jerry Alexander charged with murder. The trial was concluded Wednesday afternoon when the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. The court of common pleas has adjourned from day to day since that time, until this morning when several equity matters are to be considered.

GASTON. Gastonia News, July 5: Just after 10 o'clock Tuesday night, J. E. Page noticed a blaze at his wood shop. He was pulled out and a stream of water were soon put out. A large crowd "It remained for a hotel keeper in a had gathered. The damage is very nate. It will be remembered that only "'Two dollars down,' said the old a few months ago his entire shop was

stroved and Tuesday night it began to look like his new buildings would go. terest:The burglars struck Bessemer on Tuesday night. They entered the post-"'See here!' I stormed. 'What do office there by pressing the door until you mean by demanding money in ad- the bolt gave way. This gave them vance of a man who has two trunks entrance to the lobby. They unlocked and a grip? Haven't I been here a the door that leads into the private room of the office. They took all the mail from the general delivery and a small quantity of stamps and postage due stamps. They failed to find any town affords, or I wouldn't have argued money unless they found some in the but some of the features of their syswith him as long as I did. There was letters stolen. D. K. Tate lives in the no train out that night, and I had to rear of the postoffice and his dog barkstay where I was. So I returned to the ed considerably during the night, but as he does that occasionally, no atten-"'Perhaps you think I am a dead tion was paid to his barking. No noise was made sufficient to attract the attention of anyone and the burglary was in good standing in his church and ain't,' he answered with exasperating not discovered until Wednesday mornslowness. But if a man is so all fired ing. The postmaster was in the post- to spend two years of his life as a misoffice about half past 10 o'clock at shirtwaist it is jes' az well not to take night.... Tuesday afternoon Mary Mil- must go where he is sent, be it to the ler, colored, wife of Sam Miller, came have four teeth extracted. They were as soon as I could open my trunk."- difficult teeth to extract and she requested that chloroform be adminis-

tered. Dr. F. G. Wilson was called to the dental office. The woman took the "After all," said the wise man, "what chloroform well and there was no her, but all in vain. The death cord "Then there is the pessimist. Is he had broken. After it was found imdiscouraged because he thinks it is his possible to restore her she was car-

BOTH BRAVE.

Captain Slocum Gives His Opinion of

British and Boers. Of all which has been written about the actual conduct of the South African war-and it has been much-nothing seems more deserving of serious point you please, and you must always attention than the report of Captain arrive at the same conclusion. Every- Slocum U.S.A. That officer was de-Slocum, U. S. A. That officer was detailed to accompany the British headquarters staff, and from the vantage ground thus afforded observed the conduct of the war with the eye of an ima water plug. When he got up and looked around, with the look of one who had long been forgotten, his pupil ask- is calculated to send a thrill of pride ways remains in reserve, an accepted point in Bulgaria. Peasant though she boy, he continued: "You said you were ed:
"Was it selfishness that impelled you Thus of the Boers, especially of Genif the opportunity ever offers. It is extracting information. An hour slipgreat deal bigger than you think
Thus of the Boers, especially of Genif the opportunity ever offers. It is extracting information. An hour slipgreat deal bigger than you think eral Cronje and his comrades, he says:

Rochelle and Leyden. And of the British he declares: "If ever a people or a nation exemplified the phrase 'brave to a fault' it is the British. . . For indomitable courage, uncomplaining fortitude and implicit obedience they are beyond criticism." That, too,

was to be expected as a true tribute Lantern, July 5: Viola, daughter of to the sons of those who fought at Lon-

Both brave. That is this American soldier's verdict upon both Boer and being conducted by Rev. J. H. Yar- British. It is that which the discrimiborough......Mr. George W. Ferrell, of nating and judicious world has already the Armenia neighborhood, died yes- and long ago passed upon them; but it terday at 2 o'clock, aged about 37. He is none the less pleasant to have it imleaves a wife and seven children. His partially and officially repeated. Three duct the funeral services....Margaret valor. It is welcome to know that they have not degenerated; but that the opening of the twentieth century finds ed. 'I bo't a ticket ober dar in dat red Newberry, died yesterday morning at them every whit as heroic as did the wagon, sho', and I'ze gwine inter dis the home of Mrs. M. M. Stewart, in opening of the seventeenth. Both-or heah cu'cust.' I tried to shove her this city. The remains will be interand British. But what a thousand continue to be spent in a wasteful and fruitless strife.-New York Tribune.

TALE OF A STAMP.

I'm a stamp-A postage stamp-A two-center; Don't want toebrag. But I was never Licked. Except once; By a gentleman, too; He put me on To a good thing; It was an envelope— Perfumed, pink, square; I've been stuck on That envelope Ever since; He dropped us-The envelope and me— Through a slot in a dark box; But we were rescued More's the pity; He hit me an awful Smash with a hammer; It left my face Then I went on a long Journey Of two days; And when we arrived— The pink envelope and me— We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair Of blue eyes That ever blinked; Say, she's a dream! Well, she mutilated The pink envelope Of me off With a hairpin; Then she read what Was inside The pink envelope. I never saw a girl blush So beautifully! I would be stuck On her—if I could Well, she placed The writing back In the pink envelope; Then she kissed me; Oh, you little godlets; Her lips were ripe As cherries, And warm As the summer sun. The pink envelop and me-And now Nestling snugly In her bosom; We can hear Her heart throb; When it goes fastest

I'm a stamp--Ohio State Journal.

And kissed me.

Oh, say This is great!

HOW THE MORMONS WORK.

In view of the meeting of members of the Mormon faith in Atlanta this week the following from the New York Mail and Express is of timely in-

mon missionaries for Europe as if it and continued his way, but yet the offiwere something new. As a matter of cial was not satisfied. He frankly told away and gave all my attention to the fact, the Mormons have been sending missionaries in annual numbers quite equaling this for a long time, and have been bringing over bodies of European converts for 60 years. Their zeal and success in this regard are well known; tem, as involved in the missionary movement, are not so familiar.

The Mormon church is one of the most active, persistent and audacious proselyting religious bodies in the world. Practically every male Mormon above the age of 21 years is expected sionary. During these two years he eastern cities, the south or to Europeto Dr. E. F. Glenn's dental office to and now the church has missionaries in Japan. He must leave his family behind him and must take "neither scrip nor staff;" he has to make his living as he goes. But he has with him one companion, a brother missionary; for these emissaries of the Mormon

these two years.

them. Beyond all doubt they exercise a powerful attraction on their neighbors and guests by their remarkable social and economic practice, which lightens the toil of the workers and permits no member of their community to fall into extreme poverty. But their system, though mutually helpful, is not socialistic. The late George Q. Cannon, of their presidency, died worth \$2,000,000, which was chiefly earned in construction contracts for the Union ting away like old acquaintances. Pacific railroad. There is plenty of latitude and reward for individual enterprise under the Mormon system. It than a born Yankee, but this girl went has a good many rich men without deeper than any of them. Some of her

any very poor ones. mons' economic arrangements, leaving know a good deal about me. I was a understood. Without a moment's hespolygamy out of the account, does not single man, and I had not communi- itation he went back to her, gave her lessen the seriousness of the problem cated with my friends for months. I enough money to make her eyes sparpresented by the growth of their singu- was strolling from point to point to kle with joy and said: lar religious tenets, nor do away with study the people and see the country the fact that with them polygamy al- and was not expected at any particular I didn't see." Then, turning to the through every sympathetic reader, and sacred doctrine, ready to be revived was, she had the gift of a lawyer in big enough, young man; but you're still alive, in actual practice, in the ped away, and then a man appeared. Men like you will have a lot to do with "Words fail me to express adequately flourishing Mormon colonies in Mexico. He was also fishing or pretending to, keeping this old world in a condition

The Story Teller.

A MOUNTAIN SIREN.

By JOHN WINTHROP GREEN.

When a man has a story to tell, I believe he should be permitted to tell it in his own way and that the reader should not sneer and criticise because the teller must use the personal pronoun and perhaps refer to his perception or his prowess. If it is his adventure, how can he avoid saying, "I did thus or so?" If his courage pulled him out of a tight place, why seek to demean it? A man is what he is. If things have happened to him which may be of interest to others, let him write them as they took place, whether he was a hero or a craven.

Your atlas will show you that the eastern Carpathlan mountains form a portion of the boundary line between Servia and Bulgaria. If you cross anywhere to the north of Pirot, you must cross the range. In my wanderings afoot I had planned to cross the range by the public road between Pirot and Nissa, but for three days I was a guest at a poor little wayside inn in the shadow of the foothills. This inn differed in no degree from a hundred others, being only a wretched apology for a house of entertainment, but I had made a long tramp and wanted a breathing spell before the long and rugged ascent. The landlord was a silent, morose man, giving me little attention, and his wife was a sloven with a face which a man would look at twice only for its wickedness. The beds and the fare were of the meanest, but as I had expected nothing better I was not disap-

stream half a mile from the inn an English pedestrian came along. That is, he was a pedestrian in the sense that he was afoot. As soon as he learned who I was he told me that a cousin of his had journeyed that way three months before, but had mysteriously disappeared. The missing man had been traced as far as Pirot. He was known to have set out for the mountain road, but he could not be traced into Bulgaria. Somewhere on the mountain trail he had vanished from sight. The story did not interest me overmuch. American and English pedestrians abroad have a habit of disthen, and it is learned later on that they were tucked away in some obscure inn or camped amid some old ruin. The searcher passed on to my inn and made inquiries and two hours later informed me that he had secured That evening a second searcher ar-

at Leskovatz, and had been hired by a Frenchman to prosecute inquiries regarding the disappearance of a young man of 20 who was making a pedestrian tour. Indeed I soon recalled the fact of meeting the young man at Semendria two months previously. He cause for speculation. Then a police

the place watched. to the sudden and singular change in the people of the inn, and by noon 1 At home the Mormons cordially wel- and I had been sitting perhaps 20 min- the death of her father. He might come all strangers; they lodge them utes when a young woman with a fish have run away from home and evaded gave her good day as a matter of of it. He just sold papers. course and was not much surprised At the loop on Fifteenth street a when she laid down her pole and came crowd was gathered, waiting for the and sat beside me and began to ask evening cars. A ragged young girl was questions. She was a peasant girl of selling flowers at the Fifteenth street about 24, better dressed and better end of the waiting station when a man, looking than the average, and in ad- rushing to catch his car, knocked her dressing a stranger she broke no rule against the side of the building. Withof conventionality according to the out stopping, probably not having nopeasant code. I invited her to share ticing what he had done, he continued my lunch, and presently we were chat- his rush, when the boy stopped in front

In many instances the peasants of Servia had displayed more curiosity girl down for? Hit me; I'm big questions were answered and some The undoubted excellence of the Mor- turned aside, but she certainly came to

In my own mind I figured that he was In my own mind I figured that he was her husband. He tried to smile and show a pleasant face, but I instinctively felt that he was a rascal. He had a furtive eve and a bad mouth, and I thought I caught signals between the pair. Such a thing as fear, however, had no place in my heart. I had no weapon aside from my stout stick, but I was afraid of no man by daylight on a public highway.

gether. From the moment we started forced, and her demeanor put me on my guard. It was as if she expected ne to be shot down from ambush. Had I not been able to see the old ruins almost as soon as we started I should have doubted that they existed. As it was I found myself wondering if this pair was in any manner connected with the disappearance of the tourists. I was on my guard for what might happen, and yet I did not betray myself. I kept up the conversation as we walked along, and I am sure she took me for an easy victim. I rather expected to be fired on from behind some rock as soon as we were off the road, but by and by we heard the man calling from the ruins, and I realized that the ambush would be there if anywhere. As we halted on the plateau it was easy to make out that a vast building had stood there once. I should have said a monastery, but the woman insisted that it was a great castle be longing to some mighty prince and that on the second day of my arrival as I was walking along the banks of a what must have been the rear of the building I found that the walls stood almost on the brink of a precipice. Before us was what had been a large room, with three of the walls yet standing. There were no less than five window openings, and as I advanced to one of them the woman said:

"No; take this one. My brother has built a platform from which you can look up and down the valley for miles." A peculiar something in her voice caused me to glance at her face, and I found it pale and her features working in a nervous way. It was the window, appearing from the world now and then, which was the ambush. My heart beat against my ribs, but I THE LIVING CARE FOR meant to see the thing to a finish. The man had called to us, but we had not seen him since arriving at the ruins. With a laugh which sounded more like gether and preceded me to the window. To reach the opening we had to climb rived. He was a native Servian, living up three stone steps, and she stood for the wall for support.

"You will see a fine view-a fine view," she said as she made room for me. "Step out and look ur and down." I did not step out. There was something so modern about that platform had beaded for the Carpathians and and it had been built so deftly that I Bulgaria, and he had also disappeared feared it. I simply clung to the wall on the mountains. Even when the two and thrust my head out, and I was KING'S MOUNTAIN disappearances were coupled together looking up the valley when the woman I saw nothing alarming. It was not gave me a push with all her strength. until the third day that I felt I had Her hands did not strike me fair or my hold would have been official who had been sent out from was whirled half way round and part-Novibazar by the widowed mother of a ly thrown down, but as I recovered my young man who had disappeared as footing I swept her aside with my arm, mysteriously as the other two reached and she went to the ground, with a the inn. This young man, who simply scream. Next instant the man came set out for a two weeks' tramp in order dashing through the doorway in the to boast of having crossed the Carpa- wall. He had a knife in his hand, and thians, had been traced to within five he meant murder. I leaped down to miles of the inn, but the landlord and meet him that I might have free play his wife stoutly denied that he had for my staff, and I believe we battled ever reached it. There were roads for ten minutes. Still lying on the menting on the departure of 30 Mor- by which he could have branched off ground, the woman seized my legs and me that he believed young Hull had man. Aye, but that fellow was crafty come to the inn and been made away and villainous and determined. Had I with for the money he carried. I had fought him with a knife he would soon seen nothing suspicious, and he had no have settled me. It was the stout staff real grounds for an accusation, but he which kept him off, and it was the went away, saying that he would have staff which finally dealt him a blow that laid him out unconscious. I look-I was ready to take my departure on ed for the woman as I stopped to the fourth day, when there was a sud- breathe, but she had disappeared. I den change in the demeanor of the went over to the window and examinlandlord and his wife. All at once they ed the platform-and found that it was became obsequious and smiling and sustained by a lever which could be solicitous. A nice lunch was put up for pulled out and allow the bottom to me, and they refused pay for it. I was drop. As the man began to return to given the clearest directions and was life I lifted up my staff and beat him told that almost as soon as I had begun till I was weary, and then I went my the ascent of the mountain I would way up the mountain road. That amfind an interesting ruin a little off the bush had gathered at least three vicroad. It was something I ought not to tims, but it was not for me to carry a miss, and they kept extelling it until 1 mystery to the police and be detained promised to turn aside. I set off in in a filthy jail for months or years good spirits, though wondering a bit as while they took their time to solve it.

"HIT ME: I'M BIG ENOUGH."-He passed two lines without stopping and little chap with a face that bore the likewise three or four peasants' huts, marks of much thinking and premaand when I sat down to rest it was on ture responsibility. I learned aftera large stone by the roadside and close ward that he was supporting a cripbeside one of the branches of the Dan- pled mother and an invalid sister who ube. I nibbled at lunch as I rested, had been left helpless in the world by ATTORNEYS AT LAW

of him, defiantly,

"Say, what do you want to knock a enough."

The man paused in surprise, and then glancing around, h e saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and York Brick Works.

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you.

scales, itching sensation, prickling pains, thin, diseased blood, bumps, and dirty Painful, unsightly eruptions, scabs and I was ready to move on when the woman spoke of the castle ruins. They man spoke of the castle rulns. They specks on the skin, pimples, boils, pale were only a step away, she said, and if skin, eating sores and ulcers, skin and the skin, eating sores and by taking Petersian I missed them I would be sorry forever blood humors cured by taking Botanic after. The man at once added his per- Blood Balm (B.B.B.). All the sores quickly The first Law of Nature, suasion, but as I was ready to go with heal and blood is made pure and rich by it them he claimed to have left his knife use. Deep-seated, obstinate, cases that a hundred rods away and set out after resist Doctors and patent medicine treatit and left the two of us to walk on together. From the moment we started. The most perfect Blood Purifier made. 30 years old. Try it. For sale by Druggists

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OUR personal attention, with long experience, given at all times. All grades and priced goods in COFFINS and CASKETS. Latest equipment in trappings, etc. Robes, Gloves, Slippers and Stockings carried in stock. Fine Hearse for town and country use. W. B. MOORE & CO.

SOUTH CAROLINA & GEORGIA EXTENSION RAILROAD CO.

Schedule Effective June 15, 1901

BETWEEN

CAMDEN AND BLACKSBURG. EAST. WEST.

8	35.	33.	EASTERN	82.	84.
g	2nd Class.	lst Class.	TIME.	ist Class,	2nd Class.
-	Daily Except Sund'y	Daily.	STATIONS.	Daily.	Daily Excep Sund';
-	Р. М.	P. M.	DIATIONS.	P. M.	P. M.
fetusreeos	8 20 8 50 9 20 10 50 11 20 12 40 2 30 4 45 5 45 6 6 50	12 50 1 15 1 27 • 2 00 2 12 2 37 2 50 3 10 3 40 4 18 4 34 4 50 5 20		12 25 12 02 11 50 11 35 11 20 10 40 10 20 10 00 9 10 9 10 9 10 8 45 8 45 8 15	5 30 4 4 0 4 10 4 10 3 15 2 50 1 30 12 00 9 10 8 50 8 15 7 50 7 7 80

A.M. A.M. P. M. P. M. 20 minutes for dinner. BETWEEN BLACKSBURG, S. C., AND MARION, N. C. EAST. WEST 12. 11. EASTERN 82. 2nd Class. 2nd Class. TIME. lst Class.

Daily Except Sundy Daily Daily Daily STATIONS. A.M. Blacksburg...
Earls...
Patterson Spr'g
Shelby...
Lattimore...
Mooresboro...
Henrietta...
Forest City...
Rutherfordton
Thermal City...
Glenwood...
Marion... 6 40 6 20 6 12 6 00 4 50 4 40 4 20 3 50 8 25 2 45 2 20 2 00 5 25 5 43 5 49 6 00 6 21 6 30 6 41 6 59 7 15 7 50 8 10 8 30

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. CARRENTEN TOTAL BY COTT

GAFFNEI BRANCH.						
WEST.	EAST.					
First Class	. EASTERN	First Class.				
15. 18	TIME.	14. 16.				
Daily Excep	ot —	Daily Except Sunday.				
P. M. A. M	TATIONS.	A. M. P. M.				
5 80 6 0 5 50 6 0	Blacksburg Cherokee Falls	7 50 7 20 7 80 7 00 7 10 8 40				

P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. Trains No's. 32 and 33 are operated Trains No's. 34, 35, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15

and 16 are operated daily except Sunday. CONNECTIONS. At Camden with Southern Ry.; S. A. and A. C. Line. At Lancaster with L. & C. R. R.

At Catawba Junction with Seaboard At Rock Hill with Southern Railway. At Yorkville with Carolina & North-Western R. R. At Blacksburg with Southern Rail-

At Shelby and Rutherfordton with S. A. L.
At Marion with Southern Railway. SAMUEL HUNT, President.
A. TRIPP, Superintendent.
E. H. SHAW, Gen. Pass. Agent.

CAROLINA & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Schedule Effective May 19, 1901. BLOWING ROCK LINE.

Northbound.	Passenger.	Mixed.
Leave Chester	. 8.35a.m.	7.00a.n
Lv. Yorkville		9.07a.n
Lv. Gastonia	10.25a.m.	12.15p.n
Lv. Lincolnton	11.22a.m.	1.55p.n
Lv. Newton	12.08p.m.	4.00p.n
Lv. Hickory	12.32p.m.	5.15p.n
Ar. Cliffs		5.35p.n
Lv. Cliffs		6.30p.n
Ar. Lenoir		8.25p.n
Ar. Blowing Roc (Stage).		2.00p.n
	The state of the state of	

Mixed. Ly. Blowing Rock, 8,00a m. 2.00p.m. (Stage). Lv. Lenoir...... 2.25p.m. 10.25p.m. Cliffs..... 3.11p.m. Hickory..... 8.02a.m. 9.20a.m. 11.30a.m. Newton..... 3 Lv. Lincolnton.... 4.38p.m. Lv. Gastonia..... 5.40p.m. Lv. Yorkville..... 6.40p.m. 1.35p.m. 3.28p.m.

Ar. Chester..... 7.50p.m. CONNECTIONS. Chester-Southern Ry., S. A. L., and L.

& C. Yorkville—S. C. & Ga. Extension. Gastonia-Southern Ry. Lincolnton-S. A. L. Newton and Hickory—Southern Ry. Lenoir—Blowing Rock Stage Line and

C. & N E. F. REID, G. P. Agent,