

Humorous Department.

TAKING HIM DOWN A PEG.—Judge Nathan Webb, whose resignation from the United States circuit and district courts, on account of the increasing infirmities of old age, is announced, will take with him in his retirement the profound respect and affection of the bench and bar, as well as of the public generally, for his fine traits of mind and character.

THE WOES OF JANE.—A dear little boy whose winter home is in the Oranges in New Jersey and whose summer home is at Glen Summit, Pa., but whose identity shall not be further disclosed, attended a dime school last winter, and, on an occasion when visitors were announced, took part in the exercises in their honor.

JANE AND JANE.—Jane went to bed with a pain in her head. Jane went to bed with a pain in her head.

When the youngest told of this to his entirely surprised and somewhat shocked parents, they asked him: "What did the teacher say?"

He replied: "She said nothing. She just turned around and looked out of the window, but the scholars and the visitors wanted me to say it again."—Brooklyn Eagle.

JIM O'BRIEN'S EPITAPH.—"I suppose our western country has furnished more funny things in the epitaph line than all the rest of the world," remarked ex-Congressman Lafe Pence, of Colorado, at the Riggs House.

"I remember one that adorned the cemetery at Leadville in the palmy days of that great mining camp. It seems that in the course of a barroom brawl one Jim O'Brien, a well-known character, had his existence terminated prematurely. He was a good fellow in the main and not without friends. One of the dead man's associates, in deep grief over his demise, erected a wooden slab over his grave on which he had written in large letters:

"Jim O'Brien departed for heaven at 3.30 a. m. "A local humorist happened along shortly afterward, and appended the following: "Heaven, 4.20 p. m. O'Brien not yet arrived. Intense excitement. The worst is feared."—Washington Daily Times.

A GOOD MEMORY.—At a little dinner the other night the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied: 'Lor', massa, I steered dat boat."

"Well," said I, "do you remember when George took a hack at the cherry tree?" "He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said: "Why, suah, massa, I dun drove dat hack mahself."—New York Tribune.

THAT DINNER.—"These biscuits, Mrs. Choate," said King Edward, reaching for another one, "are the best I have eaten for many a day."

The hostess' face was wreathed with smiles. "I am glad to hear you say so, Your Majesty," she said, with pardonable pride. "I made them myself."

"This pie, too," he added using his fork to pry off another mouthful, and eating the same with evident relish, "is just like the pies mother used to make."

These details, which were omitted—perhaps inadvertently—by the correspondents, show that King Edward's dinner at the American ambassador's was even a more notable event than the people have generally supposed.—Chicago Tribune.

MUST BE SPRINTERS.—Down in Virginia, according to Representative Swanson, they have a "razorback" hog that is very lean and runs like a greyhound at a county fair. An enterprising Pennsylvanian exhibited some fine, fat, sleek Berkshire hogs, thereby exciting the curiosity of a Virginia mountaineer.

"What kind of hogs are those?" he asked. "Berkshires," was the reply. "Well, stranger," said the mountaineer, "those kind may be fine hogs, but they're no good down in this country. A hog that can't run faster than a nigger ain't worth a d—n."—Washington Post.

23rd Congressman Cowherd, of Missouri, relates that he was making a campaign speech last fall when he was annoyed by the frequent interruption of a country man who seemed bent on making trouble. "My friend," said the speaker, "determining to squelch the disturber, 'havent you heard the story of how a braying ass put to flight the entire Syrian army?" "Don't you be afraid of this audience," shouted back the object of this pointed rebuke; "there ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've done tested it."

Miscellaneous Reading.

FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

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

YORK.

Rock Hill Herald, June 21: Mr. and Mrs. Alva Westerlund, who were married last Thursday morning, returned to this city Wednesday night. The ceremony was performed at Clinton and not at Carlisle, as stated in The Herald Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Jacobs officiated.

Misses Lida and Dargan Smith, after a few days' stay in the city with Miss Gillie McCammon, returned to their home near Yorkville, Thursday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Sandifer, who has been spending a few days in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. Green Sandifer, returned to her home in Yorkville, yesterday afternoon.

The Catawba river was on the rampage again this week, occasioned by the rains of last Sunday night and Monday morning. At the Catawba Power Co.'s dam the flood measured over 18 feet. The high waters have again been destructive of corn on the river bottoms, Messrs. J. F. Kaler, W. A. Garrison, J. J. Hoke, George Brown, J. A. Barber, Sam Allen, J. T. Thomasson and W. D. Sullivan and others in the bend of the river, whose names we have not heard, being completely covered, from which a yield of fully 5,000 bushels was expected, but has been totally destroyed.

The lands will not be replanted in corn, but possibly in peas. At the Catawba Power Co.'s works the coffer dam was completely covered and operations were suspended. The pumps were put into use Thursday morning and with no more floods work will be resumed today or Monday.

CHESTER. Lantern, June 20: Mr. Alex Frazer drove through the country yesterday to Rock Hill and return, and says that the crops are just the finest he has ever seen.

Captain F. Dilling, of King's Mountain, N. C., who was in the city yesterday as a member of the board of trustees of Erskine college, is a man of large experience in cotton manufacturing, being interested in a number of the largest mills in Gaston county. He says that if there is an abundant crop of cotton produced this year all over the country he doesn't look for cotton to go as low as five cents per pound, but in his opinion it would go as low as six cents.

Mr. R. W. Hunt, division passenger agent for the Southern at Charleston, was in the city a few hours Tuesday evening. The Presbyterian church having appointed the last Thursday in June as a day for fasting on account of the low state of piety, and for prayer and for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, Catholic church will observe the day, Pleasant Grove and Hebron being expected to join. Neighboring churches are invited also.

Mr. F. G. McCormick has numerous cotton blooms and has had them for several days. Prof. J. B. Kennedy, who has charge of the preparatory department in Erskine college, spent Wednesday night in the city, on his way to Yorkville.

Mr. Lewis Austin, of Morgantown, died at his home on the night of the 15th, and the funeral exercises were conducted at 4 o'clock p. m., at Hebron church on the day following. Rev. Pittman conducting the services. He was about 72 years old, and had served as a Confederate soldier, being a member of Captain O. Barber's company, of Butler's cavalry.

Mrs. Cecelia G. Heyman died Tuesday afternoon. Funeral service was conducted at her late residence yesterday morning by the Rev. B. A. Elzass, of Charleston, and the remains were taken to Columbia for burial in the Jewish cemetery.

A marriage, which was not a surprise, and yet was a surprise to their friends on account of its quiet nature, and its coming off a day earlier than was expected, was that of Mr. A. F. Williams and Miss Mary A. Morgan, on Tuesday evening, June 17th, at the Associate Reformed parsonage, Rev. J. S. Moffatt making the happy young couple one. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on the early train Wednesday morning for Norfolk and Virginia Beach, Va., where they will remain for about ten days.

The "Kindergarten association, of Chester," was organized Tuesday, June 18th, 1902, at the home of Mrs. L. T. Nichols. The aim of the association is to elevate the character and advance the interests of the children of the community and to give them the proper foundation for good citizenship and education.

Mrs. J. L. Glenn was elected president; Mrs. W. G. Nichols, secretary and treasurer. The executive board of control consists of five members: Mrs. L. T. Nichols, Mrs. J. S. Booth, Mrs. J. A. Green, Mrs. A. W. Kluttz and Mrs. M. H. Gaston. The first school of the association will be opened on next Monday at the Springstein mill. Children from the ages of 3 to 9 will be most cordially welcomed. Miss Sloan will have the school in charge and will do her best by the little ones. The parents are urged to send their children. Any one who desires to do so may join the association. The yearly dues will be one dollar.

GASTON. Gastonia Gazette, June 20: Among the passengers on the southbound C. & N.-W., Wednesday afternoon, was a gentleman who left Liverpool, Saturday, June 7, and arrived in New York last Saturday. He was tiring through to Clover; said he was tired of traveling.

The thresher companies will not declare any great dividends this year. The crop is so short that it will in some cases take two or three plantations to furnish a threshing. Mr. T. M. Ferguson, who was here Wednesday to bring a milling of last year's wheat, informs us that from a sowing of 12 bushels in 1900 he harvested 225 bushels, and from 14 bushels on poorer land in 1901, he made 165, while this year from 14 bushels sown he will be surprised if he makes over 75 bushels.

Mr. W. H. Sparrow, one of the foremost farmers of the Clover section, will get, we are told, only about 145 shocks, where last year he made 600. What the farmers lose in wheat, we sincerely hope they will make up in something else. Fruit trains go through this world at a strenuous rate. Twelve miles in eleven minutes

is the record made one day last week by Engineer Ostell between King's Mountain and Gastonia. Yesterday was the silver wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Glenn, they having been married on June 19th, 1877. There was no special celebration of the event. A handsome silver cream pitcher was the gift of a friend.

THE ANTIQUITY OF JOKES. Some Sayings Regarded Modern as Old as the Hills. That many of the familiar phrases and jokes which pass current at the present time are of ancient origin is no longer a matter of mere surprise. It is being established by archaeological and philological research, much to the discomfiture of the modern joker.

The popular notion that the ancients were very serious persons who, when not engaged in killing one another, spent their sober moments in abstract philosophical debates, will have to be revised in the light of discoveries that they were humorists of no mean caliber. At any rate, Dr. Flinders Petrie, the eminent archaeologist, has come forward with a little story which cannot but have this effect.

Dr. Petrie announces that he has deciphered the cuneiform inscription on a tablet which he excavated in the plains of Assyria, and believes that it is a copy of a prehistoric comic paper. Among other items it contains the following merry jest, in which the ancient prototype of the present day "oldest inhabitant" is plainly outlined. Dr. Petrie's translation reads:

Now, there were gathered together at the place of telling stories many of them that have lived long in the land, and one of them lifted up his voice and said: "Behold, it groweth cold with much extremeness."

Whereupon another made answer, saying: "Verily it doth. But let us get hence, for here cometh Methusalem, the aged, and if we tarry he will tell us again of the cold spell of the year 40."

And they gat hence with much speed. In a similar line with Dr. Petrie's discovery are the results of the researches of a learned German philologist, who has recently traced several of the familiar slang phrases now in vogue through half a dozen languages to their beginnings. Here are some of them:

"To give the cold shoulder." It appears that it was at one time the custom in France, when a guest had outstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton at dinner instead of a hot roast. When the cold shoulder made its appearance at table, therefore, the guest was supposed to take it as a gentle hint that it was time for him to go.

"To kick the bucket," is another phrase that might be presumed to have originated with the light and flippant youth of modern times, but it seems that dates back to the days of good Queen Elizabeth, of England. One Henry Hawkins, a shoemaker, committed suicide one day by standing on a bucket, which he had placed upon a table in order to raise himself sufficiently to fasten the noose to a convenient rafter. When the knot was tied, he kicked the bucket away and swung into eternity.

"Apple-pie order" is, on its face, a term of good old New England origin, for where else has pie flourished in equal luxuriance? A certain Hepzibah Morton, whose name smacks of New England equally with pie, was in Puritan times in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which were to last the family through the week. Hepzibah placed the pies in the pantry, labelling a certain number for each day of the week. Needless to say the pantry thus arranged was in apple-pie order.

The term "deadhead," according to the German investigator, is as old as the Christian era, a fact which ought to afford some consolation to modern proprietors of the theatres, owners of railroads, operators of telegraphs, and others who have calls upon them for "deadhead" favors. In Pompeii people who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying were called "deadheads," because the checks used for such admissions were small ivory death's heads.

Here is a true story of a missionary, an Arab sheik and his people, told recently by an American, a prominent officer of the American Foreign Missionary society. It has the flavor of the "Arabian Nights" about it: The missionary had occasion to visit a wild and desolate part of the country. One night his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a camp, in which he found a sheik whom he knew, a good and kindly old man with deep, searching eyes, silent and thoughtful for the most part, whose occasional utterances almost invariably left one thoughtful. His people seemed wrought from different stuff—low-browed, desperate-looking men, given to much muttering among themselves, with quick, sidelong glances that took in much while the lips remained silent or moved in swift, half-whispered speech, intended only for the ear of a comrade close by.

The missionary was received cordially by the sheik and made welcome. Wearied after many days of travel, of the heavy leathern belt which he wore around his waist, which contained two or three hundred dollars in silver, the missionary took it off when he went to bed and folded it under his pillow. In the morning when he awoke, the belt and its contents were gone. Distressed he went to the tents of the sheik and found the old man already awake and sitting calmly before his tents watching his flocks at pasture. The sheik listened to the missionary's story of his loss in grave silence. When the missionary had finished the sheik said simply: "I will get your money back for you; trust me."

Then the sheik called for all the men of the camp to assemble. When they were all there he told them what had happened and called for the thief to come forward and give up his spoils. He waited for a full minute, but no one stirred. This his brow darkened. He bade them disperse, saying that in half an hour they must come again. At the end of thirty minutes the tribesmen again assembled, and again the sheik called for the thief to give up

you think? Well, Dickens coined it 40 years ago. Just look here." Taking down a copy of "Dombey & Son," and turning to chapter 4, where Uncle Sol was lamenting to his nephew that times were not what they used to be at the old shop, he read the following from Uncle Sol's reflections: "You see, Walter, in truth this business is just a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it; but there's nothing doing, nothing doing."

Then he took down his "Martin Chuzzlewit," and picking out places which he had marked with notes on the back, began: "A few years ago," he said, "I don't think I had quite an extended run. When people wanted to emphasize a negative they asserted the affirmative and added, 'I don't think.' Well, that's another of Dickens's. Here it is in Chapter 6. "Tom Pinch" pursued his ruminations thus: 'I'm a nice young man, I don't think, as John used to say,' etc. "Here's another: "Sir, your servant," said Mr. Pecksniff, taking off his hat; 'I am proud to make your acquaintance. "Come off the grass, will you," roared the gentleman. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, doubtful of his having heard aright. "Did you?" "Come off the grass," repeated the gentleman warmly. "There you are," said the Observant Man; 'there's the origin of 'Come off the grass' or 'come off the perch. Here's another; it's about 'doing people,' and he fingered over a few more pages and read: "A bargain," said the son, "here's the rule for bargainers—Do other men, where they would do you." That's the true business precept. All others are counterfeits. "Now, there's that song, 'Just Tell them that you Saw me,' continued the man. That had quite a run not long ago, and of course everybody thought the idea quite original. But just look here, and he turned over some more pages and read, where Tom Pinch was talking to the kind-hearted hostess of the Dragon: "Say you saw me," said Tom, "and that I was very bold and cheerful, and not a bit down-hearted; and that I entreated to be the same, for all is certain to come right at last."

"There are half a dozen others at least that I have marked. Here are a few: "Very fine talking, Tom (it is Martin Chuzzlewit addressing Tom Pinch). But I'm at Pecksniff's, I remember." Perhaps you've heard again this morning from what's-his-name, eh?" "And never, Mrs. Harris (it is Sairey Gamp loquuting) whilst I've a drop of breath to draw will I set by, and not stand up, don't think it." I ask your pardon, ma'am," says Mrs. Harris, "and I humbly grant your grace; for if ever a woman lived as would see her feller creatures into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp."

Then you will notice that, though Mrs. Gamp does not say anything about hoping "the cat may spit" in anybody's face, she certainly originates one part of an expression which is quite common among school children of a certain age today. Here's another: "Being a fat little woman, too, (it is again Sairey Gamp who figures, being encountered on the street by Tom Pinch and his sister), she was in a state of great exhaustion and intense heat. She had been grievously knocked about, no doubt, for her bonnet was bent into the shape of a cocked hat."

Another: "Keep your eye upon him in the meanwhile (Jones is speaking to the redoubtable Sairey), and don't talk about it. He's as mad as a March hare."

"There," said the amateur philologist, closing his Chuzzlewit with a bang. "I've still more of them marked, but that's enough to prove what I said, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Times.

WISDOM OF THE SHEIK. Means by Which an Arab Who Stole a Missionary's Money Was Detected.

Here is a true story of a missionary, an Arab sheik and his people, told recently by an American, a prominent officer of the American Foreign Missionary society. It has the flavor of the "Arabian Nights" about it:

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Then the sheik called for all the men of the camp to assemble. When they were all there he told them what had happened and called for the thief to come forward and give up his spoils. He waited for a full minute, but no one stirred. This his brow darkened. He bade them disperse, saying that in half an hour they must come again.

At the end of thirty minutes the tribesmen again assembled, and again the sheik called for the thief to give up

the silver and the leather belt. For the second time no one came forth. "Bring me the mule with the white star in its forehead," he ordered. And when the mule was brought, "Put it in the tent yonder." And when this was done, "Let every man pass into the tent, one after the other. Let each man, having entered, close the flap behind him, and when he and the mule are totally alone let the man take a firm grasp on the tail of the mule. If the mule brays that man is the thief."

One after another the men passed into the tent, let down the flap, remained a moment and then raising the flap, emerged. It was a strange experience for the missionary. To him it seemed both childishly ridiculous and indefinitely solemn. Despite his better judgment he found him waiting with feverish intensity for the bray of the mule.

But the little group of trembling candidates for the tail-grasping ceremony thinned and thinned until the last man had passed within the tent and had returned, uncondemned. Then the tribesmen looked bewildered, toward the sheik, to see what he would do.

It was a crucial moment. The sheik stirred as if from a dream, and, raising his voice so all should hear: "Now let every man come to me, in turn, and as he draws close, let him place his hands on my face, one on either side, and I will tell who is the thief, since the mule will not."

The first man who came to the sheik knelt on the ground before him and placed his hands on the old man's face. The sheik instantly dealt him a gentle blow on the shoulder, indicating that he was not the guilty person. The others followed in the same fashion. More than a score had passed, when suddenly the sheik placed both his hands on the shoulders of the man before him and cried out:

"This one is the thief; this one stole the visitor's silver!"

The man trembled violently, throwing his hands above his white face in supplication. The sheik shook his head and repeated his declaration, whereat the man fell upon his face, grovelling at the sheik's feet, and confessed his guilt.

Men were sent to the hillsides whither the guilty man directed them, and presently the silver and the leather belt were brought and put in the missionary's hands. The sheik then bade the people disperse.

Astonished, the missionary urged the sheik to tell him how the thing had been done.

"As you are to go out from us now," he said, "never to return, I will explain. It is simple enough. "My people must often be governed through their superstitions. After the thief refused to confess the first time, during the half hour I gave him to do so I singled out the white starred mule, and, unseen by any, smeared his tail with the oil of a pungent herb. When the mule was put in the tent I ordered the men to go in and grasp his tail.

"Thieves are cowards and I knew you silver would shrink from doing what I had commanded. So I directed that the tent flap be put down.

PRINTING TYPE FOR SALE. We offer for sale about 1,000 pounds of SECOND-HAND TYPE for use in printing THE ENQUIRER. About 500 pounds of SEVEN POINT; about 120 pounds of SIX POINT; and about 400 pounds of FINE I-JOINT. The type are in good condition. Any person desiring to see the work that can be done with them, we will send a copy of THE ENQUIRER, on which they were last used. The type were made by the MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan foundry of Philadelphia. We also have a number of Type-stands for sale. For further particulars, address L. M. GRIST & SONS.

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