

Humorous Department.

"Sassed By the Corpse."

That ministers of the gospel exchange stories among themselves that they would not tell their flock is well-known. Not that they would be ashamed or backward to do so, but occasion is lacking. Here is a yarn brought by one, gathered in his summer vacation. It so happened that a good brother in the church in one of the rural counties in Pennsylvania passed to his reward and all the community crowded to the church funeral to hear his virtues extolled. The minister made most of the occasion, not only eulogizing the departed saint, but entering into and discussing many details of his private and public life. There was a rustle and hum of approbation in the congregation when the pastor concluded his extended remarks and took up the hymn book preliminary to starting off the choir in appropriate song.

It happened that in the gathering there was an occasional attendant at the church who had spiritual gifts. In fact, he professed among his acquaintances to be able to communicate with departed spirits.

This individual, to the surprise of all present, as he had seemed to be dozing, arose in his place well up in front and in a confident voice remarked:

"I wish to state that I have just had a communication from our dear brother."

Everybody turned to hear what was to come next.

"And I desire also to state, continued the speaker, 'that he has been cognizant of all that has been said here about him. He tells me that a good many things have been said concerning his life here below that are not so.'"

The speaker sat down and every eye in the congregation was turned toward the minister. That worthy seemed imperturbable. He gathered up the hymn book again, however, and showed some internal disturbance by putting it down again without giving out the hymn. Finally he said:

"Brethren and sisters, at first I thought it best to say nothing at this point. However, it is due to you that I should justify myself. I shall take back nothing I have said; neither shall I question the truth of the curious communication just stated to you. But I must say that in all my 25 years' preaching at funerals in this community this is the first time that I have ever been sassed by the corpse. We will now sing hymn 235, and after the singing friends will have a chance to view the remains."—Brooklyn Eagle.

MADE IT PLAIN.—A gentleman whose liberality in no way corresponded to his means found out one day that there was some ale in his cellar almost spilling, and decided to get rid of it without delay.

The next morning when he was rambling over his estate he came across a party of workmen. Addressing the man in charge he ostentatiously presented the ale to the men and said they could go and fetch it as they liked.

A few days afterward he happened to meet the foreman again and immediately proceeded to extract from him in some way a suitable acknowledgment of the bounty recently bestowed. "Well, Williams," said the donor, with the air of a man who had granted an unspeakable favor, "did you and your men have that ale?"

"Oh, yes, sir, thank you, we had it," was the reply.

"That's right, and how did you like it?" said the gentleman, desiring a warmer expression of gratitude.

"Oh, sir, it was just the thing for us," was the rather vague response.

"Ha, that'll do, then. But what do you mean by 'just the thing'?"

"Well, sir," said Williams, "if it 'ad been a little better we shouldn't 'ad it, and if it 'ad been a little worse we couldn't 'ad dranked it."

LITTLE GIRL'S COMPLIMENT.—Two ladies and a bright little girl occupied seats in a Prospective avenue car last evening, says the Kansas City Journal. The little girl attracted attention with her questions and answers. It was when the car reached Eighteenth street that the climax was reached. At that point the car makes a long stop before pulling up the hill. It was while the car was at a standstill that a pretty woman, and evidently a friend of the two in the car, passed along.

"Oh, dear! There's Mrs. M. My! She is such a handsome woman," said the mother of the bright little girl to her friend.

"Yes, she is beautiful," assented the friend.

The little girl was looking out of the window after the figure strolling up the hill. Presently she turned in her seat. "Say, mamma, you look just like that lady."

"Do I, dear?" asked the mother, sweetly.

"Yes. Just 'zactly—all 'cept the head."

The little girl is still wondering why the careful of people laughed.

BOTH THOUGHT ALIKE.—Jones and Smith were two old bachelors who lived on the most intimate terms, constantly dined together, and smoked the peaceful pipe, and occasionally went off together for a week's holiday by the sea. But a change came over the spirit of Smith's dream. Well on in the fifties he got married, and on his return from the honeymoon invited Jones to come and dine with him and be a witness of his happiness.

The dinner over, the old friends sat down in front of the fire after Mrs. Smith had gone up stairs.

"Well, my dear Jones," said Benedict, "now tell me quite candidly what do you think of my dear wife?"

Jones hesitated for a moment, then replied:

"Well, Smith, if I must speak quite candidly, I don't think much of her."

Smith patted him on the knee as he replied confidentially:

"Neither do I, my dear Jones."

Miscellaneous Reading.

FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

News and Comment That is More or Less Local Interest.

Rock Hill Herald, September 13: Young House, colored, was arrested Thursday by state constable, J. T. Thomasson for transporting whiskey. He was given a hearing before Magistrate Anderson and pled guilty to the charge and was sentenced to 30 days on the chain gang. Willie Smith, a little grandson of Mr. J. D. Deviney, was badly mangled Wednesday while in Laurelwood cemetery. A tombstone that had been broken and put together with cement, fell upon him while he had his hands upon it. Owing to the manner in which it fell, the child was not seriously hurt, but as it was he was mangled and bruised considerably. The children of the seventh grade in our graded school held an election last Tuesday as for their choice for governor and United States senator. The teacher, Mr. Owens, thought the day of the primary an opportune time to give his class a lesson in elections, their purposes and the manner in which they are conducted. He supplied the pupils with the regular State tickets, such as were used in the precinct election at the polls that day, and the children were instructed how to proceed. A ballot box was prepared, managers appointed, oath explained and the vote tabulated in the regular manner. Attention was called to the duties of the several officers, length of term, etc. No electioneering was allowed. Heyward received 26 votes, Talbert 3, Latimer 15, Evans 14. Their vote for senator forms nearly a true proportion with the vote at this precinct that day. Thursday, Bob Lee, colored, was before Judge Beckham for running his bicycle over a Negro child, breaking one of its legs, mention of which was made in The Herald at the time. His sentence was \$7.30 or 30 days, the fine being paid by Lee's mother, who had to sell her cow to raise the money. Otherwise the fine would have been \$40. The same day Frank Pearce, colored answered a charge of carrying and concealing a pistol of less than 20 inches in length and of weight less than three pounds. \$20 or 30 days was imposed. At the same time he was tried and convicted of stealing a watch from John Reeves, his sentence for this offence being \$10 or 20 days. He took the days in both cases.

CHESTER.

Lantern, September 12: W. A. Barber, Esq., arrived from New York Wednesday morning. He spent the summer at Blowing Rock, and returns to business in fine health. Beulah, daughter of W. M. Simpson, died Wednesday and was buried at Union cemetery, Richburg. She was three years and six months. Miss Rhoda Nunery, daughter of Mr. Ralph Nunery, died at Fort Lawn on Thursday evening. She was about 20 years old. She was sick only two days. Yesterday about 2 o'clock, Mr. W. R. Wallace left his mule and wagon on cemetery street near Mrs. Timmerman's and went in to look at a stove he was thinking of buying. His son was in the wagon holding the team, a mule and a horse. A colored boy, Frank Barnes, was out riding for his health presumably, and as he passed stroked the mule on the nose. Frank asserts that this is untrue, but others say it is. He may have intended it all as a joke, but the mule didn't know how to take it, so he broke away from the wagon and when caught had on only a bridle. The boy in the wagon held the horse, but the mule, being tougher mouthed, broke away. Mr. Wallace wants the harness paid for and is reasonable in his demand. The streets were crowded Tuesday with voters and those who came to see the circus which was billed to be in town that day. A slow rail fell almost all day, as is usual on election days. A crowd was at the Seaboard depot to welcome the show. This train didn't come till nearly 1 o'clock. Trained animals of all kinds were the chief feature. On account of the late arrival of the train and wetness of the ground the manager concluded not to show at all. The disappointed small boys and the merchants with pictures in their windows do not very comforted each other.

GASTON.

Gaston Gazette, September 12: Dr. J. C. Galloway left yesterday afternoon for Mooresville, N. C., to assist Rev. R. C. Davidson in a meeting at that place. His pulpit will be filled Sunday morning by Rev. J. J. Kennedy. Mr. J. T. Henry, who has been a member of the Southern's clerical force here for the past year and a half, left last night for Chester, where he goes to accept a position in the Southern's freight transfer department at that place. Gaston will be well represented this year at Erskine college, Due West, which opens next Wednesday, the 17th. Misses Mary and Annie Galloway, Messrs. John Pearson and Edgar Long, of Gastonia, and Messrs. Robert and Grier Carson, of Pisgah, will be in the literary department, while Mr. Geo. W. Hanna, who finished the literary course last year, will enter the Theological seminary. There will possibly be others going from the county whose names have not secured. We are informed that the prospects for a large attendance at both Erskine and Due West Female college are unusually bright. The fall-like atmosphere gently reminds us that coal consuming time is at hand again. The long strike of the miners in the anthracite regions and the consequent sky-high

price of hard coal will doubtless serve to raise the price of soft coal. So the fuel problem will have some tough phases if it should be as long and cold as the last one. Lump coal on the local market is \$5.25 per ton for this week only. Local dealers expect to make next week an advance of 50 to 75 cents per ton. Blue Gem Jellico is quoted at \$2.45 f. o. b. Knoxville and the freight rate to Gastonia is \$2.15 per ton.

SIMON KENTON.

He Was One of the Most Noted Pioneers of His Day.

The greatest novelty to the Indians, those connoisseurs in scalps has always been a red-haired man. Red-haired Indians there are none, and a red-haired white man, when taken prisoner, was always a subject of curious regard. They were often loath to dispatch such a captive, preferring, if possible, to keep him as a novelty, of which they would be envied the possession by other tribes.

The fact that Simon Kenton, the most noted frontiersman of his day, second only to Daniel Boone, had a shock of red hair, had no little to do with the saving of his scalp. Other things are, of course, to be taken into account, such as a cool head under his fiery locks, and a pair of fleet feet under his cool head.

Kenton, in the prime of life, was six feet one inch high in his moccasins, and straight as a ramrod. He walked with his toes directly to the front like an Indian. He had a soft, tremulous voice, slurring the letter "r" much as the mountain men of West Virginia and Kentucky do today. He had, say those who knew him, a laughing gray eye, undimmed by reading fine print, but admirably suited to a fine sight, along a rifle barrel. He liked fiddling and dancing, and was the hero and leader at log-rollings, but best of all liked hunting Indians through the thick forests of Kentucky and Ohio.

Sometimes he found the red men; at other times they found him. He was of fair complexion, good humored, but when in anger raged like a tornado. His credulity was great, and he was only shrewd when his wits were engaged against the red men.

He was the hero of more remarkable escapes from the Indians than any man of his time or any other. He was eight times exposed to running the gauntlet, and three times were the fagots piled to roast him. His escapes were attributed by the pioneers to "Kenton's luck," but Kenton's vivid thinking and his ready selecting of the least chance for escape should also be taken into the reckoning.

Once, when a captive and held at Detroit, an English officer became interested in him as a fine specimen of manhood and untutored son of the forest. He saw that Kenton was fond of smoking a pipe, the bowl of which was probably made of a cornob, and gave him a burning-glass, showing him how he could light tobacco by forcing the sun's ray upon it.

Kenton was delighted with this gift, which amused him as a toy amuses a child. When the sun shone, with this glass he had no need of flint, steel, and tinder to light his pipe.

Two or three years later Kenton was again a prisoner in the hands of the red men. Bound hand and foot, he was about to be burned at the stake. As a last request he called for his pipe. His hands were loosed, so that he might use the flint, steel, and tinder. He waved away the savage who was bringing them. Extending his hand toward the sun, he made an incantation. The glass, unseen by the savages, was circled by his thumb and forefinger. The tobacco in the bowl began to burn. Dark clouds of smoke were soon rolling from Kenton's mouth. The Indians were amazed. Never had they seen a pipe lighted without fire.

Smoking out the pipe, the wily romancer again mysteriously lighted it. One of the Indians, bolder than the others, approached for the purpose of making sure of the deer thong that held the captive to do this the burning glass was focused upon his head. There was a smell of burning hair and flesh. The Indian jumped to his feet, rubbing his head. Meanwhile, his feet, rubbing his head, meant while, again using the glass, Kenton set leaves at his side on fire. He struggled to his feet and beckoned to an Indian to unbind his ankles. The frightened savage could not refuse the request of this wonderful medicine man.

Kenton approached the heap of fagots prepared for his roasting. The Indians quickly got out of his way. They hid themselves, shuddering, behind the trees to watch this worker of magic.

Waving his arms above his head, he picked up a powder horn that had been dropped by one of the savages. He trailed some of the powder along the ground. Again the burning glass was worked to work a wonder. Focused on the powder, there came an explosion and the horn was blown to pieces.

This was too much for the red men. Fearing that worse was coming, they gave a wild shriek and fled. Kenton did not tarry to see the course they took. He ran through the bushes and took his way unopposed to the white settlements.

When the Indians were over, Kenton, brave and generous backwoodsman that he was, experienced much the same treatment at the hands of his countrymen that was given to Daniel Boone. After the Indians were gone a rapacious set of land-grabbers and speculators came in. Lands which Kenton had bought were lost to him through technical flaws of title. He was even imprisoned for debt near the place where he had raised the first cabin, planted the first corn, and where he had met the savages in many a fight.

This was in Kentucky, which he had long considered his home. Regarded by law suits and losses, he moved to Ohio about the year 1800.

In Ohio for a time he was held in much regard, notwithstanding his poverty. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and for a time was a brigadier general in the state militia. After the "war of 12" as it was called, he returned to his cabin in the woods near Urbana, O. In 1829 he moved to Mad river, in sight of the old Indian town

of Wappatomica, where he had once been tied to the stake.

Even here the poor old man was pursued by judgments and executions from the Kentucky courts. He still had some tracts of mountain lands in that state but they had been forfeited for taxes, though the amount of such taxes would today be considered ridiculously small. He tried boring for salt. These ventures were failures. His last resource was to apply to the Kentucky legislature to release the forfeiture.

In 1834 a broken old man of 70 years mounted on a bony old nag, started southward from the little cabin in the Mad river woods. At last he reached Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. There, in what he had known as an unbroken wildwood stood a city, with towering church steeples, busy factories, and the homes of a thriving, happy people.

He rubbed his eyes as he looked at this scene of enchantment. As he rode into the city his strange appearance and ragged attire, the shabby, bony old horse, whose ribs were so strongly outlined against the hide, brought hundreds to their doors to see the aged wanderer.

There was not a face he knew. There was none who recognized in the broken old man the hero of whom all had heard, the Simon Kenton of the laughing gray eyes, the curling red locks, light of heart, ready of hand, fleet of foot. At last one in the city of strangers recognized him. It was Gen. Fletcher, who had been a companion-in-arms in the war of '12. He grasped the veteran by the hand with a generous warmth that brought tears to the wan and wrinkled cheeks of the old man.

Gen. Fletcher saw to it that the second man of the early history of the state, Boone having been the first, should have a true Kentucky welcome. He made the old man the lion of the day. Kenton was taken to the state house, seated in the speaker's chair, and here legislators, distinguished judges, and citizens were introduced to him.

He had been "fixed up" by Gen. Fletcher to meet this company, the general having bought him a suit of clothes, a new hat and a shirt with ruffles. Better than this, his hands were released, and shortly afterward, by the exertion of a number of men of influence and position, the congress of the United States voted him, in recognition of his great services to the country, a pension of \$250 a year, enough to secure his old age from absolute want.

The simple-minded old man during the ten or more remaining years of his life, wore, it is said, the same clothes and hat that he wore when the guest of the people of Kentucky, and he always declared that his visit to Frankfort was the greatest and happiest period of his life.

He died in 1836 at the age of 81 years in his little cabin in the woods, surrounded by his family and in sight of the very spot where, nearly 60 years before, he had saved himself from the torture fire by means of his wonderful burning glass.—Indianapolis News.

WASHINGTON'S FORTUNE.—Whether Washington can be put into the envied category of millionaires no one can assert positively. According to the late Paul Leicester Ford, whose work "The True George Washington," has received wide recognition, "the Father of his Country," when he died, was worth \$530,000. This fortune did not include his wife's property, but nevertheless it made him one of the wealthiest Americans of his time. Ford adds: "And it is to be questioned if a fortune was ever more thoroughly deserved."

John Adams, however, probably would have differed with Ford on this point had the two ever come together. In one of his recurrent moods of bitterness and jealousy toward Washington, Adams asked: "Would Washington have ever been commander of the Revolutionary army or president of the United States if he had not married the rich widow of Mr. Curtis?"

According to Mr. Ford, it seems that he would, for he had achieved colonial military fame before his marriage. That the Widow Curtis was a desirable "partie" is not to be denied however, as her part of the Curtis property equalled "fifteen thousand acres of land, a good part of it adjoining the city of Williamsburg; several lots in the said city; between two and three hundred Negroes, and about eight or ten thousand pounds upon bond," estimated at the time at about twenty thousand pounds in all. This property was further increased on the death of Patsy Curtis in 1773 by a half of her fortune, which added ten thousand pounds to the sum.—Richmond Dispatch.

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Southbound. Passenger. Mixed. Lv. Lenoir 3.00p.m. 5.00a.m. Lv. Cliffs 4.00p.m. 7.05a.m. Lv. Hickory 4.20p.m. 7.25a.m. Lv. Newton 4.55p.m. 8.45a.m. Lv. Lincolnton 5.55p.m. 10.30a.m. Lv. Gastonia 7.55p.m. 12.35p.m. Lv. Yorkville 9.00p.m. 4.30p.m. Ar. Chester 10.10p.m. 6.25p.m.

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