

Humorous Department.

Chicago Women's Feet. When George Ade went from the literary field of La Fayette, Ind., to tread the primrose path of dalliance with all sorts of things on the staff of the "Chicago Record," he met a native lady writer of that town of Pierian Springs and Olympian Heights. She was as young as she used to be, but she was quite as pretty as she had ever been, and her devotion to Mr. Ade as present help in every time of trouble—her troubles—was pathetic. He was a good thing at first, voluntarily, because he wanted to help struggling genius, but the lady was so persistent that she became a nuisance, and Mr. Ade, in his efforts to break away, at times became actually rude.

One day he went cheerily to his desk, for he had not seen her in a long, long time, and the hope that she had gone to a better world above made him resigned, if not really and truly happy. But it was not to be. He found her waiting for him. She greeted him effusively, and he didn't reciprocate, but he had to be polite, and ask her where she had been all this time.

"Why, don't you know," she said, "I had a fever for three weeks, and it has taken me six weeks to get on my feet."

"Six weeks?" exclaimed Mr. Ade in surprise. "Yes, indeed; six whole weeks." "Well," he responded, "as if thoroughly convinced. 'I have always heard that Chicago women had large feet, but I didn't suppose they were quite so large as that.'"—The Reader.

AUNT MARTHA'S MISTAKE.—She was sixty-five years old. It was her first visit to New York, or to any other city, large or small, and for weeks after she got home she did little but talk about the wonders of the metropolis. Finally the nephew who had accompanied her on her trip said: "Well, Aunt Martha, of all the things you saw in New York, what impressed you most?"

"The lace-knitting machine," replied Aunt Martha promptly. "The lace-knitting machine?" he said. "Why, where did you see that? I don't remember any knitting machine."

Aunt Martha was surprised at that. "You don't?" she said. "Why, it was right there in the suburban station where we took the cars the day we came home."

After persistent questioning he caught her meaning. "Good Lord!" he said. Then he laughed most disrespectfully. He knew he ought to be ashamed of himself for doing it, but he really couldn't help it, for what Aunt Martha had mistaken for a lace-knitting machine was a telegraph instrument which kept up its steady clackety-click while the girl who sat beside it knit just as steadily on a piece of lace whose long end swept the floor and helped create Aunt Martha's delusion of sight and sound.

WANTED A PATTERN.—A ragged Irishman was charged in a London court a short time ago with tendering a counterfeit shilling in payment for a penny loaf.

Though forlorn in aspect, he was not destitute of that shrewdness which is characteristic of his countrymen. He stated that he was sent for the loaf by a person at a public house close by, and that on discovering it was not good he bought the coin for three half-pence.

The magistrate—How came you to buy the shilling after you had discovered it was a bad one? "The prisoner, with much apparent gravity, replied: "Sure, then, your honor, I bought it so that if I should happen to have a bad one I offered to me I might know it by looking at the one I had with me!"

There was a burst of laughter, and the fellow was dismissed with a caution.

WHEN HE DID BETTER.—A celebrated bishop once sat through a long and atrocious sermon on a hot summer morning. With an immovable countenance he listened to metaphors that were mixed, parables that were bathos and humor that was sad. The preacher was a youth just out of college—a very conceited youth. He belittled through his sermon at the top of his lungs. His gestures were violent enough to break his arms. At every climax he fixed the bishop with his eye to see if a suitable impression had been made.

And at the end of the service this young snip swaggered up to the bishop and said: "I fancy I didn't rather well today, sir. Don't you think so?" "Yes," returned the bishop; "but you did better last year."

Miscellaneous Reading.

FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

News and Comment That is More or Less Local Interest.

CHESTER.

Lantern, July 23: A telephone message was received in town yesterday morning from Pineville, N. C., stating that Dr. B. E. Kell's condition is growing hopeless. He is blind now, and at times is unconscious. It will be remembered that his left side was paralyzed several weeks ago. Mr. S. T. Howie, brother of Mr. W. B. Howie of Chester, resigned his position as chief state constable in Charleston on the 17th instant. He has held this office for the past five years. Miss Mary Crawford, who has been spending several days with her brother, Mr. E. A. Crawford, has returned to her home at Yorkville, S. C. Mr. B. N. Moore of Yorkville, spent Wednesday in town with Mr. Paul McCorkle. Mr. Archie Owens says he has the best cotton crop he has had for five years. The secret is that he planted a small crop and kept right up with it. Besides this he planned his work so that his plowing was interrupted by the rain to a very small extent. Chester ball players are in demand. Mr. W. K. Green wired for Mr. William Latimer to come to Greenwood Tuesday to play ball, where the teams of Honea Path and Greenwood were battling against each other. On Monday the Greenwood men were defeated, on Tuesday they were defeated again, but on Wednesday they succeeded in winning the game by a score of 13 to 5. Mr. Latimer played short stop. He returned home on the early Seaboard yesterday morning, having been awake the entire night. Mr. J. Monroe Grant of Halseville, having heard of an assertion that there are no horse apples now, and having gotten the impression that the Lantern said so, determined to prove the contrary by an argument stronger than words, and so brought two dozen fine specimens to demonstrate their existence. Mr. Grant's orchard is just coming into bearing, and therefore he has a good fruit prospect in front of him. We did not say anything about there being no horse apples, but if this is the way people are going to refute such statements we shall be tempted to say that nobody has a bushel of such apples, that the cider apples have no juice in them this season, that there are not two bushels of good sound peaches in the county, that nobody will make a watermelon weighing forty pounds this year, that cateloupes are a total failure and that there are not enough young crisp cucumbers to serve as a relish for one's breakfast. Rock is already being hauled on the Columbia road, which is soon to be macadamized. The chalking was moved there this morning to prepare for the beginning of the work. A well will be sunk, and the road will be leveled in places. The macadamizing will be begun at the two mile post instead of at the corporate limits, and when the reason is assigned, one can readily see the advantages of beginning there. The road will be macadamized a mile each way and there will be good hard roads over which to haul the rock from the crusher.

LANCASTER. Ledger, July 25: Colonel Springs has applied to the town for a franchise to light the town by electricity. As soon as the necessary steps can be taken the matter of granting the franchise will be submitted to the qualified voters as is now required by law. We can safely predict there will be practically no opposition to granting the franchise and that in the near future Lancaster will be abreast of other progressive town of the state in the matter of electric lights. Mr. Henry C. Clyburn, a native of Lancaster county, who moved with his family to Texas about seventeen years ago, is here on a visit to his relatives and many old friends. He is looking well, weighs 215 pounds, has no gray hairs, and looks almost as young as he did seventeen years ago. He has received many a hearty handshake from the companions of his boyhood and young manhood days. He reports crops good around his home, Flint, Tex., and says that his corn crop is the finest he has made since he has been in the "Lone Star State." He will spend about a month here and in the county and hopes to see all his old friends and acquaintances before he returns. Mr. Joseph Clark, an aged and well-known citizen, died at his home at this place last Wednesday, July 22d, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Clark was a native of the county, having been born in the Pleasant Hill section in April, 1825, and has lived in the county all his life. He was admitted to the practice of law about 1870. He served as postmaster at this place for two terms. His widow and four children, viz.: Mr. W. G. Clark of this place, Mrs. S. C. Villeneuve of Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. Callie Green of Bishopville, and Mrs. J. W. Hamel of Kershaw, survive him. Mr. Clark was a man of strong intellect and of generous impulses. He was industrious and frugal and accumulated a nice property, which he disposed of by will to his wife and children. He was a member of the Methodist church and the funeral service was conducted from his residence by his pastor, Rev. W. H. Hodges, at 9 a. m., Thursday morning, after which the remains were interred in the town cemetery with Masonic honors. Mr. Clark was one of the oldest Masons in the state, having been made a Mason in August, 1847—nearly fifty-six years ago.

GASTON. Gastonia Gazette, July 24: Prof. Lowry Jenkins, principal of the Yorkville Graded schools, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city with his sister, Mrs. J. Y. Miller, on her return from Knoxville, Tenn., where he has been attending the summer school at the University of Tennessee. Accompanied by Mrs. Miller he left Monday for Yorkville, where he will spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jenkins. The apple crop is better than usual this year. In the Cherryville section it is said to be abundant. A few days ago, Mr. J. R. Shannon and Mr. Will Bradley went into cahoot and took a day off to make

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Foolish Hares

Nobody had any idea that the two hares would be bright scholars when they went to school, but it certainly was the opinion of every one who knew them that they would at least be able to keep up with their class.

One day during the geography hour the teacher showed the class a big globe representing the earth and told how it turned on its axis and how during the day we are all on top of the globe, while at night we are nearly upside down. The little hares looked on and wondered, and when they got home they got to talking the whole thing over.

"I'm much afraid that we will fall off tonight when the world gets upside down," said Jimmy Hare. "So am I," said Charlie Hare. "How are we going to prevent it?" asked Jimmy. "I don't know," answered Charlie. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Jimmy. "What?" asked Charlie. "Teacher said if we stood on our feet we would be upside down. Let's stand on our heads."

And so the foolish little fellows agreed to do so, and soon as it got dark every hare stood on end. And there they stood until they got blue and red in the face and their tongues hung out and their tongues hung out. By and by Jimmy could not hold on any longer, and he just sighed a little sigh and tumbled over on his back. And then Charlie tumbled over on his back.

They lay there a few moments, waiting to tumble, but somehow they stuck just as tight to old Mother Earth as they ever had.

"Have you gone yet?" asked Jimmy without looking up. "No, not yet," answered Charlie. "Well, I don't believe we are going to fall," said Jimmy. "And neither do I," answered Charlie. "I guess we misunderstood the teacher."

"I guess we did," said Jimmy.—Chicago Tribune.

WASTE BASKET EXAMINERS.

Two Women in the Treasury Department Who Look For Stray Bonds.

Official Examiner of the Waste Basket—Such is the title conferred on two women at the treasury. Nor is the title a vain one. The women are classed as "experts" and their duties are peculiarly important.

From 9 to 4 o'clock each day, except Sunday, they may be found in the basement of the big and dirty gray-brown building where the city's refuse is dumped. There are in fact two mounds of the hundreds of baskets, which are supposed to catch the litter of officials and clerks from Secretary Shaw down. It is that waste employment that gives these experts employment. Too often a document or paper of value slips inadvertently into the baskets, and were it not for the watchful eyes of these women it would find its way into the fiery furnace of destruction.

People who have been wont to joke about the ridiculous titles that are conferred on them, and in a popular fashion of a few years ago there was a character who styled himself "the official cleaner of government cupboards." But there are in fact two official examiners of waste baskets in the treasury department.

The necessity of employees of this kind will be realized when it is known that the government has in its possession thousands of dollars, and bonds worth anywhere from a dollar up to \$10,000, and even more, are handed about and sent from one office to another as though they were of no more value than so much cambric. Frequently the carelessness of a messenger permits one of these slips of paper, representing many hundreds or even thousands of dollars, to fall into a waste basket. A sudden gust of wind may carry a bond from a chief's desk and toss it into the same receptacle. It frequently happens that much of a draft for a large sum of money and throw the pieces into the basket. Until the adoption of the present system of examining the contents of these baskets at the end of each day all misplacements of this sort were past immediate correction. While they did not always result in the actual loss of the face value of each bond, the fact that they caused a great deal of trouble and annoyance. Banks that ordered shipments of notes failed to get their money until weeks after the time it should have been delivered. Then, again, the disappearance of an important draft or voucher created more or less suspicion as to the honesty of the official who watered. Now most of this trouble is avoided by the lynx-eyed examiners, who examine every article that goes into the baskets.

There is a well regulated system for handling this work. Every basket in the building is numbered, a tag telling in what room and to what clerk it belongs. Each employee has two such baskets, which are used on alternate days. One set is examined one day and the other set is looked over the following day. The baskets are brought into the examiner's room exactly as they are left by the clerks.

The general orders throughout the department are that no scrap of paper shall be thrown into a basket without first being torn in halves. So the examiners are on the lookout for official looking documents, and especially papers that have not been filed. All papers of this description are laid aside after being labeled with the number of the basket from which they were taken. It frequently happens that much of the stuff picked out in this way is of no value, but not long ago one of the women engaged on this work found a \$10,000 United States bond. It is the duty of the charwoman to give a casual glance through waste baskets before they are carried to the room of the examiners. A few weeks ago the chief clerk of the department threw into his basket a worthless circular which was folded in the shape of an official document. The next morning he and the next morning he was somewhat surprised to find the paper on his desk again. He tossed it into the basket a second time, but the next morning it was on his desk as usual. A third time the process was repeated, and the chief clerk finally learned that the faithful charwoman was the person who persistently refused the document that he was so anxious to get rid of.—Philadelphia Press.

IRISHMAN AND THE MULE.—General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident he laughed the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're going to get on, I'll get off!'"

\$2.50 to Charleston. The Southern Railway has arranged to run a special excursion to Charleston on Wednesday, July 29, good to return Friday, July 31. Tickets to be good through to Isle of Palms. The good through to Isle of Palms. The round trip rates and schedule from the stations in this vicinity are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Station, Rate. Includes Yorkville, Snyrna, Hickory Grove, Sharon, Yorkville, Frazar, Rock Hill, Catawba Junction, and Charleston.

Returning, tickets will be good on regular train leaving Charleston up to and including July 31st. A. S. CLARK, Agent at Yorkville, S. C. Assistant General Passenger Agent, R. W. HUNT, D. P. A., Charleston, S. C.

QUARTERLY DISBURSEMENTS.

The following claims have been paid during the quarter beginning April 1st, 1903, and ending June 30, 1903:

Table with 3 columns: No., Name, Amount. Lists various individuals and their respective claims for services, supplies, and other expenses.

Table with 3 columns: No., Name, Amount. Continuation of the quarterly disbursements table, listing more individuals and their claims.

Advertisement for J. M. Heath & Co., General Merchandise. Features sections for Headquarters For Hats, Hats that Are Hats, Clothing Away Down, Shoes, Trunks and Valises, and Embroideries. Includes illustrations of a trunk and a suitcase.