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3 Jamily Newspaper : for the Promotion of the Political, Social, Igricultural, and Commencial Interests of the People.

them mossbacks tales to make 'em ABNER DANIEI laugh.

again," said Fincher, flushing.

Bart Wilks, was runnin' the restaurant

under the car shed about two yeer ago.

He was a new hand at the business,

an' one day he had a awful rush. He

got a telegram that a train load o' pas-

sengers had missed connection at Chat-

tanooga an' would have to eat with

him. He was powerful rattled, run-

nin' round like a dog after its tail. He

knowed he'd have to have a lot o' fry-

in' chickens, an' he couldn't leave the

restaurant, so he axed me ef I'd take

the money an' go out in town an' buy

'em fer 'im. I consented, an' struck

Mr. Fincher, who was sellin' sech truck

then. He 'lowed, you know, that I

jest wanted one, or two at the outside,

fer my own use, so when I seed a fine

coop out in front an' axed the price of

'em he kinder drawed on his beerd till

his mouth fell open an' studied how

he could make the most out o' me.

After awhile he said, 'Well, Pole, I'll

make 'em 10 cents apiece ef I pick 'em,

an' 15 ef you pick 'em.' I sorter skeerd

the chickens around an' seed thar was

two or three tiny ones hidin' under the

big ones, an' I seed what he was up to,

but I was ready fer 'im. 'All right,'

ses I, 'you pick 'em.' Thar was two

or three loafers standin' round an'

they all laughed at me when Mr.

Fincher got down over the coop an'

finally ketched one about the size of

a robin an' hauled it out. 'Keep on

a-pickin',' ses I, an' he made a grab

fer one a little bigger an' handed it up

It was the cheapest lot o' chickens I

ever seed. I turned the little ones out

to fatten and made Wilks pay me the

"I'll be bound you made some'n' out

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Westerfelt."

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CHAPTER XXI.

HE following morning Pole rose before daylight and rode to Darley. As he reached the place the first rays of the sun were touching the slate covered spire of the largest church in town. He went to a public wagon yard and hitched his horse to one of the long racks. A mountain family he knew slightly had camped in the yard, sleeping in their canvas covered wagon, and were making coffee over a little fire. Pole wanted a cup of the beverage, but he passed on into a grocery store across the street and bought a dime's worth of cheese and hardtack crackers. This was his breakfast. He washed it down with a dipper of water from the street well and sat around the store chatting with the clerk, who was sprinkling the floor and sweeping and dusting the long room. The clerk was a redheaded young man with a short, bristling mustache, and a suit of clothes that was too large for him.

"Don't Mr. Craig stay around Fincher's warehouse a good deal?" Pole asked as the clerk rested for a moment on his broom near him.

"Mighty nigh all day long," was the "Him an' Fincher's some kin, reply. I think." "On his wife's side," said Pole. "1

want to see Mr. Craig. I wonder ef he'll be down thar this mornin'." "Purty apt," said the clerk. "Finch-

er's his best friend sence his bu'st up, an' they are mighty thick. I reckon he gits the cold shoulder at a lots o' places." "You don't say!"

to me. Then he stuck his hands down in his pockets, dofn' his best to keep "An' of course he wants somewhar to go besides home. In passin' I've from laughin'. The gang yelled thea, seed 'im a-figurin' several times at but I wasn't done. 'Keep on a-pickin',' Fincher's desk. They say he's got ses 1. An' he got down agin. An', sir, some notion o' workin' fer Fincher as I got that coop at about 4 cents apiece his bookkeeper." less'n he'd paid fer 'em. He tried to "Well, he'll have to make a livin' back, but the gang wouldn't let 'im,

some way," said Pole. The clerk laughed significantly.

"Ef it ain't already made," said he with a smile.

market price all round fer the bunch." Pole stood up. "I don't think that's right," he said coldly. "Me nur you of it," said Trabue. "Fincher, did you nur nobody hain't got no right to hint ever heer how that scamp tuck in evat what we don't know nothin' about. ery merchant on this street about two Mr. Craig may 'a' lost ever' cent he veer ago?" had.'

"Never heerd anything except his "In a pig's valise!" sneered the redowin' 'em all," said Fincher, with a headed man. "I'd bet my hat he's got laugh. money-an' plenty of it, huh!" "I could put 'im in the penitentiary

"Well, I don't know nothin' about fer it," affirmed the lawyer. "You it," said Pole, still coldly. "An' what's know about that time thar was a pow-

Well, ef you ever git into any trouble let me know," said Trabue as he his hand on Pole's shoulder with a rose to go. "I'll defend you at half friendly, downward stroke. price. You'd be a sight o' help to a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I ever seed a better case 'an you made out in the could be of assistance to you." mayor's court, an' you hadn't a thing to back it up with nuther." The hay was unloaded and the wagons driven away. Fincher stood eying its resting place at the bottom of his Pole with admiration. "It's a fact," he said. "You could 'a' made some'n'

out o' yore'se'f if you'd 'a' been educated an' had a showin'." Pole jerked his thumb over his shoul-"Oh, come off, don't go over that der at Craig, who was standing in the "It wis this away," said Pole, with front door looking out into the street. a broad, wholesome grin. "My cousin,

"Everybody don't git a fair showin' in this world, Mr. Fincher," he said. "That man Craig hain't been treated right." The jovial expression died out of the

merchant's face, and he leaned against the door jamb. "You are right thar," he said-"dead right. He's been mighty unlucky and

bad treated." Pole grasped the brim of his massive hat and drew it from his shaggy head.

"It makes me so all fired mad sometimes, Mr. Fincher, to heer folks a-runnin' that man down that I want to fight. I ain't no religious man myse'f. but I respect one, an' I've always put him down in my book as a good man." "So've I." said the merchant, and he looked toward the subject of their conversation and called out, "Craig, oh, Craig, come back heer a minute." Pole put on his hat and stared at the ground. He made a gesture as if of protest, but refrained from speaking. "What's wanted?" Craig came down to them. He was smoking a cigar and wore a comfortable look, as if he had

been fighting a hard but successful fight and now heard only random shots from a fleeing enemy. "You ain't a candidate fer office."

laughed Fincher, "but nearly all men like to know they've got friends. This chap heer's been standin' up fer you. He says it makes him mad to hear folks talk agin you." "Oh. it's Baker!" exclaimed the ex-

banker, shaking hands with Pole and beaming on him. "Well, I don't know a man I'd rather have for a friend," he said smoothly. Pole tossed his head and looked

straight into the speaker's eye. "I'm fer human justice. Mr. Craig," he said, "an' I don't think folks has treated you right. What man is that that don't The truth is, Baker, I'd like the best now an' then make mistakes, sir? was anything but a pore mountain boy, but I've always looked on you as a good man, a law abidin' man, an' I

beca'se I knowed you belonged to one life an' me another, but now you are flat o' yore back, sir, I'm yore friend." Craig's face beamed. He pulled his Baker?" he said.

beard; his eyes danced. "I'm glad there are men

"You don't say!" Pole was looking toward the compress again. Craig laughed out suddenly and put

"You can trust me, Baker," he said persuasively, "and it may be that I

There was something like an actual tremor of agitation in Pole's rough hand as he drew his little nugget from pocket. With a deep, indrawn breath he handed it to Craig. "Is that thar lit-tle lump gold or not?" he asked. Craig started visibly as his eyes fell

on the piece of gold. But he took it indifferently and examined it closely. "Where did you run across that?" he asked.

"I want to know ef it's the puore thing." answered Pole.

Craig made another examination, obviously to decide on the method he would apply to a situation that claimed all his interest.

"I think it is," he said-"in fact, I know it is." Pole took it eagerly, thrust it back

into his pocket and said: "Mr. Craig, I know whar thar's a vein o' that stuff twenty yards thick, runnin' clean through a mountain." "You do?" Craig actually paled under his suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir, an' I kin buy it, lock, stock and barrel, fer five hundred dollars. The feller that owns it ud jump at it like a duck on a June bug. That's my secret, Mr. Craig. I hain't one dollar to my name, but from this day on I'm goin' to work hard an' save my money till I own that property. I'm a-goin' down to Atlanta next week, whar people don't know me, an' have a lump of it bigger 'n this examined, an' ef it's gold I'll own the land sooner or later."

Craig glanced to the rear. "Come back here," he said. Opening a door at the end of the warehouse, he led Pole into a more retired spot, where they would be free from possible interruption. Then in a most persuasive man of experience with you in this. Besides, if there is as much of-of that

stuff as you say there is, you wouldn't land, and there is no telling what in a close place, but I could raise five hundred dollars or even a thousand. My friends still stick to me, you know.

in the world to be able to make money You've always had means, an' I never to pay back what some of my friends have lost through me." Pole hung his head. He seemed to be speaking half to himself and on the don't like to heer folks try to blame verge of a smile when he replied. "I'd

you fer what another man done. When | Uke to see you pay back some of 'em, you had plenty, I never come nigh you, 100, Mr. Craig." Craig laid his hand gently on Pole's fuoulder.

> "How about lettin' me see the place, Pole hesitated, and then he met the

Miscellaneous Reading. IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

Strange Happenings In Ebenezer an Catawba Townships.

of Gabe Bowden, colored. On account night of horrors. of the charges and counter charges it is sible the story, as related by the prin-

cipals on both sides, is as follows: The Negro says that Constable

den's wife, cursed her and was cursed suit. back, and that he slapped the old woman down; that when this happened could lay hands upon and struck him a blow on the head; that the constable turned on the girl and, with his heavy that Mr. Cowan then ran in the house and got Thomasson to quit; that Thomasson then arrested her and took her in his buggy to the magistrate's Francisco Examiner. house, and that on the road he struck her repeatedly; that a Negro man named Avery saw this and asked Thomasson what he was doing it for

whereupon the constable drew his pistol and shot at Avery five times. Constable Thomasson did not wish to talk about the matter, but stated

that he had intended searching Bowden's house Saturday night, but for a good reason did not do so, and that he had a warrant to do so.

The matter of the dog was simply a blind used to find out where Bowden vanishing now, for Uncle Sam, after lived. He said he was resisted from the first and that the girl struck him a murderous blow with a large stick, which had a heavy metal band on it. voice he continued: "Baker, you need a He has a bad looking cut about two inches long over his temple. He admitted that when the girl struck him and he was sick and stunned from the be able to use all you could make out blow he struck her or struck at her of it. Now, it might take you a long with his stick. He arrested her and time to get up the money to buy the locked her up in Magistrate Anderson's crib. He said that on the way a might happen in the meantime. I'm Negro named Avery ran out with a servation of this scrutiny that deter rock in one hand and a pistol in the other and halted the buggy and that he at once drew and began firing and made him run.

Today Mr. W. M. Dunlap, acting for the Bowdens secured a change of does not favor the parental enthusivenue to this township, and brought the girl before Magistrate Beckham to answer to the charge for which she the parent hopes the service will eradiwas arrested by Thomasson. No on? appeared against her and that case was dismissed. Immediately they swore out a warrant for assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature against Thomasson, who appeared before Magistrate Beckham and was released under a \$200 bond.

a note of it. Almost the first question Then Thomasson swore out a coun

a pair with their cubs. He made the the topmost notch on his owr efforts burro comfortable and was glad of his and abilities. company and then took a look to see if Many amusing stories are toll by the the brutes were still there. They were officers who handle the raw :ecruits, watching. They refused to vacate among whom are always some boys

UNCLE SAM IS PARTICULAR.

Incorrigibles.

force his son into the service against

the latter's own wishes finds only dis-

appointment awaiting him there. The

recruiting officer has his eye on the

until he leaves and it is largely the ob-

mines whether or not the applicant i

If it is the parent who is most anx-

ious to have the enlistment and the

son who shows by his manner that he

asm, if the boy shows signs of vulgar-

ity and ill-breeding, which it is evident

cate, there is trouble ahead for the ap-

Uncle Sam wants boys for his ships

of boy he is looking for.

to be accepted.

plicant.

they knew their game was snared in a who know so little about thing's naval trap of his own making and right in the that they cannot even swim. The most A mere mention was sent this paper brush outside of Camp's enclosure the interesting tales, perhaps, are told by this morning of a trouble which occur- quartette of cats camped. All day Sun- the officers in charge of the recruitred yesterday afternoon between State day at least one was in sight and Camp ing stations. One instance that is tra-Constable Thomasson and the family decided to lie low. That night was a ditional at the Chicago office occurred about two years ago. A boy on a

TERMS \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY. FIVE CENTIS.

NO. 71.

On the fourth morning Camp cau- farm, way up in Wisconsin, who had yet impossible to give a very clear ac- tiously peered out. The lions were not never seen the sea, became so enthused count of the details, but so near as pos- in sight and he hurriedly saddled up Al with a sailor's life that he left his Borak, mounted him and turned the peaceful country home on the back of honest little beast toward civilization. a donkey.

He needed no urging. Camp was con-The journey was long and tiresome, Thomasson, accompanied by W. H. gratulating himself on his escape when but he did not turn back, nor swerve Cowan, came to the house in search of a piercing screech was heard from the from his purpose to come to Chicago a missing dog, and that he entered the trail behind-the brutes had discover- and enlist. It took him five days to get house, got into a wordy row with Bow- ed his departure and were in hot pur- here and when he arrived he sold his donkey, so he would have no means of

Realizing his peril and that safety getting home, and then asked a policelay only in beating the lions to civilizaman the location of the Masonic Temthe girl grabbed up the first thing she tion, Camp accepted the hard terms. ple. He was eagerly accepted and Terrified beyond control, the little burro made up a bunch of thirty recruits that for once in his life galloped like a race started for the east the next lay.

horse. Never before and probably nev-A more pitiful case is that cf a boy stick, struck her several times, and er again will the descent from Brown's who came here from Germany with his Flats to Lordsburg be made in such father to earn enough to bring the rest time as Camp made it. When he of the family to America. They were reached Lordsburg he was exhausted here but a few months, when the fathfrom fright and the hard ride .- San er took sick and died, leaving the son penniless and dependent on his own resources in a strange country. He knocked around the city for nearly a year, getting barely enough to live on, and finally joined the navy in desperation. A mother and five brothers and

> One Chicago mother made a visit to his first foreign cruise. The boy haphim," but that mistaken idea is slowly mother, and she, in her earnestness to spend every minute in the company of years of silence, is showing by the her son while she had a chance, sat fruits of a system which he inaugurwith him in the dining hall. 'The folated long ago that that is not the kind lowing is an extract from the first letter she received from him after her re-The father with such a boy who goes turn home: to a navy recruiting office and tries to

> ing you left here and said: 'Hully gee, but you got a fine little mother; and say, wasn't it great-her eating with us-gee whiz. I wish I had a mother boy from the time he enters the office like that.' Maybe I don't feel proud of my little mother."-Chicago Chronicle.

Ex-Governor John Gary Evans returned home yesterday from a four weeks vacation spent with friends in Waterbury, Conn. The governor was seen this morning where he was engaged with his business of a month's accumulation. He spoke pleasantly of his trip and affairs in general, between who want to go into the navy of their exits from one room to another, and in own accord. If the boy shows the the moments between writing and slightest signs of unwillingness, wheth- reading letters.

er by word or action, the officer makes "How is New England?" the reporter inquired.

EVANS TALKS POLITICS. Thinks Cleveland Is the Only Man Who Can Beat Roosevel:.

Navy is no Longer Reformatory Fo sisters await his return in the old Uncle Sam's navy is no longer country. home for incorrigible boys. Time was when the troubled parent with a boy on the training station at Newport rehis hands over whom he and no control cently before her son should leave on was always advised "to send him to the navy, they'll take the starch out of pens to be very proud of his little

"The boys came up to me the even-

more, Dunn, I ain't a-goin' about smirchin' any helpless man's character nuther. Ef I knowed he had made by the bu'st, I'd talk different, but I don't know it."

"Oh, I see which side you are on, Baker," laughed the clerk. "Folks are about equally divided. Half is fer 'im, an' half agin. But mark my words, Craig will slide out o' this town some day an' be heerd of after awhile a-gittin' started agin some'r's else. That racket has been worked to death all over the country."

Pole carried the discussion no further. Half an hour passed. Customers were coming in from the wagon yard and examining the wares on the counters and making slow purchases. The proprietor came in and let the clerk go to breakfast. Pole stood in the doorway looking up the street in the direction of Craig's residence. Presently he saw the ex-banker coming from the postoffice reading his mail. Pole stepped back into the store and let him go by; then he went to the door again and saw Craig go into Fincher's warehouse at the end of the next block of straggling, wooden buildings. Pole sauntered down the sidewalk in that direction, passing the front door of the warehouse without looking in. The door at the side of the house had a long platform before it, and on it Fincher, the proprietor, was weighing bales of hay which were being unloaded from several wagons by the countrymen who were disposing of it.

"Hello, Mr. Fincher!" Pole greeted him familiarly. "Want any help unloadin'?"

"Hello, Baker!" said Fincher, looking up from the blankbook in which he was recording the weights. "No, I reckon they can handle it all right." Fincher was a short, fat man, very bald and with a round, laughing face. He had known Pole a long time and considered him a most amusing character. "How do you come on, Pole?"

"Oh, about as common. I jest thought them fellers looked sorter lightweight."

The men on the wagon laughed as they thumped a bale of hay on to the platform. "You'd better dry up," one of them said. "We'll git the mayor to put you to work agin."

"Well, he'll have to be quicker about it than he was the last time," said Pole dryly.

knowed 'em or not, an' foller 'em Some one laughed lustily from bearound till they bought; then he'd walk hind a tall stack of wheat in bags in up an' rake in his part." the warehouse. It was Lawyer Tra-"I got left once," said Pole, laughing bue. He came round and picked up Fincher's daily paper, as he did every with the others. "One gang that I stuck to all day went over to Melton morning, and sat down and began to an' bought." read it. "Well, the merchants caught on after

"Now you are talkin'," he said. "Thar was more rest in that job, Pole, than any you ever undertook. They tell me you didn't crack a rock." Fincher laughed, as he closed his ef it hadn't been sech a good joke on book and struck Baker with it playfully. "Pole was too tired to do that job," he said. "He was born that way." "Say, Mr. Trabue," retaliated Pole, "did you ever heer how I got the best

o' Mr. Fincher in a chicken trade?" "I don't think I ever did, Pole," laughed the lawyer, expectantly. "How whisky 1 give away amounted to a was it?"

erful rivalry goin' on among the storelike you, Baker," he said. "I say I'm keepers. They was movin' heaven an' glad, and I mean it." Fincher had begun to look over the earth to sell the'r big stocks. Well, one

figures in his book and walked to the of the spryest in the lot, Joe Gaylord, noticed that Pole was powerful popufront. lar with mountain folks, an' he made

"Oh, my friendship ain't wuth noth-'im a proposition, bindin' 'im down to in'," said Pole. "I know that. I never secrecy. He proposed to give Pole 10 was in the shape to he'p nobody, but I per cent commission on all the goods know when a man's treated right or he'd he'p sell by bringin' customers wrong.

in the store. Pole hesitated beca'se, he "Well, if you ever need assistance said, they might find it out, an' Joe and I can help you, don't fail to call finally agreed that all Pole would have on me." Craig spoke with a tone of to do was to fetch 'em in, give the sincerity.

wink, an' him an' his clerks would do Pole took a deep breath and lowered the rest. It worked mighty slick fer his voice, glancing cautiously into the awhile but Pole noticed that very ofhouse, as if fearful of being overheard. ten the folks he'd fetch in wouldn't be "Well, I do need advice, Mr. Craig," pleased with the goods an' prices an' he said-"not money nor nothin' exud go trade some'r's else. Then what pensive. But I've laid awake night do you think the scamp did? He went after night wishin' 'at I could run on to every store in town an' made a sesome man of experience that I could cret contract to git 10 per cent on all ax fer advice an' that I could trust. sales, an' he had the softest suap you Mr. Craig. I'll be blamed ef I don't ever heerd of. He'd simply hang on to feel like tellin' you some'n' that never a gaug from the country, whether he has passed my lips." Craig stared in interested astonish-

ment "Well, you can trust me. Baker." he said. "and, if I can advise you. why, I'll do it with pleasure."

There was a cotton compress near by, with its vast sheds and platforms, and Pole looked at it steadily. He thrust his hand into his pants pocket and kept it there for a full minute; then he shook his head, drew out his hand and said: "I reckon I won't bother you today, Mr. Craig. Some day I'll come in town an' tell you, but"-Pole looked at the sun. "I reckon I'd

better be goin'." "Hold on!" Craig caught Pole's arm. The ex-banker was a natural man. Despite his recent troubles he had his share of curiosity, and Pole's manner and words had aroused it to unwonted activity. "Hold on," he said. "What's your hurry? I've got time to spare if

you have.' Pole hung his head for a moment in silence; then he looked the old man in the face. "Mr. Craig," he began in even a lower voice, "do you reckon thar's any gold in them mountains?" Pole nodded to the blue wave in the east. Craig was standing near a bale of

cotton, and he sat down on it, first parting the tails of his long, black coat. "I don't know; there might be," he said, deeply interested and yet trying to appear indifferent. "There is plenty of it in the same range farther down

about Dalonega." Philadelphia man. Pole had his hand in the right pocket of his rough jean trousers.

"Is thar anybody in this town that could tell a piece o' gold ef they seed it?" he asked.

"Oh, a good many, I reckon," said Craig, a steely beam of excitement in his unsteady eye. "I can myself. I spent two years in the gold mines of California when I was a young man."

"You don't say! I never knowed "I don't know about that," replied Pole thoughtfully. "I was doin' all I that." Pole had really heard of that agreed, an' ef they could afford to pay fact, but his face was straight. He had managed to throw into it a most won-10 per cent to anybody they mought as well 'a' paid it to me. I drawed trade derful blending of fear and overcauto the whole town. The cigars an' tiousness. "Oh, yes; I've had a good deal of ex-

lot. I've set up many a night tellin' perience in such things."

ex-banker's look with the expression of a man who has resigned himself to generous impulse.

"Well, some day when you are a-passin' my way stop in, an' I'll''-"How far is it?" broke in Craig, pulling his beard with unsteady fingers. "A good fifteen miles from heer,"

said Pole. Craig smiled. "Nothin' but an easy ride," he declared. "I've got a horse doin' nothing in the stable. What's to hinder us from going today-this morning-as soon as I can go for my horse?"

"I don't keer." said Pole resignedly. "But could you manage to go without anybody knowin' whar you was bound fer?"

"Easy enough." Craig laughed. He was really pleased with Pole's extreme cautiousness.

"Then you mought meet me out thar some'r's.' "A good idea, a good idea, Baker."

"As well as I know where my house

Pole looked at the sun, shading his

"Could you be thar by 11 o'clock?"

"All right, Baker. I'll be there. But

say," as Pole was moving away, "you

are a drinking man and get a little off

sometimes. You haven't said anything

Pole laughed reassuringly. "I never

have been drunk enough to do that,

Mr. Cralg, an', what's more, I never

TO BE CONTINUED.

about this where anybody"-

Old Pine mountain?"

eyes with his hand.

about that later."

will be."

"Easy enough, Baker."

BESIEGED BY MOUNTAIN LIONS. "Do you know whar the Ducktown road crosses Holly creek at the foot o'

Terrible Experience of a Man In the San Gabriel Section, Cal.

"Well, I'll meet you. I'm a-goin' to mountain lions. Camp's only compan- the surrounding country were sent east trust you, Mr. Craig, an' when you see the vein ef you think thar's enough of defence a small revolver and a limmoney in it fer two-but we can see

Camp had gone to the mountain cabin to prepare it for the reception of several hunters, and during his stay

the long blood-chilling screech of pan- is first received on board ship he is with terror, but instinctively his hand month.

THE HORSE DIDN'T LOOK WELL .-From the mountains of Camden. Me. comes a story of a Philadelphia mer-

that village and who wished to exchange a lively horse which he owned more gentle animal, which women and blindly away with the popgun in his eligible to appointment as warrant of- syndicate. Instead of publishing the children could drive. The Frenchman was willing to trade, but for some reason insisted upon repeating to the visitor that the local horse did not "look" so well as the one belonging to the

An exchange satisfactory to both his burro, Al Borak, snorting and tug- to clerks and other employees. parties was eventually made, and the ging at his tether, one of the tawny parties was eventually made, and the sing at his terrer, one of the tank years of age are eligible to appoint- less. Eventually a telegram was sent

mole. A few days later, when the rus- of the lions after him. Camp opened warrant officers. Commissioned officers soon negotiations were opened and the "See here, you rascal! that horse you rorized little fellow, who shot in as if higher grades of the naval service, and paid something over four millions sterticator met the Frenchman, he said: swapped with me for mine was stone launched from a catapult.

blind. Why didn't you tell me of it at "Ah'm bin try tell you all Ah'm bin plenty of provisions and decided to re- intention of rising to the top are althe time?" know how fer to tell. Ah'm bin say main quiet for a time, hoping the llons ways advised to go to the naval school

phia Public Ledger.

her with assault with intent to kill, only one of form, but sometimes, when and the girl made her bond of \$300 bear on an unwilling boy, he explodes

Now here appears a disagreeable all prearranged plans by answering state of affairs, which came out some- "No" at the crucial moment. At other what in connection with the whole aftimes, even when an affirmative anfair. When Magistrate R. M. Ander- swer is given, it is evident to the offison of Ebenezer township came to cer that it is an unwilling one. town this morning, in the matter of the Only refusal meets such cases. The

has no use for.

above change of venue, he was arrested by the city police and taken before reason, but generally finds objection in the mayor on two charges, that of open the boy's physical condition. The readrunkenness and disorderly conduct. He was fined \$5 on the first and \$12.50 on the second charge. The cases, which are exciting a great deal of in- ing of boys who have been averse to terest, will come up before Magistrate

-Rock Hill letter of August 31, to the News and Courier.

nights in a cabin in the Upper San boys he is looking for. Detachments of

ited quantity of ammunition.

sent with the first details. alone had heard the cry of wildcats and become of age. When the apprentice

sought his hip pocket, in which reposed chant who has a summer cottage in a pistol.

my horse was no look lak your horse— say so seex, nine tams. Ah'm no bin blam' eef you no hear me."—Philadel-loss to account for their daring action would go away. Knowing they are us- or take instruction in other institutions except on the theory that it might be start at the very bottom and rise to keyhole with a magnet attached.

asked the applicant is. "Do you want to "The finest place in the world," the ter warrant against the girl, charging enlist?" In most cases the question is governor replied suavely, "the best place I ever saw for a man to live, exparental pressure has been brought to cepting of course, our southland.

"It is cold up there though," he went on, "We were wearing overccats and sitting by the fire when I no:iced by the Journal, that the thermometer was tipping the 90's down here. There were a few warm days, of course, but nothing like the coolest you have had here."

officer does not always give the true "Run across any politics up there, governor?" "Oh well, I haven't much time to talk

son, however, is that Uncle Sam has politics; but I tell you this; if Grover gone out of the reformatory business. Cleveland is nominated by the Demo-True, he does not discourage the takcrats, he will carry all of New England -every state-and New York also. school and books, boys who have given They've got it in for Roosevelt up Beckham of this city, in a day or two. their parents some concern about their there, and Cleveland stands high."

future, but who are not really bad "How is it that Roosevelt is disboys, for such boys often make the liked?"

best sailors. But real incorrigibles he "They can't place him; no one can tell where he is, he's too uncertain.

It is different with Cleveland.' He is looking for boys who are am-"Will Grover be the nominee?"

bitious to be admirals some day, and "Hasn't the ghost of chance," was he offers them every inducement and J. B. Camp, who resides at Brown's advantage to attain that rank. The the prompt reply; the south and west Flat, in southern California, has just recent enlistments at the Masonic won't stand him. I'm no Cleveland

passed through the terrible experience Temple recruiting station' shows that partisan, but he is the only man who of being besieged for four days and he is having no trouble in finding the can beat Roosevelt." "Who will be nominated?" "I think

Gabriel country by four starving lads from good homes in Chicago and Judge Parker will." "How does he stand?" "He is fairion was a burro, and his only means every two weeks and when recruiting ly popular up there, but nothing like

begins again in the fall the local office Cleveland." "How about the Tillman free pass has names of many boys who will be in"-But the governor had locked him-Boys between the ages of fifteen and self in his private office with a client. seventeen years can enlist until they -Spartanburg Herald.

UNOFFICIAL DIPLOMATIST .--- The only thers. He had not caught sight of any furnished free of cost with an outfit of man who, single-handed and without of the animals until one day when he clothing not exceeding in value the any official standing or even legislawas cutting away some brush on the sum of \$45. His first pay is \$9 per tive position, has persuaded the Brittrail near his cabin he heard a twig month. After making his first cruise, ish government to the taking of a snap in front of him. Looking up he if qualified, he is advanced to a class great step of European importance is beheld a huge lion right in the centre and then his pay is \$15 per month. His Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the great of the trail, switching its tail men- next advancement is to that of first- journalist. This was the purchase of acingly. Camp was struck dumb class apprentice, with pay of \$21 per the Suez canal shares. In 1375, Mr. Greenwood was editor of the Fall-Mall

Ex-apprentices are given prefenence Gazette, a post he held from the first in the selection of petty officers with issue in 1867 of the paper till 1880 and As he drew it another lion walked pay ranging from \$30 to \$70 per month in that capacity learnt that the Khedive out of the brush, and behind it were and ration. Those having a good rec- of Egypt was allowing his shares in two smaller, possibly cubs. Blazing ord and showing marked ability are the Suez canal to be sold to a French

hands, Camp created a momentary ficers, a position carrying the pay of important news, he patriotically took it diversion that allowed him to reach from \$1,200 to \$1,800 per annum, with to the secretary of state for foreign his cabin door. Rushing inside, he retirement at the age of sixty-two affairs, the Earl of Derby, and advised barred the door and reloaded his pistol, years on three-quarters pay for life. him to purchase the shares on behalf determined to frighten away the brutes This is a much better outlook than of the government. Lord Derby doubtif possible. As he looked out he saw some of our large business houses offer ed the news, as the British consul at Cairo knew nothing of it. Mr. Green-

Warrant officers not over thirty-five wood insisted it was true, none the new horse out for a drive she discov- up on him. With a wild plunge the burro ment to the rank of commissioned of- to the British consul; the prime minnew horse out for a drive she discov- up on him when a had plange the and plange the and plange the and plange the and plange the plane him end of the British consul; the prime him end of the British consult; the prime him end of the British consult and the Br the door just in time to admit the ter- are in line of appointment to all the purchase completed. Roughly Britain thus it is that some apprentice boy ling for the shares which now bring Throwing his weight against the now may be our first admiral some in upwards of £800,000 a year, besides door, Camp barred it again. He had day. Boys who join the navy with the giving her enormous power. politically. -Pearson's Weekly.



"Is that thar little lump gold or not?"

awhile an' stopped him," said Trabue,

"but he made good money while he

was at it. They'd 'a' sent 'im up fer it

'em."