

Humorous Department.

Unconscious Martyr. When one's friend is a scientist and given to experiments a little caution may not be out of place before consenting to do him a favor.

"Say," he cried, when greetings had been exchanged, "would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend; and he promptly opened his mouth.

"The professor took up some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue. The man worked it round in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it much as he might have tasted a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as gall."

"Hem-m-m! All right."

By this time the visitor's curiosity was aroused.

"But what is it?" he inquired.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Someone has been poisoning horses with it."

"Perils of Ventriloquism."

Rev. Madison C. Peters of Philadelphia, who believes that churches, like other properties, should be taxed, is a favorite with boys.

"When I was a youngster I wanted to be a ventriloquist. I wanted to play ventriloquist jokes on every one in the world."

"So I bought a book on throwing the voice, and, with a friend named Jake, I began to study the difficult art. I had poor success, and Jake also had poor success. He, though, imagined he was doing well, and one day he declared that he was a quite good enough ventriloquist now to begin to do a little fooling."

"Jake knew an old engineer in a factory, and the next afternoon he visited him. He seated himself in a corner, and, after a little conversation, he imitated the squeak of badly oiled machinery."

"The old engineer trotted to a certain valve and oiled it."

"Jake let a few minutes pass and emitted another series of squeaks."

"That that valve," said the engineer, and he oiled it again."

"A third time there came the squeak, and now the engineer saw through the joke. He walked up quietly behind Jake and squirted a half pint of oil down the back of his neck."

"There," he said, "There'll be no more squeaking today, I'm sure."

PREPARED.—The proprietor of a large office building, who had a room for his own use in one of the upper stories, was surprised one morning by the entrance of a man with a valise.

"Don't you want something, sir," began the caller, "in the way of a new and improved outfit for marking handkerchiefs, undershirts, and—"

"No, I don't," interrupted the proprietor. "How did you get up here? We don't allow peddlers or canvassers in the building."

"You don't?"

"That's what I said."

"I saw no sign to that effect."

"Well, you'll see one the next time you come. I shall have one put up."

"In that case," rejoined the man, opening his valise with alacrity, "you will need one of these."

Here he displayed a neatly painted card over a foot long and nearly as wide, with this inscription in large letters:

"No Peddlers or Canvassers Allowed in This Building on Any Pretext Whatever."

In recognition of his caller's cleverness, genial humor and business-like forthrightness, the owner of the building not only bought the card, but invested in one of the marking outfits.

MUCH USED.—A minister of one of the leading congregations of this city was recently making a call on one of the prominent members of his flock and was greeted at the door by the eight-year-old daughter of the house, who was doing the honors as hostess in the absence of her mother, says the Philadelphia Press.

Spying a well-worn family Bible near at hand he thought there must be a good father in the house which contained proof of having used the Bible to so great an extent.

"Oh, yes," said the child, "papa has us on the Bible three times a day."

"Indeed!" replied the parson. "How edifying. And, pray, at what times does your father call upon this grand volume?"

"Always at meal times," answered the radiant daughter. "You know we never have had a baby chair in the house, so pa just sits the Bible on a dining room chair and that makes it just high enough for us children. My baby brother Jim sat on it this morning. We all had our turn at it."

"A lot of men are unable to prove that the world owes them a living."

"When a poor girl is said to be pretty she is positively handsome."

"Those people who come early to avoid the rush from the nucleus of the crowd."

"Consistency may be a jewel, but you can't soak it with the three-ball merchant."

"When a man can do almost anything except make a living he is dubbed a genius."

"The sweetness of love's young dream often depends upon the amount of taffy there is in it."

"It sometimes happens that a widow marries an old bachelor because she has a grudge against him."

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHESTER.

Lantern, Aug. 9: Mr. G. Carl Lattimer, bookkeeper for S. M. Jones & Co., left Saturday for a visit to his sister, Mrs. Dendy, in Pickens. He and Mr. De-ry expect to spend several days of this week on a fishing tour at White Water Inn. The excellent behavior at the good roads picnic last Friday was one of the most pleasing features of the occasion. In all that vast number who attended from every section of the county, no arrests whatever were made. There was no drunkenness, everybody was in a good humor and the best of order prevailed throughout the entire day.

Mr. George Miner died this morning at the Magdalene hospital, after a lingering illness of several weeks. A partial funeral service will be held at the home of his brother, Mr. C. S. Miner, this afternoon, and the body will be taken to his home, Warren, Ohio, for burial. Mr. Miner has been a resident of Chester for about four years, being employed as night superintendent at the oil mill. He was 27 years old and unmarried.

Elizabeth Grier of Charlotte, N. C., is visiting at Mr. P. G. McCorkle's. Misses Minnie and Mary Rothrock are visiting relatives in York county. The Springstein mills shut down last Saturday afternoon for two weeks, during which time quite a number of repairs will be made. Mr. W. H. Newbold received a letter yesterday stating that Mr. J. W. Hamblen of Milan county, Texas, an uncle, had died on July 24. He was 84 years old. He lived to see the government under which he lived change five different times. First it was the Mexican government, then the Republic of Texas, the United States, the Confederate States, and last the United States again.

The continuous rain of Sabbath afternoon and night occasioned remarks from almost every one yesterday. Too much rain has fallen lately for the good of the crops. Building in town has been considerably interfered with. Glover Walker, who lived on Treasurer W. O. Guy's plantation, is dead, having died last Friday, death resulting from a stab inflicted by Rebecca Walker, his wife, on Sabbath night, July 31st. These darkies had been attending preaching across the York county line, and were returning home. On the way, when they were within two or three miles of home, a dispute occurred, which finally led to blows. The wife drew a knife and slashed her husband several times. She stabbed him just above the left eye, the knife cutting the membrane about the brain. Blood clotted in the wound which caused inflammation. The negro grew worse and died on Friday. Mary Sanders was placed in jail as accessory to the crime. Rebecca Walker died and could not be found, but on Sabbath morning she came to the chaingang and voluntarily surrendered. Mr. S. O. McKeown brought her to Chester that morning and delivered her to the sheriff.

CHEROKEE.

Gaffney Ledger, August 9: Our old friend Sam Sarratt pulled off his barbecue last Friday in good style. He had everything in abundance and had it well prepared. He was liberally patronized and all enjoyed the occasion. The county candidates were generally present and made speeches. They began to warm up a little at this barbecue and will get hotter as they go. Capt. J. Mims Sullivan of Greenville, who has been spending some weeks in Gaffney investigating the mineral resources of this county, went to his home in Greenville Saturday and returned to Gaffney yesterday. Capt. Sullivan is working every day, but is keeping his own counsel. We are satisfied he is well pleased with the outlook.

The Gaffney Brick company closed a contract yesterday with Mr. S. B. Wilkins and Mr. Jno. McSmith of Cowpens, to build them a block of three brick stores at Cowpens. The brick company will move one of its machines to Cowpens and go to work at once making the brick for the block. State Geologist Sloan is in the city and began last week to make an examination of this section. He says he will extend his examination into Abbeville county. It is of course unknown what a full investigation of the hidden treasures in this county will reveal, but we are strong in our faith that they are here in large quantities, and believe that the efforts being made by private parties and the work of the state geologist will reveal them.

Rev. J. M. Steadman left the city yesterday to assist in a protracted meeting near Leslie, in York county, this week. Some of the mills in Cherokee have shut down for a week or more in order to clean up machinery and make general repairs wherever necessary. L. A. Little has bought what is known as the "Lockhart place," about three miles out on the Draytonville road, from Col. Sam Jeffries. The place contains 275 acres and he paid \$15 per acre for it, and paid cash. Mr. Little will have a modern residence built on the place at once and will move to it and go to work to improve it generally.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, August 9: Of the five applicants who stood the competitive examination before Supt. F. P. Hall last week for the Gaston county scholarship in the State Normal college at Greensboro, Miss Lena Glenn of Crowder's Creek, was the successful one. The papers were forwarded to President McIver, who gave notice Saturday that Miss Glenn had won the scholarship. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Glenn of Crowder's Creek. At the home of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Fairies, near Pleasant Ridge, Miss Lillie Fairies died at 10 o'clock Friday night after a long and painful illness. Death resulted from catarrh of the stomach from which she suffered for many months. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Olney Presbyterian church the services being conducted by Rev.

G. A. Sparrow. Surviving the deceased are a mother and two sisters, Mrs. M. C. Davis and Miss Jennie Fairies. Mrs. Frank Whitesides returned yesterday afternoon from a visit to her brother Dan McGill, near Hickory. He has nearly lost his eyesight. One eye has been removed, and the other causes him much trouble. Mr. John Harvey told us that he made 2563 bushels of wheat this year, and it was not a good wheat year either. His neighbor, Henry Kiser, made 982 bushels. Who in Gaston can beat that? An agreement was reached Saturday by which the Gastonia Savings Bank and the Gaston Loan and Trust company will be consolidated by or before the first of September. The name of the latter will be preserved, as it has the broader charter, and the present offices of the former will be the home of the enlarged business. Miss Fannie Whitesides, after spending a week with her niece, Mrs. J. W. Miller, returned last Friday to her home in Smyrna, S. C. In the dense woods one-fourth of a mile southeast of Bessemer City, Mr. C. W. Fuller had on Saturday another of the successful annual barbecues for which he is becoming noted. Somewhere near 1,000 or 1,200 people were present. The juicy fresh meats were barbecued on the spot over a long trench containing fire. Refreshment stands were also erected on the grounds for dispensing ice cream, lemonade, pop, melons and the like, and the crowds bought, ate, and drank quite freely. At the speaker's stand, the Bessemer string band discoursed sweet music. Speaking began at half past 11 o'clock. Congressman E. Y. Webb was unable to be present, and the speeches were made by Mr. C. R. Hoey of Shelby, Mr. Jacob F. Newell, the Republican candidate for congress, and Hon. O. F. Mason, state senator. The crowd was good and orderly. The young folks and old folks had a picnic day of it.

WORST "BAD MAN."

On Record Was Kid Curry, Who Led the Notorious "Wild Bunch."

"Kid" Curry, one of the last of the western "bad men," is dead. For cool, unflinching outlawry he takes his place with "Billy the Kid," "Wild Bill," "Apache Kid" the Earps, the Youngers and the James boys. True to tradition, he died fighting. Wounded, cornered by a posse, he said calmly to a companion who sought to rescue him "I'm all in," and, turning his pistol to his head, sent a bullet through his brain.

Thus the most desperate of recent bandits met his death on June 9, but it is not until now that the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, which tracked "the Kid" for many years, has established the identity of the dead man, for those against whom he made his last fight, near Rifle, Col., did not recognize in the suicide the man so much wanted by the authorities of half a dozen states.

"Kid" Curry and two companions, all masked, held up a Denver and Rio Grande train at Parachute, Col. They dynamited the express car and safe, but got no booty, and escaped on horseback. The posse that pursued them came upon the robbers in a gulch near Rifle and both sides opened fire. One of the outlaws was wounded. "Are you hurt bad?" a companion was heard to ask him.

"I'm all in," came the reply, and the wounded outlaw rather than be captured turned his weapon on himself.

That was "Kid" Curry, whose real name was Harvey Logan and who began his career as an outlaw when on Christmas day, 1894, he murdered Pike Landusky at Landusky, Mont. He and a brother held up a train near their home, in Dodson, Mo., in 1900, and in the fight that followed with a posse "Lenny" Logan, his brother, was killed. Both of them had been in many hold-ups before that time, one at Wilcox, Wyo., where Curry's band assassinated Joseph Hazen, sheriff of Converse county, Wyo.

The "Kid," with Tom O'Day and "Kid" Longbough, was arrested for robbing the Butte County Bank at Belle Fourche, S. D., and escaped from the jail at Deadwood, S. D. His band held up a Union Pacific express train at Tipton, Wyo., August 29, 1900, and less than a year later held up the Great Northern express near Wagner, Mont., obtaining \$45,000 in bank notes.

Curry commanded one of the bands that made the "Hole in the Wall" their home, and more desperate criminals have never gathered together than these that from the Wyoming fastnesses defied arrest. Collectively they were known as the "Wild Bunch," but the outlaws had little groups and of the leaders of these "Flat Nose George" was killed resisting arrest, "Black Jack" was hanged at Clayton, N. M.; "Bill" Carver shot at Sonora, Texas; Tom Ketchum died from wounds received while fighting a posse; "Deaf Charlie" killed at San Antonio, "Lenn" Logan shot at Dodson, and now the "Kid" is a suicide.

And nearly all of the others are in the penitentiary or scattered in foreign lands, where they are still hunted by the Pinkertons, who, aided by county sheriffs, railroad detectives and cowboys have almost exterminated the "Wild Bunch."

When "Kid" Curry was too closely pressed in Wyoming and the Dakotas he went south, and in the latter part of 1901 was hiding in Knoxville, Tenn. On December 12 of that year he entered a saloon in Knoxville, got in a fight, shot two policemen who tried to arrest him, held up the proprietor of the saloon and the hangers-on in the place, who tried to capture him, and backing out of a rear door, vaulted over a fence into a railroad cut 30 feet deep. He was captured two days later nearly starved and half frozen, having lost his pistol in the leapover the wall.

Knowing how desperate he was, the "Kid" was closely watched in his cell by a guard with a rifle, and yet he managed to get some broomstick wire and with that lassoed the guard, took his rifle away, held up the keepers and escaped. He made his way to Colorado, and there engaged in many hold-ups. Rewards aggregating \$1,100 had been offered for his capture.—New York Herald.

THE LONDON TIMES.

Romantic Chapters in the Career of the "Thunderer."

The fact that the Times of London, which most Englishmen regard as a national institution and not merely as a newspaper, is to reduce its price 23 per cent to subscribers has caused its rivals to comment upon its history of nearly 120 years. The most conspicuous tribute is evidently from the pen of Alfred Harmsworth, for it appears unsigned in his paper, the Daily Mail, which is the most eager and popular newspaper of the London dailies. The article reads as follows:

"If I desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of existing British civilization I would prefer, not our docks, not our railways, not our public buildings, not even the palace in which we hold our sittings: I would prefer a file of the Times."—Bulwer Lytton.

It is no vain compliment to say that the Times is part of British civilization. For a hundred years it has belonged, with the established church and the British constitution, to the historic greatness of the race.

"You cannot buy the Times," its editor proudly said when a powerful man sought to silence its thunder, and the words might well be written in letters of gold across the portal of Printing House Square. You cannot buy the Times. Lord Randolph Churchill, in that dramatic moment when, looking up the wonderful budget which nobody has ever seen, he stepped for the last time out of the treasury in Whitehall, hailed a hansom and drove to the office of the Times. In ten minutes he was in the editor's room, telling the editor the news which was next morning to startle the political world.

"Of course you will support me," Lord Randolph said, in his own way.

"No," said the editor, while Lord Randolph stood aghast.

Fearless and Inconspicuous.

"But there is not another paper in England which would not be grateful for such a piece of information!" exclaimed the wondering statesman, and the editor agreed. But would Lord Randolph take the news to any other paper? He might do so, and not a word should appear in the Times the next day. Lord Randolph left his secret with the Times, and left the office, we may be sure, reflecting on the wonderful character of the one thing in the world which no man could buy. The Times next morning reproved him severely for deserting his colleagues.

It has been so from the beginning. The Times was a child of four when its founder, the first John Walter, was put into jail for censuring the Duke of York. But they could not imprison the Times, and even while John Walter was in Newgate he was sentenced again for severely criticizing the Prince of Wales and accusing the Duke of Clarence of leaving his ship without leave.

The government withdrew its advertisements and its printing contracts, but the Times went on its inconspicuous way. It made Cabinets and broke them, exposed plots and averted them. At least once, at a cost of £5,000, the Times nipped in the bud an international conspiracy which might have ruined half the banks of Europe, and there are two scholarships in London schools endowed by a thanksgiving fund then raised to the Times. When the railway mania was at its highest the Times sacrificed a fortune in advertisement by denouncing the spirit of recklessness which was abroad, and neither the penalties of the law, the enmities of statesmen, nor the loss of revenues has availed against the fearless determination of the Times to say the thing it thinks.

An Angry Minister.

There were dramatic spectacles at times, when the great newspaper fought not only our own, but foreign governments. Napoleon himself, who feared an editor more than an army, is said to have wanted to bring an action for libel against the Times, and Guizot, the great French minister of a later day, did more. To punish the Times for its unfriendliness he detained its courier in Paris, delaying his dispatches. But the ingenuity of John Walter II was too much for him. The situation in India was grave and the Times established an overland route to England without touching France. The Indian mail was handed to a messenger at Suez, the messenger rode on a dromedary 200 miles to Alexandria, and there handed his packet to a passenger on an Austrian steamer bound for Trieste. Thence the precious packet was dispatched via Ostend to Dover, where a special train waited to bring it up to London. The French minister was angry and made another move. Special trains and steamers were placed at the disposal of the English rivals of the hated paper, and for once the genius of the Times failed. But a storm stopped the French vessel in the Mediterranean, while the Times steamer sailed quietly up the Adriatic, and the triumph of the paper coincided with the advent of its famous editor, Mr. Delane, who became editor of the Times when he was twenty-three.

The history of the Times is the history of the world for 120 years. No historian, writing of any period from the French revolution until now, can do without its files.

It was the Duke of Wellington who said that the editor of the Times was the most powerful man in the country. There was nothing the editor did not know, few things he could not do. It was through the Times that Lord John Russell learned of the indiscretion of Palmeston which led to an apology to the King of Naples. It was the Times which accused Lord Melville, the friend of Pitt, of the practices for which he was impeached, a tragic destiny which broke Pitt's heart. It was the Times which startled the world one morning by announcing that Peel would repeal the corn laws. It was the Times which published the Berlin treaty in London two hours before it was signed in Berlin. It was the Times correspondent in Paris to whom Alfonso XII, leaning against the mantelpiece of his study, told the story of the coup d'etat in Madrid which had made him King of Spain. It was in the Times that Charles Dickens wrote the burning letters which brought an end to public executions. It was in the Times that Lord Brougham, Macaulay, Disraeli, Dean Stanley, Cardinal Newman and a

host of famous men were proud to write.

How War Was Saved.

It was the Times which saved the world from one of the greatest catastrophes that could have occurred in modern Europe. All the world knows the story now, but the thought of the French scare sends a thrill through the chancelleries even today. It was Bismarck who, this time, was behind the Times—Bismarck, the founder of the German empire, who saved that empire from itself and revealed to the correspondent of the Times the terrible plot which would have crippled France a second time. Jealous of Moltke, and perhaps honestly detesting his fateful conspiracy against a conquered foe rapidly regaining her strength, Prince Bismarck let Blowitz know, and Blowitz, the Paris Echo of the Voice of Europe, told it to the world. Those who remember the middle seventies remember yet the effect of the thunderbolt which the Times hurled against Count von Moltke.

The Times has missed its chance sometimes. In 1892 its editor received a long letter forecasting the alliance of Russia and France, but, as nobody but the writer seemed to believe it, the editor kept it back—until 1897, when it announced, with the rest of the papers, that the Franco-Russian alliance was an established fact. If it has lost prestige in error, it has sacrificed itself, not once nor twice, but many times, for peace and the welfare of the world. One of the most graphic stories in journalism is of the foreign minister who sent for the Times correspondent and shouted a challenge to England in his ears, who flourished a bundle of telegrams in the journalist's face and declared that "— should pay for it." The correspondent went not to the telegraph office, but to bed and the world was no wiser the next morning for the angry scene of the night before, which had it been known, almost certainly would have caused war.

It is something, surely, to have recorded for 37,399 days the affairs of the whole world. It is something more to have been, through all these generations, a fearless critic of princes and kings and the enemy of wrong. "We thundered forth the other day," wrote Capt. Sterling in a "leader" which gave the Times its nickname, an article on the subject of social and political reform, and the Times is "thundering forth" still. The world has changed, and the Times moves with the times, but its ancient glory has not passed, and there is not a living Englishman who would gladly let the wonderful paper which gives us today and builds up for posterity the history of the world while it is being made.

DYING CONVICT.

Holds Secret For Which Chemists Would Pay a Fortune.

A secret for which chemists would gladly give a fortune will be sealed forever when death comes to old "Bob" Mason, who now lies in the Ohio penitentiary hospital in what will probably prove his final illness. He is wasting away and with the coming end will perish a formula which, could it be learned, would prove the magic touchstone that turns "base metals like unto gold."

For "Bob" Mason is a counterfeiter, a past master at the art. He is known by crooks and officials from coast to coast and his picture is in every rogue's gallery. For forty years he has followed his hazardous trade so successfully that scores of government detectives have spent months tracking back the spurious coins to their deft-handed maker. Four times they have nabbed him, but his fourth sentence of ten years now ending will be his last, for the sand in the glass is running low. But "Bob" would never admit it.

"My days are not over yet. Old Bob Mason lived through four years' service in the buttner uniform and followed Lee through many a campaign against the Yankees. He's good for years more." And his diamond-bright eyes, deep sunken, blazed and glittered as he declared he would yet be free to return to his trade.

With Mason's name is coupled that of Miles Ogie, who died in this city three years ago, just after finishing a term in the local penitentiary. The two men worked together and made fortunes, recklessly spending their ill-gotten gains as fast as made. To Mason Ogie revealed the secret of the substance which turns silver and base metals to the color of gold.

"The last time I was sent to this prison," Mason stated recently, "was for making phony twenty-dollar gold pieces. Several of the coins were sent to Washington and assayed. Silver and several base metals were found, but the assayer was puzzled by a reddish substance the nature of which he could not determine, and he never can. That substance will not yield to water, wear or acid. Nothing but the crucible will separate it when once combined with a metal."

"The twenties had the true ring and everything would have been all right had I not made them a little too heavy."

Two years ago a "plant" was found inside the penitentiary walls for the making of spurious dimes. It was again old "Bob" Mason, who, even when confined by law, dared to repeat in his prison cell the crime for which he was sentenced there.—Columbus Citizen.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Joseph Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News, who has been exonerated of the charge of contempt of court, for which he was fined \$2,000, said the other day: "I suppose that I may, without being arrested for contempt again, describe the remark that I heard a tramp make to a judge."

"The tramp was up for some charge or other—vagrancy, perhaps—and the judge said to him:

"I seem to know your face."

"Yes," the tramp agreed; "we was boys together."

"Nonsense," said the judge, frowning.

"But we was," the tramp insisted. "We're about the same age. We must 'a been boys together."

HELD BY AN ECHO.

Dramatic Use That Spurgeon Made of a Familiar Natural Law.

No orator has ever less needed the aids of art than the great London preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, and none ever used them less; but when nature helped him, not only in himself, but outside of himself, he demonstrated the effect, as he had a right to do. One striking instance of a sermon reinforced in this way is related by a clergyman of the church of England, the Rev. D. A. Doudney:

Mr. Spurgeon was holding outdoor meetings in the county of Hants (opposite the Isle of Wight), and one afternoon he preached to a great throng of people in a beautiful valley near the town of Havant.

His text was from the fifty-first Psalm: "Then will I teach transgressors their ways," and the sermon was a gospel invitation. The air was still, and a cloudless sun was sinking as he approached the end of his discourse, while the attention of his hearers caught every word.

Apparently they had not noticed, carried along as they were by the sweep of his powerful voice, that the valley was the home of echoes. Mr. Spurgeon had discovered the fact. At the close of his last appeal, raising his voice, he called to the congregation: "All things are ready! Come! The Spirit and the bride say come! The nature accents the heavenly invitation again and again. Come! Come! Come!"

The echoes took up the word, and from side to side the breathless assembly heard the repeated call: "Come! Come! Come!" till it sank to a whisper in the distance.

The narrator describes the effect as "like an electric shock." It was as if the preacher's eloquent peroration had awakened supernatural forces.

We have no written record of the fruits of the meeting, but there was a solemnity in the aptness of its close that lifted it above mere dramatic artifice or any of the devices employed to trick.

LIVED LONG ENOUGH.—When an old Irishman named Burns, whose age was stated to be 103, and who was an inmate of Pestinlog workhouse, was found in a state of collapse from self-inflicted wounds in the throat, he pleaded hard to be allowed to die, says the London Chronicle. "Oh, let me die," he said to the nurse. "I have lived long enough." Death, sure enough, took place soon afterward. The life story of Burns has some remarkable features. He was in the navy until about 50 years of age, and subsequently earned his livelihood as a hawker. When nearly 80 years of age he married the daughter of an Italian organ grinder, the woman being about 50 years his junior. They settled down in Portmadoc about ten years back with their three children, but two years ago his wife and children left him for Chester. The old man apparently was averse to removing with his family, and it is said that he entered the workhouse quite cheerfully. Of late, however, he had pined for his family, and had become depressed.

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Thin, Diseased, Impure Blood, Bump-boils, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Eruptions, Eczema, Itching and Burning Skin, and all Blood and Skin Humors cured. Blood made pure and rich and all sores healed by taking a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Sold at Drug stores, large bottles, \$1. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for 30 years. Cures when all else fails. Try it. Send 5 cents to pay postage on Free trial bottle. Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Are concerned, you need not worry yourself along that score. I know that my prices are reasonable and you will agree with me when I tell you what they are. I am also prepared to develop and print pictures taken with pocket and camera. If you have a Kodak or Vio or any other camera, and for any reason you can't develop and print your pictures, bring them to me at my gallery on West Liberty street.

J. R. SCHORB.

CAROLINA & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Schedule Effective July 10, 1904.

Table with columns: Northbound, Passenger, Mixed. Rows: Chester, Airie, Lowry, McConnells, Guthries, Yorkville, Filbert, Newton, Clover, Bowlin, Crowders, Gastonia, Lincoln, Newton, Hickory, Lenor.

Table with columns: Southbound, Passenger, Mixed. Rows: Lenor, Hickory, Newton, Lincoln, Yorkville, Crowders, Bowlin, Filbert, Newton, Guthries, McConnells, Lowry, Airie, Chester.

CONNECTIONS.

Chester—Southern Ry., S. A. L. and L. & C. Yorkville—Southern Railway. Gastonia—Southern Railway. Lincoln—S. A. L. Newton—Southern Railway. Hickory—Southern Railway. Lowry—Blowing Rock Stage Line and C. & N. E. F. Reid, G. P. A., Chester, S. C.