

Humorous Department.

'Twas Only a Wild Pig.

A pig was once in a fair way to cause war between the United States and England. It ran wild in the Falkland Islands, according to London Telegram which tells the following story: Stanley, is where the governor and a few British reside. The islands produce grass, turnips and pigs. These pigs used to be much sought by American whaling captains. The governor always insisted that they were British property. The captains insisted that they were wild pigs. During the Crimen war an American whaler approached a pig and then put into Stanley. The governor claimed the pig as British, and when the captain refused to give it up imprisoned him. A few days later an American ship was put into Stanley, under the command of Capt. Lynch. The captain, hearing that an American citizen had been clapped into prison by the governor, demanded his release, asking the governor, if unprepared to comply to remove his women and children, as the town would be bombarded. The governor released his prisoner, and presumably the pig, and sent an account to the colonial office, and the British legation at Washington was directed to insist upon an apology.

Mr. Marcy, secretary of state, explained that Lynch was nervous because he had had domestic trouble. Britain could not accept this excuse, but dropped the discussion, for with a war with Russia on her hands it was just as well not to get into hot water with the United States. Possibly, Truth suggests, the great international question of the pig is still undecided.

Failed to Hold Her.

She is a club woman with a sense of humor, but the other day when she decided to attend a fraternal session in another town she had some misgivings. She told her husband that she was possessed of a premonition of evil and cautioned him to be especially careful of the children. He merely laughed and said that he guessed they would be all right, then remarked, jocosely: "If you get worried you might telegraph."

In the evening of her second day away she telegraphed and sent this telegram to her husband: "How are the children?"

The messenger boy came with the dispatch just as the man was about to retire. He read it, smiled and then penned this answer: "They're all right. Why?"

"I guess that will hold her for awhile," he said to himself, and then he went to bed. He felt so good over what he considered to be the shrewdness of his reply that he laughed to himself, forgetting for the time being the old adage: "He laughs best who laughs last."

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when he was aroused by the violent ringing of his door bell. Slipping into bath robe and slippers he went to the door and admitted a young Mercury who handed out a yellow envelope. It was torn open quickly, read, and then the husband kicked himself back to bed as a recollection of his question in his message to his wife impressed itself upon his sleepy consciousness. Her reply was in one word: "Because."

SENATOR HALE WAS THERE.—Senator Hale met Senator Spooner one day last week when there was a night session of the senate, says the New York World's Washington letter. "Spooner," said Hale, "I suppose you will be at the night session?"

"I don't see how I can," Spooner replied. "I have a dinner engagement."

"Spooner," remonstrated Senator Hale gravely, "that isn't the right spirit. We have an enormous quantity of work to do, and we must give up the pleasures at times for the duties our constituents have intrusted to us to perform. We are needed here at our desks."

Senator Spooner thought it over and telephoned Mrs. Spooner that he could not get to the dinner because of the night session of the senate. He told Mrs. Spooner to go and have a good time and to advise him of his desk until the senate adjourned.

When Senator Spooner reached home that night he asked Mrs. Spooner if she had a good time. "Oh, delightful," Mrs. Spooner replied. "Who took you out to dinner?" asked Spooner.

"Senator Hale," Mrs. Spooner replied.

SETTING HIMSELF RIGHT.—George Washington Thomas, an able-bodied negro of Sleepy Hollow, appeared before Magistrate Nussbaum charged with stealing chickens. The negro was accompanied by his lawyer, Col. Simmons, a rising young white attorney. The old judge sauntered into the dingy court room, where he had reigned for more than twenty years, and after calling for one looked around on the little company there assembled. Seeing George Washington Thomas he pointed to him and said: "Be you the defendant in this case?"

"Quick as a flash George was on his feet, and not understanding legal terms, he exclaimed politely: "No, sah; no, sah; I ain't de 'defendant de 'ferent ovah dar." And he pointed to his lawyer. There was a general laugh about the room. In which the queer old judge joined heartily. The darky felt abashed. He was visibly embarrassed, and thinking to correct the mistake. If mistake it were, said again, pointing at his lawyer: "Yes, sah; he's de 'defendant," pointing to himself. He said "Is de gentleman who stole de chickens." Lippincott's Magazine.

WHY HE PASSED.—One of Assistant Attorney General Beck's stories was especially appreciated by law students. A general in the civil war applied at the close of the conflict for admission to the bar of the United States.

A committee of three examiners reported that he had answered correctly two-thirds of the questions put to him. A judge, astonished at the general's success, asked the chairman of the committee what the questions were. "Well," he replied, "the first was, 'What is the rule in Shelly's case?' and the answer was 'Writing poetry.' That was not correct.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges. LANCASTER, Pa., March 8: Married, at the Health Spring pavilion, on Sunday, March 5th, by Rev. David Hicks, Mr. Sam Barfield and Miss Ella Gay, daughter of Mr. Geo. Gay, all of the Hanging Rock section. Married, at Beaver Creek church, Feb. 19th, by Rev. S. N. Watson, Mr. Alonzo Caskey and Miss Mollie Hunter. At an early date Gastonia is to have a new school building, to be erected on the site of the old one. The new building is to be erected on the site of the old one. The new building is to be erected on the site of the old one.

GASTON, N. C., March 7: The school at the Lora which was to have opened Monday morning was necessarily postponed for a few days owing to the paint on the building not being dry. The young ladies who are to be in charge, Misses Myrtle Dewiler, Bess Gallant and Maggie Gamble are all ready and will probably begin work tomorrow. At an early date Gastonia is to have a new school building, to be erected on the site of the old one.

LANTERN, N. C., March 7: Mr. and Mrs. L. Gunhouse, now of New York, have announced the engagement of their daughter Edna to Mr. Milton Fleischer. Miss Edna will be remembered by Chester people chiefly as a pleasant little girl. Mrs. Emma Passaluniga, eldest sister of Mrs. C. H. Brown, died yesterday in New York City, after a long illness. She was a resident of our city for many years and her many friends will regret to hear of her death. Mr. Ernest Gladden, who boards with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Brown and attends the public school, went to Yorkville Saturday to visit his mother, Mrs. E. C. Gladden of Grover, who was visiting relatives in Yorkville.

ROBBINS, N. C., March 7: The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Sarritt Nicholson, aged 69 years, mother-in-law of Mr. W. M. Nicholson of this city, died at her home at Bethune Sabbath morning and was buried at the Bethune cemetery yesterday afternoon. Dr. A. M. Simms, of the Baptist church, conducted the funeral services at the grave. Mrs. Robbins had been sick about three weeks and had been sick only two weeks though her health had not been very good for several years. She was a good and pious woman, and was loved by all who knew her for her kind disposition and her many sterling qualities of heart and mind. Mrs. Robbins lived near Picolet for a long time before she came to Gaffney with her son. T. R. Shuford, a former Gaffney boy, who has lately been residing in Gastonia, N. C., left last Thursday for Los Angeles, Cal., where he will reside in the future. He is a clever young fellow and has in spite of bad health risen in the scale of life. He goes to California for his health. Robert Gibson, son of J. L. Gibson of Grover, is very ill with pneumonia. The March term of court for Cherokee county convened here yesterday morning, with Judge Purdy of Sumter, presiding. Solicitor Henry and Stenographer McCaw were not present and no cases were heard in the absence of Mr. Henry. T. B. Butler, Esq., was appointed to act in his place. Sunday morning the home of Mr. J. M. Swofford, near Grassy Pond, was filled to overflowing with the youth and beauty of the community to witness the marriage of Mr. Swofford's charming daughter, Miss Cora, to Mr. W. A. Hopper of Gaffney. The occasion was one long to be remembered by those present. At 10:40 o'clock the parlor door swung open and Mr. C. W. Hopper and Miss Minnie E. McCraw, followed by Mr. R. C. Swofford and Miss L. E. Elmore, filed in and took their positions. Then came the bride and groom, filling the space in reserve. The bride and groom and attendants were arrayed in elegant and beautiful gowns, and the six youthful faces were full of hope and promise. The marriage rites were solemnized by Rev. W. T. Thompson of Gaffney. After the words had been spoken that

IN ELEPHANT LAND.

A Hunter's Experience In Big Game Country of the Boers.

My first sight of elephants in their native haunts was while I was with a friend who was prospecting for gold. He had discovered an alluvial deposit near Lydenburg and received a reward from the Boer government for his find, which caused him to increase his exertions in hopes of making further discoveries. We had passed into the Lourenco Marques district, and reached the banks of one of the branches of the Crocodile river, when we entered a territory governed by a native chief who would not allow an elephant to be shot in his kingdom except by his own hunters. During the whole of our stay in his territory we were accompanied by a party of his followers who never suffered us to get out of their sight. Finally, becoming convinced that we had no intention of hunting, beyond killing enough of the various species of antelope to supply the needs of the natives, we were ferreted out of the territory of elephants which were in our immediate neighborhood. Gladly accepting the offer, we accompanied them some five or six miles from our camp, when we were placed in concealment on the top of a hill which overlooked a small stream at its foot, and gave a fine view of the rising ground beyond. After remaining hidden some time the gestures of the native were left with us caused us to turn our eyes toward the uplands in front, when the agitation of the foliage gave warning of the passing of the expected game. In a few minutes the elephants became partially visible through the intervening underwood, and I counted sixty-three, which were plainly perceptible to my astonished gaze, and were evidently but a portion of the entire herd. After the last had nearly reached the camp, and I vowed never to be caught in a similar predicament again. The feeling of dread being within a short distance of an animal I had always vehemently wished to kill, and having been prevented from making the attempt, so perturbed me that some time elapsed before I recovered my composure.

My next encounter with them took place on the banks of the Zambesi river while on my way to the Victoria Falls. For several days I had been accompanying a party of Boers, who were on a regular hunt for ivory. Having formed the acquaintance of a portion of them some time previously, I was invited to accompany them on a gun party of large game. We were about breaking up camp one morning when several of the party, who had been on a scout during the preceding night, made their appearance and reported that they had seen indications which plainly demonstrated the presence of a herd of tuskers within a short distance of our quarters. All the preparations were made and we immediately arranged for a secret onslaught on the much coveted game. By the scouts we were taken several miles from our camp and distributed in carefully concealed positions, stretching along in a line for a considerable distance, to intercept the possible advance of the herd, which was reported to be moving along slowly and not with any great rapidity. It required a strong effort on my part to follow the instructions given me to remain perfectly quiet and allow the game to advance on me instead of stealthily making my way toward it. Finally my patience was rewarded by catching a glimpse of the tips of a pair of tusks protruding from a dense thicket of foliage about a hundred feet from me. I remained as motionless as a statue until the animal appeared, when I breathlessly took aim and pulled the trigger. In my confused state I neglected to hold the butt of the huge rifle firmly against my shoulder, and consequently received so sudden a jar that I abruptly sat down with such force that it was some seconds before I recovered my consciousness and could remain seated in order to escape any stray shot fired by others of the party at game in my vicinity. So soon as there was a cessation of the fusillade, I resume an upright position and made my way back to the spot where I had seen the head, and it was with a feeling of inordinate exultation that I cast my eyes upon the body of a huge elephant, whose skull had been perforated by the ball of the gun, which had given him an age tumble. In a short time was joined by the rest of the hunters and congratulated on my luck. Three other carcasses completed the number which had been killed, and I received the hearty congratulations of the party for having secured next to the finest pair of tusks. They were soon separated from the skulls and carried to the camp with those acquired by others.

Immediately after breakfast camp was broken up and we proceeded along up the banks of the river without again getting in the vicinity of the thoroughly frightened animals. We camped again about a half a mile from the river, and during the night I was awakened by a stir in the bushes, which was immediately informed that there were evidently lions in the vicinity. The warning of their proximity had been given by the oxen, which detected their scent, and immediately rose up, snorting and rattling the traction chains to which they had been tied by bits of rawhide. The Kafirs immediately fled in all directions, and were frightened away the intruders, and the camp resumed its usual quiet.

The next morning the Boers prepared to inflict punishment on the midnight marauders, mounting their horses and riding off, guided by the scent of about half a dozen dogs, which were kept purposely for such occasions. Of course, I accompanied the party, to accompany the party, as the proceeding was a novelty to me and I was eager to see how success was to be accomplished. We cantered off for about half a mile, when a partially opened country was reached. The dogs began to circle and in a comparatively short time they surrounded a small copse and squatted on their haunches, pointing to sundry groups of bushes and barks. The Boers immediately formed a cordon just outside of the canines, which, at a prolonged shout from their masters, advanced toward the edge of the thicket with increased baying. They did not reach their margin before a portion of them turned tail in a hurry, being followed by a huge male lion, which was instantly riddled by bullets of about half a dozen rifles in the hands of the Boers seated on their horses within a short distance of the ferocious animal. The whole affair was brought to an end completely and successfully in so short a time that I was astounded at the shrewdness and dexterity of the human and canine participants.

A few days subsequently Victoria Falls were reached, and after thoroughly examining them we turned our faces southward, bent on securing more ivory. Several days passed before we found a hunting party, who always went ahead of us, brought news of having found the trail of quite a large herd. Camp was immediately formed, and the scouts again started to locate the game precisely. Our patience was not severely tried, as within a day they returned, reporting having seen a great many within a comparatively short distance. We immediately left the camp where they proposed to drive the herd. It was again placed in ambush and succeeded in securing another tusker without the contempts of my preceding shot. Six was the number which were slaughtered, and my Boer friends seemed pleased at the prospect of securing a good crop of ivory. As their proposed route diverged from the one I intended to follow, I parted company with them and wended my way back into the Transvaal without any more exciting incidents. Some time subsequently I happened to meet with some of the party, who informed me that they returned from the hunt with over a hundred tusks.—Frank J. Thompson in Forest and Stream.

SEARCHING THE SEAS FOR GOLD. Treasures That Davy Jones Guards In His Locker. When Davy Jones once gets treasures of gold safely into his locker he guards them more jealously than any merely human miser, says Tid-Bits. And yet, as Edgar Allan Poe once wrote, one might almost trace one of the treasures thus hidden away, for the trail of the sunken galleon which we have to find them. Five expeditions have tried to run the so-called "Krugger's millions" to their lair on the Tenedos reef, and the last of them cost the lives of twenty-eight gallant men. One might fill volumes with stories of these anyhow chasers, many of them starting and dramatic. No one has ever yet found the San Pedro, the five-decked Spanish galleon which is supposed to have been wrecked on Central American coast ninety-two years ago, carrying untold millions in gold and jewels to the bottom of the sea. There were two chests which held over £5,000,000 in doubloons; there were gold images and precious stones almost beyond number, placed on board for safety, from Catholic countries; and there were millions of roubles to pay off the garrisons and Spanish warships along the American coast.

In all, the treasures of the San Pedro were valued at £13,500,000. Syndicate after syndicate was formed to rescue these riches from Davy Jones's clutch; fortunes were squandered in the chase, but all to no purpose. Days of afloat gloating over his doubloons and golden images as he floated first nearly a century ago. Then there is the Hussar, an English man-of-war, which sailed away to the west in 1780 laden with gold to pay British soldiers and sailors. It is said the Hussar had nearly £1,000,000 aboard when she ran on a rock, sank in a few feet of water, less than 100 yards from the shore of the East river. For more than a hundred years one attempt after another has been made to snatch this treasure from the deep, but so far not even the locker has been found.

Not many years after the Hussar disappeared under the water of an American river, the wreck of the De Braak went to the bottom in a gale off the Delaware capes, taking with her a ship's hold of two captured Spanish galleons laden with gold and gems of fabulous value. Governments and private individuals have vied with each other for a century in the chase of these treasures, but they still remain as seductive and elusive a lure as when Davy first laid greedy hands on them.

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RUSSIA'S ROMANOFFS. Brief History of the Family of the Czar. The reigning family of Russia dates back to 1613, when Michael Fedorovich, the first of the house of the Romanoffs, ascended the throne. For a span of seven centuries the Russian dynasty has been the rule of the empire. Fedor, the last of the "Rurics," was assassinated and that gave the Romanoffs the chance they had long sought. Michael Fedorovich reigned until his death in 1682 and was succeeded by Ivan and Peter I, who came to be known in history as Peter the Great. Seven years later Peter became the sole sovereign. At the time of his death in 1725 the Russian court was divided into two powerful parties. The one demanded that the crown should go to Peter, the son of Alexis, brother of Peter the Great, who had been put to death by his own brother's decree. The other faction called for the crowning of Catherine, the widow of Peter the Great.

The latter finally triumphed, but her reign was a brief one, for she died while, as before, Peter, her son, the nominated Peter, the son of Alexis, to be her successor. In 1730 he was deposed and the crown given to Anne of Courland, daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine. Peter II was in fact the last of the Romanoffs, for the male line became extinct with his death, but the name was preserved through the accession of Anne of Courland, who was the mother of the unfortunate Peter III. Peter III was dethroned and assassinated in 1762. He was succeeded by his widow, Catherine II. She reigned until 1796. On her death in that year she was succeeded by Paul, who died in 1801. Alexander I was crowned and his reign continued until his death in 1825. The next in the line of accession was Nicholas I. For thirty years he ruled over the Russians and saw one of the stormiest of all periods of the country's history. He was succeeded by Alexander II in 1855.

The reign of Alexander II was full of vicissitudes. The nihilists had become embodied by centuries of misrule and tyranny, and throughout his reign they were plotting his death. In 1880 a dynamite bomb was exploded under the royal dining room and the only reason the czar and all the royal family were not killed was because they happened to be a few minutes later than usual for dinner.

A year later Alexander II was assassinated. A nihilist threw a bomb under his carriage, tearing him to pieces. His successor, Alexander III, was marked by the nihilists several times for assassination but all of their plots failed. Many of them were sent to the mines of Siberia for life and others put to death.

The present czar came to the throne in 1894. Nicholas II is the eldest son of Alexander III. He was born in 1868. Just 26 days after he was crowned czar of all the Russias he wedded Princess Alix of Hesse. Only a few months ago a son and heir was born to the reigning family amid great popular rejoicing.

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WANTED A MORTGAGE.—Halvor Steenerson, congressman from Minnesota, tells a story of a Swede who went to that state from one of the Dakotas for the purpose of buying a farm.

A land agent acted as guide and informant to the Swede, who eventually found what he wanted. When the time came to make out the necessary papers, the agent asked the Swede what method he preferred to adopt in making payment. "Any pay all. Any had da money," replied the Swede. "Very well, then. I'll make out the deed," said the agent.

"No!" suddenly exclaimed the Swede. "Any no want deed?" "Why, yes, you do!" rejoined the agent, astonished. "You pay the money and you take a deed for the farm."

"No, no!" earnestly asserted the Swede. "Any no want deed!" "Any had deed on in Dakoty. Any pay man da money. He gif me deed. At gif seem mortgage. Any tak land. By en' by he get land, he get deed, he had da money. Dees time Any want no deed; Any want mortgage. Any pay da money, you gif me mortgage!"

Let the boastful man have his own way. He won't listen to you anyway. It is too late to congratulate some people after they have been married as long as a week.

A MATTER OF HEALTH.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure HAS NO SUBSTITUTE. Free Gold Watch. Valuable Present for a York County School Teacher.

THE ENQUIRER has a handsome Gold Watch, worth \$25, which it proposes, on APRIL 10th next, to present to some worthy and efficient white school teacher of York county, as a free gift.

To the teacher who is to receive this present is to be designated by the patrons of THE ENQUIRER by ballot, and we are to be obliged to do with the matter except to pay for the watch and deliver it up to the teacher who may be selected by our patrons to receive it.

All the voting is to be done on ballots to appear in the various issues of THE ENQUIRER previous to April 1, and the teacher who receives the highest number of votes is to be entitled to the watch. The accepted ballot is as follows:

As the most popular teacher in York County, I vote for _____ Friday, March 10, 1905. Within Ten Days from date of issue.

This contest is to be open to all white public school teachers of York county, who may have been engaged in teaching within three months previous to December 23, or who may have charge of a school at the present time, at any time previous to April 1.

Until March 31, each coupon will be good for 10 votes. On each ballot there will be a date, concurrent with the issue of the paper in which the ballot appears, and it is stipulated that no ballot will be counted after it is more than ten days old.

In a cave in the Auckland Islands may still be recovered all the gold that the good ship General Grant was carrying when she started in 1866 on her voyage from the harbor of New York. The watch, which was lost, was valued at \$25,000. The gold was valued at \$250,000. The watch was valued at \$25,000. The gold was valued at \$250,000.

Occasionally, when Davy Jones is in an amiable mood, he will release part of his booty, but he takes care to clutch what remains more tightly still. When La Lutino, a captured French frigate, sank under the waves of a century ago, she was valued at \$250,000. The watch was valued at \$25,000. The gold was valued at \$250,000.

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THE FIRST PREMIUM. To the clubmaker returning and paying for the largest number of names under the conditions herein set forth, we will give a FIRST CLASS BABCOCK BUGGY, worth \$85. This is the well known buggy for which Messrs. Glenn & Allison have the exclusive agency in York county. They represent it as a good buggy as can be had for the price anywhere, and they sell it under iron-clad guarantees as to quality and durability. All their usual guarantees will accompany the buggy we propose to present to the maker of the largest club.

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For Ten Names. One year's subscription to THE ENQUIRER, a Hamilton 23-caliber Rifle—model 11; the Youth's Companion one year, or a gold mounted Fountain Pen; a good Rubber Band, or a Rubber Band. For Twenty Names. Crack-Shot Stevens Rifle, a 10-gauge Canvas Hunting Coat, a No. 1 Ejector Single Barrel Hunting Shotgun, the Century or Harper's Magazine.

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