

Humorous Department.

Again the Mother-in-Law. Henry Clews, the banker, talked at a banquet about the danger of deceit, says an exchange. "A New York woman," he said, "saw in a shop window on Fifth avenue a collar of pearls that she liked. She stopped her carriage, and sought out the shopkeeper. "What is the price," she said, "of that pearl collar in your window?" "Six thousand dollars, ma'am," said the shopkeeper, and he drew forth the collar, and displayed its beauties to the dazzled woman. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she said. "I'll give you my check for \$3,000, and I'll send my husband to see the collar this afternoon. Don't tell him it is \$6,000; tell him it is \$3,000. Then maybe he will buy it for me." "The jeweler bowed and smiled. He had seen this sort of game played many a time before. "I wish you luck, madam," he said, and the lady departed. "Her husband she found in his office in a mood unusually tractable. He had sold certain stocks at a grand profit that morning. He consented readily, therefore, to go and look at the necklace. "That evening his wife dressed for dinner with unusual care. She wore her most beautiful gown. She dreamed, as she dressed of an affectionate husband clasping about her white throat a collar of pearls. "And I bought that pearl collar," were the man's first words when he got home. "You dear!" she exclaimed. "Let me see it!" "Can't," he said. "I had it sent to my mother. You know it is her birthday tomorrow."

IMAGINARY WAR.—The imaginary man lay imaginarily gasping beside an imaginary gun that was still imaginarily hot from a theoretical shot fired at a supposed foe, says the Baltimore American. Apparently lurching to his imaginarily to relieve his theoretical wound from the mathematically possible gun on board a hypothetical battleship, an impalpable physician knelt beside him on the intangible grass and felt his atmospheric pulse with ozonoid fingers. Shaking his non-existent head the fictitious physician said: "There is nothing in my imaginary pill box that can help him. If the hot air boat that supposedly fired this shot is supposed to have been located (having theoretically outwitted the absent guard that is imaginarily stationed around this entrance to the harbor), and if this man had been standing where he is hypothetically certain to have been, beside this ethereal gun, the intangible bullet would have passed directly through his undiscoverable heart, and sent him to a nameless grave." Saying which unspoken words the theoretical physician bowed his millitary-possible head and wept scientifically-feasible tears.

TOO SPORTY FOR GATES.—The night before the Frick committee presented its report to the Equitable directors a party of the warmest sports in Wall street gathered about the Waldorf-Astoria to discuss stocks, horses and affairs in general. Before long the Equitable muddle was brought up, says the New York Press. A broker, who often is employed by Mr. Frick and the Pittsburg steel crowd in their stock market deals, ventured the opinion that the committee's report would exonerate Hyde. "Not on your North American tin-type," said John W. Gates as he tapped the bell and motioned for the waiter to refill the glasses. "Would you like to bet anything on it?" asked the broker. "Well," replied Mr. Gates, "I read in one of the papers today that I lost \$50,000 in wheat. I'll have to pinch my bets for a while. If you're real modest, however, I might be induced to go you just once."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the broker. "I'll just bet you 50 cents." "You are too sporty for me and I'll have to pass it up," replied the great plunger. "You surely must know something." Everybody laughed for it was the first time on record that John W. Gates had refused to bet.

MEDICAL IGNORANCE.—The late Jay Cook was talking one day about Gen. Grant. "Gen. Grant," he said, smiling, "once described to me an illiterate surgeon in the employ of a certain northern regiment. "A promising young officer had been wounded, and this surgeon had dressed his wounds. Gen. Grant sent for the surgeon later to ascertain the young officer's chances. "He is wounded," said the surgeon to the commander-in-chief. "In three places." "Are these wounds fatal?" General Grant asked. "The surgeon nodded a grave assent. "Two of the wounds are fatal," he said. "The third is not. If we can leave him to rest quiet for a while, I think he will pull through."

Time's changes are making a regular polygot parish for the Rev. Dr. D. J. McMahon, who has charge of the old church at Second avenue and Twenty-first street, and he has to hear many jokes about it, says the New York Sun. Sometimes he retorts. He got the best of one of his friends on this score the other evening by remarking, as he came into his study, where the friend had been waiting for him for some time: "I'm sorry to have kept you, but we've had a wooden wedding in the church."

"Nonsense," said the other, "I never heard of such a thing. There could be no such ceremony." "No?" answered the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, now you'll know. It hereafter. It was a couple of Poles."

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHEROKEE.

Gaffney Ledger, June 27: The twenty-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Phillips of Star Farm, died Saturday, after a short illness, and was buried Sunday at El-Bethel church. The June term of court of general sessions for Cherokee county convened in Gaffney yesterday morning, with Judge D. A. Townsend of Union, presiding, T. S. Sease of Spartanburg, as solicitor, and L. M. Mott court stenographer. Several cases were taken up and disposed of yesterday. Case of Winnie McCullough and Joe Russell, colored, assault and battery with intent to kill; guilty, with motion for new trial by Russell. Case of State vs. Barney Browning, settled. Case of Virgie Ann Mary Littlejohn, colored, for assault and battery; guilty. State vs. Sig Littlejohn, colored, for selling liquor; plead guilty, and fined \$100 or three months on the chain-gang. A true bill was found in the two murder cases and trial set for today (Tuesday). State vs. George Camp, colored, for arson; trial set for today. Judge Townsend imposed a fine upon three witnesses for being late.

CHESTER.

Lantern, June 27: Mrs. Agnes Sexton Reid died Thursday evening, June 22, 1905, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Stewart at Bascomville, aged 68 years. She had been in bad health a number of years from some chronic trouble. The Friday previous she was taken with a chill but was not thought to be seriously ill until about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of her death, when she took a sinking spell, but revived and seemed better until 9 o'clock, when she sank away so suddenly and quietly, had they not been watching by her side they would not have known when she died. She was a daughter of the late David Sexton and widow of Daniel Reid, and was raised in the Alliance neighborhood. She leaves four daughters, Mrs. Sam Stewart, Mrs. Tom Stewart, Mrs. Lewis Austin and Mrs. Hugh Stewart, also one brother and sister, Mr. James Sexton of Alliance, and Mrs. James Hamilton of Guthrieville. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. H. Wilson at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon and the burial was in the Cedar Shoals cemetery. Miss Effie Broom, aged 17 years, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mary Broom, at the Springstein mills, died about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon after a long illness with consumption. The burial was in Evergreen cemetery Sabbath at 10 o'clock, after funeral services at the home conducted by Rev. John Bass Shelton and a short service at the grave by Rev. James Russell. Mrs. Nancy Gill, aged 80 years, died suddenly at her home at Lewis Turnout Friday night, June 23, from heart failure. She ate her supper and was in her usual health when she went to bed. In a short time she was taken with some kind of colic, spells to which she was subject, and her daughters began the application of the usual remedies, but death relieved her before she had sick fifteen minutes. She was the last of the four daughters of Mr. Robert Robinson, who formerly owned the land where Hon. J. L. Glenn now lives, and was the widow of William Perry Gill, to whom she was married in 1849. Since her marriage she has always lived at the old Gill place, one mile from Lewis Turnout. She is survived by her five children, viz: Mr. William Gill of Rock Hill, Messrs. Robert and Jack Gill, Mrs. Benie Caldwell and Miss Maggie Gill, all of whom lived with her, also several grandchildren. The funeral service was at Uriel church about 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon, conducted by Rev. A. H. Atkins and the burial was in the cemetery there.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, June 27: The condition of Mr. F. W. Leeper continues to improve. He was in Gastonia one day last week, guest of Mr. W. T. Rankin. Master Fred Nolen is painfully if not seriously injured as a result of a kick by the horse used to draw the Southern express wagon. Late Saturday afternoon the bridle was slipped from the horse's head as he was entering the stable. He dashed into the stable with a frisky flourish of his heels and struck Fred a terrible blow on the lower jaw. It knocked him senseless and almost lifeless. The alarm was given by another boy. When Mr. C. M. Nolen reached his son he was lying still and breathless, his face bloody and bruised. After heroic restorative measures, the patient began to gasp and finally recovered consciousness. It was found that two teeth were knocked out and his cheek slightly cut and badly bruised. Otherwise, no serious injuries were detected, though the patient has not fully recovered from his stupor. Mrs. Henry Costner was killed in a runaway at Hoyle's Creek about noon last Saturday. She was the widow of the late Henry Costner, who died about three months ago, and was 83 years old. With her grand daughter, Miss Verner Costner, she was going over to see her daughter, Mrs. Miles Stroup. They were driving a gentle horse to the buggy. While going down the hill at Hoyle's creek the breech-band broke and the horse ran. At the foot of the hill the wheel struck a tree. Mrs. Costner's arm was broken in three places and her head bruised. She died in an hour. Her grand daughter was painfully hurt, but will recover. We are sorry to chronicle the serious illness of Mr. D. F. Friday's little daughter, Mamie, twelve years old. She was seized with appendicitis last Wednesday night and has grown steadily worse. An operation was to have been performed Sunday by Dr. Pressly of Charlotte, but the little patient was found to be too weak. Mrs. Mary J. Tritt died at Dallas Sunday morning, aged about 52 years. She died at the home of her son, Mr. Mac Tritt, and leaves another son, Mr. Charley Tritt. Mrs. Tritt had been in poor health for six months. Last Tuesday night she was taken violently ill and grew worse until the end came Sunday morning. She was buried in the Gastonia cemetery yesterday noon, after funeral services at the home in Dallas. Mr. J. M. Helton, of King's Mountain, a nephew of Mrs. Tritt, was here with his two sons, G. W. and C. E. Helton, to attend the funeral. Last Sunday evening Mrs. Barbara Adeline Harrill died at her home near Long Shoals, after two weeks of illness. She was in her eightieth year. Mrs. Harrill was Miss Cauble before her marriage to Mr. A. G. Harrill. Of this union twelve children were born, nine of whom are still living. The living children are: John B., Edward, Samuel, Anderson, A. M., Richard B., Charles H., F. A. and Robert E., all of whom were present at the funeral except Robert. Miss Nannie Webb died Friday evening a few minutes before seven o'clock after a lingering illness with consumption. Miss Webb was one of the three sisters who kept the hotel at McAdenville so many years. She had a large circle of friends, because she always showed herself friendly. She was a Christian also. The funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. L. Vipperman. The remains were taken to Lowell for burial in the cemetery Saturday evening. The deceased left a large number of relatives here to mourn their loss.

VEST POCKET WONDER.

Marvels of the Watch—Distance Traveled by Wheels Each Year.

How often is it that things we see and handle many times in a day are seldom thought of? How few of those who possess a watch have ever thought of what is expected of it and the work it has to do! This little machine is expected to work day and night without stopping (as our pulse has to work from birth till death). We expect it to show us the right time in winter and summer and in whatever position it is placed. Now, if we open an ordinary gentleman's Geneva horizontal watch we can see the balance about five eighths of an inch in diameter, which gives a three-quarters' turn at every tick of the watch, so that the little pin seen in the balance travels at every tick of the watch about one and a half inches, and as a watch of that description has to make 18,000 vibrations in an hour the little pin has to make a journey of about ten miles every twenty-four hours. Now, well made watches are generally expected to go for two years, so the little pin in the balance would have made the long journey of 7,300 (English) miles. The balance in a lever watch makes generally one and a half turns at every tick, and therefore travels double the distance—viz, 14,600 miles. To be able to accomplish this all the materials must be of the best and hardest. The oil also must be of the best and so fine and fluid that one drop will suffice to oil 200 pivots, or bearings, and keep good in the watch for at least two years. Equally astonishing are the means by which a watch is regulated. This is done by lengthening or shortening the final spiral spring, generally known as the hairspring. If a watch should be half a minute slow a day the hairspring is a fourteenth thousandth part of a second too long. Should a watch be only a minute a week slow it would then be the ninety-eight thousandth part of a second too long. All that is expected of the user of a watch is that it regularly wound up and be not too carelessly treated. Everything else has to be left to the clever skill of the watchmaker.—Pearson's Weekly.

Elephants Lumbering.

The elephants round us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawn. They were harnessed for this with a broad breastband and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawn planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled. "A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant, and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint, with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then grunting, the elephant would pick up the second, with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over, and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none he would take his ease in the sun, and wait. Or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another; and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up, any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on casters. "More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk round it, place it on the top of the pile, and then calculate its position, and push and pull until it was square in its place. The oddest, because the most reasonable thing, was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretching out one hind leg to give himself balance and purchase. That seemed to bring him something, very near to us, he was not only doing our work, but he was doing it in our way. "Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds. "That means it's 11 o'clock," said the foreman. "Dinner hour. Not for King Edward himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now till 3. It's their off time. At 3 they begin again, and work till dusk, and they start about 6 in the morning, but they don't understand overtime."—Pall Mall Magazine.

BORING AN EDITOR.

"Are there no men entering the office of a busy editor," when you can write better than at other times?" "Yes." "Ah, I thought so! That man who writes must consult his condition I have no doubt. Now, tell me, when can you write best?" "When I am alone," the editor replied.

PRIVATE STABLE SWINDLERS.

Now, Is the Time When They Catch Their Victims.

This is the time when the private stable swindlers begin to pluck the fruit of their carefully nurtured tree. They have kept it growing all winter in one way and another, and now the harvest is ready.

Prof. Woodward of Columbia, where they had such fine lectures last winter on the evolution of the horse, is about the ripest plippin that has been plucked so far this season. But he went bad on the hands of the grafters.

It is an old, old process, the private stable graft. The equipment is simple enough. All that is needed is the cooperation of three or four men who are quite without consciences or compassion for their fellow man, no matter how pitifully innocent that fellow may be; a stable which looks as though it might be the appendage of a rich man's establishment, two or three broken-down horses, and an accommodating newspaper which doesn't mind printing crooked advertisements "so long," as the Raines law hotel man said of his patrons, "as they look nice." Of course a sucker is also desirable; but it is so easy to catch suckers; they come a-running as soon as the game is declared open.

The advertisement says that a gentleman going out of the country for a time feels it provident to dispose of two of his best horses, or of one horse or of his whole stable. Inasmuch as his object is to save the keep of the horses he is willing to sell them at a great sacrifice. The advertisement almost always tells how much he paid for them and intimates that they will be sold for a quarter of their value.

It really does sound attractive, that advertisement, to the man who has just taken a place in the country and has figured out that he could keep a horse very nicely, if only the horse did not cost too much in the first place. His only fear is that somebody else will get at the bargain first.

He fairly gulps his breakfast and hurries to the place mentioned in the advertisement. He finds that it is a stable in a quiet street, usually in the horse market neighborhood—some where between Madison avenue and Third avenue and Twenty-third street and Thirtieth.

There is a man in charge who explains that he is the rich man's coachman. There is usually a hostler loafing around, too. The place has all the stage settings of a fairly plethoric establishment.

The coachman, a remarkably intelligent fellow in spite of his livery, explains that the master was called abroad a few days ago and left word to sell out the stable for what could be got for it. "This a pity to see so fine a stable go; the honest fellow hates to have a part in an occurrence so low; he doesn't mind telling who the owner is; no indeed! He names a well known man who lives somewhere near the stable, usually on Fifth avenue.

Usually the name is one which is in itself a guaranty of respectability; it is also a name which has appeared on the passenger list of an outward bound steamer within a week. But sometimes the name is varied a little.

There was a physician in this town not long ago who had accumulated a considerable fortune in various disreputable ways. He traded on his own difficulties with the law, announcing that he was selling out his stable because he was being hounded so by the district attorney; he kept the stable under his own name and installed the private stable grafters there to work the business on the profit sharing plan. The horses displayed to the sucker are mighty showy looking brutes. They are sleekly groomed, their hoofs have been blacked. They are all quiver with eagerness to be up and doing. The man who wants to buy cheap horses is almost invariably a man who knows nothing about horses; the experienced horse owner knows the gang and its methods so thoroughly that he doesn't answer such advertisements. The fake coachman says to the sucker that it is proper that every guaranty of the excellent condition of the horses shall be made before the purchase goes through. Mr. Richman's veterinary is the best man the coachman knows about, it would be well to call him in to look the animals over, just as a matter of form and courtesy, which Mr. Richman would insist upon if he were at home.

By one of those strange coincidences which are not beyond the explanation of even such pure scientists as the psychic investigators at Columbia, the vet comes in just then. He had noticed the advertisement and just dropped in as he was passing to learn whether the horses had been sold and the name of the lucky purchaser. The coachman is so glad to see him. They were just going to send for him. "Mr. Goodthing, this is Dr. Pushmatra-long." They all go out for a little drive behind the horses. The horses show proper spirit and action—the oldest of broken down plugs can be regenerated for a time if one knows equine pharmacopoeia.

The Goodthing buys. In a week or two weeks it comes over him that there has been gross deceit practiced upon him. He gets a real veterinary and learns the whole horrible truth, the putty is picked out of the cracks in the beautifully blacked hoofs, the drug brightened eyes grow glazed and sad, spavins and swellings and all manner of queer interior wheeziness develop. Back goes the outraged Goodthing to the stable of Mr. Richman. The coachman has gone. The new tenant knows nothing of the transaction and declines to discuss the matter and is generally insulted. The orchestra plays soft stung music, and Mr. Goodthing sells his purchases at a scrap head price to the village livery stable man.

Not once in fifty times do the victims of this swindle appeal to the police. Perhaps they feel that a man who gets skinned in a horse deal has no rights in court. There was a man once down on the East Side who wanted his girl arrested because she insisted on breaking their engagement. It takes a man of that temperament to go to the police after being cheated in a horse trade, apparently.

For the grafters flourish and the police say that their only really active

How a United States Senator Lost His Job.

If there was one thing that the late Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois disliked while serving his only term in the United States senate it was to be kept in evenings by callers. The senators' rooms in Washington were at 1304 F street, near the rooms of Senator Booth of California, who lived at the northeast corner of Thirteenth and P streets. If Oglesby could slip over to Booth's after dinner, before the crowd began to gather in his rooms, he was lost to visitors, unless they happened to catch him on the run home about bedtime. The senators were great cronies, both Forty-niners, with many stories of the early days of California to swap.

In the last year of Senator Oglesby's term a stranger found him at his rooms one evening, after many prior attempts to capture him. There had been the usual throng of politicians, news gatherers, and perhaps an unusual number of office seekers. At any rate a long and tedious session had resulted, leaving the senator irritated. He turned around in his chair and to the modest young man in waiting to present a letter said: "Now what in hell do you want?"

"Nothing, sir, from you," said the young man and walked out. It happened that he came from a town in southern Illinois in which dwelt a state senator of great influence, who upon learning that the young man was about to visit Washington as a sightseer had asked him if he would like a letter of introduction to Senator Oglesby. The young man accepted, with the result already told. And when the state senator back in Illinois heard it he swore vengeance. He circulated the incident all through his own and the adjoining legislative districts, till then Oglesby's strongest hold, and when the members of the legislature were lined up in January following, Gen. Logan was again elected a United States senator, and Senator Oglesby, much to his chagrin and disappointment, was left out.

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complainant in ten years has been Prof. Woodward. He was not a typical victim anyway. He grew suspicious long before the transaction with the grafters was closed and so tied them up with guarantees and promises that they were scared into giving him his money back when he threatened them.

The gang has permanent headquarters in the horse mart district. It is a stable where they keep the broken down brutes which they use for the harvesting of their graft. They have all the paraphernalia necessary for the working of the swindle and they keep it in pretty active use.

In this season, when many families are moving into the country, they are very active and have two or three plants working at once. The police know the headquarters and know the crooks—but there are no complainants.—New York Sun.

A LITTLE TOO UPPISH.

How a United States Senator Lost His Job.

If there was one thing that the late Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois disliked while serving his only term in the United States senate it was to be kept in evenings by callers. The senators' rooms in Washington were at 1304 F street, near the rooms of Senator Booth of California, who lived at the northeast corner of Thirteenth and P streets. If Oglesby could slip over to Booth's after dinner, before the crowd began to gather in his rooms, he was lost to visitors, unless they happened to catch him on the run home about bedtime. The senators were great cronies, both Forty-niners, with many stories of the early days of California to swap.

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"Nothing, sir, from you," said the young man and walked out. It happened that he came from a town in southern Illinois in which dwelt a state senator of great influence, who upon learning that the young man was about to visit Washington as a sightseer had asked him if he would like a letter of introduction to Senator Oglesby. The young man accepted, with the result already told. And when the state senator back in Illinois heard it he swore vengeance. He circulated the incident all through his own and the adjoining legislative districts, till then Oglesby's strongest hold, and when the members of the legislature were lined up in January following, Gen. Logan was again elected a United States senator, and Senator Oglesby, much to his chagrin and disappointment, was left out.

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