

Humorous Department.

THE KNOCKER.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the well-known culinary expert, gave a dinner recently to a cooking class of young married women.

Mrs. Rorer entertained this excellent dinner with a number of stories about cooking.

"I am making," she said, "a collection of cooking stories, and some day, perhaps, I will publish them all in a book. I am continually adding to my stock. Only yesterday a new cooking story was told me by a dispirited young wife.

"This young wife, who had never cooked so much as a beefsteak in her life, all of a sudden bought a cook book, entered her kitchen and plunged into the construction of an elaborate and difficult meal pie.

"The pie, a strange looking object, was served to her husband, a caustic person, that night at dinner. He helped himself, tried a mouthful and then said:

"What's this?"

"A meat pie," said the wife. "I made it out of Harry Harker's cook book."

"Ah," said the man, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."—(San Antonio Express.)

JUSTIFIABLE DISCRETION.—Timothy Woodruff says that in a town "up the state" there are two Irishmen who for some time have been on bad terms with each other.

Not long ago Flaharty had, according to notions of his friends, been the recipient of an insult from the other Irishman. So they urged upon him the desirability of vindicating his honor by promptly chastising his ancient enemy.

But it would appear that Flaharty was a man of some prudence, for said he, "he's more than me equal Look at the size of him! The man's a giant!"

"Very well," replied a friend, disgusted by Flaharty's exhibition of weakness, "I have him got—that is, if you're wantin' people 'bout sayin' that you're a coward."

"Well, I dunno," responded Flaharty placidly. "At any rate, I'd rather have him say that than to have my name in the papers tomorrow explainin' 'How natural Flaharty looks'."—(Collier's Weekly.)

Did Not Go to Roost.—A matter of fact mind, like Mrs. Salter's, is a comfort to the person who has it and a never ending delight to the person's friends.

"I suppose you went to bed with 'em chickens while you were away," said one of the neighbors after Mrs. Salter had returned from her vacation visit to a farm.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Salter indignantly. "They were very neat, quiet people, though they've never had city advantages. We had rooms in the front of the house, on the second story, and the chickens slept somewhere at the back of the house. We never saw them after sunset, and we were there nearly three weeks. I am sure farming people are often more particular than we have been led to suppose."

Youth's Companion.

JUDGE AND JURY.—In 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with having killed another man with a sandbag, and in the face of the judge's summing up, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

"Gentlemen of the jury, mind that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make this a city of a horrible face and the City of Victoria a city of immorality and crime. Go, I have nothing more to say to you."

And then, turning to the prisoner, the chief justice added: "You are discharged. Go and sandbag some of those jurymen. They deserve it!"

A SLOW JOURNEY.—The car crawled slowly on, with the occasional long pause at a threatened breakdown. At last an old man with a long white beard, now feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on?"

"At Nether Liberton."

"That won't do! When I left Nether Liberton there was only a little boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."—(Auckland (New Zealand) News.)

This story found its way to Washington. President Roosevelt, in a recent conversation with Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, asked the senator what he thought of his appointment of Charles J. Bonaparte to a place in the cabinet.

"You have heard of the man McGinnis," replied Mr. Knox, "who kept a saloon and lived with his family up over the saloon. One day his bartender shouted up the stairs:

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHEROKEE.

Gaffney Ledger, July 14: Mrs. Campbell Hambrick, aged twenty-one years, died very suddenly Wednesday morning about 11 o'clock, while sitting in the dining room at the home of her brother, Mr. B. O. Patrick, in this city.

The remains were taken to Grassy Pond yesterday for burial. United States Deputy Marshal A. Hallman arrested Asbury Lynn, Tuesday, near Goodsville, in the lower part of this county on a charge of selling whisky.

He was carried before U. S. Commissioner J. B. Bell, who bound him over for the October term of United States court at Greenville. A heavy rain storm passed over Gaffney yesterday morning. The rain came down in torrents for two or three hours, and the streets and sidewalks in many places were entirely submerged, while gardens and patches were badly washed.

It was the heaviest downpour that people of this section have witnessed in years. Miss Ruth Harvey delightfully entertained a number of her friends Monday night with a birthday party.

The refreshments were cream and cake, which were served to the guests by Misses Lecta Harvey and Nannie Hancock. The dining room and the hallway were beautifully decorated with plants and ferns, and good music was furnished by the string band. Miss Harvey received many nice presents, and all who attended seemed to enjoy the occasion very much.

CHESTER.

Lantern, July 14: Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCorkle returned to the city this morning from Baltimore, where the former has been under treatment at Johns Hopkins hospital. Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Bigham returned Tuesday night from a very pleasant visit to relatives in Washington. Dr. Bigham visited to Baltimore while he was away, and visited some of the professors that he used to be under when he attended the dental college twenty-one years ago.

His visit was very much pleased with his visit. The Carolina & North-Western passenger train due here at 7:45 in the afternoon did not arrive until 1 o'clock this morning. Heavy rains have fallen in North Carolina and streams are considerably swollen.

Between Newton and Lincolnton the water was six feet above the tracks so that the crew had to take the train around over the Southern line by Charlotte to Gastonia, reaching Chester in this round-about way at the time mentioned. Mr. F. S. Fisher, who has been state constable in Chester for over a year, has been transferred to Abbeville, his old home. His family left Wednesday morning, and Mr. Fisher expects to join them the last of this week.

Mr. B. E. Wright, who has been stationed here for the past few months, will have charge of this territory. Mr. Fisher's friends regret to see him and his excellent family leave Chester. Mr. W. H. Hamilton arrived on the seaboard yesterday afternoon with his bride, and last Saturday, the 8th, he was married at Chattanooga, Tenn. to Miss Blanche Hobler, of Pototsky, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will spend a week or two with Mr. Hamilton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hamilton, and other relatives in the county, after which Mr. Hamilton will go to Watkins, Ala., to become secretary and treasurer of a large lumber concern. He has resigned his position with the Chester office of headquarters at Birmingham. Mr. A. W. Jones, state controller general, was in Chester Wednesday making his annual settlement with the county auditor. Mr. Jones always finds it a pleasant and easy undertaking to settle with the Chester office, as he says he is among the most competent in the state. As compared with other counties, Chester is in the shape, the controller general said. It is the third county visited. He first went to Orangeburg, then to Lancaster, and from there here. His next stop was Abbeville. He is going to the counties. They notify him that they are ready to make the settlement. Mr. Jones said that he was a little surprised at the small cost with which the inmates of the county home, 35 in number, are cared for. The actual expenses connected with the management of the poor house for the past year were \$3,196.13. The proceeds from the sales of the cotton crop, cotton seed, and pork, amounted to \$1,758.19. Making a net cost to the county of \$1,437.94. Each inmate at the county home has been cared for during the past year at a cost of \$40.81. In other words, the county paid out only \$3.40 a month for the protection of each one of its poor. Mr. Jones says when a county cares for its poor at the rate of \$4 or \$4.50 a piece per month, it is considered fortunate. The supervisor expressed the hope that the proceeds from the farm for the present year would even exceed those of the past year.

LANCASTER.

Ledger, July 15: The Catawba Power Co. put a corps of surveyors at work on a preliminary survey for a railroad from Fort Lawn to the Falls, Thursday. They have just finished a survey from Beasomville to the Falls. They will build the road the most practical route. Mr. N. H. Hallman of the Union section, has returned from Gaston county, N. C., where he was summoned July 6th on account of the death of his father, Mr. A. H. Hallman. Mr. Hallman was 88 years, 3 months and 15 days of age and leaves surviving him twelve children, 90 grandchildren, and 88 great-grandchildren. Several of his sons reside in this county. A delay of a few hours was occasioned to the 2 o'clock p. m. northbound passenger train on the Southern Thursday by the trucks of the tender jumping the track near the cotton mill. The train was stopped just before it reached the Clear Creek trestle. On Wednesday last while out driving with her son, Mr. J. B. Patrick, Mrs. W. J. Orr of Rock Hill, who is a visitor at the home of Mr. Ernest Moore, lost her purse containing \$10 in change, a \$50 check and several pieces of jewelry. While inquiry was being made as to whether any one had found it, it was learned that Miss Blanche and Henry Waters, both colored, had exhibited a receipt to a party, which was afterwards identified as having been in the pocket-book when lost, and had asked if it had any money value and what it was worth. This led to their arrest and commitment to jail. They claim to have picked the receipt up on the street near Judge Jennings' residence, and denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of the purse or of having ever seen it. They had a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Caskey yesterday, who held them for the circuit court, fixing their bonds for appearance at \$250 each.

WALKER BUT POLICE.—Ernest Vedel, a Paris literary man, was once a lieutenant in the French navy. At one time he commanded a small warship charged with the duty of protecting the entrance of foreign vessels into a Siamese harbor. A Spaniard ship, with a Siamese commander who called himself Admiral Duplessis de Richeieu, attempted to enter by the alleged right of French jurisdiction. Vedel wrote a note to these terms: "If you don't desist, I shall open fire." Then he learned that the Spaniard was the husband of his wife, and he tied the note to a magnificent bouquet. The commodore with the illustrious name of Vedel, and the polite lieutenant profusely for the flowers.

IN THE GRAND CANON.

Guides Spin Tales to Match the Scenery.

In the opinion of most visitors to the Grand Canon in Arizona there is one thing there that is grander than the Grand Canon itself and that is the stars about the canon. These imaginative gentlemen are mostly guides who have lived there many years.

Constant contemplation of the majesty of that great work of nature is said to stimulate the imagination in a geometrical ratio as the years go by, and consequently the tales that are spun for the wayfarer's ears grow more picturesque as the age of the guides increase.

It is no reflection on them to call these artists of the Grand Canon liars. There is little deception in their tales. They tell them not to deceive, but to amuse.

They probably feel that the Grand Canon is so appalling in aspect that a sort of antidote is needed. They call themselves modestly yarn spinners. They are.

Captain Hance is the most famous of these artists. Next to the canon he is the best known institution there. He has lived there most of his sixty years and he has a trail named after him. Moreover, he has a place down in the canon where he lives and entertains those who like to linger in his society.

Hance has a soft, gentle voice, and his eye is mellow and kindly. He speaks with a sort of resigned and regretful tone and his face is as fine as the best of the Indian's. He has had dramatic incidents of history and fiction interwoven in the traditions of the place.

Not to meet Hance is to miss half the joy of seeing the Grand Canon. He is really a part of it.

Not long ago Hance made himself rather conspicuous one morning near a party of tourists. He seemed to be gathering a supply of meat for a dog. A telegram from chief says that the right horse. He and Mr. Baker will probably return today. A negro is under arrest in Rutherfordton under suspicion of having stolen the horse and traded her off. He was found with the stolen harness and buggy and a different Julia Galloway, Bess Horton, Ella Bradley and Ethel Stowe are planning the summer school at the University of Virginia. The young ladies are delighted with Charlottesville and the University, writing home, one of them said, "the grounds are more beautiful than I can describe." Miss Galloway will have charge of the department of English in the graded schools of Covington, Tenn. the coming year and is taking a special course in English this summer.

"Everybody," said Big Andrew Cloninger yesterday, "knows that tadpoles are hatched from eggs in the ponds and puddles and then turn to tad-poles, but what I want to know is, where do tadpoles come from? Whoever saw tad-poles turn to toads? You can write a plea for your paper and sign me up to it that I want to know. And get the philosophers to answer it. I don't want any guess answers. I want the facts from folks who know—the kind of facts that satisfy a jury. Where do tadpoles come from?"

The rain late Wednesday evening was a corker. In the lower edge of the county it was more moderate, here in the section north of Gastonia it was an enormous down-pour of rain. Kettle Shoal's creek on Mr. Dave Friday's place raised itself over the banks and swept the earth from the bottoms. The South Fork was out on a lark and also covered the bottoms. At a bridge over Little Rock Creek beyond Dallas one of the abutments was washed away. The water from which the horse had apparently torn loose was found yesterday morning in the washout, but there was no tidings of horse or driver. The Robinson branch—which flows under the last fill of the macadam road near Dallas—formed a great lake from hills to hill of the water that could not flow through the culvert as it gathered there. The surface of the road suffered considerably from having some holes cut out and top dressing washed off. The fills also were considerably damaged in some places.

Cleaning the Capitol.

For the first time in nearly half a century the rotunda of the capitol building is receiving a coating of thick white paint. The dirt has been collected on the sloping sides of the great dome ever since 1855. A few nifty painters, under the supervision of Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, had a lot of trouble finding the willow to take the place of cleaning the dome. Aside from the risk of slipping from the fragile and the specter of the danger of contracting deadly disease by inhaling dust. The particles of dirt, in some places two inches thick, were breathed into the system and cause acute stomach troubles and giddiness. The men work with faces masked up in wax, but even this precaution is not sufficient to protect them fully.

The spectacle of the painters working so high in the air has caused no end of "rubber-necking" among the curious visiting the capitol. Their carelessness displayed by the workmen, straining on tiptoe to reach a distant part of the dome, with nothing between the men and the sky but a thin plank, frequently causes the watchers to shudder and move away from the scene. The men are the same crew that last year cleaned and painted the exterior of the dome of the capitol.

"The essential thing for work of this sort," said the foreman the other day, "is nerve. The workmen are all young, between 20 and 30 years old. It is rare to find a man in this work who is over forty years old. It takes a young man with spirit with quick and hand, and we find old men have little taste for it. This is one thing in the country. One of the reasons it is so difficult is that the scaffolds are unusually light. They are made of three feet wide and hold two men, so that when a workman looks down he sees the ground and the sides of him. He realizes that a single misstep will send him headlong. It is on scaffolds like this that a man's nerve is tested. Most of the scaffolding you see on high buildings and walls is made very wide, so that a man may walk about freely and will not see the ground under him all the time."

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ing, but I don't mind having a drink with you, sir, thank you."

Hance has had many halfbreath escapes in his varied experiences in and about the canon. Wild animals have pursued him and clawed him and bitten him and crushed him; Indians have shot at him and tried to tomahawk him, snakes bigger than boa constrictors have had him in their coils, he has been lost in the wilds many times, and gentle birds have shown him the way to safety, and he has tasted the pangs of bitter hunger and thirst.

The closest call he ever had was one day when he fell over the brink of the canon while sitting on a bronco.

"You see, it was this way," says Hance. "I had been so busy showing tourists around that I didn't get time to feed that bronco. I think he was a little bit mad. He had had no food for nearly two days, and I suppose he was cut up about it. Well, I was sitting on his back and had a party of tourists with me—they were all horseback, too—and I was right at the edge of the canon pointing out some of the beauties of nature. Why, sir, what grander, and more magnificent—Oh, yes, I was telling you about that horse."

"I was pointing out some tufts of grass that were growing so bright and green way down there in the canon and proving that things can and do grow among the rocks. Would you believe it, that horse of mine got so interested in looking for that grass as I was pointing it out, that he forgot he was on the edge of the canon and he was footing and over he went with me on his back."

There was a pause in the story. Finally some one ventured to say: "I see, captain, that you escaped with your life. How about the bronco?"

"Well, that was curious," said Hance. "Greatest kind of luck that I am here! That fall was greater than I can describe. If you go out to the rim of the canon the other side of that point you'll see where it took place. About half way down you'll notice a gnarly tree jutting out of the rock. It has one great limb on it that is bent nearly double.

"That's the limb I caught hold of and bent as we went down. The poor bronco kept on going down and I never saw him again, except to give his remains a decent burial. Pity that you are going to give all that chopped up meat to a fish?"

"Not a dog? What is it, then?"

"Fish!"

"You don't mean to tell me that you are going to give all that chopped up meat to a fish?"

"Yes."

"Where is that fish?"

"Down in the river in the canon."

"Where?"

"Down at my place. I have to come here every morning to get food for him. Ain't got enough down there to feed him. He's a pretty good size."

"How big?"

"Then Hance lowered his voice, and his sad eyes looked straight into those of the inquirer as he said:

"I don't know as I ought to tell you about that fish, because I'm afraid you might think I was exaggerating it a little. I don't like to exaggerate. I never exaggerate. I am pushed to it by some of these unreasonable tourists who never seem satisfied unless you tell 'em lies—real lies, big lies."

"It always hurts me to lie about anything. One ought never to lie in the presence of such a wonderful manifestation of nature, of God's power, as this great canon exhibits. My, sir, what grander, what more—Oh, yes, about that fish I was telling you."

"He came to me during a freshet in the river down there. You see, he was being swept away from home and friends and all he held dear. He was helpless.

"He was in a little sort of lagoon near my place. Usually, when it is dry, it is several feet above the river. In time of flood the water reaches up there, fills it, and sometimes the water stays until the next flood.

"Well, I saw a big commotion coming down the stream the day I was telling you of, and I saw a monster salmon, my fish, being carried away, as I told you. I had a basket there, and I used to use when I was a cowboy, and I just flung it into 'er river, caught the fish and with the aid of the current towed him into my lagoon."

"How big was he? Well, the last time I measured him he was twelve feet long, but he ain't got full grown yet. He suffers from growing pains a good deal, I notice."

"I thought I was going to have a fight with him, and I thought it would not be long before I had part of him cooking in the pan. But, Lord bless you, do you suppose I could have killed him? Not on your life."

"When he looked in my eyes, after I saved him from being carried off into strange waters, he gave me such a grateful look and came along into my lagoon without the least struggle, as if to say, 'You saved my life. I'll stay with you as long as I live.'"

"Do you know, I got to love that fish right there? The flood went down suddenly and left him stranded in that little sort of pool on my hands. I have come to be very good friends. I go to see him every morning and he wags his tail five times, just so (the captain illustrates this), as a sort of signal greeting—never, was his tail any one but me, and to me five times when he says good-bye, and he the one I used to me as if to say 'What is the outlook for breakfast today?'"

"He's so friendly that I can't let him starve and he eats lots of food, keeps me busy hustling for him. We had high water once since he has been with me, and I offered him his freedom. You see it is quite a tax to have a dog feed him constantly and wait on him, and although I loved him, I thought it best to let him go if he wanted to. Do you know, that fish wouldn't budge."

"He kept wagging his tail five times. In bunches of five wags, and wouldn't wait it three times for anything. I tried to push him out into the stream, but he was too much for me. He was satisfied to stay with me and didn't want to go home to mother or anything like that and so I've got him on my hands."

"What's his name? Jonah, for want of a better one. Maybe you can suggest one."

"Ananias," said the tourist in an abstracted way. "I should hate to call him that," said Hance, "because it might hurt his feelings. I should think it would hurt any one to be called Ananias."

"Would me, I know. 'Would make my gorge rise and give me such a parched feeling in my throat that I'd be almost choking."

"Well it is pretty early in the morn-

are wondering if your mule is going to make a mistake and launch you over a cliff that is full 2,000 feet high or deep. Just as you may prefer to call it, the guide, no matter which one of a dozen he is, invariably turns in his saddle and asks the members of the party behind him, individually and collectively:

"Why is the Grand Canon like the hands?"

No one knows. Thereupon the guide answers: "Because tourists (two wrists) support it."

Thereupon the visitor is expected to laugh uproariously, if he plays his part properly. Even the mules stop when this conundrum is put, and when the guide gives the answer they invariably place their front feet upon the very edge of the precipice and heave, heave, heave until the traveler takes the hint and joins all the rest of the donkeys in the merriment. When you go down in the Grand Canon it is well to keep the guide in good humor.

One of the many creeks running down into the Grand Canon is called Bright Angel Creek. There are many legends connected with the name of this stream.

One of them, not commonly known, is that it was named by a party of prospectors who had become lost in the canon. They had gone down into the broad reach of table land, half way down the great chasm, and could not find their way either up or down. Their provisions and water gave out. The first one of the party became almost insane. He kept crying for water and continually urged those who were carrying him to press on. At last they came to a point around which it seemed impossible to clamber.

The sick man suddenly said he saw a vision. It was that of a bright angel who motioned the party on. The others simply regarded this as the ravings of a crazy man. He was so insistent, however, that they made another effort to round the point.

Finally, all succeeded in rounding what was thought to be an impassable obstacle and there, within a few feet of them, was a beautiful creek. Their lives were saved, and they named it forthwith Bright Angel Creek.

This is a pretty story. In striking contrast to those of the guides, almost all of them is probably no more truth and fact than in some of Hance's yarns. The traveler will find that there is a heap more than an enormous chasm in the earth at the Grand Canon.

Jack Tar's Spleen.

In the Sailors' home in Brooklyn navy boys deposit for safe keeping in the course of a year many thousands of dollars. Some time ago one of them after being paid off at the end of his enlistment had \$700, which he deposited with the superintendent of the home—all but \$50, with which he intended to have a good time. Along toward midnight he returned in a hilarious condition and asked for \$50 more. The superintendent handed him two one dollar bills, and the sailor went off apparently satisfied. The following morning he dropped in and requested the superintendent to give him the balance of his money, as he was going home. The superintendent offered him \$48.

"No," said the sailor, "I am not that kind of a chap. I don't want to cheat you out of \$2. I drew \$50 from you last night, and you've paid me \$48 too much."

"All right, governor," replied the Jack tar. "But, would you believe it, I had just as much fun on that \$50 as I had had been \$50."—New York Press.

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Conviction Follows Trial. When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out. Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use Lion Coffee, the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity? This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of the high standard and increasing popularity. If the verdict of MILLIONS of HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER. LION COFFEE is sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages, and reaches you as pure and clean as when it left our factory. Low-lead on every package. Here these Lion-Beans for valuable premiums. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOOLSON SPICER CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Southern Railway Popular Day-Light Excursion! TUESDAY, JULY 25 TO CHARLESTON From Gastonia, Blacksburg and Intermediate Points, via Rock Hill and Camden to Charleston. GREATEST SEASHORE EXCURSION EVER RUN. FOLLOWING LOW RATES AND FAST SCHEDULE: Schedule Rates: Lv. Gastonia 8.00 a.m. \$4.00 Lv. Yorkville 11.40 a.m. 1.75 Lv. Bessemer City 6.13 a.m. 4.00 Lv. Hagoods 11.55 a.m. 1.75 Lv. King's Mountain 6.25 a.m. 3.00 Lv. Clarksburg 12.00 p.m. 1.75 Lv. Blacksburg 6.45 a.m. 3.00 Lv. Fort Motte 1.15 p.m. 1.50 Lv. Smyrna 7.25 a.m. 3.00 Lv. St. Matthews 1.25 p.m. 1.50 Lv. Hickory Grove 8.15 a.m. 3.00 Lv. Orangeburg 1.25 p.m. 1.50 Lv. Sharon 7.45 a.m. 3.00 Lv. Rowlettsville 1.35 p.m. 1.50 Lv. Yorkville 8