

Humorous Department.

Stories of Notables. Timothy D. Sullivan was describing his recent European trip, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Tell me about your presentation," a young man said.

"What is the ceremony like?" Mr. Sullivan gave a vivid account of the splendour of a drawing room at Buckingham palace and the young man was a good deal impressed.

"Men, I suppose," he said, "stand uncovered in the presence of royalty?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sullivan, "but not to the same extent as women." A press photographer asked Goldwin Smith, the well-known author, to pose for a number of pictures.

"I am not a model," Mr. Smith declined to pose. Such things, he said, smacked of vanity and vanity was a fault he desired always to avoid.

"Yet it will crop out," he added, "in the most unexpected places. It is, indeed, rather like a microbe, so universal that wherever we look for it there it is surely to be found."

"During the French revolution a priest rode in a tumbrel to the guillotine with two persons, one a marquis and the other a common thief."

"As the cart jolted through the crowded streets the citizens shouted maledictions on its occupants."

"Down with you, beasts of aristocracy!" "The marquis smiled proudly, but the thief was vexed."

"My good friends," he cried, "I am no aristocrat. I am a thief."

"Then the priest touched his arm gently, murmuring: 'Ah, my son this is no time for vanity.'"

Charles M. Schwab, in an address at Loretto, praised resourcefulness. "The resourceful man," he said, "lets nothing discourage him. In the most untoward conditions he thinks and thinks until he hits upon an expedient which turns the very untowardness of things into a help."

"Let me illustrate this point with a foolish story that yet has a lesson in it."

"A mother, fearing that her pretty daughter had betrothed herself to a young man of inferior position, hired her little son, a boy of 7 or 8 to stay in the parlor throughout an expected visit of the unwelcome suitor."

"The boy carried out his contract duly and at 10 o'clock, tired and sleepy, he came to his mother and asked for his pay."

"Did you stay in the parlor?" she said eagerly.

"Yes, all the time," he answered.

"Well, what happened?"

"We played blind man's bluff," said the boy, "and it was lots of fun, but they kept me 'til the whole time."

TOLD IN WASHINGTON.—At the home of Representative Eaton J. Bowers, of Mississippi, some one was singing "Everybody Works But Father."

"Everybody works but father," Mrs. Bowers' little son listened with grave approbation, says the Washington correspondence of the New York Times.

"That's the way it is in our house," said he sagely when the singing was concluded. "Everybody works but father. All he does is to go to the capitol every day and sit around."

"How about that office you promised to get for me, senator?" demanded the latter.

"I never promised you any office," said James Foraker.

"What!" shouted the Ohioan. "Do you mean to tell me that you did not promise me the postmastership?"

"I don't care whether I did or not," responded Foraker. "I am not going to get it for you, and I don't care a continental whether you like it or not."

After listening to a large and extensive discussion of his personal character and his average veracity, delivered from the depths of an outraged heart, James Foraker watched with fascinated interest the wind his fire-breathing way to the fresh air outdoors.

"There are some good things about looking like a United States senator," he said. "I think it would pay Joe to hire me to stay away from here."

CORRECTION OF MISTAKES.—The late George W. Catt, who gave his body for dissection, was a sufferer from ill-health for many years," said a physician.

"Travelling here and there, he made almost as many medical friends as Robert Louis Stevenson did."

"Mr. Catt once told me an old story about a physician in Paris. This physician called at a business man's office one day and said:

"Pardon, Monsieur X, but in setting my quarterly account yesterday you gave me this bad note and note."

"The business man took the note and examined it. It was bad undoubtedly. He handed it back to the physician."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I made the mistake unintentionally, believe me. But it's too late to rectify it now."

"The physician started. 'Too late?' he exclaimed hotly. 'What do you mean? Must I suffer for your mistake?'"

"Why not?" said the other calmly. "I suffer for yours. And did you ever take anything off your bill in consequence?"

USES FOR SCISSORS.—An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were torn long for ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notion of propriety.

The doctor not only listened patiently but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bits it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate. 'What is it?' Here are the scissors; use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."—Tit-Bits.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHESTER. Lantern, Dec. 29: The many friends of Miss Janie May Carroll were not a little surprised to learn Monday that she had been married to Mr. W. D. Rice, of Denmark, in the morning, and that the happy young couple had gone to Washington and other points north to spend the holidays.

The ceremony occurred at the home of the bride's parents and only a few relatives and intimate friends were present. Rev. M. E. Banks, of the Methodist church, performed the ceremony. Monday afternoon while a party of colored boys were out hunting near Blackstock they met Phil Hall, another negro boy. Phil called one of the dogs belonging to the party and as a result excited the ire of Sharp Brice, the owner of the dog.

A few words passed between the two, and Hall struck at the other boy with his gun. The Brice boy made an effort to guard off the blow and in the scuffle the gun was discharged, the full charge finding its way into the unfortunate boy's body. Brice was killed instantly. The coroner of Fairfield inpanelled a jury and held an inquest, the verdict being in accordance with the facts as we have stated them. Hall was taken to Winoboro and confined in the county jail. The killing occurred east of Blackstock, in the Alliance neighborhood.

At the annual election of society officers at Winoboro college a few of the members of the Winoboro city, was elected president of the Curry society for the ensuing year. Married Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents in Gastonia, N. C., Mr. Walter Henderson, of Chester, and Miss Leslie Glenn, daughter of Dr. E. F. Glenn.

LANCASTER. News, Dec. 30: Mr. Simon Perrill, son of Mr. Richard Perrill and Miss Lovie Harris, daughter of Mr. John Harris, were married here at 7 o'clock, by Magistrate W. P. Caskey. The attendants were Mr. Wm Maddox with Miss Mamie Ferrill, and Mr. C. H. Privity and Miss Mamie Kennington. Mr. C. H. Privity and Miss Mary Kennington were married here the same day by Magistrate L. J. Perry.

Mr. Judson Godfrey, teacher of the Stewart school, in Union county, N. C., and Miss Carrie Robinson, also of Union county, were married at the residence of Mrs. Belle Robinson, in Jackson township, Union county, by the Rev. J. Meek White of Unity. Married on the 24th instant, 4 p. m., at the residence of Mrs. E. J. Disher, of Dwight, Lancaster County, Mr. Hugh M. Ogburn of Rock Hill and Miss Susie Gaston of Fort Mill. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. L. Duffie.

Mr. James Foraker, who has been here for a few days. He looks exactly like his brother, the senator. In consequence he has been held up and called "senator" until he has got tired of it. So when he was stopped in the senate corridor the other day he only sighed wearily and did not undecide his interlocutor.

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CANDY FOR THE BLUEJACKETS.

Sailors in the Navy as Fond of Sweets as Women.

During the war with Spain, when some of us were getting ready at the Brooklyn navy yard to sail for Cuba, a young man who represented a candy manufacturer boarded one of them and tackled the paymaster, who on a war vessel is boss of the canteen, which supplies the sailors at wholesale prices with almost anything they may need, such as razors, tobacco, letter paper and playing cards.

"I've got a line of goods," said the young man, "which you might do well to put in your canteen."

"What are they?" asked the paymaster. "Some pretty fine candy," answered the young man.

"Candy?" The paymaster doubled up with laughter.

"Again he gave vent to his amusement. 'You don't happen to have some nursing bottles, too, do you?'" he asked, with another laugh. "Now, sonny, what do you suppose the crew of this ship would do with candy? Rum and tobacco are more in their line. Candy? Nay, nay, boy!"

But the young man didn't propose to be turned down like that. He launched out on an eloquent plea in behalf of his goods. He quoted statistics regarding the beneficial effects of eating pure, wholesome candy and finally prevailed upon the paymaster to allow him to send an assortment to the ship agreeing to take back all that the men don't buy. It is believed that the first time any American warship started out with a candy store aboard.

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Ever since that time that young man's firm has been selling candy to the navy. Nowadays an almost every ship in the service carries an assortment of the most popular articles on sale in the canteen.

Every month the navy eats candy by the ton. But the sailors are not the only sweet toothed folks in the United States service. The army loves candy, too; and the government buys many thousands dollars' worth for the soldiers every month, and sells it to them for what it cost.

All the candy for the army goes to the Philippines. The government supplies none to the post exchanges in this country. It sends all the gaudy candy to our cities and towns, where the men can buy whatever they want.

But in the Philippines conditions are different. It is said that inferior quality and sells at a tremendous high price. Besides, as experience has shown, Americans in tropical climates crave sweets, and the government deems it wise to furnish the best in the market.

Supplying candy to the soldiers in this wild and lawless island is a problem. The first shipment was made about five years ago. Although special care was taken to guard against the Philippine heat upon the candy first sent, when the goods arrived in Manila they were practically a mass of melted sugar.

Under the supervision of Col. Bramlett of the Subsistence department at the army building in Whitehall street, experiments were made to find the best method of shipping candy to the Philippines. Finally a tin was devised that protected the contents against climatic influences.

This can, which holds a pound of candy, has a screw top lined with cork. When the cover is screwed down tight the can is air tight and water tight. The outside of the can is treated with a lacquer that prevents the tin from rusting.

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