

Humorous Department.

SINGLE ENTRY.—There was a certain young business man of Baltimore, not long married, who, relates Harper's Weekly, bethought him of a device to curb the growing extravagance of his wife.

"Now Margaret," said he, producing a neatly ruled memorandum book, "for some time you've been spending the money I give you for the household expenses, not to speak of your own personal expenses, in a somewhat loose and haphazard manner. So I've got this little book for you. You'll find that a keeping of your accounts will tend to a more economical disbursement of our funds."

"The husband explained how the receipts were to be entered on this side and the expenditures on the other, thus affording an itemized statement of the monthly balances. The young wife took the suggestion in good part and promised to keep the book as directed.

At the end of the month the husband asked that he might see how she had kept the accounts. "Oh, everything is all right, Dick," said she; "you'll find that it balances perfectly."

"I took the book. A single glance was sufficient to send him into hysterical laughter, for these were the entries: "On one side: 'Jan. 1. Received from Richard \$100.' On the other: 'Spent it all.'"

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"Yes," from the other, "that last word expresses it exactly; it was very hot yesterday."

"The weather was fine today, wasn't it?" continued the first man. "Yes," from the second, "I understand there is going to be a rise in the price of ice this summer. It's hard on the poor, isn't it?"

"Are you going away this year?" from the first man. "Near? Yes. I live near the station where I get off. I find it convenient, too," the second man replied.

"We're thinking of going to Europe. Which is the best line to sail on, do you know?" from the first. "Snow? Yes, old man, it would be a joke, with the warm weather we are having, wouldn't it? Snow, ha, ha, good joke."

Then they transferred to a local and got off the train at Times Square. The first man said to the second: "The subway is a great institution John; it gets you up here in no time."

"You bet! I like it. Some persons say they have trouble conversing while the trains are in motion, but it doesn't effect me."

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"The parson hesitated a minute and then cleared his voice; and during that time, his sweet disposition and charming manners, Mr. Sifford is one of Gastonia's most popular and industrious young men. He is at present the efficient bookkeeper of the Gastonia Hardware company. After they return from a bridal trip to northern cities, the happy couple will be at home in Gastonia. Mr. Pink Roper, an aged and highly respected citizen of Gaston county, died at his home north of Belmont Saturday afternoon, after a long, wasting illness. Mr. Roper was about eighty years of age. The surviving members of his family are his wife, Mrs. Nancy Roper, his daughters and sons, Mrs. William Springs, Miss Sue Roper, Mrs. Albert Miller of Gastonia, and Messrs. Chas. Loring and Lee Stone Roper. The funeral services were conducted at Gibby church Sunday. Mr. James Neagle, one of the best known and most highly respected and honored citizens, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Johnson, near Belmont last Thursday morning, after a very short illness. Mr. Neagle was eighty years of age and is survived by a wife and three daughters, Mrs. H. C. Johnson of Belmont; Mrs. A. P. Lentz of Mount Holly, and Mrs. Lizzie Henderson of Mt. Island. The funeral services were conducted at Ebenezer church, Friday, by Rev. J. H. Bennett of Lowell.

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"The old gentleman leaned over and rubbed his foot. "Spades!" he growled. "You were trying to get her to play hearts."

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHESTER. Lantern, June 5: Mr. W. G. Childs, has added something to the "can't-remember" literature of investigation—"No, sir; I can't remember, because it might reflect upon somebody and it would be unjust to reflect upon them."

A memory under perfect control, that... Billy Moble, Jr., was found dead in his bed this morning, at his home a few miles below town, from a gunshot wound supposedly inflicted by his own hand as a gun was lying near by. He lived alone in a cottage near his father, his wife having died a few years ago. He leaves no children. The burial will be at Woodward church sometime tomorrow... Christy Heywood, a mill operative at the Wylie mill, was sentenced to thirty days on the chain gang this morning in Judge McClure's court, for disorderly conduct at a game of baseball at the mill Friday afternoon. The grounds are provided with seats for which the occupants pay ten cents each and while the game was in progress Heywood rid the place of the ladies. He had a pair of metal knucks which added to his offence... Little Miss Cleo Partlow went to Yorkville yesterday to spend two months with her sister, Mrs. George Wallace...

Mrs. Mary Davis, widow of the late Dr. N. H. Gardin, died Saturday morning, June 2, 1906, at 10.30 o'clock at the home of Mr. Will Smith in the Armenia neighborhood. She had measles in April, followed by dysteria and has been on the decline since. She would have been seventy-five years old next September. She leaves several grandchildren, but no living children. The burial was at Armenia Sabbath after funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. M. Fryd...

One night last week Sam Gist, colored, broke into a freight car at the Southern depot and removed four sacks of sugar, a box of hardware, which he thought was canned goods, and a box of books which belonged to Mr. Burr Randall. He was caught with a sack of sugar on his back, by Mr. E. E. Wright, and lodged in jail. Next morning Mr. Starrs, one of the most reliable men in his delivery wagon at his yard and delivered it to Chief Taylor. Gist is still in jail... Frazer Gist, colored, who has been on the chain gang for a few months for car-breaking, saved his chains off last night and was making his escape when he was shot by a trusty who was keeping guard, and is seriously hurt. He was brought to the hospital and an operation was performed by Dr. S. W. Pryor but as his intestines were punctured in twenty odd places it is not probable that he will recover. He is a brother of Sam Gist, who was lodged in jail last week for a similar offence... Mrs. Jos. Gilbert and little daughter of Abbeville, spent Saturday night with Mrs. W. G. Johnson on their way to Rock Hill... Miss Anna Lewis of Yorkville, came yesterday to visit her cousin, Miss Wren Hunter... Mrs. Eliza Moore with her two granddaughters, Little Misses Hattie Meek and Leona Moore of Rock Hill, came down Saturday to visit her brother, Dr. S. G. Miller, and returned yesterday afternoon... Misses Marie and Susie McCrorey of Richburg, were guests Friday night of Mrs. W. F. Marion. The former went home Saturday morning and the latter went to Rock Hill to attend commencement... Miss Marie and Mattie Corwood of Rock Hill, who have been visiting relatives at Fort Lawn, spent Saturday night with their uncle, Mr. W. A. Cornwell, on their way to Baton Rouge to visit other relatives.

GASTON. Gastonia Gazette, June 6. Mr. W. M. Swift, the popular liverman of Bessemer City, was taken to Charlotte Sunday morning by Dr. Garrison to be operated on for appendicitis. Mr. Swift has been suffering four or five days. Mr. Arthur Winget, formerly with the Thomas school factory, is now with Jno. F. Love (Inc.)... Mr. W. Meek Oates and Miss Geneva Church of Gastonia, took an adventurous drive across the line Sunday and returned tied at Bowling Green by "Squire R. M. Dulin..." The following investigation, although not unexpected, was received by the editor of this paper from a person in the city yesterday: Rev. and Mrs. John Lemacks Stokes extend an invitation to the marriage of their daughter Elise Meynard to Mr. Robert Julian Sifford, on the evening of Tuesday, the nineteenth of June, at half past eight o'clock, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Yorkville, South Carolina... Miss Stokes has been for several years a member of the graded school faculty, and during that time, has won hundreds of friends by her sweet disposition and charming manners. Mr. Sifford is one of Gastonia's most popular and industrious young men. He is at present the efficient bookkeeper of the Gastonia Hardware company. After they return from a bridal trip to northern cities, the happy couple will be at home in Gastonia. Mr. Pink Roper, an aged and highly respected citizen of Gaston county, died at his home north of Belmont Saturday afternoon, after a long, wasting illness. Mr. Roper was about eighty years of age. The surviving members of his family are his wife, Mrs. Nancy Roper, his daughters and sons, Mrs. William Springs, Miss Sue Roper, Mrs. Albert Miller of Gastonia, and Messrs. Chas. Loring and Lee Stone Roper. The funeral services were conducted at Gibby church Sunday. Mr. James Neagle, one of the best known and most highly respected and honored citizens, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Johnson, near Belmont last Thursday morning, after a very short illness. Mr. Neagle was eighty years of age and is survived by a wife and three daughters, Mrs. H. C. Johnson of Belmont; Mrs. A. P. Lentz of Mount Holly, and Mrs. Lizzie Henderson of Mt. Island. The funeral services were conducted at Ebenezer church, Friday, by Rev. J. H. Bennett of Lowell.

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TABAH DISTRICT OF SINAI.

Subject of Dispute Between England and Turkey.

The village of Akabah, which has recently emerged into notice, is occasionally visited by travelers who, having proceeded through the desert of Sinai as far as the Monastery of St. Catherine, wish to pursue their journey to visit the wonderful remains of Petra, that "rose red city, half as old as time." The route from Sinai to Petra passes through Akabah, where a new set of camels and Bedouins must be hired, and where the traveler must enter into negotiations with the Turkish officials and the Arab sheiks for permission and an escort to proceed.

These negotiations are always tiresome and protracted, and probably most tourists who have found themselves at Akabah are heartily glad when they get away again. There is nothing attractive about the place except its site. It lies amid a pleasant grove of palms at the head of the Eastern Gulf of the Red Sea, corresponding to Suez at the head of the Western Gulf.

There the similarity ends. Akabah has none of the busy life, the bustling traffic or the procession of "great liners, white and gold" that give interest to the scene at Suez. It is in a cul-de-sac. You may walk for a day along the shores of its barren gulf and never see a sail. Brilliant and sparkling are its waves, yet so far from being concerned the gulf is almost as dead as the Dead Sea, says a correspondent of the London Globe, and at the head of the gulf the waters die away into a dismal salt flat as if from mere dulness.

On the land side, too, Akabah is equally cut off from the world by leagues of flinty desert, skirted by jagged and precipitous mountains, a region bare, stony, waterless and inhospitable. Of course, if the Mecca railway has a branch to Akabah the isolation of the place will be remedied, but hitherto it has touched civilization no nearer than Gaza, which is a week's camel ride distant. Save at times of exceptional excitement, such as the present, or when the caravan of the Hajj, or Pilgrimage to Mecca, passes through, life at Akabah must be extremely dull.

No wonder then that the rare advent of a European traveler with his camp is an occasion of which the most is made in the way of getting as much out of him as possible. The route from the Monastery of Sinai to Akabah strikes the shores of the gulf at Nuweiba, where there is an Egyptian outpost in an oasis of palms on the seashore. Some thirty miles further on up the coast the traveler passes through Tabah, which, though sometimes lately alluded to as a "town" is merely a wadi, or valley, where a few palm trees and a spring make a possible camping place. Another two hours' journey round the top of the gulf brings him to Akabah itself.

In order to understand the game of traveler feecing as played at Akabah, it is necessary to describe the situation there in normal times. First, there is the Turkish garrison, usually under command of a kaimakam (Colonel), who acts as governor of the place. This garrison is located in the fort, the only substantial building in the place, a great square, old fashioned castle, whose massive curtain walls and frowning gateway are flanked by imposing towers. The rest of Akabah, consisting of mud built hovels, clusters together among the palms around the fortress.

Pay day comes rarely in the Turkish army, and at Akabah it hardly ever comes at all, to judge from the ragged and miserable appearance of the soldiers. A gleam of satisfaction, however, probably crosses their countenances at the sight of the traveler's camp arriving. Here at least comes some one who can be made to hand over money even if the sultan cannot. Allah be praised! The tourist cannot proceed on his way without the permit of the kaimakam, who will see to it that he does not start too easily.

Next in importance to the Turkish governor and in many ways even more influential, is the sheikh of the local Bedouins. He owns all the camels in the district, and as camel is the sole means of transport, he makes his own terms. He is the ally of the governor in making the traveler pay out liberally, though these two worthies are evidently suspicious of each other as to dividing the spoil. Lastly, there are the villagers who have eggs, scraggy chickens and goatlike lambs to sell, ready to be anxious to make their money, should they depart from their coasts too soon. Judging from the rapacity of all these people, you conclude that some of the sharks, of which the Red Sea is so full, finding the water come to an end at Akabah, must have got out here on the shore.

The traveler who rashly intrudes into this home of harpies does not do so without fair warning of what he may expect. The admonitions of guide books and the records of previous journeys warn him that every care should be taken by inquiry at Cairo and Suez to ascertain whether the lawlessness of the Bedouins makes the journey on from Akabah in that direction impossible, that letters of commendation should be procured from military authorities at Akabah, and that as a final precaution, a messenger should be sent on about a week ahead to bring back an assurance that the traveler really can be sent on to Petra.

What avail all these precautions? Your messenger, of course, brings back glowing promises from the Akabah authorities, who naturally want you to walk into their clutches, your letters of commendation are received with every mark of consideration, but when you are a week's journey from everywhere, and there is no telegraph, such things avail but little. The main point is, "Behold, this traveler cometh, come let us bleed him!" the traveler is presumably accompanied by an honest dragoman, who has contracted to carry out the journey at so much a day, inclusive, and who naturally does not care to submit to exactions, though otherwise he has no objection to the journey being lengthened by a few days' delay.

The process of traveler bleeding as practised by Turkish officials is simple and efficacious. First comes a great overhauling of your baggage and store for contraband and suspicious articles, and the customs laws in the remote parts of the Ottoman dominions are, to say the least, of it vague, there is much back-sheesh necessary before the matter is settled. Then the examination of passports, however carefully procured, always discloses some mysterious and alarming irregularity, which, if not the result of equally mysterious removal by dint of a cash payment.

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The process of traveler bleeding as practised by Turkish officials is simple and efficacious. First comes a great overhauling of your baggage and store for contraband and suspicious articles, and the customs laws in the remote parts of the Ottoman dominions are, to say the least, of it vague, there is much back-sheesh necessary before the matter is settled. Then the examination of passports, however carefully procured, always discloses some mysterious and alarming irregularity, which, if not the result of equally mysterious removal by dint of a cash payment.

Next in importance to the Turkish governor and in many ways even more influential, is the sheikh of the local Bedouins. He owns all the camels in the district, and as camel is the sole means of transport, he makes his own terms. He is the ally of the governor in making the traveler pay out liberally, though these two worthies are evidently suspicious of each other as to dividing the spoil. Lastly, there are the villagers who have eggs, scraggy chickens and goatlike lambs to sell, ready to be anxious to make their money, should they depart from their coasts too soon. Judging from the rapacity of all these people, you conclude that some of the sharks, of which the Red Sea is so full, finding the water come to an end at Akabah, must have got out here on the shore.

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ROYAL TIGER DRIVE IN NEPAL.

Close Cordon of Four Hundred Elephants Employed.

Wishing to see something of Jung's famous method of tiger driving, I went with three gentlemen of Mr. Gillespie's party to the neighborhood of the jungle which was to be beaten an hour or so before the time fixed for the prince's start from camp. Before we had gone half a mile, says a correspondent of the Indian Pioneer, we got a glimpse of the scale on which Maharajah conducts his operations.

For the purpose of this single beat upwards of forty huts had been constructed, only of boughs and leaves it is true, but still huts quite as substantial as those which the Taros in the Terai consider good enough for permanent habitation. These huts were built in a perfectly straight line about twenty yards apart, this line being in fact the chord of an arc, the arc itself formed by a close cordon of elephants.

By day for several previous days these huts, open towards the arc, had been occupied by troops of soldiers and shikaries who by the noise of their chatter and the clatter of their cooking and wood cutting quite deprived the tigers in the forest in front of them of any fancy for strolling that way; and by night these sentries had maintained huge fires between each hut, which fires had the same result of barring the way during the dark hours. In front of this line of huts a path about ten yards wide had been cleared of timber so as to permit the convenient approach of the prince's elephants to the scene of action.

By this time the prince and his party were beginning to arrive, so the Maharajah pushed forward to meet him and we joined in beholding the plan of operations, which is indeed of the utmost simplicity, began to develop itself. The cordon of thirty or forty elephants which I formerly mentioned, and which marked one end of the arc or semi-circle of elephants, now extended themselves in line, directly the prince's party had passed, so as to form the chord of the arc, as far as the number permitted. In the meantime, while the prince and Maharajah with their followers, proceeded along the line of huts until they came to the last, where was the other extremity of the arc.

The elephants of our party (also perhaps thirty or forty in number) were then extended backward so as to join hands with the pad elephants which had succeeded to furnish, say, half the chord, and then the ring of elephants around the doomed tiger was complete. Three elephants only were exempted from forming links in this chain, those of the prince, the Maharajah and Gen. Probyn. These were within the ring and free to go wherever desirable, all others to keep in their places in the circle so far as intervening trees would permit, and simply press convergently to the centre. Strict directions were given that no one under any circumstances was to fire except the prince, even Jung Bahadur and Gen. Probyn would not fire unless in the case of the prince's extreme peril. Then the ring of the elephants, every mahout pressing toward the same point, but within the ring, and a little in advance of our part of it, began to close in.

There were about 400 elephants employed. I should guess that at first there may have been on the average