

Humorous Department.

STOOD THE TEST.—A dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh, I haven't," she gasped.

"But it really won't hurt you at all, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, then, I'll have one pulled out. Just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back and opened his mouth and the dentist set to work with his forceps, when the girl protested.

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Move away, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan and, as she went out, she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.—T.H. Bits.

THOUGHT HE SAW DOUBLE.—A worthy professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion.

The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great and the fair neighbor with whom the professor was engaged in a lively conversation.

When the company rose from the table the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet.

In his anxiety to save appearances, he repaired to the drawing room, where the lady of the house yielded to the wishes of her lady friends and ordered the nurse to bring in the baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest the door, who happened to be the professor.

"The latter gazed intently at them for a while, as if deciding whether or not there were two or one, and then said, somewhat huskily:

"Really, what a bonnie little child!"

—People's Magazine.

A STUBBORN ECLAIR.—An amusing story is told of a New York man growing out of his extreme near-sightedness.

The New Yorker, in company with friends, was dining at a hotel in Florida. At dessert the near-sighted man had considerable difficulty in removing from the plate, passed him by the colored waiter, what he took to be a chocolate éclair. The New Yorker thrust his fork under it and tried again and again to pry it from the plate, but without success.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that his friends were convulsed with laughter, which much surprised him, for he saw nothing particularly humorous in the situation. This surprise was turned to astonishment when the dark waiter remarked in an apologetic way:

"I beg 'y' pardon, sah, but dat's my thumb."—Sunday Magazine.

IRVING AND THE LAWYER.—Sir Henry Irving was at one time a witness in a case of street robbery. He had seen a sneak thief make off with a girl's pocketbook and he consented to appear as a witness for the girl.

The thief's lawyer was of the type that roars and rants at witnesses and attempts to break them down. He tried this method on the distinguished actor.

"And at what hour, sir, did this happen?" asked the lawyer.

"I think," began Sir Henry, when the lawyer interrupted with:

"It isn't what you think, sir; it's what you know that we want!"

"Don't you want to know what I think?" mildly asked the actor.

"I well, then," said Sir Henry, "I might as well leave the witness box. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."—Caledonian.

NOR HAS HOUR.—A Chicagoan was praising the late Marshall Field.

"Mr. Field was a kindly man," he said. "He spoke like no one, and when his opinion was asked of a person and it was not a favorable opinion, he would express it in such a gentle and quaint way that its sting would be mostly lost."

"Once at a dinner I praised the conversational talent of a man across the table. I said to Mr. Field:

"Do you know him?"

"I have met him," the other answered.

"Well, he is a clever chap," I said. "He can talk brilliantly for an hour at a stretch."

"Then, when I met him," said Mr. Field, "it must have been the beginning of the second hour."—New York Tribune.

"I DREAMED I WAS A KING.—Two darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelons."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum yah! Dat would suttinly be fine. Ah' ef yo' had a hundred watermelons would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelons."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powerful stingy, Moses. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyan, niggah, are yo' so good-ferruffin, lazy dat yo' caln't wish 'fo' yo' own watermelons?"—Manila Sun.

ANYWHERE IS GOOD ENOUGH.—A senator from a central western state sought an interview with the president, asking him to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom the senator was in some way bound, but who was offensive disliked by reason of his hearty persistence in seeking favors.

"Where do you want him sent?" the senator was asked.

At this the senator took a step or two to the center of the room, where stood a large globe. Putting one arm around it as far as he could reach, the senator said:

"I don't know what locality my finger touches, but please send him there."—Harper's Weekly.

Hotel-keeper.—My rates for rooms are two dollars a night. But how much for the "profess?" I am Hamfatter Hamlet, the tragedian, Hotel-keeper.—Oh, in that case, it will have to be two dollars down.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHESTER.

Lantern, December 14: Miss Annie Fyassov Davis of Winnsboro, and Mr. John Calvin Thorn of Rion, were married in St. John's Episcopal church in Winnsboro, at 5.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Davis.

The Lancaster News announces the coming marriage of Miss Florence Patrick of White Oak, and Mr. Arthur B. Robinson of Lancaster, on the evening of Dec. 19th, at the home of the prospective bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Patrick at White Oak, at 6.30 o'clock.

Union Progress announces that Miss Vista Wood, formerly of Rock Hill, has accepted a place on the staff of that paper made vacant by the resignation of Miss M. W. Mulligan, who takes work in Spartanburg, where she will be with her parents.

A telegram was received in the city Monday announcing the sudden death of Mrs. W. J. C. Hastings at her home in Tecumseh, Michigan. She was buried Wednesday. Mrs. Hastings was a sister of Messrs. John, Alex and Robert Fraser and Mrs. W. A. Coln. She is survived by her husband and six children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were residents of this city for a few years ago. While here Mr. Hastings worked for the Singer Sewing Machine company.

From four to eight and ten school boys, ranging in age from seven to fifteen years, collect at the Southern depot early in the morning and make it a loafing place until school hour.

They smoke cigarettes, use bad language, get into fusses and their loud voices and running in and around the waiting room make it very unpleasant for passengers and those who are there for necessity.

LANCASTER.

News, December 15: Mrs. L. C. Harrison went over to Rock Hill this week, to visit relatives, while Mr. Harrison was in Charleston attending the meeting of the Masonic grand lodge.

Mrs. Martha A. Blackman, an aged lady of the cotton mill, died Tuesday morning of pneumonia. She was about sixty-five years old and is survived by two sons, Mr. R. J. Blackman, of this place, and Mr. D. L. Blackman of Salisbury, N. C.

Mr. John Thompson, formerly of Lancaster, but now living at Edgemoor, was badly hurt in Rock Hill last Tuesday. He was engaged in feeding his mules, when the animals became frightened and knocked him down. When found, he was unconscious and had an ugly gash over the left eye. The wound was dressed by Dr. Massey.

Dr. Reese Williams and his lovely bride were given a charming reception last evening by Col. and Mrs. T. Y. Williams, at the latter's elegant home on Main street and Chesterfield avenue. A number of invited guests were present. Elaborate refreshments were served during the evening.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, December 14: Miss Benie Ford, who has been spending several days with her mother, Mrs. Laura Ford at Grover, went to Yorkville Wednesday afternoon to accept a position in a dress-making establishment.

Messrs. George and Billie Henry enjoyed a hunt at Henry's Knob Wednesday. The party wound up at Mr. John Henry's, in the Bethel section, where they were given a fine dinner. In taking the assets of the hunt it was found that the party realized from their day's sport sixteen quail, three guineas and two pounds of butter.

The party enjoyed a fine time.

Last week the Ansonian of Wadesboro, was boasting of the fact that Anson was the proud possessor of six ex-sheriffs, who served terms aggregating thirty years, at the name of venturing the guess that there were mighty few counties that could compete with it in this line.

Gaston boasts of one more than Anson, having seven ex-sheriffs in all, their terms aggregating thirty-two years. They are, G. W. McKee, four years; R. A. White of Bessemer City, four years; W. C. Abernethy of Gastonia, six years; M. H. Shuford of Gastonia, six years; A. K. Loftin, now living in Greensboro, two years; W. T. Love of Greensboro, ten years; and C. Armstrong of Gastonia, six years.

Anson will have to try some other line in order to beat Gaston. At his home near Pleasant Ridge Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock, Mr. M. L. Dickson died after a long illness. Death was due to a complication of diseases, following a long sickness from malarial fever which began in September, 1905. He spent sometime in a Charlotte hospital but was not benefited. The deceased was well-to-do farmer of Pleasant Ridge near Grover.

He was about thirty-eight years of age, unmarried and lived with his brother, Mr. T. Emmet Dickson. Two other brothers, H. S. Dickson of Pleasant Ridge and O. S. Dickson, residing near Gastonia, and two sisters, Mrs. J. M. Faires and Miss Harriet Dickson, also survive. The funeral and burial took place Wednesday afternoon at the Oak Presbyterian church of which he was a member. Rev. G. A. Sparrow conducting the services.

And Will the Sahib Ride?

The best way under the sun to kill time—bar none—is to travel in a British chopper. This vessel is as cumbersome as it is picturesque. In appearance it is a cross between an automobile and a king's triumphal char. Its body is rectangular. Four carved posts support a double roof. Between the roofs is space sufficient to hold one's baggage and body servant. The body is usually brilliantly painted—sky blue is a favorite color—and elaborately ornamented with flowers and divinities of ludicrous lines and features.

The sides, which are open, are hung with curtains. The traveler sits in the center of the body while four white oxen, their backs covered with red cloths, carry him over the ground at the leisurely rate of two miles an hour. That is, on level stretches. It is considerably less going up hill. It is decidedly more going down. As soon as the descent is begun the driver goes the oxen into galloping, and down the hill the choppers careens madly. The wise traveler never goes down two hills in a chopper. He gets out and walks after negotiating his first one in this hair-raising fashion.

The unusual sensations attendant on this kind of experience are heightened by the circling and jabbing of the foot of the average Indian hill road a miniature torrent runs. This is crossed only by a narrow foot bridge, and into the stream the oxen plunge, to

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

A DREAM THAT WON.

The True Story That is Related by a Veracious Writer.

One reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that makers of fiction generally try to be plausible, while truth is never hampered by any such consideration. Here, for instance, is a true story. No really expert fiction writer would think of concealing so improbable a yarn.

A Brooklyn man, whom we may as well call Smith—the Smiths are all so used to it they probably won't mind—this Smith dreamed a policy gig one night not long ago. The numbers were so deeply impressed on his mind that he remembered them when he awoke and told them to a relative at the breakfast table.

"There's a quarter," said the relative, half in fun, "and I will play the gig today."

Smith tossed a quarter over to him, and the matter dropped from his mind. That afternoon a knowing horseman gave Smith a dead straight tip. It was the surest thing ever and a good long shot, so Smith borrowed \$50 and lost it on the horse.

That evening on his way home he passed the cigar store where he usually stopped. He concluded that, with only 50 cents in his pocket, he'd better smoke his pipe after dinner.

"Give me a quarter," said his relative after the evening meal, "and I'll give you a good cigar."

"Well, give me a quarter and I won't give you a good cigar," the relative insisted.

"There's no quarters to spare," Smith answered morosely. He was dreadfully in the dumps. He had promised to pay the \$50 next day and had no idea how he was going to raise it.

"Give me a quarter, I tell you," the relative demanded. "I must have it."

"Oh, well, if it's as bad as that," said Smith, "I'll give you a quarter."

"But Smith went right on filling up the old pipe."

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WOMEN IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

Some Reasons That Have Been Given For Abandoning Skirts.

Cases of women in male attire are more frequent than may be supposed. In some instances women have fought in battle as common soldiers. The story of those who have for various reasons donned civilian male attire may not be so romantic, but it is equally extraordinary.

Rosa Bonheur's case is, perhaps, the most famous. This celebrated animal painter petitioned the French government to allow her to wear male dress at the horse fairs which she had to attend in order to obtain material for her pictures. The petition was successful and for many years Mme. Bonheur went about France universally respected in the guise of a "man-woman."

Nor was Mme. Bonheur the only lady to whom the privilege was granted. At least three other women—a sculptor, a scientist and a journalist—hold a like permission from the French government, and utilize it to the full.

It is usual and permissible, for women to adopt male attire in certain forms of athletics and sport and in such occupations as gardening, farming, and colliery labor. We have had women in this country, who have had their hair cut and their dresses shortened, and who have been employed in hunting, cycling, mountaineering, hockey, etc., the wearing of semi-masculine garb is almost a necessity.

The custom of riding astride is growing among horsewomen, and of course this cannot be done in skirts. Lady Violet Grenville informs us that numbers of ladies of title are adopting it, among the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Castlereagh, Lady Conroy, and Stewart-Richardson and Hon. Mrs. Fairbairn—to mention only a few.

The ladies of certain hunts—the Exmoor hunt, for instance—long ago took to the riding astride habit. A few days ago a lady even had the courage to appear on horseback in Regent's Park, riding astride in a three cornered hat, skirt coat, top boots and breeches.

Male attire is usually adopted by women either for criminal purposes or for the necessity of earning a living.

In the latter category come the 5,851 females who work at the coal pits of Great Britain, either above or below ground. A very large proportion of these, especially in Lancashire, wear trousers at their work. Many other examples of men-women workers may be cited.

"Lady Jack," the daughter of a distinguished naval officer, works on a farm near St. Mary Cray, dressed in a neat Norfolk suit, with cap, leggings and boots to match. Tall and muscular, she shares all the rough work with the laborers.

A waggoner who was knocked down and killed at Colombes, France, last December, turned out to be a woman. She was noted for her feats of strength, which gained for her the nickname of Iron Arm. She could use her fists with such skill that few men cared to stand against her.

"Capt. John Tweed," sailed the Atlantic for years as a male skipper, the secret being revealed by a post-mortem. Esther McEwan, a fifteen-year-old Scottish lassie, caused a sensation four years ago by dressing as a man, and living for a time in a coal mine and then running away to sea as a cabin boy. She successfully completed several voyages before her sex was discovered.

With regard to criminal masqueraders, a London detective asserts that scores of women are wearing men's clothes in London for nefarious reasons.

Mabel Truelove was recently sent to jail for a month for traveling on railways in male attire. Gertrude Chapman, a sixteen-year-old girl, was caught at Downing, who was brought up at the Mitley, riding on a stolen bicycle with a young man's cycling clothes.

Pauli Mansion House in September last year proved to be a woman, who was dressed in a jacket suit, with brown leather leggings, white shirt and collar and wideawake hat.

The amazing adventures of the "man-woman" Catherine Coome were told at length by herself in 1904. She was then aged sixty-eight years, fifty of which she had lived strenuously as a man, in men's clothes. Dock laboring, printing, seamanship, painting, and decorating were familiar occupations to her. She married Percy Coome at the age of fifteen.

She was a female cab-driver named Beryl Seymour, held a license in London for three years. She looked a rather short and stout cabman, but she carried her livelihood with the best of the fraternity "on the rank." Migrating to Liverpool, she worked there for six years, and then went to London, where she became a hackney cab driver. Falling into the hands of the police, her sex was discovered by Waterloo J. J. It is quite possible that she may now be back in London, a respected elderly cabby perched upon her hansom.—London Express.

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Handsomest Goods and Lowest Prices at the York Drug Store.

Real Estate For Sale.

1 tract land, 3 miles south Yorkville, near Chester, 41 acres, one house, Alexander place, Price \$1,000.

One house and lot, containing seven acres in Yorkville, good orchard, good place to educate your children. Price \$300—J. H. Neely place.

One house and 23 acres of land inside corporate limits of Yorkville—in cultivation—dirt well. Price \$300—cheap as dirt can be.

One 2 1/2 mile farm, 2 Engines, 1 Boiler, Grist Mill, very cheap, for Quick sale. Wanted renters for four one-horse farms—2 miles of Yorkville.

18 acres of part of the Shillingland farm, in high state of cultivation, 1 1/2 miles east of Yorkville. A new house, water—a bargain.

48 acres, 2 1/2 miles from Smyrna, one house, branch—30 to 35 acres in fine timber—7,500 feet saw timber—1,000 feet in shingles, also a Nancy Dover land, cheap, \$500.

38 acres on Howell's Ferry road, 1 1/2 miles from Yorkville, 3-room dwelling, good barn and stables. Price \$30 per acre.

100 acres, 3 miles southwest of Bethany—25 acres open, 75 acres in wood. P. B. Pinkney. Price \$12.50 per acre.

164 acres, 4 1/2 miles west of Yorkville, in high state of cultivation, 100 houses with 4-rooms each—50 acres in timber.

393 acres, one mile Bullock's Creek church, 1 1/2 miles from Yorkville. New barn, good tenant houses. Everything convenient.

98 acres and residence of Sam C. Smith; a two-story, seven-room house. New barn, 10 foot driveway; 3 stalls in stable—sheds, 100 feet long, 100 feet wide—good water. Adjoining academy; 4 miles of Yorkville. Elegant home. Buy and educate your children here.

35 acres, 6 miles northwest Yorkville, good water, 8 acres forest timber, 3 acres fine bottom land of S. C. Smith, 400 bushels of corn, 500 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of oats.

180 acres, 6 miles south Yorkville, 2 houses, 2 1/2 miles from Yorkville, good orchard bottom, 50 acres in wire pasture, good barn and out-houses—cheap—\$3 cash. Dr. Cartwright place, 50 acres timber.