

Humorous Department.

AMONG THE COBBERS.—A lawyer was talking about the late Samuel C. T. Dodd, the Standard Oil lawyer, whose salary from the great corporation was \$200,000 a year.

"Mr. Dodd," said the lawyer, "had an excellent legal talent. He it was, you know, who organized the Standard Oil trust. What further endeared him to Mr. Rockefeller was his strict views about the observance of Sabbath."

"They tell a story about Dodd when he was a struggling practitioner in Franklin.

"There was a Franklin minister who went gunning a great deal, and altogether was rather a sporting character.

"At a little church supper one night the minister was boasting about his knowledge of horses and hunting, his marksmanship, and so on, when Dodd interrupted him.

"You're a good sportsman, are you?" he said.

"Well," said the minister, not suspecting any trap, "I am not a bad sportsman, if I do say it myself."

"Yes," said Dodd, "if I were a bird I could hide where there'd be no danger of your potting me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the minister.

"I'd hide," Dodd answered, "in your study."

AN AMENDMENT.—In Mississippi there was a colored preacher noted for those parts for the extreme frankness and candor of his exhortations to his wicked brethren to reform.

On one occasion, relates Representative John Sharp Williams, the divine was holding forth on the sin of theft.

"I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Dan Samson."

This bold statement of fact rather aroused the resentment of the afore-said Samson, and he threatened the minister with personal violence.

The latter's friends persuaded the divine to withdraw the accusation if Samson would promise not to offer the minister any hurt.

The question seemed about to be adjusted, it being settled that the clergyman should, on the following Sunday, publicly retract his statement as to the honesty of Mr. Samson.

Therefore, rising in the pulpit on the day appointed, the minister said:

"It pears dat a remark of mine in de sermon of last Sunday has been de cause of offence, an' I derefore amends it. What I should have said was dis: 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, not includin' Dan Samson.'"

WHAT STUMPED PAT.—Pat had just arrived from Ireland, and as he was walking away from the Quebec docks, met an American who was on his way to Dawson. He asked Pat to go too.

Pat at first would not, but when the American told him he might get rich there he readily consented. They went by degrees, catching a free ride at last they arrived in the gold fields they staked their claims and settled down to business.

They dug for some time, but without success. At last they determined to give it up. Pat was very low-spirited, as he was out of funds. They determined to quit the next day.

In the evening, as they were talking it over, the American, thinking to crack a joke on Pat, said:

"Why couldn't I dress you up as a monkey and exhibit you?"

"What, where's we get the other man?" Pat innocently replied.

"What other man?" asked the American.

"Why," replied Pat, "the man to tell which end of the string the monkey's on."—Judge's Library.

HIS IDEA OF A BATH.—"I had a bachelor apartment at one time with an Englishman who was always talking about his 'bath, you know,'"

he began, according to the New York Press. "The first thing of a morning he said: 'I must take my bath, you know. Really, now, I must take by bath. Haw, haw!'"

"He did so much talking about this 'bath' of his that he must take 'you know' that I stayed one morning to see him take it, to see if it was different from the bath of the American."

"It was, you know. This is what he did: First he spread a soft towel at the bottom of the bath tub, then turned on the water till it was about two inches high.

"So as not to chill my feet, you know," he explained to me. "Haw, haw!"

"Then he stood on the soft towel in the two inches of water, turned on the spray, sprang through it, leaped out and rushed for a towel, you know. Haw, haw!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHESTER.

Lantern, May 28: Rev. J. S. Grier of Sharon, S. C., passed through yesterday morning on his return home from New Hope, in Fairfield county, where he preached Saturday and Sabbath and held communion service.

W. M. Love of McConellsville, who has been spending two weeks with her mother in Greenwood, was in the city Saturday afternoon on her return home. Her son, Mr. Robert Love, who has been taking a business course in Atlanta, stopped over two days with her in Greenwood and accompanied her home.

Saturday morning Mrs. R. C. Smith drove out in her decorated buggy which took a prenum at the horse show to have it photographed. When she returned a trace came loose at the gate and she stopped. The horses backed and ran the vehicle in a lock, when she got out. The horses then started on a run up Church street.

When they reached Mrs. Stevarts', one of them struck a tree and the other fell over the fence into the road. The latter was not much hurt but the former was badly hurt in his head. Dr. J. E. Cornell said the skull was broken, but three or four days would be required to judge as to results. The horse is apparently doing well now and it is hoped that he will recover. He has eaten well and moved about all the time since he was hurt, very much as if nothing had happened.

The horses are a magnificent pair of black ones. Mr. Smith paid \$800 for a pair and then traded one in such a way as to make the cost of the present pair \$550.

LANCASTER.

News, May 29: The closing exercises of the Lancaster graded schools, held in the auditorium last Friday evening, were highly entertaining and creditable alike to pupils and teachers.

The school principal and friends of attendance of prominent members of the school were unusually large, the auditorium being crowded to its utmost capacity. The address of Col. Marion was an able, scholarly effort and was much enjoyed by his large and appreciative audience.

..... Mrs. Huey, wife of Mr. Joseph Huey of Belair, died last Saturday night. She was a daughter of Mr. J. W. Collins of the same place, and was about 40 years of age. She was a most estimable lady and was a consistent member of the Methodist church. Her husband and five children survive her.

..... The Lancaster schools having closed, several of the teachers have returned to their homes. Principal J. A. Jenkins of the Central school, has gone to Yorkville; Miss Grace Whitson, principal of the Cotton Mills school, to Wilkesville, Cherokee county; Miss Beale Harper, principal of the McIntyre school, to the Central school to Kingsree and Marion, respectively.

..... Mrs. Sallie Adams, whose desperate illness was noted in our last issue, died last Friday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock, at her home in this vicinity. She was a daughter of the late Joseph Strain, and widow of the late Jas. W. Adams. She was in her sixtieth year, having been born in 1848.

..... Mr. S. T. Cauthen of the Dry Creek section, had quite a snake scare last Friday. While in a stable cleaning out the horse rack he observed something move in the rack which he thought was a rat, but on raking away some trash with his hand he discovered a snake, which he soon dispatched with a hoe. On turning around and looking about the stable he saw two immense moccasins lying on the ground. These he killed with his gun, going to the house after it for the purpose. Leaving the stable Mr. Cauthen went to his crib, and on opening the door the first thing that greeted his eyes was still another snake, but this one succeeded in making good its escape before Mr. Cauthen could attack it.

..... Joe Brown, the negro charged with stealing the horse of Mr. Orin Blackmon the 4th of last November, has been located by Sheriff Hunter in Florida. It will be recalled that Brown made his escape from the county just after the horse was taken, and although the animal was recovered, the whereabouts of the negro was not known until Sheriff Hunter located him on a rural route in Florida a few days ago, where he was going by the name of W. H. Brown. The sheriff had him arrested and he is now in jail at Jacksonville. Capt. Hunter has applied to Gov. Ansel for requisition papers and as soon as he receives them will go to Florida after his prisoner.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, May 28: Mr. R. B. Babington, manager of the Piedmont Telephone and Telegraph company, left this morning for Blacksburg, S. C., where he will be for a day or two. Yesterday morning work was begun on a line which the company will build from Blacksburg to Yorkville, a distance of twenty-six miles. Two squads of men were put out on one end from Blacksburg, the other out from Yorkville.

..... Gaston superior court has been taken up this week with the famous case of E. D. Latta vs. the Catawba Electric power company, which involves the water rights at Mountain Island. The case has been pending for several years and is now being tried for its first time. Mr. Latta is represented by Messrs. C. W. Tillet and W. B. Rodman of Charlotte, and Hon. O. P. Mason of Gaston. The Catawba Electric power company is represented by Judge Frank I. Osborne of New York; Messrs. V. C. Maxwell and J. W. Keenan of Charlotte. Yesterday, Judge Osborne made a motion to throw the case out of court and it came very near going. However, the case is now being tried, unless it is cut short, will take the entire week of the court.

..... Chief of Police J. C. Duncan of Blacksburg, arrived in Gastonia Sunday afternoon on No. 12, having in his custody Will Rhinehardt, a white man who is wanted at Lincoln on two charges, one for selling whisky, the other for assaulting a man whose name was not learned. He was met here by Chief of Police E. W. Keener of Lincoln, and Sheriff J. K. Cline of Lincoln, who took Rhinehardt in charge and returned to Lincoln with him. For several days previous to his arrest the man had been wandering around in the woods near Blacksburg and the people in that vicinity, becoming frightened because of his presence, reported the matter to the police authorities and he was arrested on suspicion. After he was placed in jail at Blacksburg he confessed that he was wanted at Lincoln on the charges named above. The authorities at that place were communicated with, the result being as above stated.

THE WORLD BECOMING HONEST.

Such is the Opinion of a Famous New York Preacher.

The geologist tells us that the White Mountains were the first peaks to emerge from the sea; then, little by little, the whole continent appeared, rising above the hot waters of either ocean. That was a great moment when Mount Washington first cleared itself of water, steam and mud and stood forth, crowned with sunlight, the forerunner of a new continent.

But more wonderful still was the entrance of conscience and ethics into the industrial and corporate life of the republic. For years, doubtless, preparatory processes have been going on, but the ethical movement has published itself only in the last few weeks and months. Today the railroads are posting their rates and withdrawing secret rebates.

Alarmed, politicians no longer have franchises in the lobbies of the city hall. Recently a wholesale house has raised the price for certain food products. The reason given is that hitherto each pound package contained fifteen ounces, the other ounce being the pasteboard box. They have to charge more now, because they give sixteen ounces in return for the purchased. The merchant says that the saving of that ounce always paid for the pasteboard boxes and the packing. Now that his firm has become honest he has to raise the price.

In his innocence he has confessed that for years his firm has stolen one-sixteenth of the goods from the people who bought them. Henceforth who can say that religion is not worth its weight in gold and coffee and rice and sugar? It seems that the appearance of conscience in trade has wrought out the pure food bill, and that henceforth the foods that are adulterated will be marked adulterated and foods that are pure will be marked pure.

Even more wonderful is the influence of conscience in politics. The time was when the world of politics was a wide waste, a Salton Sea. Now an occasional peak of honesty is emerging therefrom. The peaks may seem solitary and separated, the occasional names being as distant from each other as the star named Sirius and our sun. Nevertheless, conscience has appeared.

In Springfield, Ill., a merchant from a certain city wished a bill put through the legislature. On the surface the bill looked all right, representing the interests of the people; secretly it was in the interest of the merchant, who had sent his paid lobbyists to the state capital. Probably the legislators did not know what was involved, but their leaders reported the bill favorably. On hearing of this good fortune the merchant prepared to take the bill to Chicago, but in the late afternoon he decided to drive out and visit Lincoln's tomb. Stopping his carriage, he walked slowly about the monument. When the shadows fell the night found him still looking at the face of Lincoln, with his face turned toward the state house and his hand holding a roll. At length in the darkness the merchant returned to his home. Giving up his berth on the sleeper, he spent the night in the capital, but all night long he tossed and he turned when the dawn dawned he sent for his representative and told him to withdraw the bill. When his attorney expostulated, saying that the bill would pass since the work was all done, the merchant insisted. Pressed for his reason, he drove his attorney to the park and cemetery, and there, in front of Lincoln's monument, he bade the driver stop, and looking up, he said to the lobbyist: "I cannot do so mean a thing with Lincoln looking toward me as he is watching me."

Being dead, the martyr president lived and spoke eloquently, pleading for justice and honesty. And in every city and state capital honest men are appearing. Every day witnesses a political uprising in some city. With whips and scourges the public conscience is driving the money changes out of the city councils. The time is near at hand when the city council shall be as honorable and distinguished as a body as the Chamber of Commerce. And this is a new note in the political world.

More striking still the ethical note in the realm of public morals. England can no longer say that the multi-millionaire can do anything he wants to in America. If any European reads the American press the last week he will discover that so far from the people living in awe of the multi-millionaire and good morals he will close the books with the idea that the aforementioned Croesus has had all the sewers in forty cities emptied upon his bediamonded, talkative and much-betrothed neck.

That cell also in the prison with its inmate warns all youth that legal ability, all the influence of friends and money, avail nothing to keep a successful lawyer who has perjured himself and helped conceal crime from going to his own place behind the bars. A man is hungry he must eat coals of fire. And when a man is avaricious he must not seek satisfaction by getting money through crime and fraud. The whole nation is rising up to shake off its former lies, vices and sins. In politics if a youth wants position and preferment he must plead the cause of the poor. In literature and fiction the novelist wants to succeed he must portray the triumph of honor and the defeat of sham and humbug. If a magazine wants to increase its circulation it takes up some cause and becomes a voice for the public conscience. On every side are young men of ability and large mental acquisitions who have tried to get on by adopting the low ethical ideals of the politicians of the past school, with the result that these ambitious young men are now utterly discredited and without any hope of future preferment.

Honesty is becoming a contagion. It is an auspicious hour for our people. It is the golden age for which the fathers longed. And this new note of conscience in public life prophesies a new era of happiness and progress for the people of the republic.—Rev. Dwight L. Hillis in New York World.

IN SCHOOL WITH HER SON.

Not long ago a fifty-year-old Iowa editor started his college course at the state university, and now an Iowa woman is going through high school with her son. Perhaps the only case of mother and son attending public school together, says the Clinton Herald, is that of Mrs. Ella Feldman and her son, who are in the high school at the St. Louis city high school.

FIELDING HER SON somewhat indifferently to the joys of student life, Mrs. Feldman has adopted the course of studying side by side with him. It was two years ago that Mrs. Feldman first tried the plan by attending night school. She and her son graduated to the sixth grade of the Armstrong school, where both are now doing good work.

Mrs. Feldman is said by her instructors to be an especially apt pupil, her interest in class work being much greater than that of the average student.

Mrs. Feldman is the owner of a quarter of a block at Fifth and Court streets, where she has eleven houses. While attending school she employs a housekeeper, while Mr. Feldman is the superintendent of her realty interests. She has been in the restaurant business in St. Louis City, having kept three different eating places during her business career.

CUBAN JUSTICE.

Queer Criminal Laws That Surprise Americans.

The Cuban idea of justice is a peculiar thing, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, although it doesn't differ very much from that in other Latin American countries, and one of the things the Americans want most to do is to revise the penal code. But there appears to be no demand for it just now, and the chances for any changes seem small.

Not many months ago one of the courts in Havana rendered two verdicts on the same day. One man was sentenced for stealing a mule and for falsely registering him as his own. He got six years for stealing the mule and eight years for making the false registration. One of four fourteen years in prison.

On the same day the court sentenced a man for killing his mistress. It was a peculiarly brutal crime. The man and woman had separated. They met after a couple of months on the street and the woman begged the man to turn to her. She refused. He became violent and she ran, turning into the first open doorway. There he overtook her, stabbed her repeatedly, several times after life must have passed away, and was then arrested. He got two years in the penitentiary.

And according to the statutes the judge did nothing illegal. The man was proved to be "obscured," or beside himself, and the crime was "seasonal." But had the woman killed the man she would probably have been sent up for life or possibly sent to the garrote.

The policeman of Havana is an autocrat. He can do just as he pleases and any resistance whatever of his authority is a serious matter. There is a standing sentence for striking or even pushing a cop around. It is now one year four months and seven days. It used to be two years eight months and four days. It was so fixed on the books of law and was unalterable. The policeman makes an arrest. If he is resisted by his prisoners he can file charges to that effect and the prisoner must prove his innocence. The theory that one is guilty until proved innocent runs through the whole thing.

An American here awoke one night to find a burglar in his room. He got up to chase him out. A fight ensued in which the American shot the burglar in the arm. The police came and arrested the thief. This American has influence, but it took all he could muster to keep out of jail, and the case was not finally settled until he had paid the burglar \$5,000 for that damaged leg. Under the law the American had no right to shoot, and by so doing he was guilty of attempted homicide. It is very difficult for Americans coming to Cuba to understand the system and they often get into trouble because of there is a fire. The fire department is, of course, called out, and the police follow along. The police arrest the owner of the establishment which is burning and hold him until he proves entire innocence. It is said that this is on the theory that whenever there is a fire the owner of the property must have started it.

If a person is injured in the street no one is allowed to touch him until the judge of instruction gets to the spot. Sometimes an injured person will lie for hours, perhaps in the hot sun, with two or three policemen standing around keeping the crowd back until the arrival of the judge. It makes no difference if the man might be dying—it is the law, and must be respected.

IN THE PRESS GALLERIES.—

In the press galleries of the two houses of congress at Washington, says the Knoxville Journal and Tribune, there are a number of hardworking, modest, unassuming gentlemen, who keep an eye on what is going on in the halls below for the metropolitan newspapers of the country. Congressman Littlefield of Maine, recently made the remark: "I sometimes think that congress would drift into many excesses if the press gallery were not here to keep us within bounds."

It is no doubt a truth that many a member of congress, when tempted to say do things of the correctness of which he has been in doubt, has kept in his mind that there were close observers in the press gallery above who were there taking notes and that they would print them. It is through the press galleries that in the whole country knows what is going on in the Capitol.

They are students of public affairs, and they are quick to see where a motion or a resolution offered may lead if adopted. The men in the galleries are, many of them, better parliamentarians than many of those on the floor below. The men over whom they watch know that they are not ignorant, that they see through things quickly, and do not have to be told what the tiny verities that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tauter. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are now paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated, and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

CITY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

Romance of Kimberly Whence Come Millions in Diamonds.

A prosperous world expends every year \$25,000,000 in rough diamonds, and such of them as do not come from the mines of Kimberly may be considered a negligible quantity, says the World Today. A very dreary town, this Kimberly, dumped on the desolate African veldt that produces not an ear of corn. Little better than the desert, in fact, where artificial irrigation is everywhere necessary.

The city's streets stretch like protecting arms around the precious caves which in a few years have yielded more than twelve tons' weight of diamonds, valued at half a billion dollars. Look back on the story of this desert patch and you have a strange romance. It begins with two little bands of Boer immigrants fleeing out of Cape Colony a generation ago to escape British oppression. One of them by some strange fate, settled on a patch of gold forty miles in extent, which has since become the famous Rand and yields \$100,000,000 every year in the precious metal.

On the other hand, Burgher Jacobs off-caddled on 100 acres of diamonds, and his little claim today contains an absolute monopoly of the world in these gems. His children used to play in the sand with bright pebbles for marbles. Neighbor Schaak Van Newkirk saw one of the stones, took it from the little ones with the remark that it might be valuable, and the following year it was shown at the Universal Exposition of Paris as a magnificent diamond of 21 karats.

Two years later old Van Newkirk himself picked out of the mud famous "Star of Africa," which sold for \$5,000,000. That was the beginning of the diamond mines which today employ 15,000 Kafirs and 4,000 Europeans. "All this for the vanity of women," as Lord Randolph Churchill remarked on his first visit to the diggings.

Altogether the magic caves of South Africa turn out at least \$20,000,000 worth of stones every year, and the De Beers people are naturally the power of the African continent.

A careful official calculation has it that fashionable New York alone wears \$150,000,000 in precious stones. As to diamonds alone, \$57,000,000 worth of them in the rough were admitted into New York within the last five or six years. It is estimated that the duty on stones brought into America's greatest city during 1906 will amount to more than \$4,000,000, or nearly half the entire appropriation for the expenses of the custom house.

It is easier to be a fictitious hero than the real thing.

Every time as many as four women get together there arises a new way of abusing men.

What has become of the old fashioned family that got all the water it used from the spring?

Nineteen Times Out of Twenty

It is a fact that nineteen times out of twenty the man who, when he decides to buy life insurance, makes up his mind to lay aside all prejudices and buy the plainest, simplest policy in the company that has the longest and cleanest record for square and honorable dealings with its members under any and all circumstances, will insure in the Mutual Benefit, provided, of course, he can pass the medical examination. The foregoing statement is based on eight years' experience as agent of the Mutual Benefit.

IT IS ALSO A FACT

That the average man who buys insurance loses sight of the FACT that so far as his family and perhaps his own old age are concerned, he is going into one of the most important transactions of his life, and buys his insurance with less discrimination than he would a suit of clothes, a hat or a pair of shoes, losing sight of the fact that he cannot force the company to carry out any representation or promise made by the agent unless it is written in the policy when delivered.

Many men, however, are misled and enticed entirely by the statements of agents. They leap and then look. The discriminating man looks before he leaps.

SAM M. GRIST, Special Agent.

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STANDARD OIL CO. Incorporated

Another odd thing happens when there is a fire. The fire department is, of course, called out, and the police follow along. The police arrest the owner of the establishment which is burning and hold him until he proves entire innocence. It is said that this is on the theory that whenever there is a fire the owner of the property must have started it.

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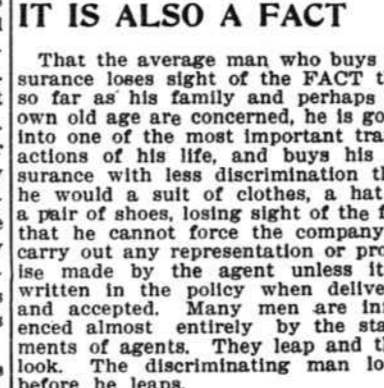
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