

Humorous Department.

Saving the Train.

The usual crowd was gathered together in the bar parlor, occupying all the best seats, when a little weazen-faced man sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical loafer.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved the train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us all about it," they demanded, as the small man crunched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the gaslight.

After much persuasion, he commenced:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear, and I was going home down the line, when right before me, across the line, lay a great beam. There it was, pale and ghastly, as a lifeless body, and light as a feather, I could not move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the express was approaching, and 'soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it came, till, just as the train was upon me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

"The silence was so dense you could have heard a dewdrop fall.

Presently, some one said: "What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," the small man replied.

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and did not touch it, how did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see," said the weazen-faced one, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door, "the obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

But, luckily for him, he was outside.—Tit-Bits.

SUPERLATIVE BEAUTY.—A Swedish newspaper recently invited its readers to state in a few words what they considered the most beautiful thing in the world.

The first prize was carried off by an anonymous answer: "The eyes of my mother."

More imaginative was the reader who won the next prize by suggesting, "The dream of that which we know to be impossible."

The most amusing answer was that which read, "The most beautiful thing in the world is to see a man carrying his mother-in-law across a dangerous river without making any attempt to drop her in."

COULDN'T DISCHARGE HIM.—When the jury had filed in for at least the fourth time, with no sign of coming to an agreement in the bribery case, the disgusted judge rose up and said, "I discharge this jury!"

At this one sensitive taleman, stung to the quick by this abrupt and ill-sounding decision, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me, judge!" he retorted.

"Why not?" asked the astonished judge.

"Because," announced the taleman, pointing to the defendant's lawyer, "I'm being paid by that man there!"—Lippincott's.

TURNED THE TABLES.—A good story is told of two Oxford undergraduates touring the east, who entered the shop of a Jew whose knowledge of English, though he spoke most other tongues, was limited. With the customary carelessness of the Anglo-Saxon race when abroad, one undergraduate remarked to the other, on falling to make the Jew understand what he wanted, "the fowl does not speak English!"

This remark came within the radius of the old Jew's comprehension and drew from him the following question: "Do you spik Italian?" to which they replied:

"No."

"Do you spik Grik?"

"No."

"Do you spik Turk?"

"No."

"Do you spik Spanish?"

"No."

"Do you spik Russian?"

"No."

After a pause the old man, with considerable energy, ejaculated: "Me one time fowl, you five times fowl!" to the complete discomfiture of the young Englishmen.—Tit-Bits.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.—"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you check them, but I must have quietness."

"That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acid expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured him that it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

"That is why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new boy wanted there.—Answers.

A NEW DISEASE.—Young Featherhead, soon after purchasing his elegant new touring car, was taken with a swelling on the back of his neck. He went and consulted his physician about it.

"Doctor," he said, "are there such things as automobile diseases?"

"It is not unlikely," was the doctor's response. "At least, automobilism may develop tendencies to disease that lie dormant under ordinary conditions."

"Well, I wish you would look at the spot on the back of my neck and tell me if the excessive use of my motor car has anything to do with it."

The doctor complied. "That looks as if it might be either a car-buncle or an automobile."—Youth's Companion.

THE FISHER AND HIS FLIES.—Donald McTavish, an adept at angling after the "saumon" on Desdise, dissatisfied with the lures for the royal fish, could not buy, began to dress his own fly hooks. An old crony, Sandy Wallace, met McTavish one morning and said:

"I hear ye're started to dress yer ain hooks now, Donald. Is that true?"

"It's a'that," answered Donald.

"An' can ye put them up yer nat'ral?" inquired Sandy.

"I dinna ken for that," replied Donald, "but there was a spider ran awa' wi' two o' them yesterday."—Dundee Advertiser.

Miscellaneous Reading.

KELVIN, MASTER SCIENTIST.

One of the Most Distinguished Men of the World For Forty Years.

Lord Kelvin, who died last Tuesday at Glasgow, has been regarded as the world's most distinguished scientist for forty years. Although a master in many departments of science, particularly in physics and chemistry, his successes in telegraphy, particularly marine or cable telegraphy, probably have brought him the greatest renown.

Lord Kelvin's name forever will be linked with the laying of the Atlantic cables, not only the original cables, but several others which were sunk during the ten or fifteen years following the initial experiment. When the problem of ocean telegraphy was first presented to the world there were few scientists who looked upon it as solvable. Most of them, indeed, scoffed at the idea and said it was visionary. Lord Kelvin was then a young man. He was at that time plain William Thomson. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1824, and in 1855, when the discussion about connecting the two continents with a metal wire was hottest, he was only 31 years of age.

But young Thomson's training had fitted him well for the work that was ahead of him. As early as 1842 he had published important papers on heat, electricity and mathematics. In 1846 he was elected professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

Thomson, later known as Lord Kelvin, was then only 22 years old and was hailed as the most precocious and promising savant of the day.

The dynamical theory of heat early engaged the attention of Thomson, and in the late '40s and early '50s he wrote freely about it. In 1855 he published a paper on "Electro-dynamic Qualities of Metal," and it was while engaged in experimental work in this field that he was brought face to face with the mysteries of communication by electric wires.

There was no scientist capable of mastering this problem, or, at least, none had the courage to announce himself until the young Irishman, who always, by the way, has been famed by the Scotch, modestly stepped forward and agreed to try. He invented various instruments which the directors of the Atlantic Cable company persuaded him to patent. This Thomson did against his will.

"I would prefer," he said, "that the world should reap the benefit of these little instruments without any bar of hindrance."

On the advice of his friends, however, he secured the necessary patents, among which was one for the mirror galvanometer, first used in connection with the 1858 cable. In 1867 the siphon recorder was invented and patented.

On the successful completion of the Atlantic cable in 1866 Thomson was knighted. He had made the trip on the famous Great Eastern, and returning home with fresh laurels, he was made a knight by the hand of the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

During the gala days following his achievements in marine telegraphy he was feted and banqueted frequently. His feelings in respect to the search for the hidden secrets of science were clearly indicated at one of these functions, a banquet by the Lord Mayor of London.

"My only object in these remarks," he said simply, "is to point out that science to be true to itself, must be followed for its own sake, and that all the most important services it has rendered to mankind have been the result of arduous investigations, carried on by men animated with the hope of no other reward than that which awaits every sincere and industrious student of nature."

Some of his inventions were so far in advance of his day that his colleagues refused to credit his announcements and had to be convinced by the works themselves. When Lord Kelvin first submitted his model of the improved compass to Sir George Airey of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, Sir George regretfully informed him that "the thing will not do."

Lord Kelvin replied that he was assured and today the shipping of the world is steered largely by "Thomson's compass," just as the cables of the world are ruled by "Thomson's law."

Lord Kelvin was showered with honors by all nations. He was president of the International Niagara commission, and has visited America often. A few years ago he inspected the Schenectady works of the General Electric company, and showed special interest in some new cars being equipped for the South Side Elevated road of Chicago.

One of Lord Kelvin's best friends is King Edward. For many years as the Prince of Wales his majesty and Kelvin were intimates, and the friendship continued after the prince received the crown.

HIGH PRICES IN POULTRY.

Pure Bred Fowls a Necessity and Fanciers Perpetuate Them.

A sale of a Buff Orpington hen at York, Pa., for \$400 was a news item of the last week, and as the fowl weighed only four pounds, to the general public it looked a high price for poultry. To a community that grumbles about paying 22 cents a pound for the Christmas turkey it seems a ridiculous sum for one small hen. To breeders of thoroughbred poultry as a fancy or a business the price is only an indication of the trade value of the Orpington at this time, for the buyer needed just what this hen possesses in color, plumage and shape to strengthen his own flock so that he can get more money for his show birds. With many outsiders, too, the Orpington is an unknown breed of poultry, and they have been puzzled to know if the \$400 was paid for the hen as a rare freak of featherdom.

The breed is a new one and only became recognized as a distinct fowl in 1886, when the Black Orpington was admitted to the chicken stud book, a term that describes exactly the function of the British and American "standards of perfection." The standard tells to a feather just what a thoroughbred fowl is in the recognized breeds, and classification is not given to a new type until it has been fully demonstrated that it is one that produces a family as a distinct family.

The late Mr. Cook, an English fancier, created the Orpington. For many years he raised 30,000 fowls a year for the British market and sold eggs on the same scale. During the Boer war Cook had a contract to supply the British troops with poultry and eggs and he established two great farms for the purpose in South Africa. Cook attended the New York poultry show

of 1903 and exhibited in the Orpington classes, but the American Orpington club had been established before that and the breed had been seen at our shows.

In creating the Black Orpington, Cook had combined the Minorca, Plymouth Rock and Langshan breeds, but he added other strains to create the White, Buff, Speckled and Spangled sorts, each a distinct variety. He experimented for ten years to make the Buff Orpington and it took Cook seventeen years to bring the Spangled Orpington to a standard type. The fowl is valuable both for the table and as an egg producer. The Orpington suggest somewhat in bearing the Dorking, the old English cottage breed, but it has four instead of five toes and is taller and heavier. It is a clean legged breed and includes both single and double comb varieties.

The value of pure bred birds to the poultry industry is that hybrids, however good for the table or for eggs, are not considered suitable for breeding from. The crossbred fowls deteriorate in all good points on a breeding farm and the pure breeds have to be maintained to freshen up the stock of the market breeders. This accounts for the high prices of pure bred types that are exceptionally good individuals.

The shows of poultry and pigeons, for the situation is somewhat the same with the latter, to be held each year in all the cities and at the country fairs are the distributing places to the buyers for utility purposes of the pure bred stock. The New York show, which has been held for eighteen years, is the largest, and the finest types of each breed are on view there. At the last show there were 5,689 exhibits in the poultry and pigeon divisions.

A record price in Buff Orpingtons is \$750 for an English prize winning chantrelle, but a Black Orpington cock which was only fourth in the class was tagged at \$1,000. There were a dozen Orpingtons of different types priced from \$500 to \$800, and \$25 was the lowest priced one of the 261 in the classes. As a new breed many amateurs have taken up the Orpington, and W. L. Davis of Berlin, Conn., brought his home-breds to New York in a private poultry car, which is the latest whim of the gentleman farmer. The greatest display at New York is in the two American breeds, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, 627 and 554 being the respective number at the last show. Leghorns, the egg producing Mediterranean type, came next with 505 exhibits.

Plymouth Rock exhibitors do not price their birds as a rule. The only Barred Rocks priced at the last New York show were a cockerel at \$35 and a pullet at \$20, but as the same name have won the first prize year after year it is to be presumed that an outsider who tries to buy will find himself up against a "corner in the stock," as they say in Wall street. Prices of \$50 to \$100 dot the catalogue for White Buff, Pencilled or Partridge Rocks, and amateurs are more prominent as winners in these strains. An actor, W. Barry Owens, who has his farm at Vineyard Haven, is a leading exhibitor of Orpingtons and White Plymouth Rocks, and Thomas A. Wise, also a comedian, exhibits Fanerolles and raises them at Croton-on-the-Hudson in the season when the theatres are closed. Every pure breed in poultry is in demand by both amateurs and business fancier.

Turkeys are not priced, but a show bird cannot be bought for less than \$100. Prize geese are quoted from \$50 to \$200, and especially good imported ducks at the breeders from \$25 to \$50 each. Show bantams are priced from \$5 to \$25, but rare sorts are held at prohibitive figures. A pigeon fancier thinks nothing of giving \$100 for a cock or hen he needs. Pigeon putters are just now a fad in the pigeon world. Aleck Smith, the professional golf champion, who first became a fancier in Scotland, is one of the new American collectors of pygmy putters. Fan-tails, jacobs and magpies year in and out bring the highest prices. The pigeon fancier is not backed by the demand from utility breeders, as the poultry fanciers are, and he is a collector from the love of it and should be ranked with the amateur collectors of the rare or beautiful in art, books or china, for his zeal is heartfelt.

Pheasants are the highest priced of all poultry breeds and the costliest to raise. A setting of eggs of the Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants costs from \$30 to \$50, all risks to be assumed by the buyer, while a bird of a rare variety may cost \$500. The stately and stately Indian game breed commands from \$25 to \$200 for a cock or hen, but a few years ago a Crystal Palace winning cock was imported at a cost of \$1,000. This is an exhibition bred primarily, but as valuable as the fountain head strain as the English bulldog is to the dog breeders.

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