

Humorous Department.

SAVED THE VASE.—The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to force forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father.

"Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal!" thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

JOKES ON THE JURY.—When Ella Van Dross, a young colored girl, was tried before Judge Rosalsky in general sessions at New York the other day on the charge that when Joseph Kay, a white man from Yonkers, asked her in the hall of 249 Second avenue whether the Joneses lived on the floor above she stealthily removed a pocket-book containing \$10 from his pocket, the jury deliberated only a few minutes and then returned with their verdict.

The girl much disturbed, was led to the bar. The foreman rose. "We find the defendant not guilty," he said. As the late prisoner was turning to leave court Judge Rosalsky called out:

"One moment, Ella. Be careful not to let any more suspicion fall on you, whether you are innocent this time or not."

"Oh, judge," said the girl, "Ah nevaht done it befoh, an' fo' de Lurd Ah never will again."

The jury looked amazed.

"That's one on you, gentlemen," remarked the judge, and all the courtroom laughed.

WANTED HIS DUES.—A reservation Indian was disconcerted over the breaking of his axle handle. He laid his misfortune before the "farmer" of the reservation, who, through pity, took a new handle from his private stock and adjusted it to the ax. The farmer then noticed that the ax was shockingly dull. So, motioning the owner to turn the grindstone, he expended a half hour's time in sharpening the blade. When the rehabilitated ax was gleaming, the still ingored ax was indicated by his actions that some feature of the transaction had not been adjusted.

The farmer was a little annoyed and called to an interpreter. "Ask the old fellow what he wants now," he directed.

After an exchange of grunts and gestures the interpreter announced, "He wants twenty cents."

"For turning the grindstone,"—Harper's.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES.

News and Comment Gleaned From Within and About the County.

CHESTER. Lantern, June 2: Mr. Wm. Latimer of Yorkville, came down Saturday and spent until yesterday with his son, Mr. Carl Latimer. Mr. M. L. Hitchcock, a native of Lewiston, Me., who has made his home in Chester for the last ten or twelve years, died at his home in this city early Saturday morning.

LANCASTER. News, June 3: It is reported here that Mr. Vincent, the young man who married the widow of the late Thomas Mungo, shot his wife last Saturday at her home in Flat Creek township, and that he has since disappeared.

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LORD BYRON.

A Brief Account of His Prodigal Life.

If there is any truth in the old adage "like father like son" there is more than enough to account for the eccentric character of the poet Byron. A near ancestor was known as the "wicked lord," his father as "Mad Jack," while his mother, a wildly hysterical woman, treated him with alternate excesses of violence and affection.

It was on Jan. 22, 1788, in a small house in Holles street, that the poet Byron first saw the light of day. It was a sad birth, for the child was malformed, an affliction which lasted all his life, and was even aggravated by improper treatment. At the age of 3 his father, who, owing to debt, had to leave the country, died in France, leaving his widow and child with an income of less than £200 a year. Strained circumstances were not congenial to Mrs. Byron's temper. She abused and scolded the child unmercifully, even going so far as to revile him on account of his lameness. But the infant had a nurse to whom he was devoted; it was to her that the poet owed his bringing up, and very grateful was he always for her tender care.

When he was 11 years old his mother brought him to London and put him to school at Dulwich from whence two years later he was sent to Harrow, and became a pupil of the Rev. Joseph Drury. At first Byron hated his school life and all connected with it. He was very unpopular, very idle and always in mischief or at play. He learned nothing, though at times he would devour books for days together. Despite his idleness, he longed more than anything to be engaged in sports. He certainly succeeded, for toward the end of his school days he played in the cricket eleven against Eton. In 1805 he went to Trinity, college, Cambridge, he had succeeded to the family title by that time and a certain income, which he set to work to run under as quickly as possible. No under-graduate ever "went the pace" more than Byron. He rode, shot and boxed, being introduced in the latter by the famous pugilist Jackson, of whom he made a bosom friend. He swam a three-mile match in the Thames from Blackfriars Bridge, went in for cards and was very soon the poorer by some £10,000. At times he would start off on a driving tour through the country with a pair of horses, a groom, a valet and several dogs. On some of his wild escapades he was accompanied by a girl in boy's clothes, whom he introduced as his younger brother. One evening while he was playing and singing, Ban-kill, "the Flea," heard them and followed the sound until he came in sight of them. He was so captivated that he prayed the Great Spirit to transform him into a handsome man. No sooner said than done. When the five daughters stopped dancing, there among them was so beautiful a masculine being that they felt in good luck that they had met the Flea, had decided on his choice, he went to the chief and asked for her. He was happily surprised to find that all five of the girls pleased to his.

So he married them all, one after the other, and they lived in peace and happiness through the winter. But with the late spring and summer a change took place. The heat affected the Flea and every time he embraced one of his wives he felt a tickle, which he checked by a splash of water. His cheeks vanished, the buoyancy became languor, and one took pity on the other and said: "You must leave him to save your beauty."

When all five had been told the same thing from each other they decided that something must be done. So at midnight the five sisters met and each proposed a way of escape, yet none was available save that of the youngest. Her plan was that they leave him for good and all, and when he awoke in the morning he found a sleeping draught when he awoke at his usual hour for his drink; for Flea was a very light sleeper and the hurrying and bustling of the five women would have awakened him had he not been drugged. When he was in his soundest sleep the women departed.

When the Flea awoke many hours later and got up he thought, "Where is she called to bed and all," he felt, "Curiosity caused the others to turn; they lost time until again the youngest cried: 'He is very near.' Then with one voice they cried: 'We will go up into the air. There he cannot come with us.'"

Slowly and gracefully they rose, until they reached the places they now occupy in the sky. Bakill again yoked aid of the Great Spirit, and through him was allowed to rise to the sky. But before he was able to embrace any of his wives he too was turned into a star.

That is why there now are five stars close together in the Pleiades and one at the side. This one, the Indians are convinced, is the Flea.

KILLING A DEVILFISH.

Sport on the Gulf of Mexico That Entails Half Work.

The task of hitting a devilfish from a 14-foot boat was left to the bachelor of the party, the married member explaining that he felt his duty to the ones at home excluded him from anything that smacked of suicide, says Scribner's. Accordingly, when the next fish, the skiff expert from the stern of the Frene, the spearman standing in the bow while the skipper stood the big boat away so as to give the fish a clear field at the first rush. The plan developed perfectly—the throw was good, the fish half filled the boat with his first splash, and then rushed away in a great swinging circle, so that in 15 minutes it was possible for the skipper to cut across and catch up, when by some manoeuvring it became possible to pass the inboard end of the line up to her bowsprit. After that it was a fight to a finish, with the devilfish on one end of the line and the ten-ton sloop on the other. For a long while it seemed as though the devilfish had the better of it. He towed that big boat steadily out into the gulf for three hours and twenty minutes. It was exactly like being in tow of a full-sized tug. The progress of the boat was not fast, but as steady as if it were being driven by the Irene's own engines.

It may be fair to remark that killing a devilfish entails as much genuine, muscle racking hard work as any task on earth. It is much the same as pulling for hours against a yoke of oxen, who are moving off entirely indifferent to one's futile efforts. The devilfish will not let simple towing lure him. If left to himself he will proceed to bottom, and after resting on sand he will haul the line up to himself. It is to prevent such resting that one must work constantly by hauling the tow in close to him, thereby frightening him to constant effort. If he can be strained to the point of weakening, then he may be hauled close enough to harpoon again.

The songs you can't recall are not the good songs.

JAPANESE WOMAN THIEF.

Captain of a Band of Female Robbers That Had Stolen From 100 Houses.

A Japanese woman named Tora (or Tiger), who had come to be known in the robber class that she had joined as "Tora, the Serpent," has just been arrested by the Kojimachi police in the grounds of Hachiman Temple, Fukagawa. In her early years—she is now 43—she was very beautiful, and held many situations as a nurse, always with a good name for industry and faithfulness. It was her good looks and an admirer that brought her dismissal by her master, and from that time she turned to make her living by prey. At the age of 30 she was captain of a gang of female thieves. At Kamakura she saw an old gentleman and pretended to be in a fit. He tended her kindly, but while he was busy she abstracted £16 from his bag. With this money she traveled to the capital, where she continued her depredations. She called at the house of Count Matsudaira and, representing herself as a poor woman deserted by her husband, worked upon the sympathy of the countess, who engaged her as handmaid. She soon gained the esteem of the family, who treated her almost as a relative. After a few months the whole household went on a flower viewing excursion, leaving Tora alone at home. She proceeded to collect all the valuables she could lay hands on, loaded them on three large wagons, and made off. A sentence of imprisonment did not alter her, and before her last arrest she had robbed nearly a hundred houses and stolen money and goods amounting to thousands of pounds. She now expresses a desire to marry a certain humble, honest citizen.—Japan Times.

FLEA IN THE PLEIADES.

Indian Legend About Five Maidens Who Would Marry For Love.

A curious explanation of the origin of the Pleiades is given by a writer in Outlook, who tells of an amusing other myth, from a tribe of California Indians. According to this piece of tradition a great chief was the father of five daughters so beautiful that they attracted many suitors. But they declared they would remain single unless they could marry for love.

They were very cold and critical and quite ignored the young men who came to court them. One day, however, they were playing and singing, Ban-kill, "the Flea," heard them and followed the sound until he came in sight of them. He was so captivated that he prayed the Great Spirit to transform him into a handsome man. No sooner said than done. When the five daughters stopped dancing, there among them was so beautiful a masculine being that they felt in good luck that they had met the Flea, had decided on his choice, he went to the chief and asked for her. He was happily surprised to find that all five of the girls pleased to his.

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WOLF IN THE WOODS.

In Which Cyanide and Strychnine Were Used to Kill.

With the object of learning more about our enemies, and in the hope of drawing attention to this wolf problem, it was after many weeks of anticipation and preparation that five of us at last made a start on Jan. 17, bound for the Kippewa district of Quebec, close to the Ontario boundary, which locality we had heard, was a likely one in which to do some execution. Two of our members had preceded us some few days to select a good camping site and look the ground over. The next day at noon we reached Nipigon station on the Canadian Pacific railroad, the end of our train journey, and oh! what a day it was—blowing a gale and snowing hard. Any idea of making an immediate start to find our camp out on the shores of a lake many miles distant was out of the question—at least, that was what our teamsters said. However, the first breath of the fresh air had aroused an appetite which was not to be denied, and, having satisfied that appetite at the hotel, we at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as the weather had somewhat abated, we induced our teamsters to make a start.

A WOLF HUNT.

We were arrayed in full outfit, and though the temperature was well below zero and a strong wind blowing, we were perfectly snug and warm. We only made slow progress when we got on the lake, the horses having to proceed at a walk, owing to the heavy snow and slush. We were beginning to have had enough of the slow progress when we sighted a lumberman's stopping place. A suggestion to make a stop for tea being hailed with delight, our drivers put on a spur, and upon reaching it we received a cherry welcome from the owner and his wife. As the weather "was very bad again, snow falling fast, the wind high, and the moon of no particular use, hidden by snow and leaden skies, we decided to spend the night where we were. There was only one spare room, but it was a large one, so, having cast lots for the bed, the rest of us used up the floor space.

The next morning the temperature was 80 below zero, but our one day in the open had already hardened us. We, on the right side of a good breakfast, we left the house at 7 a. m. It seemed incredible to us that the cold was really so intense, but when we reached a large stretch of open lake we were ready to believe in any reading of the thermometer. We had no difficulty in finding the camp, which was situated on an island. Our first shock was finding that our guides had left half our blankets behind at the lumberman's place, but the weather changed suddenly and became quite mild. This change seemed good to the new members, but the old hands knew the sort of snow-shooting there would be. Our tents were pitched on the bare snow, the centre pole being the stove pipe, and the stove was an inverted iron cone with no bottom. This may sound strange to Englishmen, but the fires burned splendidly. We had hot water day and night, and the pineapple toddies, when administered to the members and guides in that sociable round tent once every twenty-four hours, at night with our feet toward the stove, losing the otherwise very tight guide's tongues, and from them we heard some very good stories of their experience.

The days went by full of enjoyment, each member gaining health at a gallop, but with all our exertions we had not secured any wolves. We therefore decided that we would try the effect of poison. Wolves had killed four deer within three miles of our camp, and though we had heard them to get at them. The poison we tried first was cyanide of potassium, but though our baits were taken by both wolves and foxes, the dose we gave them (about as much as would stay on a sixpence) seemed only to have temporarily upset them, as, after seeing evidence of illness in the shape of staggering steps and dragging paws, these steps again became regular, showing that either we had not used the right dose or had erred in some other manner. With strychnine we were more successful, finding four dead wolves. So the days passed, and our ten days were gone before we realized it, but though we had shot no wolves, we had gained a lot of experience about their habits, had laid in a new stock of health, and proved that a holiday can be spent in the woods in the depth of winter with no discomfort whatever.—London Globe.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.

Some Yorkville People Have Learned How to Get Rid of Both. Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers. You can't separate them. And you can't get rid of the backache until you cure the kidney ache. If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Lloyd Cash, 111 Mill Row, Gaffney, S. C., says: "Several years ago, when small of my back bothered me for several months and at times was so severe that I could hardly do my work. There was also soreness through the regions of the kidneys. When the kidney secretions became unnatural in appearance, I concluded that the kidneys and the secretions restored to their normal condition."

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Week-End Special. Beginning Monday, June 1st, 1908, this line will operate between Chester, S. C., and Mortimer, N. C., Special Saturday trains, leaving Chester, Saturday evening at 4.45 p. m., arriving at Lenoir 9.45 p. m., Mortimer 11.10 p. m.; returning, leave Mortimer Monday morning at 8 a. m., Lenoir 8.20 a. m., arriving at Chester 1.20 p. m. This will give the traveling public points in the mountains without losing any time from his business, as he can leave home after business hours Saturday evening and return early Monday morning. E. F. Reid, G. P. A.

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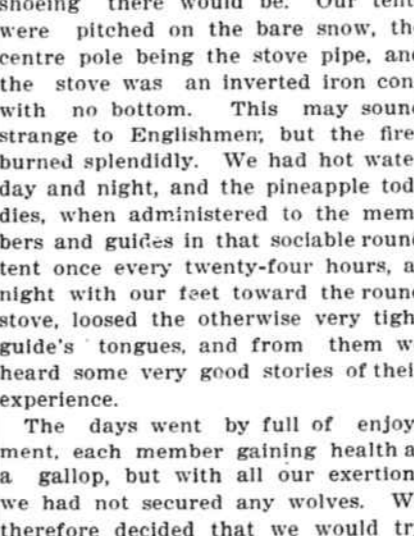
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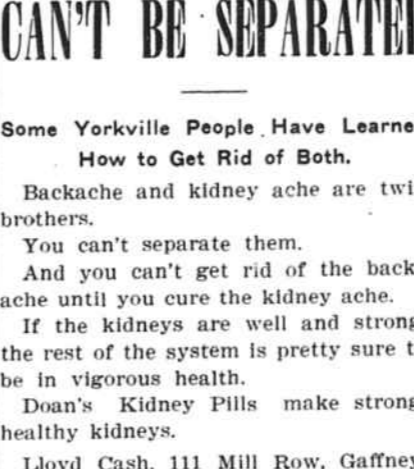
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