

Humorous Department.

FULLY EQUAL—Aunt Mandy is an old colored woman who for years has done washing for several East Orange families. She has had several matrimonial experiences, and when her last husband died one of her customers attempted to console with her.

"You don't know! Gracious! Couldn't the doctor tell you?" "Ah didn't have no doctah, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He jes done died a natchal death."

"And is your new husband equal to the last?" "Y'as, indeedy, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He's jes as equal if not equaler."—New York Times.

AN OVERVALUATION.—John K. Lloyd, the noted life-saver of Long Branch, related some of his life-saving experiences at a complimentary dinner.

"Here, young fellow," said he, "here's a half dollar. You saved my life and you must be chilled through. Go and get yourself a pint of whisky."

"What!" the wholesaler shouted. "Going to make an assignment? Pay only 40 cents on the dollar! A pretty state of things this is!"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Wholesaler," said the general storekeeper. "It's true I am going to assign. These hard times have played the very deuce with me. And it's true I'm going to pay the only 40 cents on the dollar. But all your goods, it happens, are intact. Not a case has been opened, and they shall be returned to you at once."

"What!" shouted the wholesaler, angrier than ever. "Return my goods! Not on your life! I insist on my lawful 40 per cent, the same as the other creditors."—Washington Star.

THE BODY SELLERS.—Mayor Speer of Denver was talking the other day about a pair of political tricksters.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES. News and Comment Gleaned From Within and About the County. CHESTER. Lantern, September 4: Miss Rebecca Flannagan of Bethel, York county, passed through Wednesday on her way to Blaine with a friend.

"Once, on a January day in Philadelphia, a man who was recovering from a debauch fell from one of the Delaware piers into the cold, wet river. 'Slipping off my overcoat, I plunged in after him. I fished him up from the bottom. He was unconscious, but I managed to get him to a big, cold cake of ice, and on this cake of ice I supported the pair of us till help arrived."

"Well, I had saved the man's life, and he said he was grateful. 'Here, young fellow,' said he, 'here's a half dollar. You saved my life and you must be chilled through. Go and get yourself a pint of whisky.'"

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THE LATEST "WIZARD." Has Secrets Which Not Even the Government Can Share. The first "wizard" we had in New Jersey was Leo Daft, builder of an electric car that drove all other electric cars into innocuous desuetude.

"The other day I found Wiederhold in the basement of his factory working at a lathe. There were all kinds of lathes and drills and planes and presses and saws and other power machines surrounding him in this mechanical laboratory. 'What are you doing?'"

"I'm in the course of a month a caterpillar will eat food weighing 6,000 times the weight of its body. Superstitious persons have light hair. Watchmakers' oil is from the jawbone of the porpoise.

STORIES OF THE SEA.

Reminiscent Fellow Passengers Grow Interesting. "What is your idea of pleasure?" the man with the world-weary look in his eyes asked.

"That view of pleasure is probably held by a great number—held by many to whom the realization is unobtainable. It probably would not be more difficult to secure a yacht than for me to collect a party of friends who would be wholly congenial on an extended trip. This account of an extemporaneous gathering, which trooped on board a liner—theirs for the nonce as much as any chartered pleasure craft—

"There was another contingency that had to be considered, a chance that the professors would foul the chain and prevent the boat completely clearing it, in which case it would have been helpless as an emmeshed fish. To prevent this Usher suggested that screws made of metal brittle enough to break on contact be substituted for the bronze propellers which the Ericsson carried."

"Sampson heard the proposal and would have none of it. It was not worth it, he said, to risk an efficient torpedo boat for a few screws. He lived in an effort to destroy a vessel comparatively worthless. But he remembered the wish of his enterprising subordinate, and on the afternoon before Cervera made his hopeless dash he caused a signal to be made for the commanding officer of the Ericsson to report on board the flagship. The vessel promptly scrambled alongside. There is no dignity in a torpedo boat."

Usher's Bold Play. "I think you had better send you into the harbor," the admiral said to Usher, "to see what you can do with those Spanish ships."

"Delighted to try, sir," said Usher, "but I must inform you that they have now stretched a double row of steel hawsers across the channel these running from shore to shore, the masts of the Merrimac being used as a mid-stream anchorage."

"Then Usher further explained how he had that morning held the Ericsson off the Morro until broad daylight. The Iowa standing in the channel, the consort, while Captain Evans of the battleship, wondered what it was that was keeping the torpedo boat within close pistol shot of the enemy after daylight had disclosed her presence."

"My friend the deckhand stops polishing the brass rail he is at work on for a minute, shades his eyes to take a good look at the deck, to let him take a look at her through the glass. The officer, somewhat amused by the cheek of the deckhand, passes to him his binoculars."

"That's the so and so," says my deckhand friend as he hands the glasses back. "How do you know what she is?" asks the officer man, somewhat abrupt. "I own her, sir," says my deckhand friend, as he resumes polishing his rail."

"The further that little war receded," observed the ex-navy officer who had been one of the listeners, "the more interesting appear some of its unrecorded episodes. There was one I witnessed off Havana, and which so far as I know has never appeared in print. The story is about Captain 'Nat' Usher, the officer who is now in command of the armored cruiser St. Louis. During the war he was in command of the torpedo boat Ericsson. When the fleet was blockading Havana the torpedo-boats were sent in every night to lie close to the harbor entrance, and see to it that none of the Spanish vessels ventured out."

one of the largest steamships aboard, they were carefully packed in sacks and stowed around my quarters. "One evening we were off Cape Farewell. It was 8 o'clock, the sun was below the horizon and the light was dim. There was a clammy, chilly, shivery feeling about everything, and as the deck was deserted, save for the man at the wheel, a sturdy, powerful Newfoundland. The scientists and the rest were below eating. When they returned to the deck and found the helmsman white with terror, his eyes fixed and staring across the starboard bow. It was an awful story that he told. As soon as the darkness settled down, a short, squat Eskimo in a kayak, or native canoe, paddled along and hailed the ship in an unknown tongue. The sailor stuck to his post and said nothing. The Eskimo uttered an angry exclamation, stood up in his craft and managed to make fast with a harpoon line of walrus tusk."

"Then he climbed aboard, making no noise as he vaulted over the taffrail and his feet fell upon the deck. The helmsman was horror-stricken, knowing something of the presence of Eskimos from another world. Silently the presence glided below. It was gone 13 minutes; then it returned to the deck, followed in single file by the figures of six Eskimos in tattered skins and half-decayed shoes."

"As the soljenn man stood upon the deck a white fog enveloped the ship. A few beams of moonlight filtering through the mist fell upon the leader, the man who had boarded the Kite from his canoe. Gravely and sadly the Eskimo sprang to the deck and boarded the kayak. The sailor, his eyes bulging out, was on the point of fainting with terror, but he managed to see the thing through. The Eskimos crowded in the boat, cast off the line; then all turned and looked mournfully at the ship. Presently they were lost to sight in the fog."

"The explanation of the sailor was that among the stolen bodies were those of some chief and his retainers. The Eskimo spirits would not suffer their bodies to be removed from their native Greenland, and as the Kite was leaving the continent behind they boarded the ship and removed them. The story made a great sensation aboard. At first, overcome with superstition, the scientific men believed it, but on the following morning feeling more normal, they laughed at the notion. However, I noticed that I had been in the cabin that I had been told of by my effects, and found six of the bodies gone. We never recovered them, never found any traces of them."

"The flow of reminiscence and anecdote was interrupted at this point of the written narrative by the Sunday editor, who made some feeling reference to space limitations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Interesting Experiments to be Carried On in Pittsburgh. A plant for the manufacture of ozone has been built at the Homeopathic hospital, says a Pittsburgh dispatch to the New York Press, and pathologists who are making experiments may be able to tell the world that water can be absolutely purified. The result of the experiments is likely to prove of great value, enabling cities everywhere to furnish a water supply from which all organic matter has been removed.

"The plant was erected at a cost exceeding \$10,000. The idea is the creation of Prof. Girard of Belgium, who also has been making experiments. There is only one other plant of the kind in the world, that one being in Holland. The ozone, which is manufactured on a scientific basis, is expected not only to kill organic matter in water, but to destroy bacteria of every kind."

Work on the plant was begun about four months ago and has been finished for two weeks. Ozone is made by electrolysis, the process decomposing a chemical compound by the passage of an electric current through it. Electrolysis decomposes the air and makes the ozone. This is done first by passing air in its natural state through lime. Its passage through the lime takes all the moisture out of it. The air in its dry state is then forced into a glass tube. There is a tube within a tube. One is used for the dry air and the other for ozonizing, and by the time the air reaches the water tanks it has become ozone. The best of soil improvers, adding more nitrogen to the soil than any other winter crop."

Wood's Descriptive Fall Catalogue gives full information about this valuable crop; also about all other Farm & Garden Seeds for Fall planting. Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it. T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

IN NEW ZEALAND. A Place Where There Are Still Some Manifest Drawbacks. "Now that our fleet has visited New Zealand and been so graciously received, and such good accounts have been cable to the United States about this wonderful land, I venture to predict that you will see the United States flooded with glowing literature about the opportunities of the man with a small amount of money in that flourishing country," said A. B. Loubler of Indianapolis, to a Washington Herald reporter.

"I have been there and I know that New Zealand has the hardest working bunch of press agents of any land in the wide world. Speaking without prejudice to New Zealand and only as an American who would prefer to see every one of his countrymen better himself, I will say that there are no such opportunities in this far-off land as appear in the books and prospectuses."

"It is true that everything which the poor man needs is cheap in New Zealand, including farming land, houses, food and clothing. The man with a very little capital can set himself up, but there is with no possible chance of reaching a market for the sale of his products. A factory is isolated from the world. The railroads are miserably managed. No effort is made to extend them, and most of the transportation is very slow, and the time of necessity is less attractive than pictured by nimble-witted adjective artists."

Persian newspapers are reproduced from handwriting by lithography, no types being used.

REGISTRATION. Office of Board of Supervisors of Registration for York County, Yorkville, S. C., Aug. 18, 1908. PURSUANT to the act of the General Assembly of South Carolina, February, 1908, the Board of Supervisors of Registration for York county will, during the month of September, make a registration of the townships of York county for the purpose of affording the people an opportunity to secure Registration Certificates. Under the law, the board is required to spend at least one day in each township. We have, therefore, arranged our schedule so as to be in the following places on the dates named:

At Clover on Tuesday, September 1, and Thursday, September 3, at Bethel, (Glenn's Store), on Wednesday, September 2. At McConellsville, on Friday, September 4. At Hickory Grove on Monday, September 7. At Bullock's Creek, (Good's Store), on Tuesday, September 8. At Fort Mill on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 10, 11 and 12. At Rock Hill on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 14, 15, 16 and 17. At Ebenezer, (J. B. Neely's Store), on Friday, September 18. During this round, we will issue new certificates to all applicants presenting their old certificates. Old certificates cannot and will not be questioned by us. All new applicants presenting themselves without old registration certificates or certificates from the clerk of the court, showing that they have been duly registered, are required to pay the fee provided by law. Pre-requisites to registration of those who have not already been registered, are: a very slow, and the time of necessity is less attractive than pictured by nimble-witted adjective artists."

A. M. WALLACE, Chairman. R. T. BEAMGUARD, Board of Supervisors of Registration for York County.

WOOD'S SEEDS. Best qualities obtainable. Winter or Hairy Vetch makes not only one of the largest-yielding and best winter feed and forage crops you can grow, but it is also one of the best of soil improvers, adding more nitrogen to the soil than any other winter crop. Wood's Descriptive Fall Catalogue gives full information about this valuable crop; also about all other Farm & Garden Seeds for Fall planting. Catalogue mailed free on request. Write for it. T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

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ATONED FOR HIS PAST.

Race Track Touts Who Gave to Make Others Happy. Joseph Reynolds, one of the early pioneers of Des Moines and the man who had fed hundreds and made thousands of poor families happy, is dead at his little home on the Indiana road, says the Des Moines Reporter and Leader.

Because of his broad charity for others throughout the past 20 years "Uncle Joe" Reynolds, as he was lovingly called by his beneficiaries, died in direct poverty. For months the only aid that he had received has come from charitable organizations.

Years before any religious organization took up the work "Uncle Joe" delighted to feed hundreds at Christmas time at his expense. These free dinners were enjoyed by the poor of the city. He kept a small restaurant on East Walnut street, where cleanliness and godliness were synonymous.

When the north winds would play with the rags of a sawdust, "Uncle Joe" would leave his warm fire-side and go out in the cold to look for these little wayfarers. So long as he had a home the last crust of bread was shared with some friendless waif. He was known to have fed 100 new-boys at a time, so great was his sympathy for suffering childhood.

Free as the air was his hospitality, but there was one requirement, and that was no profane oath could ever be uttered within his walls. His little store stood out against the background of its unsightly surroundings by a flagrant sign, "Please do not swear. My Lord is my Judge." This and other scriptural signs were hung profusely on the restaurant walls. Deeply religious, all that "Uncle Joe" asked of his free patrons was that they respect his religious principles.

There were early years of his life when he was the "stool pigeon" of the race tracks. His kindly bearing and his kind and sympathetic manner won to him easily the unwary bettors. He made money rapidly at the race track by his method of duping the unsophisticated race track plunger.

But a conversion to the Christian religion brought about years of retribution. The money made on the race track, it is said, went back to the people in charitable deeds.

GERMANY'S END. An Old Prophecy Gives the Empire Only Five Years More. Five years more and the German empire will come to an end. So at least says a prophecy made in the thirteenth century by a monk named Hermann, who lived in the monastery of Lehnin, in Brandenburg, where he wrote a work in Latin concerning the future destiny of Germany for many centuries. The work is styled the "Vaticinium Lehnense," and it is in verses after the manner of the sibylline books.

The monk seems to have foretold the defeat at Jena and the constitution of the Germanic confederation in 1815. Unfortunately the prophetic Hermann foretells in plain language the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and William II. is destined to be the last of his race to sit on the Imperial throne. The verses that foretell this are: "Verse 93. Tandem sceptrum gerit qui stemmatibus ultimis erit. "Verse 94. Israel infandum sectus audent morte plianum."

(At last the scepter is in the hands of him who will be the last of the royal line. Israel attempts an execrable crime that death alone can expiate.) In 1840 William I. king of Prussia, consulted a celebrated soothsayer who in answer to his queries told him that he would ascend the throne in 1849, that the German empire would be established in 1871, that he would die in 1888 and that the German empire would come to an end in 1913. The first three prophecies have been fulfilled to the very letter.—New York Sun.

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