

Humorous Department.

His EXCUSE.—Eugene Walter, the young playwright discussed in his Ansonia apartment the failure of "Paid in Full" in London.

"The London critics," said Mr. Walter, "praised me almost to a dissembling voice. From Mr. Walkley, of the Times down they deluged me with praise. But the public would not come to the Aldwych theatre. The public was unflattering as the African sentinel."

"A French sentinel in Algeria, you know," Mr. Walter explained, "had for comrade a very tall, lanky, round-shouldered man."

"This round-shouldered comrade one night was making a quiet inspection. Passing the sentinel, he found, to his rage and indignation, that he was not challenged. So he returned to the man and roared:

"You didn't challenge me?"

"No, sir," faltered the sentinel, saluting.

"Well, why didn't you?" the colonel demanded.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sentinel, "but I thought—I beg your pardon, sir—I thought you was a camel!"

A HARD LANGUAGE.—"Leesten!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a ring, you cannot keep 'em! So?"

"So," said the English instructor, "but when a honess' man give 'ees word, 'ee keep 'em. So?"

"So," said the instructor, "but when 'ee give 'ee word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'em? Does 'ee take 'em back?"

"No," said the instructor, "but if 'ee keeps 'ee word 'ee does not give 'em!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah, I begone to see! 'Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'em back, 'ee keep 'em all ze while?"

"That's it!"

"Oh, la, la, la! What a language 'ee speak English!"—Democratic Telegram.

A CLOSE SHAVE.—David Warfield, the actor, was describing his European trip. "The best thing I saw was the Milan Cathedral," he said. "The worst was the English barber. The English barber uses a dull razor. He brushes your nostrils and your lips. He brushes your hair with a revolving brush that runs by machinery."

"I'll never forget my first experience of a London barber shop. It was a dim, stuffy room. I sat in a straight backed chair. The barber, though his razor was dull, cut me three times."

"Will you have a close shave, sir?" he asked after going over my face once.

"I wiped a few ruddy drops from my chin."

"If I get out of this chair alive," I said severely, "I shall certainly consider it such."—Judge.

HARD LUCK.—At the banquet of the St. Andrews Society, recently held in New York city, Andrew Carnegie told the following in his toast, "The Land of Cakes:"

"Getting one day in the autumn on the St. Andrews links I said to my caddie:

"Angus, man, the leaves are falling. The green is turning red and brown. Winter will soon be upon us. And do you get much caddying to do in the winter, Angus?"

"Angus frowned gloomily.

"Na, na," said he, blowing his nose. "There's nae muckle caddying in winter. If it's no' snow it's frost, if it's no' frost it's rain; if it's neither frost nor snow it's 'nae,' if it's fine it's sure to be the Sawbath!"—Judge.

TWAIN'S REPUTATION.—Mark Twain was talking about the famous robbery in his beautiful country home.

"Had I been living in Hartford," he said whimsically, "some of my Hartford friends would certainly have accused me of robbing myself. They had a poor opinion of me in that town."

"Marshall Jewett, the ex-governor, used to take up the collection in our Hartford church. They never asked me to take it up. I fretted a good deal over this matter."

"See here, Jewett," I said one day, "they let you take up the collection every Sunday, but they would never let me do it."

"Oh, yes, they would," said Jewett—"that is, with a bell punch like the horse car conductors use."—Boston Herald.

THE PHEASANT SCIENTIST.—Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania, at a dinner in Philadelphia during the opening of the opera season, said of a noted Philadelphia scientist:

"He is the most exact man I ever met. He believes in nothing but proved facts. Continually he pins you down. One day I said to him:

"Cannibalism—what an abomination! To eat of human flesh! Hrrr!"

"The scientist frowned.

"Pardon me, but have you ever eaten of human flesh?" he said severely.

"No," said I.

"Well, then," he demanded, "why do you speak of things that you know nothing at all about?"—Washington Star.

CAUGHT.—In Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep of the settle.

"Wake up!" sternly commanded the Philadelphia in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"—Harper's Magazine.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

An Experience In Crossing Interior of Australia.

To be lost in the vast Australian bush during a season of drought may fairly be regarded as one of the most terrible experiences which can befall a man, and the list of explorers, prospectors and others who have perished by the cruel death of thirst is unfortunately a long one. I had come down from Wilcannia on the Darling, to Adelaide, with a friend for a holiday after a rather lengthy spell of monotonous station life, and hearing that things were booming in the great silver-mines of Broken Hill in New South Wales, we decided to try our luck there.

My experiences of the Australian bush were at that time rather limited, but my mate, a native of South Australia, was an excellent bushman, as he had often proved himself during the time we had worked together on the station. We had also come across a miner, who having accomplished the journey on foot himself, gave us full directions as to certain landmarks, such as blazed trees, and carefully instructed us as to where we would strike off to find water. With rather heavy swags but light hearts, we started merrily off, little dreaming of the trouble in store for us. For the first week or ten days we managed very well, coming across farms and stations where we could obtain rations and water, but gradually things began to get decidedly worse with us as we reached the less populated country, but still we trudged hopefully onward in spite of the heat and the scarcity of water.

Late one night as we were going through an outlying cattle station we struck a lonely hut where we were kindly welcomed by an old Scotch shepherd, who was genuinely glad to see fresh faces. We had isolated dwellings in the bush as far as our plans, but he shook his head very doubtfully and strongly advised us to turn back, as the country before us was in a shocking state. He said that the few creeks and lagoons were all empty, while the dams had been dried up for some considerable time. But Charlie, my mate, had made up his mind to push on as if humanly able to do so, and I was naturally relying on his thorough bush knowledge. The old shepherd on hearing our decision gave us full directions as far as he was able, explaining to us the exact positions of certain dams where we might find a little water.

Early the following morning we started on again, rested and refreshed, with our water bags and bottles full, having taken leave of our kind host. However, on the second day after we had left the hut we had seen no trace of a dam, and our water bags were empty. The heat was terrific, and at times the burning sand, filling our boots, made walking simply agony. By the evening we were vainly trying to quench our burning thirst by chewing tobacco. We had hardly passed to each other all day, and at last Charlie threw down his swag under an oak, and I was only too glad to do the same. Though I went about prospecting a little way in all directions, I could neither see nor hear anything to indicate human habitations.

"Well, Ned," was his greeting on my return, "nothing? I have been bushed before, but it strikes me that we may consider ourselves lucky if we get out of this alive." He then fell into a moody silence, and I flung myself down beside him with a feeling of despair which I tried hard to stifle. We could not resist the temptation of trying to quench our thirst by chewing the leaves of the salt bush, although we knew that while it relieved us for the moment it soon made us more parched than ever. To add to our misery there was a hot wind blowing from the north, so that we could easily have fancied that we were standing in front of a fire, with the flames blowing in our faces.

At last Charlie fell asleep, murmuring incoherently, and I had also just dozed off when we were startled by the howling of some dingoes close by, and soon after my poor mate called out, "Ah, Ned, in the good old days we were all right now! We are all right now! What a pair of fools we have been! To see the dear old river! Why! there is the Darling! I knew it could not be far off!" I looked eagerly around, but could see nothing but bush, endless bush, lying calm and cheerless in the light of the brilliant moon. Trying to put on an air of hopefulness which I was far from feeling, I turned to my comrade, saying, "Let us keep quiet while I go and fill the water bags and bottles," and thus I managed to soothe my delirious mate, until again he fell into an uneasy slumber.

So the long hours of night dragged wearily on, and we were thankful to heaven for every moment of unconsciousness. But with the dawn we were fully awakened by a couple of laughing jackasses in the branch of a tree nearby. Their almost human laughter seemed to mock us in our misery. Charlie was now conscious, but thoroughly exhausted. He tried again and again to speak to me, but was unable to do so, his tongue being double its normal size. My own clasp net from my mouth and I was hardly able to swallow. I really think, as I look back on the horror of it all, that I was going mad, which saved me from going mad was the strain which I was forced to put upon my naturally slow brain for the sake of my more prostrated mate. All at once, with an unnatural energy, Charlie picked up his swag, glared at me with bloodshot eyes, and pointing in to the distances toward the sun, beckoned me to follow. I looked in the direction he indicated and saw in the near distance a beautiful blue lake, covered in blue smoke, and in the case of exhaustion for the moment and tramped on through the spinifex grass, heedless of its sharp pricking and the scratches of the brambles as we forced our way through the scrub. But, alas! that lake was always the same distance off when we thought we had twice walked far enough to reach it. We must have been struggling on for hours, until, unable to go any further, we both dropped down as we were ascending a ridge the mirage ever before us. By this time my tongue was getting so swollen that I could hardly speak, while I could see, in spite of my half-madened senses, that my poor mate would not last much longer. He was absolutely past speech or effort of any kind, just babbling like an infant of 10 months. As a last despairing attempt, we went all the way to a little higher on the ridge, and managed to

Our Statement

The National-Union Bank:

Capital ----- \$100,000.00
Surplus ----- 72,805.64
Total Capital and Surplus ----- \$172,805.64

The First Trust and Savings Bank

Capital ----- \$25,000.00
Surplus ----- 11,447.67
Total Capital and Surplus ----- \$36,447.67

Stockholders' Liability ----- \$209,253.31
Total Protection to Depositors ----- \$125,000.00

OUR TOTAL ASSETS ----- \$334,253.31
OUR TOTAL LIABILITIES ----- \$1,314,224.42

The above figures show that in three years' time we have made wonderful progress:

Our Assets have increased—
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

Our Deposits have increased—
THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

Our Profits have increased—
FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

We attribute a part of this wonderful increase to—

1st. Our lending Our customers money at SIX PER CENT.

2nd. Our willingness to accommodate all of Our customers alike—small transactions of Our customers receiving the same careful attention that the large ones receive.

3rd. Our willingness to aid Our customers in every possible way, never losing an opportunity to make them money when we can, even though we do not get a Dollar out of it Ourselves.

4th. The prompt way in which We handle all business entrusted to Our care.

5th. The ABSOLUTE SAFETY Our customers feel when doing business with Us.

6th. The Compounding of Our Interest Quarterly on all Savings Deposits.

There are many more things that We do for Our customers which are appreciated by them and make them want to do business with Us.

IF YOU are not a customer of This Bank YOU should be, so YOU can enjoy the privileges and advantages of a customer.

The FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
AND
The NATIONAL UNION BANK
(ABSOLUTELY SAFE)
ROCK HILL - - - SOUTH CAROLINA

BREAKING JAIL.

An Ex-Convict Tells How It is Done.

During the terms of penal servitude which I have undergone I have on several occasions witnessed the excitement and commotion caused in prisons by attempted or actual escapes. Furthermore, I have had chats with men who have escaped and have not been recaptured for weeks, and they have confirmed the fact that in the majority of cases attempts to escape are not premeditated, but are done on an impulse.

A man sees a chance, and if he is "game" he has a try. Perhaps, too, in the twinkling of an eye, he gives the tip to a fellow-prisoner, and without thinking for a single moment of the serious adventure they are about to undertake, they are off.

And when one attempt at escape has been made, others generally follow in the same prison, for it becomes a sort of mania for the time being. The prisoners become most elated upon hearing that an attempt to escape has been made. The prison is instantly in a commotion—whistles blowing, bells ringing and all work stopped. All the warders are eager to share in the task of recapture, for a reward of £5 is given to the man who brings the prisoner back.

It is not generally known that three days have to elapse before the hunt is given up by the prison authorities and handed over to the civil police. For three days and nights the warders have no rest. They receive extra funds for expenses, and are sent off after finishing work at night in different directions, coming back to work in the morning.

As a matter of fact, most captures are made by civilians coming upon the hunted by accident. I remember a man who was away three days, and was considered to be still in the woods, but who had actually, it afterwards transpired, got clean out of the district within six hours of his escape. A porter going, without any thought of the running away, to a truck of goods awaiting transmission to London from Bodmin, in Cornwall, to see if it was properly covered, in case of rain, detected the fugitive concealed in the goods.

I had a chat with the man some time after his recapture, and he told me that in another five minutes he would have been well away. He had managed to get in communication with some friends at Basingstoke, at which place he meant to leave the train, whether it stopped or not.

Although most attempts at escape are done on the impulse of the moment, it is wonderful what a lot of possible ways of escape are talked over by men in a good many cases the courage, to make the attempt. And it is not improbable that these suggestions are acted upon by others when an opportunity suddenly presents itself, although a few minutes before the prisoners entertained not the least idea of making an attempt.

The press, by the way, often helps an escaped prisoner to evade capture, as their reports regarding the prisoners' whereabouts are frequently wrong. This was especially so when King and Soar escaped from Borstal. King told me himself that he slept safely in London upon the evening of the day of his escape, although the papers published so much about the prisoners being seen together in different garbs and in different parts of the country for months and give your wife or daughter a new Sewing Machine—make it a point to visit us as we CAN ASSURE YOU OF BEST GOODS, BEST STYLES AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

AN ART SQUARE—We have an elegant assortment of very close prices.

A RUG—All sizes, patterns and prices are to be had here.

A ROCKING CHAIR—All sizes, styles and prices—nothing "cheap" about them but the price.

A SEWING MACHINE—Perhaps you are going to fulfill the promise you have been making yourself for months and give your wife or daughter a new Sewing Machine—you know it is needed. Buy a good one—let us show you the Standard Rotary or the William Free—either will please and satisfy the owner, as better machines are not built. See about it today.

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A SQUARE DEAL ALWAYS.

It pays to use the Best Quality of Stationery—the other fellow judges you by the quality of your printed matter.

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TAX RETURNS FOR 1908.

Office of the County Auditor of York County, South Carolina.

Yorkville, S. C., Dec. 1, 1908.

AS required by statute my books will be opened at my office in Yorkville on FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1909, and kept open until FEBRUARY 29, 1909, for the purpose of listing for taxation all TAXABLE PROPERTY held in York County on January 1, 1909.

Returns made on proper blanks, and sworn to before an officer qualified to administer an oath and forwarded to me by registered mail before February 29, 1909, will be accepted.

All taxpayers are particularly requested to inform themselves as to the number of their respective school districts, and where they have property in more than one school district, they will please make separate returns indicating the location of each piece of property. The school districts in which there are special levies are as follows: No. 23 in Bethel; Nos. 29 and 33 in Bethesda; Nos. 9, 20 and 40 in Broad River; Nos. 9 and 20 in Bullock's Creek; No. 19 in Catawba; Nos. 7 and 12 in Ebenezer; Nos. 26, 28 and 39 in Fort Mill; Nos. 11, 20, 23 and 35 in York.

For the purpose of facilitating the taking of returns, and for the greater convenience of tax payers, I will be at the following places on the dates named:

At Clover, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 5th and 6th.

At Bethel—(S. A. Glenn & Co.)—Thursday, January 7.

At Bandana—(Perry Ferguson's)—Friday, January 8.

At Point—(Harper's)—Saturday, January 9.

At Smyrna, Monday, January 11.

At Hickory Grove, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 12 and 13.

At Sharon, Thursday and Friday, January 14 and 15.

At Bullock's Creek, Saturday, January 16.

At Firzrah, Monday, January 18.

At Newry, Tuesday, January 19.

At Fort Mill, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 20, 21 and 22.

At McConnelville, Monday, January 25.

At Ogden, Tuesday, January 26.

At Coates's Tavern—(Roddy's)—Wednesday, January 27.

At Rock Hill, Thursday and Friday, January 28 and 29, and from Tuesday, February 2 to Friday, February 5.

All males between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, except Confederate soldiers over the age of fifty years, are liable to a poll tax of \$1.00, and persons so liable are especially requested to give the numbers of their respective school districts in making their returns.

It will be a matter of much accommodation to me if as many taxpayers as possible will meet me at the respective appointments, mentioned above so as to avoid the rush at Yorkville during the closing days.

My office in Yorkville will be open every week day from January 1, to February 29, inclusive, and returns may be made there at any time.

JOHN J. HUNTER,
County Auditor.

Yorkville, S. C., Dec. 1, 1908.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
County of York.

In PROBATE COURT.

By L. R. Williams, Esq., Probate Judge of York County.

WHEREAS Mrs. MARIE C. GLENN has applied to me for Letters of Administration, on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of R. M. CARROLL, late of the county aforesaid, deceased;

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all persons so liable as creditors and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me at our next Probate Court for the said county, to be held at Yorkville in the Court House of the 15TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1909, to show cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand and Seal, this 29th day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight and in the 133rd year of American Independence.

L. R. WILLIAMS,
Probate Judge of York County.

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..BLUE ROCK..
Mineral Springs
(Calcic, Sodic, and Lithic Bicarbonate Saline Water.)

A recent analysis of the water of this Mineral Spring by Dr. Boyden Nims, Ph. G. of Columbia, S. C., shows it to be equal to the best Mineral Water used by the American people today.

This water has been given away for more than sixty days since the present owners came into possession and has been thoroughly tested by the public, and pronounced superior to any in the State. Now on sale at the STAR BOTTLE STORE.

To any one not yet having tried this water, we will furnish the same free upon application, until a thorough test has been given it.

BLUE ROCK MINERAL SPRINGS CO.

D. L. Shieder, R. E. Heath and Marion B. Jennings, Proprietors.

See us for all kinds of Building Materials, including Nails, Hinges, Screws, Locks, etc.

See us for Lime, Cement and Brick.

J. J. KELLER & CO.

Be sure to see us before buying any kind of Lumber.

Good Printing? See The Enquirer.

MAKE A CLUB

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Eighteen Capital Premiums

Valued at \$725

AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF SMALLER PRIZES.

Rubber Tired, Quarter Leather Top, Rock Hill Buggy For Largest Club.

Quarter Leather Top, Steel Tired, Rock Hill Buggy For Second Largest Club.

Forty and Thirty Dollar Sewing Machines for Largest and Second Largest Clubs That Do Not Get Buggies in Each Township.

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER IS THE MOST THOROUGHGOING FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN SOUTH CAROLINA. It is primarily a County paper, and there is not a paper in this state that fills its field more completely, more impartially, more respectably, and more honestly than this paper. It is primarily a County paper, and there is not a paper in this state that fills its field more completely, more impartially, more respectably, and more honestly than this paper.

THE FIRST PREMIUM.

The prize for the LARGEST CLUB of the contest will be a Quarter Leather Top Rock Hill Buggy, equipped with Rubber Tires and valued at Retail at \$95.

THE SECOND PREMIUM.

The prize for the SECOND LARGEST CLUB returned in the contest will be a Quarter Leather Top Carolina Grade Rock Hill Buggy, with Steel Tires, and valued at \$70.

FIRST TOWNSHIP PREMIUM.

To the Clubmaker returning a larger club than any other Clubmaker residing in the same township we will give one Five Drawer High Arm Sewing Machine, which has a drop table, a hand lift, and a ball bearing. It is equipped with ribbon pattern stand and ball bearing device which the manufacturers claim is the best that has ever been used in connection with a Sewing Machine. It is guaranteed for Ten Years and will last a lifetime.

SECOND TOWNSHIP PREMIUM.

To the Clubmaker returning the SECOND LARGEST CLUB of any Clubmaker in the township in which he resides, we will give a No. 26 "New Model" Five Drawer Sewing Machine. The Machine is of selected oak, with quarter-sawed lid, finished in dark green oak with high polish. The retail price is \$90, and the Machine is guaranteed for Ten Years.

It is our purpose to give the Clubmakers returning the LARGEST AND SECOND LARGEST CLUBS. If both the Largest and Second Largest Clubs are returned from the same township, there will be no Sewing Machine premium for that township. In case the Buggies go to TWO different townships, then the Clubmaker of each township making the Second Largest Club, will receive One of the Forty Dollar Sewing Machines.

The Buggies we are offering are of the Standard Carolina Grade made by the ROCK HILL BUGGY COMPANY. They are of the quarter leather top description, and the Retail Price of one is \$95.00, while the Retail Price of the other is \$70.00. These Buggies carried off all the premiums at the last year's contest, and there is not a better Buggy to be had in the United States for the price. There are hundreds of these Buggies running in this section and they are giving general satisfaction. They may be seen on exhibition at the mammoth factory of the company in Rock Hill, S. C.

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