

Humorous Department.

Too Much Influence.
Senator Simmons of North Carolina, served one term in the house of representatives, 'way back in 1858, and was defeated for re-election, says an exchange. This is why:
Simmons had secured a postoffice for James City, a solid black town, got it appropriated for a public building at Newbern, across the river, and an appropriation for a road to the National cemetery near by. A negro was nominated against Simmons, but early in the campaign Simmons went to James City and had a big meeting. All the colored brethren were for him. Simmons' opponent said nothing during the campaign. He didn't make a speech until the night before election. Then he held a meeting, and this is what he said: "Mr. Simmons is all right. He has sure 'nuff influence at Washington. One mawwin he went up to the White House and he says: 'Mawwin, Mistuh Cleveland.'"
"Mistuh, Mistuh Simmons, I want \$75,000 for a postoffice over at James City."
"Go right over to the treasury and get it, Mistuh Simmons."
"Pretty soon he goes up and says: 'Mistuh Cleveland, I want \$20,000 for the road to the National cemetery in my town.'"
"Go right over to the treasury and get it, Mistuh Simmons."
"He's got plenty of influence, plenty; but lemme tell you niggers they's such a thing as too much influence. Some day Mistuh Simmons will go up to the White House and say: 'Mawwin, Boss Cleveland.'"
"Mawwin, Mistuh Simmons."
"Mistuh Cleveland, I want all them niggers down in my district put back in slavery, and he'll do it, and then where'll you niggers be, I ask you?" That settled it.

The Price of a Dog.
A handsome bachelor of Baltimore, well-known in social and educational circles, acknowledges the truth of the following story:
He was driving with a very pretty and attractive young woman, when on the outskirts of the city they met a lad of about 12 years leading by a chain a singularly ugly, but finely bred bull terrier. The pretty girl went into raptures over the animal, and her escort determined the animal should be hers. "Seemingly," he called, "what will you take for that dog?"
"Nawthing," replied the lad.
"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Blank. "Here is \$5 for him."
"No, I won't. This here dog ain't for sale."
"Ten," said Mr. Blank, and then, growing desperate, "fifteen, twenty." But the owner still refused.
All the time the conversation was going on the youth, although talking to the man in the buggy, kept his eyes fixed on the animal of the vehicle. "I don't want your money, but if you'll just give that lady there a kiss you may have the dog."
Mr. Blank was speechless. He stared at the boy an instant and then put the whip to his horse, starting him off at a run.
The story goes that a mile was gone over without a word being spoken, when as the horse's rapid gait became slower as it turned down a country lane the pretty girl turned ever so slightly, and said shyly, "Oh, Mr. Blank, why didn't you buy that dog?"
—Baltimore Sun.

Negro Eloquence.—Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:
"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."
"Dan, you are a robber."
"How?" asked the astonished dandy, opening his eyes, around which ragshadow age had walked.
"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"
"Yes, sah."
"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."
The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:
"Marster, wid-wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lorj on your side I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

A Poor Salesman.—Carey Johnson, Ludlum, the southern philologist, said at a dinner: "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take in one of the many schools of salesmanship an eight or nine years' course. I'm sure he needs it."
"This salesman, shabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said: 'Say, friend, lemme sell ya a box of this here patent cement.'"
"I shook off his filthy paw."
"Cement!" I sneered, annoyed at his familiarity. "What do I want with cement?"
"Why," cried the man, in apparent surprise "ain't ye broke? Ye look lit'."
—Philadelphia Record.

It Depended.—To illustrate the different viewpoints of manufacturers upon the question of tariff revision, Charles Heber Clark, a writer upon economic subjects, but better known as a humorist under the pen name of "Max Adler," recently told this story to a gathering of Philadelphia manufacturers.
"There is a farmer neighbor of mine in Montgomery county who was the owner of a very good Alderney cow. One day a stranger, having observed the cow, met the farmer and asked, 'what will you take for that cow?'
"My farmer friend scratched his head a minute and then said, 'Look here, be you the tax assessor? Has she been killed on the railroad?'"
—Circle.

Out of Order.—Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson of Indiana called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:
"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."
"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.
"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.—Success Magazine.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES.
News and Comment Gleaned From Within and About the County.
LANCASTER.

News, April 17: Mr. Wilson Rowell of the Tabernacle section, who is known as one of the largest and most successful sweet potato raisers in the county, says he has increased the yield of his crop by increasing the all-around good bushes. In addition to bedding out ten bushels of potatoes this spring, he has ordered 10,000 slips from Florida. His object in ordering Florida slips is to get early potatoes for market in August. From his last two potato crops Mr. Rowell realized a profit of \$610.
.....Miss Winnie Crawford of Yorkville, was a guest of Mrs. S. W. Inman a couple of days this week.
At a congregational meeting in the First Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, a resolution was adopted providing for an increase in the salary of Rev. E. E. Gillespie, the pastor, from \$1,200 to \$1,500 per annum.
.....The Yorkville Presbyterians appreciate the value of their pastor's able, faithful and laborious services. It is a lamentable fact that preachers, generally speaking, are the poorest paid workers in the vast field of human endeavor, and of course, editors. Now and then you may hear of a preacher's salary being increased, but who ever's heard of an editor getting a "raise?"
.....CHESTER.

.....Lantern, April 16: The Rev. C. E. McDonald is confined to his bed suffering with a severe carbuncle on his neck. The carbuncle has been giving him lots of trouble and he has been a mighty sick man for the past few days. A message from his bedside just before the Lantern went to press stated that he was some better today. On account of his illness there will be no preaching at the A. R. P. church on Sabbath. Mr. McDonald's friends, and their names in legion, wish for him a speedy recovery.
.....Charles McElwain, colored, was brought over from Lancaster on Wednesday morning and landed in jail by Deputy Sheriff Dye. This negro is wanted for assault and battery in Landsford and about a year ago escaped from the constable of Magistrate Crosby. He will stand trial at the summer term of court. Zeke Anderson, colored, was sent up from Fort Lawn on Tuesday night to Sheriff Colvin who locked him in jail.
.....Zelma, a young girl, was being the bond. But it seemed that Mr. Young had been afraid of Zeke keeping the peace and sent him back to jail so that he could get rid of the bond. Zeke is also wanted on a charge of assault and battery and will keep McElwain company until the trial of both comes off in the summer.
.....On Wednesday Miss Mary Cunningham and Mr. A. L. Gault were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. R. M. White, a few miles below the city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. G. Brown in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gault left on the noon train over the Seaboard for their future home in Union county.
.....Engineer C. A. Tennant of Monroe, fell from the cab of the engine today on the turn table at the S. A. L. depot here and severely bruised his back. He was taken to Magdalene hospital and at this writing is being examined by doctors. It is not thought that his injuries will prove serious.
.....Wednesday afternoon a body of men were seen coming up from the direction of the Seaboard depot in their shirt sleeves armed with shot guns and knives and on their shoes telling of travel which they had done. Making for the postoffice the squad broke part going up towards the railroad crossing and the others heading towards the Southern depot. Naturally people were very interested in finding out who they were and what they were up to. Inquiry elicited the information that they were from the Featherville section of Fairfield county and that they were chasing one Jim Williams, white, who had that morning entered the residence of Mr. J. W. Lindsay in that neighborhood and stole some money, a pistol and one shoe. The amount stolen was something like fifteen dollars, although it was reported later that the entire amount lost including the value of the pistol and the shoe was \$75. Bloodhounds had been secured from the Fairfield chancery and the fellow had been followed as far as the Wylie mills, but there the trail had been lost and although a diligent search was made all over the city no trace of the fugitive was found. Later it was reported that a man answering to the description of the fugitive was seen at the store of the Wylie mills and had made off towards the Armentia neighborhood. The pursuers had refreshed themselves with some good food and on hearing the latter news they again gathered and made off towards Armentia in full pursuit of the fugitive. And they appeared as if they were going to follow him until he was captured through the chase should lead to the other side of the land. The matter was, of course, reported to the police and the sheriff and they were assisting in the hunt. Towards nightfall, Sheriff Colvin and Deputy Dye were in conference and a little later Mr. Dye mounted a horse and galloped out of the city heading towards Armentia. The information is that the fellow Williams was serving a sentence on the Fairfield chancery and that Mr. Lindsay had paid him off from the jail and he was working for Mr. Lindsay. Wednesday morning the theft occurred and very shortly afterwards the crowd from the neighborhood started in pursuit. That section is over twenty miles from this city and the men had been following the criminal all the way, but they didn't appear in the least tired and struck out towards Armentia at nightfall as fresh as if they had just gotten out of their beds. Determined to reach the fellow within ten hours and the crowd will have mighty little chance of escaping with such determined followers after him. The bloodhounds gave out before this city was reached, but the pursuers pushed on without them. The trail had led through swamps and creeks, but they were hot on his trail. He gave them the dodge here for a while but at nightfall they set out again having picked up the trail at the Wylie mills. The chase towards Armentia proved fruitless and the crowd returned to the city that night. Yesterday morning several of them boarded the Carolina and North-Western train and made towards Yorkville as it is thought that the fugitive has gone in that direction.
.....In Paris 49,298 horses were killed for food last year. These animals yielded 26,600,000 pounds of meat.

THE STORY OF RUBBER.

How a Most Useful Material Found Its Way into the Commercial World.
Next to copper and iron, rubber is the most important material in the electrical industry. It is used extensively as an insulating material, being one of the best insulators in the world. Nearly all the wires that carry electrical current are protected with rubber insulation. Rubber prevents the electricity escaping through contact of the wire with other conductors. It prevents accidents, fires, and keeps the electrical apparatus from burning out and destroying itself. Besides being used for insulating wires and cables at the plants of the General Electric company rubber is used in the manufacture of motors, switches, generators, and nearly all electrical machines.

The story of rubber is the story of the conquest of the tropical jungles; the fights against disease, poisonous reptiles and insects, man-eating animals, hunger and thirst and the danger of being lost forever.
Civilization first heard of rubber in Herrera's account of his voyage to the coast of the island 1493, where he speaks of elastic balls made by the natives from the gum of a tree.
The first authentic account of its practical use was recorded in 1745 by the leader of a French governmental expedition returning from South America who reported that the natives secured from the juice of a tree a certain gum which was very elastic, impervious to water and used in making bottles, shoes and squirt guns.

Thirty years later it was introduced to commerce when an Englishman, returning from Assam, India, a soft spongy substance which would erase lead pencil marks and which afterwards became known as India rubber. Many primitive uses were found for this wonderful gum, but owing to its susceptibility to changes of temperature, which rendered it sticky and more or less fluid, rubber did not come into its own until early in the last century. At that time it was discovered, after a great deal of experiment, that by mixing sulphur with the rubber and subjecting it to a high degree of heat, these former deficiencies were eliminated and a material was produced which was both tough and elastic, and would retain those properties under varying temperatures. This process of curing was called vulcanization and is the basis of rubber making today.

So great has been the development of rubber manufacture since that time that its products now exceed a value of five hundred million dollars annually.
Contrary to the popular impression rubber gum is not derived from the sap. It is secured from a milky juice or latex which is found only in the bark. The latex contains a substance known as caoutchouc (the active principle of rubber), together with certain albuminoids, resins, etc., which upon evaporating of moisture, coagulate forming a thick, spongy substance. The percentage of caoutchouc in proportion to other ingredients contained in the latex, determines the quality of the rubber.

The regions from which rubber gum is secured form an irregular belt in the tropics and sub-tropics extending around the earth, the quality produced varying greatly according to the species of plant, the soil and the climate. Great quantities are produced in Africa, Mexico, Ceylon and the Malay Islands, but the most desirable rubber for resiliency and wear resistance is secured from a tree found in the Amazon river district, South America. This rubber is known as Para, the name being derived from its chief city of export. It not only contains 95 per cent of caoutchouc, but the methods used by the natives in preparing it for market are so much superior that it is selected for preference by all others for manufacturing purposes.—Electrical News.

THE TERROR OF THE AIR.

Zeppelin's Airship Gives Cause For Alarm in England.

In spite of the adverse opinion of Prince Henry of Prussia as to the usefulness of the Zeppelin airship as a war machine, says the New York Sun, certain British experts are working themselves into a pre-emptive panic over the menace from Friedrichshafen. The situation is disquieting today. As they figure it, it will be alarming in a year, and disastrous in 1912—which seems to figure in British eyes these days as a sort of year of doom. The performance of the airship described as Zeppelin No. 1 on the first day of this month, when she weathered a great storm without damage, and her later performance of remaining in the air overnight with a full military crew on board, will not tend to soothe the British anxieties. Indeed they may be excited for assuming that Prince Henry's pessimism is more or less a patriotic bluff.

As in the matter of the Dreadnought, the English fears grow out of an understanding of the speed with which Germany is now able to construct whatever implements of war she may desire. It is simply a question of time before the war of the future will be a full military crew on board, will not tend to soothe the British anxieties. Indeed they may be excited for assuming that Prince Henry's pessimism is more or less a patriotic bluff.

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MARINE BAD CHARACTERS.

Some Fish That Are Dangerous to Bathers and Fishermen.
The idea of fish constituting a danger to human life or limb would hardly occur to the angler who has never cast net or line in tropical waters, yet there are several instances on record of bathers being attacked by pike, and of an older writer, Crull, tells of a giant pike inside which was found the body of an infant. Not long ago a good sized retriever which was swimming in the Thames just above Chitty's boat house at Richmond was tackled by a pike, which bit one of his hind legs so badly as to sever an artery.
It was another Thames pike which attacked that well known naturalist and fisherman, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell. He had actually landed the fish when it sprang from the ground and fixed all its sharp teeth into his leg just above the knee. The creature hung so fiercely to its hold that a stick had to be used to pry its jaws apart. The other British fish which can be truly called dangerous is the conger eel. The experienced sea fisherman takes care to kill every large conger as soon as it is brought into the boat. The conger has extraordinary jaw power. It can triturate shellfish, shells and all.
Ugly and savage brute as the conger is, it is a lamb compared with its relative, the green moray of Bermuda waters. This great eel is of an unnaturally brilliant green and has an eye which is the very epitome of intense and malignant ferocity. It is voracious and savage beyond words. Negro boatmen have such a holy horror of it that they absolutely refuse to allow a moray into the boat.
An acquaintance of the writer, a marine officer, fishing in a small boat off Bermuda hooked one of these fish, but as soon as his boatman saw the hideous head above the water he whipped out his knife and made to cut the line. The officer shouted to him to stop but had to threaten to throw the man overboard before he would put up his knife. When the great eel was pulled over the side the negro was absolutely aghast with fright. As for the moray, no sooner was it in the boat than it doubled upon the conger and its jaws met with a clash in its own side, cutting out a chunk of white flesh as neatly as a scapop would cut cheese. That was enough for the officer. He picked up a book and forked the uncanny creature overboard.
The fish that has a thoroughly bad name in West Indian waters and all along the shores of the Mexican gulf is the barracouta. Certainly the barracouta is an unpleasant looking customer. He is long and narrow, shaped like a torpedo, blue black above and gray below, and he can swim at most amazing speed. Where he lives he is known as the devil fish, a name common to all marine bad characters. The negroes have a perfect horror of the barracouta, which they aver will attack bathers and inflict upon them a mutilation impossible to describe.
Another so-called devil fish which is common on American coasts from 30 deg. north latitude to about the same degree south of the line is the giant ray. This fish looks very like a skate, but grows to an enormous size. It lies on the sea bottom, covering many square yards of coral sand, and if attacked may prove not only nasty but most dangerous. It is said to use its mouth like a shark, but its most unpleasant weapon is the toothed spear in its tail. Fishermen aver that it is able to drive this jagged lance right through a man's thigh. Such a wound is extremely poisonous and almost invariably fatal.—Chambers' Journal.

WILD HORSES IN THE WEST.
The first horses of the western plains were probably brought here by the Spaniards. In 1545 almost 35 years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico, and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on loaded poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date.
In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their settlers tell of the astonishing number of Indians at seeing 35 horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of western horses originated from these strays.
In the early days upon the plains they were as great a pest to travelers as they are today. We be unto the luckless campers who allowed a band of wild horses to get close enough to his gentle horse turned out for the night to sweep them off.
In these early days wild horses were followed by men on foot, for the call of the wild comes to the gentleman of horses when he is thrown with a band of this kind that have been born and raised free of all restraint. It is a well known fact that the hardest one to cut out, the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie, is the old, gentle, well-broken saddle or work horse once he gets a taste of such freedom.
In those early days various methods of capturing these wild horses were employed. Man made it a regular business and were known as mustangers. One of their devices, called creasing, consisted of shooting a bullet so that it struck the animal on the top of the neck just in front of the withers and about an inch or so deep, close to the spinal column.
The shock temporarily stunned the horse and the hunter ran up and tied the animal's feet together before he recovered. A rope halter was slipped on his head; a gentle horse, or sometimes a work ox, was led up alongside and propped the animal up by the securely hooked up to the gentle animal and thus he could be handled easily.
Old mustangers say, however, that for one horse caught this way fifty were killed, and that as a matter of fact the method was not used very much except in an emergency, when a hunter, after days of attempts to capture the beast, was in a desperate straits, finally creating an exceptionally fine animal rather than see him escape altogether.
One of the best cow ponies I ever owned, I bought from a mustanger who had creased him on the plains east of the Pecos river in New Mexico. There was a hole in his neck fully two inches deep and wide where the fall from the heavy buffalo gun had ploughed its way through the flesh just high enough during the operation to let the animal enough to stay effectively.—McClure's.

A CINCH FOR UNCLE SAM.
About \$9,000,000 Profit From the Mints Last Year.
While Uncle Sam makes the gold coin practically without cost to the owner of the bullion, he makes sufficient profit (called seigniorage) on the silver coinage and the nickels and pennies manufactured at his mints. He actually takes the risk of dealing more than pay all expenses of maintaining the mints and assay offices.
He buys the silver, nickel and copper at its bullion value, which in the case of silver costs about half the face value of the coin made from it. The actual cost of a nickel or five cent piece at the present price of the metal, including the labor and contingent expenses, is about two-fifths of a cent each, and the cost of a one cent piece, including metal, labor, etc., is about one-fifth of a cent each.
In addition to the profits on silver and minor coinage, says the National Magazine, the government has a source of revenue and profit from charges for refining deposits of gold and silver, charges for the alloy used in making the coin, assaying, making medals, sale of by-products from the refining operations and the coining of money for other governments.
The total earnings of the mint and assay service for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, was \$10,942,900.98, while the total expenditures for the entire service, including salaries, the wages of workmen, contingent expenses and the loss in operations, amounted to \$1,955,843.24, leaving a total profit of \$8,987,057.74. Of this income for the term above stated the seigniorage on the present gold coinage was \$4,713,400.00, and the seigniorage on the minor coinage for the same period was \$1,135,929.42.
No less than 10,000 tons of dynamite will be used on the Panama canal within the next twelve months.

PIRATES OF THE SULU SEA.

Their Attacks Upon Fleet of Pearling Boats.—The Leader Jikiri.
Captain Charles Port of the steamship Borneo brought the startling news from Jolo that the pearling fleet of four boats belonging to B. Heaton-Ellis had been attacked by Moros while at anchor near the town of Parang.
The Moros surrounded the pearlers and began the attack at long range. To this fire the crew of the pearlers responded to the best of their ability, but having a very limited number of arms and a small amount of ammunition their defence did not amount to much. Two of the pearling luggers immediately got up sail and were able to escape.
As the steamship Borneo was leaving Jolo a pearler was being towed by a launch, but being pressed for time Captain Port could not wait to hear the details of the affair. However, the report that he brought is that four or five men were killed and several wounded and one of the vessels was scuttled and sunk by the pirates.
It is thought that the attack was organized and directed by Jikiri, the famous outlaw whose band killed the lumbermen Verment and Case some time more than a year ago.
While it is doubtless true that many of the crimes committed in the Moro province and credited to Jikiri were perpetrated by others, this last ferocious attack on the pearlers was most probably the work of Jikiri's band. It is known that his followers now amount to a considerable number of picked rascals, all of whom are armed with up to date rifles.—Mindanao Herald.

GILA MONSTERS.
More of Them, But Little Known About the Creatures.
Naturalists who recently visited the Mohave desert in Arizona claim that there has been an increase in the number of gila monsters in that region, said Dr. A. E. Cedron of Prescott, Ariz., to a Washington Post reporter.
"These lizards are of great interest to naturalists, for in spite of investigations authorities still differ as to whether the bite of a gila monster is fatally poisonous. I have had several instances come under my observation where men have been bitten by gila monsters, but none ever died. In the case of a gila monster biting a guinea pig, however, the poison was fatal a few minutes after the guinea pig had been bitten. The most of the south-east, particularly the Indians of Mexico, sincerely believe that the bite of a gila is fatal to a human being, and the lizard is held in much awe by them."
It is likely, however, that this fear is occasioned largely by the repulsive appearance of the reptile. The head is very prominent, comprising about one-

FOR SALE.
132 Acres—1 tenant house, in Bethel township, adjoins Perry Ferguson; 35 acres in cultivation; balance in timber; a quantity of saw timber.
144 Acres—6-room cottage; 2-story, 6-rooms; 2 tenant houses; land lies level, in high state of cultivation; 10 acres of bottom land; joins the land of C. C. Hughes.
110 Acres—Adjoining the lands of J. W. Jackson, S. J. Clinton and others; 50 acres in cultivation; the balance in good timber.
The late residence of S. G. Carroll—A beautiful 4-room cottage and all necessary outbuildings.
110 Acres—One 4-room house, 4 miles of Hickory Grove; 2-mile of Hickory Grove; 30 acres in cultivation. Price, \$900.
Part of Gill Lands—279 acres, near Sharon.
I have a drawing card for a merchant at a Station on the Railroad.
W. J. Engle Home—Call especial attention to this, as being one of the finest small farms in the county; it produces a bale of cotton to the acre, and has done so for four years; 511 acres in the place; level land; 2000 ft. new 6-room cottage; fine new 2-story barn; good water; plenty of wood; everything in good shape; four miles from Yorkville, Charlotte road; 60 acres in original forest; 20 acres second growth timber. Price, \$1,000.00.
M. B. Love Property—98 acres; 3 miles of Sharon; 16 acres in cultivation; 60 acres in original forest; 20 acres second growth timber. Price, \$1,000.00.
J. P. Barnes Land—105 acres; 4 miles southwest of Yorkville; 12 acres of wired pasture.
E. C. Freeman Property—88 acres; 75 acres in timber; about 100 acres of cleared land. Price, \$850.00.
225 Acres—5 miles from Rock Hill; plenty of wood; rents for 5,500 lbs. cotton. Price, \$2,000.00.
Deunis Whisnaut—Residence at Hickory Grove, S. C. Painted; 2-stories. A fine residence; 1 acre lot.
The J. C. Wilborn—Two miles north of Sharon, 6 miles west of Yorkville; 113 acres of land; 65 acres under cultivation. Rents for 1,650 lbs. cotton. Very Cheap.
Land of E. M. and Jas. E. Bankhead—in Bullock's Creek township; 48 acres; from 250 to 300 acres in open land; nearly 200 acres of bottom land—fine for corn; plenty of wood. Price, \$1,000.00.
This rents for 2,200 lbs. of cotton. Price, \$1,650.00.

FOR SALE.
I have more than 100 Farms of various sizes and conditions on my list, and can meet the requirements of almost any buyer whom you send me. I know your wants. If not convenient to come, write me your wants. I will do my best to supply you.
— FOR SALE —

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NOT OFTEN A BARGAIN LIKE THIS

Now He Knows.
Solution of a Mystery That Bothered the Middle-Aged Man in His Youth.
"When I was a boy," said the middle-aged man, to a New York Sun reporter, "we used to come across a pear tree occasionally that had pears so hard you couldn't bite 'em. Maybe you've seen 'em."
"They were a chunky built pear, almost spherical in shape, a very dark green, almost black in color and of about the same specific gravity as cast iron. You threw one of those pears against a rock and it might chip the rock, but it would have no effect on the pear. These pears never got ripe; they always remained of just that same hardness. There were no apples that we could not bite into, but those hard pears were proof even against the teeth of our youth."
"I used to wonder sometimes why those pears grew, what they were for and what became of them. Now I know. I came across some yesterday preserved."
"There they were in the dish, two pieces, of one pear, two hemispheres of pear, looking strangely familiar when in my mind I had reconstructed them to make one pear; and when after barely escaping shooting the piece I tried out of the dish on to the table in my repeated endeavors to penetrate it; when, I say, I had finally managed to shave a sliver off this piece I felt morally certain, and when I had tasted it any lingering doubt I might have had was removed; it was tasteless. They were beyond all question the same old pears."
"Boiling and steaming had softened them a little on the surface, but not much, and despite all treatment they still remained as they had ever been, without taste. They were the pears, all right—the petrified pears of our youth, and while we couldn't eat them we smiled as we thought we had solved at last that long standing mystery of what they did with them—they can 'em."

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