

Humorous Department.

Kicked By the Elephant. "Among Lincoln's circus stories," said a Cincinnati veteran, "was one about a Delaware tough.

"A circus, Lincoln's story ran, visited Newcastle, and the town tough turned out the afternoon of its arrival to see what sort of a circus it was.

"The tough snorted with contempt. "Drat yer elephant!" he growled, "I'll clean out the hull show, elephant an' all, if ye give me any of yer lip."

"The canvas man slunk off humbly, and a few minutes later went inside and told the boss. The boss, who weighed over 200 and stood 6 feet 6 in his socks, chuckled and took up one of the enormous mallets used to drive in tent pegs.

"Show me where he's leaning," was all he said. The tough, however, was all the while looking at the elephant.

"The canvasman led the boss to the place where the tough's form made a long, oval dent in the tent. The boss chuckling again, fixed his eye on that spot, just below the tough's coat-tails, where the dent was deepest, and swinging the mallet twice around his head he struck with all his might.

"There was a dull thud, a cry of pain and fear, and the tough leaped ten feet, then made off down the road as fast as he could run.

"What's the matter, Peleg?" the inhabitants shouted as he tore through the town.

"Been kicked by the elephant," he replied. "Detroit Free Press.

Good Marksmanship.—Bill Jones was an eccentric character, a local justice of the peace in a South Carolina town. He was exceedingly tall—so attenuated, in fact, that but for his hat he would not have cast a shadow.

One night a number of fellow bonvivants joined him in a symposium, and many minstrel jumps were consumed. One of the party unostentatiously produced a revolver. It was accidentally discharged and a bullet struck Bill Jones in the leg.

Conscience stricken and wobbly with excitement and juleps, the owner of the weapon hastened to the home of the nearest doctor and pulled at the doorbell.

At length the physician, who had himself been spending a riotous evening, stuck his head from the second story window.

"Whazza mazzar?" he demanded thickly. "I jush shot Bill Jones in the leg," replied the man below.

"Shot Bill Jones in the leg?" repeated the doctor, wonderingly. "Ash wha' I said," returned the offender. "Sho's Bill Jones in the leg."

The doctor gazed down upon him admiringly. "Well," he said, "that wash a hell of a good shot."

And he closed the window and went back to bed.—Cleveland Leader.

The Learned German Boy.—During the civil war George Denker, a German boy about 15 years old, who had enlisted as a volunteer from Pennsylvania, was slightly wounded in a battle and taken to a hospital.

"Dumpy," as he was called, always wore one of those old-fashioned German hats, which caused lots of fun for his comrades.

Major McDowell, his commander, happy over the victory of the day, and ever ready to have fun with the German boys, who could not speak English very plainly, said to him as he saw him sitting near a stove in the hospital with his arm in a sling.

"Dumpy, remove that helmet." "Das hell mit? Das helmet vat?" said the German boy, rather embarrassed.

Miscellaneous Reading.

UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL.

Coming to be an Enormous Burden For Country to Bear. It is well that the people of this country should know something about the burden their government is coming to be. We know what vast sums have been spent and are being spent for army and navy and pensions, but we do not always realize how great has been the increase in the ordinary expenditures.

It was pointed out during the last campaign that almost 100,000 names had been added to the nation's pay roll during the administration of President Roosevelt. This involved an increase of salaries of \$10,000,000. The government employees was at the rate of 1,000 a year, and in salaries of \$10,000,000 a year. In the last full year of Mr. Roosevelt this rate of increase was exceeded, the number of new employes being 22,000. And the figures are still climbing. We now have 370,000 public servants, as against 328,000 last year.

These figures should give us pause. We are now paying more than \$400,000,000 in salaries alone. Each man, woman and child is being taxed \$4.50 each year for the ordinary expenses of the government, a sum which would be almost enough to meet all expenses, ordinary and extraordinary. No one doubts that the government could, if it were organized and conducted on business principles—as it probably never will be—be carried on for one-half the amount now used to maintain it.

But even if we cannot get a business basis we ought to be able to make some retrenchment in our pay roll. The land is filled with special agents, secretaries, inspectors, and inspectors of inspectors. Special counsel have been hired to do work which other men were paid for doing and should have done. Assistant attorneys have multiplied beyond all reason. And the result is now before us. Nor have we reached the end.

It is not surprising that the president should have a good deal to say about economy. It is an old-fashioned and almost forgotten virtue. In these days of high prices and mounting taxes, it is well that we should give some attention to saving money. All this money comes out of the people, much of it from those who cannot shift the burden of taxation—that is, the poorer people, the much-talked-of ultimate consumers.—Indianapolis News.

NEPTUNE CONQUERED.

Lusitania's Wave Would Have Crushed Smaller Ship. Was it a last despairing protest of Old Ocean when he lifted his giant hand in the darkness of the night of January 10, and smote the Lusitania a blow which raked and splintered her foremast deck and decks beneath, giving them a permanent depression of several inches? For time was, and not so very long ago, when the sea was the undisputed master of the ship, and whenever Neptune saw fit to open the viols of his wrath and send his league-lashed rollers across the deep, the proud ship of the day must stop at his bidding, if she did not indeed turn and run before the fury of the blast. Of late years, man, by virtue of his knowledge and mechanical skill, has been building in ever-increasing lengths and breadths, and with such ceaseless enlargements of bunker and boiler-room; he has so multiplied horse-power, and has called to his aid so many ingenious contrivances for speed and strength and safety, that old Neptune must for many a decade past have foreseen the humiliating day when he could no longer hold the destinies of the bold sea voyager in his hand, and no longer say to him, "Thus far and thus slowly shalt thou go."

Following the hint of the ultimate victory which was supplied by the Lusitania and Campania, came that wonderful ship of the Hamburg-American line, the Deutschland, and the even larger and more powerful Kaiser Wilhelm and Cecile of the North German Lloyd; and with the advent of each giant vessel man's growing mastery of the ocean was shown in ever-increasing speed and a closer approximation in times of departure and arrival to the regularity of transportation on land.

It was reserved for the steam turbine to supply the last mechanical device which was to give to man in his age-long struggle with the elements a weapon of complete victory; for in the combination of size and strength and power afforded by the latest turbine liners there has been developed a ship which has demonstrated its ability to drive at full speed, and all day long into the heart of a closer approximation in times of departure and arrival to the regularity of transportation on land.

The writer will not soon forget a notable day, some two winters ago, when the Lusitania, in weather which varied from a gale to a full hurricane, averaged for the twenty-four hours a speed of between twenty-six and twenty-seven land miles an hour. During the ten-ton anchors were shifted, it is true, and steel derrick booms were swung athwartship and twisted as if they were no stouter than a boy's tin water-tie. Yet the ship steamed into port practically intact, and with not a rivet started in the whole fabric of her hull.

Ordinarily a transatlantic liner will drive her way against a westerly gale, voyage after voyage, with no more serious hurt than the bending of a stanchion or the breaking of a pane of glass in the pilot house. But, once in a long while, there may come a combination of seas which are so related to the length of the ship, that she may be riding down one wave, with her bow buried deep, and her foremast deck awash, just as her stern dries into a roller, steep of front and of vast height. Then it is that the structure of the ship meets its moment of supreme trial; and not even the officers, 75 feet above water, are safe from the full impact of a solid Atlantic sea.

On the Monday night in question because of the tempestuous weather, the glass windows in the pilot house had been lowered and the storm windows, built of solid wood, with a small heavy glass port light in the center, had been raised. The stern of the vessel was lifting high on a receding sea, and the foremast deck was awash, just at the moment that a wave of gigantic proportions loomed up at the bow.

From the fact that the solid water swept entirely over the pilot house, and the compass stand upon its roof, which was at least 80 feet above normal waterline, it was evident that the wave was some 35 feet high measured from the trough. The sea was breaking, and therefore the mast of water must have had considerable forward momentum.

The ship itself was running at half speed, and met the sea at a speed of from 12 to 13 knots. When the mass struck the breastworks and pilot house, every one of the stout wooden storm windows was burst in, the woodwork being stripped clean to the staves, and the stout steel framing between the windows was forced several inches inward, driving a piece of the woodwork bodily through a hardwood casing containing a portion of the fire-fighting apparatus. The quartermaster leaped back against the bulkhead behind, carrying in his hands the wheel, which was torn from its standard. The mass of water then swept into the officers' wardrobe and staterooms, filling them breast high with water—and this, be it remembered, at an elevation of 75 feet above the normal sea level.

Now, since the ship is some 80 feet broad at this point, and the distance from the pilot house to the stem must be at least 150 feet, and since, in order to roll over the pilot house, the waves must have been some 35 feet in height, at least 1,000 tons of water must have swept over the forecastle deck—as any one with a pencil and pad may easily figure out for himself. It cannot be possible that the wave fell with such vertical impact, or the decks would have crumpled up like an egg-shell; but the momentum was sufficient to crush the forecastle deck and the three decks below a few inches down into the body of the ship, leaving them with a permanent set. Dramatic evidence of the enormous stresses to which the ship was subjected is afforded by the stanchions and solid steel bulkheads below the deck; which, in some places, buckled out of the vertical as they yielded beneath the load above. Had the Lusitania not been built of special strength to stand such buffeting as this, the results might easily have been very serious indeed; and we are inclined to agree with her captain in his belief that many smaller and less stoutly built ships, which have disappeared utterly at sea, may have been sent to the bottom by the crushing in of their decks under so-called "tidal waves" of these dimensions.—Scientific American.

THE YORCKVILLE ENQUIRER.

An Afghan Trick.

During a shooting match in the presence of the governor of Kandahar, the sardar noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite bird of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim, whereas he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the sardar stood his ground, and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall, and the soldiers fired at it; but, strange to say, not one of them hit the egg. The governor and his suite kept their countenances

and excused the non-success of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened, and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved. The cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball and thus escaped being hit.

A ball is the result of a humor in the blood, but few victims see anything funny about it.

DESTROYING SPARROWS.

Those Who Think Congress Can Do Anything Might Try This. In spite of the recent extraordinary reconciliation between this country and Great Britain, there are certain things which we cannot endure with complacency and which must be rid of. We refer to the British sparrow, long domiciled on our shores. Like the negro, he came unasked, by force in fact; but, unlike the negro, he has prospered out of all proportion to the good of the rest of the community. The English sparrow is a pest. He must be destroyed.

Uncle Sam has taken up the matter in great earnest. He has published a book, which is entertaining and instructive. It also contains some unobscured humor. We should think a comic opera might be based on this book. Imprints we remark that this British sparrow was brought to this country for the definite purpose of eating up the caterpillars which were destroying the trees in city parks. He does not like the diet, apparently. Anyhow he has refused either to perform his duty or to depart. The charges brought against him by the agricultural department are many and specific. To wit: He eats up beneficial insects which a benign Providence put around us to destroy other noxious insects and microscopic infusoria. He eats cherries and spoils apples and other fruits. He destroys blossoms just at the fertilizing period, and he drives away other large, but less courageous birds which are wholly beneficial in their aspects. In short, the sparrow is a liar, a thief, a burglar, and a murderous plian. No wonder Uncle Sam is after him.

He must be gotten rid of at all costs, and Uncle Sam tells us many ways to do it: Shoot him, destroy his nest, trap him, poison him, or, as he has been poisoned, but at all costs, get rid of him. The damage he does is estimated at some millions that, if incorporated, the sparrow would be one of the greatest and most odious terrors. We are much impressed with the advice and counsel given in this monumental work. As we understand it, a man who devotes all his time and money to ridding his yard of sparrows will thereby reduce the number considerably, it seems impossible to annihilate them if we are to pay any attention to the meat trust, the Standard Oil trust and a few others.

We think the sparrow should be abolished simply by legislation. Some people seem to think that congress can do anything by fiat of law. Here is a chance to test the theory.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

POISON TREES.

They Are Found In Only Two Places In The World.

In only two places in the world, Queensland and the west coast of Africa, can there be found that most remarkable of nature productions, the Erythrophloeum labouchei (or poison tree). Referring to this tree in speaking at a meeting of the Sydney Natural History society, A. Meston, formerly protector of aborigines in northern Queensland, says that when in full foliage it is one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The wood is elegantly grained and marked by colors and peculiar streaks which readily distinguished it from any other known timber. It is extremely hard and tough, and the blacks of the Cape York peninsula use it for making their woomeras, with which they throw the spear. The tree bears long rods containing beans, which like the leaves, are fatal to all animal life. The stomach of a dead goat or a dead sheep may show only three or four undigested green leaves. All animals are blind before they die and remain blind if they recover. This tree killed sixteen of the Chinese company's camels. It killed some of the horses and cattle of the Jardine brothers in their expedition to Cape York in 1864. On one occasion it killed several thousand sheep on the gulf rivers. Occasionally an aboriginal Lucratia Borgia disposes of a rival by mixing some crushed beans in a mashed yam or pounded conchoid, and the unhappy Juliet can nevermore gaze upon her lost Romeo. Even inhaling the smoke of the burning wood is said to have a disastrous effect upon ladies who, in Byronic phrase, are among those "who love their lords"; consequently it is never used for firewood except in extreme cases of matrimonial infidelity.—London Standard.

Chickens can now be plucked by means of a special electric fan.

ARE YOU HONEST?

With your land when for the sake of saving a few dollars you use a fertilizer whose only recommendation is its analysis. It requires no special knowledge to mix materials to analyses. The value of a fertilizer lies in the materials used, so as not to over feed the plant at one time and starve at another. This is why Royster brands are so popular. Every ingredient has its particular work to do. Twenty-five years experience in making goods for Southern crops has enabled us to know what is required.

See that trade mark is on every bag.



F. S. Royster Guano Co. NORFOLK, VA.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW WHICH?

What a Heap of Happiness It Would Bring to Yorkville Homes. Hard to do housework with an aching back. Bring you hours of misery at letting up or at work.

If woman only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys. "I would save much needless wear. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. L. C. Good, 224 Depot St., Gary, N. Y., says: "I am very willing to endorse Doan's Kidney Pills for I know them to be a good remedy for kidney trouble. For more than a year I was subject to attacks of this complaint. My kidneys failed to work properly and as the result I always felt languid and tired. I also suffered a great deal from rheumatic twinges throughout my body. Upon learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I obtained a supply and after using them a short time, I received great benefit."

FOR FINAL DISCHARGE. NOTICE is hereby given that on January 15, 1910, I made a final settlement with the Probate Court of York county as administratrix of the estate of R. M. CARROLL, deceased, and that on FEBRUARY 15 next, I will make application to Hon. L. R. Williams, Judge of said Court, for my discharge from further liability in connection with said estate.

MARIE C. GLENN, Administratrix.

BRICK FOR SALE. SEE me for what you need. 10c per thousand. W. R. CARROLL, ft.

Don't miss getting our prices on Dry Goods, Shoes, etc., before you buy. Our Dry Goods Department is upstairs, over the Grocery Department, and it is to your interest to make a visit to our Dry Goods Department. We guarantee our prices against any you can get by 20 per cent or less. We have just received large shipments of SHOES and can please you in Quality and Prices. Ladies' and Misses' Shoes—\$1.25 to \$2.50. Boys' Shoes—\$1.25 to \$2.50. Men's Shoes—\$1.25 to \$3.00. Be sure to come to see us before buying—you will save big money. Try it.

The Grocery Department. This department is full up with everything in the best grades of Heavy and Fancy Groceries and Farm Supplies, and we are always ready to Quote Prices that are Right.

SEE US FOR FLOUR AND GRAIN. Two cars of FLOUR—all grades—just received. Two cars of CORN and OATS just received. We have the finest grade of New Orleans Molasses in barrels, at 60 Cents a Gallon. Extra choice Georgia Cane Syrup in Cans. Fine fresh Mackerel in barrels. Barrels and Heinz's Pickles in glass.

CHOICE CANNED GOODS. Finest Quality Cling Peaches, Cherries and Apricots, Sugar Corn and Sweet Peas. Choice grade Evaporated Peaches. Try our Finest brand Tomatoes—easily the best on the market. See us for Spices and high grade Flavoring Extracts. A fresh lot of Raisins, Currants, Grated Coconut and Powdered Sugar for sale. If you want Quality in your Groceries, come and see us.

Yorkville Banking and Mercantile Company.

Make Your Dreams Come True. DON'T DREAM ABOUT THE MONEY YOU ARE GOING TO SAVE, BUT START IN AT ONCE TO SAVE MORE OF YOUR INCOME. Realize that the Only Way to be Successful is to be Systematic—not only in your business, but in your saving. Real Opportunities come only to those who possess Ready Money.

Be prepared when Opportunity calls by having Your Savings In Our Bank. They will grow at Compound Interest.

THE NATIONAL UNION BANK ABSOLUTELY SAFE ROCK HILL - - SOUTH CAROLINA. W. J. RODDEY, President. IRA B. DUNLAP, Cashier.

See T. W. Speck FORD Automobiles. Make it a point to visit Speck's Jewelry Store whenever you want Watch repairing, a Clock fixed and Jewelry mended. See Speck when you want to buy a Watch, Clock or Jewelry.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET. WE have Irish Potatoes and Cabbage, and want to buy some good Hogs. Come and see us for everything in Beef, Pork and Sausage. C. F. SHERRER, Proprietor.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Typewriter Department, YORKVILLE, S. C.

YORK FURNITURE CO. Cash or Credit—A Square Deal. M. L. Carroll, C. W. Carroll, CARROLL BROS.

Shingles, Shingles. Just received a carload of first-class Hard Pine Shingles. See us for what you need. The price is right. SEE US FOR Everything in the Grocery Line. Farm Implements of all kinds, including Disc and Drag Harrows, Stalk Cutters, etc. Corn Horse and Mule Feeds. CARROLL BROS.

FOR SALE TWELVE HORSE Erle Boiler, with complete fittings, in good condition at a bargain. L. M. GRIST'S SONS.

JOHN J. HUNTER, 207 W. O. W. Receipt Books at The Enquirer Office, 30c each.

J. C. WILBORN REAL ESTATE LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO SELL—FOR SALE—

381-2 Acres—Johns R. M. Anderson and A. K. Sherrill. Land of Wm. Patton. 205 Acres—Land of F. W. Love, six miles Yorkville; 2 tenant houses; 75 acres cleared, 125 acres in pine and cedar. Price \$500.

160 Acres—Ross Love place; 2-story dwelling on public road and Southern Rwy.; 30 acres in bottom, one 3-room tenant house; 110 acres of land; everything in good shape; 2 miles Sharon. 38 Acres—at Delphi. Property of Ed. W. Sandifer.

225 Acres—In Bethel township, about 4 miles Clover. John Lee Campbell & Bro., a beautiful home; a fine farm, and has plenty of wood. It is a cheap home. Price \$6,500. Property of Mrs. Marshall Campbell.

100 Acres—Property of R. R. Love, on 2-story dwelling, painted, fine barn and outbuildings; 30 acres bottom land; 25 acres of timber—some forest timber. Price \$2,700.

61 Acres—A. A. Laughton place, Johns W. B. Stroup, lands New 3-room tenant house; 53 acres fine timber. Price \$1,200.

210 Acres—3 miles Sharon; 4 miles Yorkville. John E. B. Sherrill, 40 acres of land in level; 1-4 mile farm open. Property of R. M. Robinson; one dwelling; 2 good tenants.

185 Acres—John T. Freeman; running 1 mile on Howell's Ferry road; 1 miles Yorkville; 50 7-room; dwelling; 3 good tenants; near good school. 100 acres in cultivation; 43 acres in forest timber; lies well. Price \$2,200.

22 1/2 Acres—In Bethel township. Property of Mrs. E. Campbell; 3 miles Bethel church; 20 acres of bottom; 25 acres in timber. Four miles Tirasah station. Part of this land is level; 4-room house. Price \$10 per acre. This is a bargain.

201 Acres—Land of W. W. Auto. Will divide into small tracts of 100 acres; two good dwellings; 5-room tenant house; rolling land. Price \$10 per acre. Three miles Newport station.

40 Acres—60 acres in cultivation, 90 acres in timber, 30 acres bottom land; no houses on the land, 13 miles McConnellsville. Great bargain—\$10.00 per acre.

One 4-room house and lot on Pinckney street—Price \$500.00. 180 Acres—J. Mack Whitelides place, on Clark's Ferry, 13 acres fine bottom, upland rolling and hilly—Price \$2,800.

50 Acres—A beautiful cottage near Bethel church; 20 acres of bottom; 4-room and pantry; lies level, a large new barn, everything very convenient. No nicer little home in York county. Price \$1,200. Home of H. G. Thomasson.

80 Acres—W. N. Ferguson—Garnet place; 40 acres Mountain chapel on King's Mountain road; 1-4 mile of Filbert.

84 Acres—W. N. Ferguson home place, near Filbert; a beautiful new house, level land. Price \$40 per acre. 50 Acres—Rachel Burns home place, Johns L. E. Carter, R. N. McElwee; 7 miles Yorkville. Price \$500.

90 Acres—Mrs. E. V. McCarter, one 4-room dwelling, 40 acres open land, lies well. Near Stroup's store. 45 Acres—Adjoins Mike Carroll; fine location. Property of S. C. Smith.

123 Acres—Newport Station. 187 Acres—Good land, adjoins F. M. Lynn, near McConnellsville. Price per acre \$10.00.

100 Acres—Mrs. S. A. Niven place, 2 miles good school; 3 miles Yorkville. John M. Geo. Wallace, near Charlotte road. For a quick sale. See me at once. 183 Acres—The dwelling of A. S. Jackson, two tenant houses, 80 acres in cultivation; 35 acres in timber; 1 mile of Guthrieville High school; good neighborhood, fine farm. Price \$1,800 per acre—if bought within 30 days.

144 Acres—John J. E. Groves, near Bethel church—2 houses and necessary outhouses. Some land produced a bale per acre. D. L. Good & Bro. Price \$1,800.

105 Acres—Adjoins the above; 3-room house; land is a little hilly, but is good, strong land. The cheapest land in York county. Property of Good Bros. Johns J. C. Kirkpatrick. Price for 105 acres—\$250.00.

100 Acres—Mrs. S. A. Niven place, 2 miles good school; 3 miles Yorkville. John M. Geo. Wallace, near Charlotte road. For a quick sale. See me at once.

123 Acres—Bethel township—\$1,800, good place and buildings. 100 Acres—Price \$1,200—King's Mountain township—Johns Bob Biggers. J. C. WILBORN.

TAX RETURNS FOR 1910. Office of the County Auditor of York County, South Carolina, 1908. AS required by statute my books will be opened at my office in Yorkville on SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910, and kept open until FEBRUARY 1, 1910, for the purpose of allowing for taxation all PERSONAL and REAL PROPERTY held in York county on January 1, 1910. Particular attention is called to the fact that all real property must be re-assessed during the period mentioned. Returns of all personal property returned, will be subject to a penalty of 50 per cent which will be added after the 15th of February next. All returns must be made in regular form and it is preferable that they be made by the property owner in person to me or my assistant. The numbers of returns provided for the purpose. The returns must be fully sworn to either before me or my assistant or some other officer qualified and administered before me. All items of realty, whether farms, or town lots, must be listed separately, and no return can be simply "same as last year," or "no change," will be accepted.

Returns made in proper blanks, and sworn to before an officer qualified to administer an oath and forwarded to me by registered mail before February 29, 1910, will be accepted. All taxpayers are particularly requested to inform themselves as to the number of their respective school districts and to whom they have property. The school districts in which there are special levies are as follows: Nos. 23 and 27, in Bethel township; Nos. 6, 29, 33 and 43, in Broad River township; Nos. 9, 29 and 40 in Broad River township; Nos. 9, 15 and 20 in Bullock's township; Nos. 12, 13, 29 and 43 in King's Mountain township; Nos. 11, 20, 33, 35, 42 and 43 in York township.

The office in Yorkville will be open during the whole period of taking returns. 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, and all persons so liable are especially requested to give the number 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.

JOHN J. HUNTER, 207 W. O. W. Receipt Books at The Enquirer Office, 30c each.