## Humorous Department.

**Their Deserts.**

Prof. Thomas Nixon Carter of Harvard was talking about Socialism.

"Socialism is no world panacea," he said, "but in the future it is to be reconed with. Socialism will, in the future, protect the poor against injustice and hypocrisy. It will expose fraud. Yes, Socialism, like old Higgins Wentworth, will bring out the truth.

"Higgins Wentworth was hoeing one April morning when three rough-looking men climbed the fence and crossed the field to him. They had just been shipwrecked, they said, on the brig Maria. They had lost even their clothes. Would Higgins help them?

"Higgins Wentworth looked closely into the sailors' faces, for he knew the ways of men. Then he said:

"'You, the bowlegged one, go stand twenty yards to the right, and I'll get ye to help me a minute, with the seedin'. You, baldy there, you stand twenty yards to the left.'

"The two men complied, and then Higgins Wentworth said quietly to the man who remained:

"'What did you say your captain's name was?'

"'Williams, Capt. Williams,' was the reply.

"The old farmer sauntered to the man off on the right.

"'What was your captain's name?' he asked.

"'Everett, sir,' the man answered.

"Higins Wentworth crossed the field to the third man.

"'What was your captain's name?'

"'The name was Captain Jones.'

"Higgins wentworth leaned an his hoe and gathered the three men about him.

"'A fine lot of sailors you are," he snorted, 'to go to sea in a ship with three captains! No wonder you were wrecked. It served you right.'"—Detroit Free Press.

**Another Way Out of It.**—Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under $600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."

"You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

**They Saved on His Salary.**—Secretary Coburn and Dave Leahy were visiting the other day, and Leahy mentioned the ten-story skyscraper which some farmer was erecting in Wichita.

"Do you know, Dave" said Coburn, without batting an eye, "that until I became secretary of the state board of agriculture you never heard of a farmer having enough money to build a skyscraper.

"Well," said Dave, "when I was a younster, over in Illinois, I worked on a section, and then got a promotion, handling baggage at a station. I was the chauffeur of a truck. I felt pretty big about it. Though I thought I was getting a good pay check, I wanted more. But the boss didn't raise me any. He always kept telling me how poor the road was. So I just quit. And do you know that the next year that road built 700 miles of track?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**An Eye to Business.**—One day a man with a case full of handbills entered a restaurant in Cincinnati run by an austute old German.

"Vot haf you dere?" the latter asked as he observed the man about to display several of the bills on his walls.

"Railway circulars—excursion."

"Oh, ho," exclaimed the proprietor, "one of dose cheap ten day exgursions! Go avay cheaper vot you stay at home eh?"

"Exactly," said the bill man.

"Und you vant to hang dem up here?"

"Certainly. You've no objection?"

"I haf most clear objections," said the German decidedly. "Dake dem avay! Do you dake me for a fool, man, dot I vould vant my customers to read dose bills und den go avay und eat at some cheap place for ten days?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Slang Tabooed.**—The Philadelphia Telegraph says:

Slang is tabooed in the home of a West Philadelphia family, principally because there is a bright little girl who displays a persistent apitude in retaining expressive but uncultured phrases.

The other evening at dinner the mother, father and daughter drifted into the vernacular, and a fresh start was necessary. The little girl started it. "I'm not stuck on this bread," she remarked.

"Margie," said her mother, "you want to cut that slang out."

"That's a peach of a way of correcting the child," commented the father.

"I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."

**Frye's Fishing Luck.**—Senator Frye is an enthusiastic fisherman. He was once the guest of a family who arranged for him and other visitors in Eastport, Me., a picnic at a lake a few miles distant. The head of the family noticing that his brother, who had charge of the vehicles, had placed a supply of fishing paraphernalia in one of the wagons, asked why he had done so.

"They're for Frye," was the reply.

"But, man alive! There are no fish in that lake," the elder exclaimed.

"Well, Frye doesn't know it."

Frye didn't. On arriving at the lake he took the fishing tackle and trudged off, to return some hours later very warm and very much bitten by mosquitoes.

"Get any bites, Frye?" he was asked.

"Get any bites!" was the half-indignant reply. "Look at my face!"—Philadelphia Record.

**Reformed Too Soon.**—An eminent speaker at the Congregationalist meeting in the First Congregational church, East Orange, was telling the other day of a westerner's opinion of the east.

"This man," said the speaker, "was a prominent churchman and had occasion to visit New York, where he remained for a few days. In writing of his experiences to his wife in the west he had this to say: 'New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted.'"—Newark Star.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE DROWNED LANDS.

**The Flats of Eastern Florida In Rainy Season.**

Water, water, water, north, south and west—miles of it—varying from three or four inches to three feet in depth, stretching away as far as the eye could reach! The monotony of the wide expanse is broken only here and there by small clumps of palmettos or stunted yellow pines which grow on little rises of land too high for the water to entirely stifle their growth. Except for this all else that meets the eye is water. That is how the flats or drowned lands of eastern Florida appear during the rainy season.

It was some time, after one of these periods of downpour that we pitched our tent on a long pine-covered ridge on the edge of this drowned country. A crowd of Seminoles had come into the settlement that morning and reported the water falling and the deer abundant, and of course that was enough to start us off. In a short time our outfit was packed into a wagon and we were on our way to the hunting country.

Floundering through mud, water and palmettos was hard work for the horses, so one man was detailed to drive the team, keeping, to the higher lands as much as possible, while the others of the party, four in number, took the dogs and started in a beeline for the place chosen as our first camp site on the edge of the drowned lands proper. Several of the dogs were good deer hounds and paid no attention to the smaller game, but some of the pups in the pack were continually off after raccoons. In passing by a little flag pond, one pup treed a big 'coon in a dead pine tree, and while he was barking at it, the other pups discovered three more among the flags and there was a battle royal. For a few minutes there was a confused mass of dogs, 'coons, vegetation and water in the air, and the din would have done credit to any menagerie at feeding time. Alf and George took a hand in the game and switched the pups so severely that they gave up 'coon hunting and thereafter gave us but little trouble. A little later the old hound, Lester, started a deer, but we were unable to get a shot.

When we reached the camping ground we found that some one else had just vacated it. The ridge pole of their tent was still in position, and fastened to nearby pine trees were two deer heads and four turkey feet, showing that success had attended their hunt. We soon had the canvas up, horses picketed and a fire going Two of the boys, Charlie and Frank, went out hunting and found several coveys of quail and killed enough for our supper. After the meal was over we sought our blankets. The fire died down along with the conversation and soon the camp was wrapped in darkness and slumber.

After breakfast travel through the water was resumed and by noon we were again on land dry enough for camping purposes. George, Frank and myself did some hard hunting during the remainder of the day, but though tracks were numerous we saw nothing and returned to camp empty handed.

Next morning several of the boys had an exciting chase after the horses, which had strayed away from camp and when found were taking the trail toward home. After their return we set forth, Charlie and Alf on horseback accompanied by the old dog, Lester, while the rest of us with the other dogs started out afoot. I have had some hard hunts and many long tiresome tramps, but the walk that day in water most of the time up to my knees was the banner one of them all. The sun was hot and the water all round reflected back its rays in the face and irritated and blistered the skin, dazzled the eyes and parched the lips. With acres and acres of water all around us there was none fit to drink. Occasionally we scooped up some of the stale, hot stuff and took a few swallows, but it failed to quench our thirst. It was wet, and only in this way did the fluid resemble water. The dogs were about as badly used up as we were and hunted but little.

Charlie and Alf reached camp somewhat later than the others, the former with a fine large buck across his horse's back. They were riding back toward camp when they discovered a fresh trail leading through a dense clump of palmetto. Charlie went around the clump and the dog chased the buck from his snug retreat among the saw palmettos. Charlie brought him down with a bullet the second jump he made, but he struggled on some distance further before giving up. That evening the cook added venison to our menu.

Around the campfire that night some lively stories were told, for George and Frank are old deer hunters and their experiences have been many and various. One by one, however, we dropped to sleep, when all of a sudden Frank sprang up from his blanket, grabbed his gun and rushed out of the tent, creating quite an uproar as he did so. He had heard a deer whistle right outside the camp and even yet we could hear the water splash as he ran away, but although the moon was shining very bright, we could see nothing of him. Investigation showed that he had walked right into camp. Next morning I remained in camp while the others repeated the tactics of the day before but without success. The deer appeared to be moving to the higher land, so we decided to move camp again.

We packed the wagon and moved toward a large body of timber land known as the Horseshoe Cypress. Alf and Frank took all the dogs save one pup and hunted the ridges, Charlie drove the team, while George and myself hunted on some distance ahead of him. The pup finally struck a trail and followed it beautifully, finally jumping the deer in a clump of saw palmettos. George shot twice at it and I hit it hard as it passed quartering by me. I gave it another shot as it plunged into another palmetto clump and it fell after a few more jumps.

After dressing the deer we pushed on to the Horseshoe Cypress, where we went into camp. That evening several of us took stands at likely places around the northern part of the cypress while Alf proceeded to drive it out with his dogs. My stand was on a small dry mound, studded with cabbage trees and surrounded on all sides with a foot or more of water. The edge of the cypress swamp was no more than twenty-five feet away and a small path led back into it. About a year before on a similar hunt the occupant of my stand had three deer attempt to run by him, but being a good rifle shot he succeeded in killing them all. This time, however, we failed to start a single deer and were obliged to wade back to camp empty handed.

Daylight next morning found us again on the stands, each man taking the one he had occupied the day before. George started two deer in the thick cypress on the way to his stand—one of which he declared was the "biggest buck in all Florida"—but failed to score. I remained on my stand a long time without ever seeing a deer. I was not alone, however, for hundreds of beautiful song birds flitted about among the trees, while big blue cranes and other acquatic birds splashed about in the water all around me. All of a sudden I heard a deer running toward me in the cypress. I was alert at once with gun ready, but the deer suddenly turned aside and dashed over the prairie full speed, almost running into the horses at camp a quarter mile from my stand. He paused just long enough to take a good look at the tent, and then tore away at his best pace, the dogs strung out behind him in a long line. He soon outran them and disappeared in the distance. The boys now came in and we prepared dinner. The dogs appeared upon the scene several hours later, one of them so sick that we despaired of his recovery, but after some careful nursing and dosing with medicine which his master happened to have along in his camp kit, he rapidly grew better and was apparently as well as ever by nightfall.

We now broke camp and started for home passing through a dense hummock where the dogs flushed three wild turkeys which made their escape unscathed. Nothing further occurred worthy of note and we returned home.—Forest and Stream.

### LEGENDS OF ANIMALS.

**Interesting Old Time Stories of Bird and Beast.**

In the begininng the birds had no feathers, but at last word was brought that the Great Spirit had their clothes ready if they would send some one for them. As the distance was long, the turkey buzzard was selected on account of his endurance, and in recognition of the service he was to have first choice of apparel, the one condition being that he could try no suit on the second time. Can you guess the result? For one trifling objection or another he let all the fine feathers go by until, to his horrified astonishment, there was nothing left but the poor, commonplace suit that he wears today.

We talk conceitedly of the airship as though a brand new invention of the modern brain when thousands of years ago King Solomon had a most satisfactory one, a magic carpet upon which he frequently took a spin through space. Only one fault could be found with this carpet touring car. It had no covering, and too often the sun shone uncomfortably upon the royal head. Now, the wisdom of Solomon included a rare linguistic accomplishment. The king spoke the language of birds. So one day when out riding on his carpet he called upon some passing vultures to hold their wings over him by way of awning. But they were going north, the king toward the south, and to his righteous indignation the birds insolently refused.

"Cursed be ye, O vultures!" he cried in wrath. "And because you will not obey the commands of your lord who rules over the whole world the feathers of your necks shall fall off and the heat of the sun and the coldness of winter and the keenness of the wind and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds, and, whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward you shall eat carrion and your race shall be impure until the end of the world."

According to Arab folklore, one day Allah called the south wind to him, condensed it, took a handful, blew upon it the breath of life and thus created a horse. But the steed at once began to find fault. His neck, he complained, was too short to reach the grass, his back had nothing to steady a saddle, his hoofs were so sharp that they would surely sink into the sand. Instead of reproving his ingratitude in words Allah then created the camel as an object lesson of reproach.

The horse shuddered at the sight of what he wanted to become, and this is the reason that every horse starts when first meeting his caricature.

Perhaps you have not had the opportunity of gazing dentist-wise into the mouth of a coyote and so have never wondered why its back teeth looked as though they were broken off and forced down into the gums, but you must surely have come across many an empty locust skin.

To the south of the Zuni lands in New Mexico a coyote started out hunting, but got no farther than the foot of a certain old pine tree, so fascinated did he become in a locust who sat playing a flute and singing in one of its branches. In fact, such was the animal's enthusiasm that he insisted upon taking a lesson on the spot. His voice proved hoarse and growly, but he persevered until he learned the words of the locust song and turned homeward, proudly repeating them, when by bad luck he fell into a gopher's hole, said other words under his breath and forgot his lines.

Back to the pine tree he trotted again imposed upon the locust's good nature, once more sallied forth in triumph. But this time as he practiced aloud he frightened a flock of pigeons that flew out with such a noise as completely to muddle his brain, and there was nothing left for him but another appeal to the wornout locust.

Now, even a music teacher will turn, and the locust, seeing him coming from afar and having heard that coyotes ate insects, decided to rid himself of this tiresome fellow. No sooner thought than done. In a flash he swelled up, split his skin and crawled out. Finding at hand a clear, light colored bit of quartz, he put it in the empty skin, mucilaged it up the back with pitch and flew off to another tree.

The trick worked to a charm. The coyote called out to the supposed locust again and again without receiving a reply, became enraged, snatched the effigy out of the tree and bit so hard on the stone that he ran yelping away. The water of a creek partly soothed his pain, but ever since the mouth of a coyote has shown the effect of that tragic bite, and "whenever a locust ventures out on a summer morning to sing a song it is his custom to protect himself from the consequences of attracting too much attention by skinning himself and leaving his counterpart in the tree."

### HINDU METHODS OF COOKING.

**Said to Save Nutriment In Vegetables That Americans Lose.**

In India it is literally a case of being a vegetarian or starving, for the Hindus of Hindustan, taking them almost as a whole, are enjoined by their religion to abstain from eating meat. They are not allowed even to open the shell of an egg because by so doing they would destroy the life within it.

Thus they are compelled to subsist on a vegetarian diet or go hungry. But if the cooks of India were to prepare their vegetables for the table as do the women of America, writes Saint Nihal Singh in the Nautilus, it is certain that the Hindus would be meat eaters—it would be impossible for them to live on a vegetarian diet.

This for an essential reason. The American cook boils all the flavor as well as the vitality out of the vegetables and throws it away. The Occidental cook declares this operation is necessary, as the flavor of the vegetables is too strong and pronounced if the water is not drained away from it. Be that as it may the result is that the food has lost much of its nutriment and is useless to build up or sustain the body. Moreover, the boiling process renders the dish more or less insepid in flavor.

The East Indian cook works on a directly opposite principle. The woman of India is taught that the food must be cooked in its own steam, or with just enough water to generate steam to cook it, and every drop of moisture must be evaporated before the food is served unless it is to be eaten with a gravy or shorba, in which case a small quantity of liquid is allowed to remain on it.

But as a usual thing not a drop of water is drained away. This would be looked upon as positively sacrilegious and wasteful by the East Indians. The American throws away as useless every day what would keep an East Indian family from starvation.

This fact was demonstrated when during a siege the Indian soldiers requested that the water in which the rice was cooked alone should be issued to them, while the rice itself might be served to the English soldiers. This was done, and the native sepoys apparently were as well as their white brothers.

### A VERY QUEER BIRD.

**The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.**

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discoverel a rara avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquests and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swerved by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."


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Asheville, N. C., account General Conference M. E. Church, South. Tickets on sale May 2nd to 11th, limited May 31st. Tickets can be extended until June 15th, by depositing with Special Agent and paying fee of $1.

Cincinnati, O., account Biennial Session General Federation Women's Clubs. Tickets on sale May 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, final limit to reach starting point, returning May 22, 1910.

Chicago, Ill., account Laymen's National Missionary Movement. Tickets on sale May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, limited May 16th, 1910.

For further information, rates, etc., apply to Southern Railway ticket agents or address: J. L. Meek, Asst. G'l Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga., or W. E. McGhee, Division Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.


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**TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.**

**Office of Superintendent of Education of York County.**

Yorkville, S. C., April 19, 1910.

ALL concerned will please take notice that the regular Spring Examination of candidates for certificates to teach in the public schools of York county, will be held in the Court House at Yorkville, on Friday, May 6, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m. Applicants will be required to furnish their own stationery, including pencils, paper etc.

T. E. McMACKIN,
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C. E. SPENCER,
Attorney at Law.

63 f.t tf.


## *Guaranteed*

### *Our Prices Against Manufacturer's Cost.*

SEE US FOR DRESS GOODS—SUCH AS

Black Serges, Mohairs, Lawns, Voiles, Linings, Shirt Goods, Etc.— — — —

**NOTIONS—**

Covered Buttons for Dresses at HALF COST PRICE.
Writing Paper and Envelopes at HALF COST PRICE.
Ladies' Fans at HALF COST PRICE.

Ladies' 50 Cts. Hose—**Now 35 Cts. Pair.**
Ladies 35 Cts. Hose—**Now Two Pairs 35 Cts.**
Nice 25c Socks for Children—**Now Two Pairs 30 Cts.**
Nice 15c Socks for Children—**Now Two Pairs 20 Cts.**

**OXFORDS FOR CHILDREN.**

Don't forget that we have a nice line of Oxfords for Misses and Little Boys and Girls. They are called the Portsmouth, made by the Portsmouth Shoe Co., and are the best in quality that we could buy.

**$1.50 OXFORDS NOW $1.20 AND SO ON.**

**SILK THREAD**—Almost all colors—Two Spools for **5 CENTS**—The best quality that can be bought.

**SILK FLOSS** for fancy work, etc., at **HALF PRICE.**

**20 PER CENT OFF FIRST COST** on Embroideries, Laces, Insertions, Edgings, etc.

**WE NEVER FAIL TO SELL**

AT THESE PRICES. ASK THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HERE AND THEN COME YOURSELF.

## YORVILLE BANKING & MERCANTILE CO.

## LIME!

**RIGHT NOW—TODAY—IS A GOOD TIME TO BEGIN USING LIME ABOUT YOUR PREMISES FOR SANITARY PURPOSES.**

**Lime** is always cheaper than doctors' bills, and for general sanitary purposes there is nothing superior to **Good Lime, Plentifully Used.**

Just remember, if you raise chickens, that in a very short time now, the weather will get warmer and chicken Mites and Lice will appear. The way to put a stop to these pests—the best way— is a **free use of Lime.** Sprinkle the floors of the chicken house and coops with lime; whitewash the roosts, coops and walls with lime; make a box 3 feet square and fill it with lime and road dust for a dust bath for chickens, and the pests will bother your chickens but little.

**J. J. KELLER & CO**

Be sure to see us for the **Best Lime**—as the **Best Lime** is very necessary. Phone your order for a barrel.

## Start Him Right

Occasionally I come in contact with men who are allowing their families, estates and creditors to carry their life insurance risks by **not insuring,** and who excuse themselves by saying that they have put the matter off too long, and at their age the rate is higher than they can afford to pay. Of course they do not fully appreciate the fact that the old man who lives his expectancy does not pay a cent more in premiums than does the young man who does the same thing, and that the only difference is that the old man pays it in a shorter period, but there is no ganisaying the fact that the younger one insures, especially if he gets a limited pay policy—one that he can finish paying for in 10, 15 or 20 years—the better. The Mutual Benefit insures lives of people as young as 14 years. You could not do a better thing for your boy than have him take a policy just as soon as he can get it. I have had policies issued on the lives of a number of young men less than 21 years of age, and will be pleased to explain details to you.

**SAM M. GRIST,**
**Special Agent.**

## WINDFALL OF WATCHES

**CHANCE TO GET A**

## *Good Timepiece for a Little Work*

### Liberal Offer Well Worth Consideration.

The Publishers of *THE ENQUIRER* have on hand *Twenty-five BANNATYNE NICKLE WATCHES,* worth $1.50 each, that they desire to distribute among friends who will help to increase the already large subscription list, and it is our purpose to make this distribution, in whole or in part, on

### Saturday, June 2.

The conditions of the distribution will be *One Watch to Each of the Winners of Nine Competitive Contests,* hereby inaugurated for Nine Competitive Districts, and the balance, or more if necessary, to each clubmaker who returns and pays for as many as *Five Annual Subscriptions.*

For the purposes of the competition each of the Nine Townships of the county will be considered a Competition District, and competitors living in the counties adjoining will be included in the township to which they are closest.

The competitor in each of the Nine Districts *Returning and Paying for the Largest Number of Names by SATURDAY, JUNE 2, AT 6 O'CLOCK,* provided that number be *NOT less than Two,* will be entitled to the Watch offered for that district.

Each competitor who returns and pays for as many as *Five Names during* the contest will be entitled to a Watch regardless of whether his club is the largest for his district.

Competitors who return *Two or more names* and fail to get the Watch offered for the largest number of names in their district, will be allowed to add other names until they obtain the requisite number to entitle them to a Watch.

*The BANNATYNE WATCH is a Good Watch.* It is better than any dollar watch made and it is as good and as reliable a timekeeper as can be had for three or four times the price. The Bannatyne Watch Company *Guarantees It for One Year.* The guarantee means that any ordinary trouble or defect, not caused by abuse, will be corrected on the return of the watch to the factory, the owner of the watch paying transportation both ways. But this return to the factory is very seldom necessary, most of these watches continuing to run in perfect order for years.

All who desire a good Watch are invited to enter this competition at once. *There is every chance to win and no chance to lose. Make a Start Today.*

It is preferred that all orders for subscriptions be accompanied by the Cash; but upon the order of contestants, names will be entered, at the Clubmaker's risk, and collections deferred until the closing day of the contest.

Subscribers who want one of these BANNATYNE Watches, may have THE ENQUIRER for one year and a WATCH on the payment of $3.00, either to Competitors for the District Premiums or by paying at The Enquirer office. Subscribers who names are already on our lists, and want a Watch, may have their subscriptions extended One Year and receive a Watch on the payment of $3.00.

*COMMENCE AT ONCE.*

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