Humorous Department.

His Petitioners.

The people considered the circumstance of their arrival and let it go, because neither Billy nor Katie could read, not to mention so intricate an accomplishment as writing.

Billy became quite a character in the town, and because some of the young fellows liked to banter him and see him rage he imagined himself possessed of a widespread popularity, and decided that he would run for mayor of Marietta.

He told the board of elections of his ambition and they informed him that if he would bring 400 names on a petition they would put him on the ballot.

Of course Billy could not read and when the first wag he called upon signed "George Washington" to the petition instead of his real name Billy never knew the difference. The next man caught on and within a couple of weeks Billy had the names of 400 of the world's greatest characters in history appended to his petition.

With a flourish of triumph, the more impressive because Billy had purchased a new "ready-made" tie to grace the occasion, he called at the office of the clerk of the board of elections and left his petition. It was read at the next meeting, in the presence of Billy, who swaggered about among the spectators with a great deal of pride, until one of the members called him aside and said:

"Billy, didn't you know that nearly every man who signed your petition is dead?"

Billy hadn't heard it and he wanted to be shown.

They took him painfully through the histories. Julius Caesar, the third name, had been dead nearly 2,000 years. George Washington was the father of his country, and so on.

It was too much. Billy was speechless until in the midst of his perplexity a dawning light spread over his countenance.

"Do you suppose them fellers was kiddin' me?" he queried.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Judge Knew Her Worth.—The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear bout th' fuss down to th' court house?"

"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suing Abner Hayler for allienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrave told th' jury to bring in a verdict for 6 cents damages, 'caus he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at the jedge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't jedge go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all. Y'see, he was her first husband.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boy Wanted.—A certain business man of Rochester is of opinion that he has an exceedingly bright office boy, and nothing pleases him better than to tell how he acquired the youngster's services.

A notice was posted on the man's shop window which read as follows:

"Boy wanted about 14 years."

A lad of that age, with little that was prepossessing in his appearance, came into the office and stated that he had read the notice.

"So you think you would like to have the position?" asked the merchant, patronizingly, as he gazed at the lad over the rim of his spectacles.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I want the job, but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen years."—Lippincott's.

Between the Courses.—The stranger in the hotel plumped down his bag.

"I wanter room," he said.

No. 37!" rapped the clerk. "Second floor."

"Is it a good one?" queried the stranger.

"Excellent! The boy will show you the way," replied the clerk.

The stranger took up his bag.

"Right-ho!" he said. "Oh, I say, what's the eatin' hours in this hotel?"

"Breakfast," answered the clerk, "7 to 11; lunch, 11 to 3; dinner, 3 to 8; supper, 8 to 12."

The stranger dropped his bag again.

"Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "When am I goin' to git time to see the town?"—Answers.

Something Like a Catch.—A gentleman was strolling across a large estate when he came upon a man fishing. "What sort of fish do you catch here?" he said.

"Mostly trout," replied the man.

"How many have you caught?"

"About ten or twelve, sir."

"What is about the heaviest you have caught?" continued the gentleman.

"Well, I don't know the weight, but the water sunk two or three feet when I pulled it out."—Chicago Journal.

From Missouri.—An attorney was addressing a jury on behalf of a prisoner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "witnesses have sworn that they saw the accused fire his gun; they have sworn they saw the flash and heard the report; they fall flat; they have sworn that this bullet was extracted from Pete Jackson's body; but, gentlemen, in the name of justice, I ask you where is the evidence that the bullet hit Pete Jackson?"—Tit-Bits.

Unhappy Monsters.—A woman passenger on a transatlantic liner bothered the officers and captain unceasingly about whales. A hundred times a day she asked to be called if one was sighted.

"But, madam," expostulated the captain, finally "why are you so anxious about this whale question?"

"Because," she replied, "all my life I've wanted to see a whale blubber."—Success Magazine.

How To Get 'Em.—She—We have been trying our best to induce more women to join our Saturday Night club, but without success."

He—What is the initiation fee?

She—Two dollars.

He—Make it $1.98 and you will get more new members than you can accommodate.—Chicago News.

The Utilitarian. "Hello, Johnny," said the village blacksmith, "I hear your paw has gone into politics."

"Sure."

"How'd that happen?"

"Well, my uncle left him a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat in his will and paw had to do something with them."—Washington Star.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FROM NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES

News and Comment About Things In and Around the Country.

Gastonia Gazette, September 6: The many friends in this section of Mr. J. E. Ferguson of Stanford, Texas, will regret to learn of the death of his mother, which occurred on August 14. ....Soon the negro cooks will be leaving the kitchens for the cotton fields. The annual migration will begin in about three weeks.....A 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Waldrop of the Loray, died yesterday morning and was buried this morning in the Loray cemetery, funeral services being conducted at the Loray Baptist church at 10 o'clock by Pastor Robinson..... There were at least thirty visiting rural mail carriers in Gastonia yesterday. They were royally entertained by the home carriers. They were shown over town and all expressed highest praise for our town. They were greatly pleased with it and some of them were surprised at the evidences of progress they saw. We've got a good town; let's push it along. .....There were at least five men at Saturday's picnic in the Hanna grove here who thoroughly enjoyed the day, or rather they perhaps enjoyed it more than the average picnicker and for a very good reason. They were Gaston countians who were back on their native heath after many years' absence. That they derived great pleasure from meeting and talking with friends whom they had not seen for these many years was apparent. The Gazette man enjoyed meeting and talking with some of them. The gentlemen in question were Mr. George Ferguson, aged 81, of Hillsboro, Texas; Mr. J. M. McNair, of Little Rock Ark.; Mr. W. Rhett Johnson, of Jacksonville, Ark.; Mr. R. W. Love, of Stratford, Okla.; and Mr. J. A. Y. Love, of Chicota, Texas....Mrs. Willie Lewis Kerr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Myers of Gastonia, and wife of Mr. A. Yancey Kerr, editor of the Caswell Democrat, died Saturday at her home in Yanceyville, following an illness of about three months. With her at the time of her death were her father and mother and sister, Mrs. S. S. Pittman, all of Gastonia. Mr. Myers and Mrs. Pittman were in Baltimore buying fall goods when notified of her critical illness and reached her bedside before death came. Mrs. Myers went from here last Tuesday. The deceased was 29 years old and a woman of most lovable character. She joined the Baptist church at the age of 8-years and has lived as a loyal and consistent Christian....Notwithstanding the fact that the temperature was high and that many farmers, deprived last week of an opportunity to pull fodder because of the continuous rains, were forced to remain on their farms to look after that important feature of their crop-gathering, the crowd which assembled in the Hanna grove yesterday morning to participate in the joint annual celebration and picnic of the Gaston County Rural Letter Carriers' association and the Gaston County Farmers' Union was a representative one There were people from every nook and corner of the county. The spot chosen for the picnic was an ideal one, there being plenty of shade, an abundance of water for people and stock and all the space for hitching that could be desired. The committees having the matter in charge left nothing undone to make the day a pleasant and profitable one for all and the general verdict was that they succeeded admirably.

Chester Lantern, September 6: The first cotton bale of this season was bought here Saturday by S. M. Jones & Co. It weighed 410 pounds, graded as middling, and sold for 14 1-2 cents. It was raised on S. M. Jones & Co.'s Henry place of which Mr. T. L. Grant is manager. The first bale last year was raised by these same parties but was sold on Aug. 22nd, several days earlier than this season.....John Mills, colored, yesterday sold a bale of new cotton to Jos. Wylie & Co. The bale weighed 445 pounds, was graded middling and brought 13 1-2 cents a pound. Mills is a one-armed colored farmer on Chester R. F. D. 2, who owns his own land and is a good hustling fellow, shown by the fact that the second bale of the season came from his farm. Last season Jos. Wylie & Co. bought their first bale from this same negro on Sept. 1. It weighed 468 pounds and sold for 12 1-4 cents. .....Possibly I am the only man in this county who was a schoolmate of C. C. Featherstone. I knew him intimately in boyhood days and have watched his career with keen interest down through the years. I never knew him to be guilty of a dishonorable act—on the contrary his influence has always been on the side of good and I can say that C C. Featherstone, through the channel of his church and on the platform has sown the "good seed" that has already blessed and will continue to bless his fellowmen throughout the coming years. He is a clean and capable man and will reflect credit on himself and on his state if elected to the high office of governor. I would like to appeal to my friends in Chester county to give my friend and schoolmate, C. C. Featherstone, a great landslide on next Tuesday. Very sincerly, W. D. Bewley.

Lancaster News, September 7: As heretofore published in these columns, the act passed at the last session of the legislature requiring all hotels in the state, over 2-stories high, to be equipped with fire escapes, goes into effect on the first of next month.....A cottage on the plantation, near Fort Mill, of Capt. S. E. White, of this place, was struck by lightning and burned last Friday. The loss is about $500, with no insurance.....Fire broke out Sunday morning about 6 o'clock in the City Pressing Club quarters, located on the second floor of the Moore block of stores on Main street. The fire department was called out and quickly extinguished the flames which had burned through the floor and were spreading along the ceiling in the dry goods department of the People's Supply company. The building, which is owned by Judge Ernest Moore, was damaged several hundred dollars, as was also the stock of goods of the People's Supply company, the damage of the latter being mainly due to water from the hose. Mr. Robert Beckham, proprietor of the pressing club, also sustained some loss. All the losses, it is thought, are covered by insurance. The fire originated, it is believed, from an electric iron which had been left on a tabe with the charge on.....The many friends and acquaintances throughout the county, of Mr. John H. Robertson will be shocked and pained to hear of his death, which occurred suddenly at his home in the Oakhurst section last Monday morning, succumbing to an attack of colic. Mr. Robertson was one of the county's best and most substantial citizens, a man of high Christian character and a successful farmer. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church.....The second race for governor is somewhat unique in that no issues are involved. The liquor question, which overshadowed everything else in the first race, has been eliminated, and it is now merely a choice between two men, Featherstone and Blease. Both are men of pronounced ability and strong personality and are well known to the voters of the state, which they have more than once thoroughly canvassed. Moreover, the people generally are familiar with the careers of the two men. After sizing them up and weighing their relative claims to the high office to which they aspire, it is then up to the voter to say whether it is Featherstone or Blease he should prefer to see at the head of the state government. While recognizing the right of every man to vote as he pleases, so far as we are concerned we do not hesitate to declare our preference for Featherstone, and shall therefore vote for him, though he was not our choice in the first primary. Mr. Featherstone's high Christian character, his breadth of mind, liberality of views, soundness of judgment as exercised in his professional and business life, his disinified deportment—all commend themselves irresistibly to us. We confidently believe that if elected the states's chief executive Mr. Featherstone will give to the people an able, wise, impartial and eminently successful administration.

Gaffney Ledger, September 6: Mr. Boliver Carson has accepted a position with his brother, Mr. J. F. Carson, the clothier and haberdasher.....At the home of Mrs. White, near the Limestone Mill, Miss Fannie Byers and Mr. Bud Bright were united in wedlock Sunday morning by the Rev. Pinckney Whelchel. It was a Gretna Green affair and was witnessed by only a few friends of the contracting parties. .....Last Saturday evening a strange negro went into Mr. T. H. Westrope's jewelry store and asked to look at some rings. Mr. Gordon Westrope got out three rings which the negro examined. He then handed two of the rings back to Mr. Westrope, who asked him for the other ring. The negro declared he had only had two and was so convincing that Mr. Westrope allowed him to go. Afterwards Mr. Westrope discovered that the negro had really carried off a $7 gents' imitation emerald ring. He was a young negro man and up to this hour had not been captured..... The election for state and county officers is near at hand, and I, as an old man, with many years' experience, and without prejudice to any one, and with no prospect or thought of any personal advantage in the election, appeal to you, the young men of this community, to stop and consider calmly and thoughtfully before you commit yourself. Your ballot is a sacred trust, and not a commodity to be disposed of for a price. Your franchise is a power given to you to use in the upbuilding and safeguarding of yourselves and your country. Don't let demagogues and unscrupulous men mislead you, and fan the fires of prejudice for their own selfish ends. Be men and use your ballot to help elect men of known honor and ability, clean men, God-fearing and home and country-loving men who will help to uplift instead of tear down and debauch your government. The question of dispensary, local option, or the use or sale of liquor, in so far as the office of governor is concerned, has no place in this election. It is a question of the character and ability of men, who will either elevate and be an honor to your state, or a dishonor and a step backward and downward that will be a discredit for generations to come. Young men, for the sake of your mothers and sisters, and your father's welfare, do not let thoughtless and prejudiced men persuade you to stifle any impulse that has a tendency to make you and your country better. You know right is right and wrong is wrong. Many unscrupulous and wicked men have been elected to office by the ballots of thoughtless men and then boast that they stand well in their own community. The country is full of such characters and to our everlasting shame we have helped to put them where they can do us, and our country is burdened with demagogues. You have only to read a good daily paper or reputable magazine to find that we have used the liberty of the ballot in many instances without thought of the consequences and today the country is burdened with demagogues, grafters and unscrupulous men who ought to be in the prisons of our country. They are a vast deal more dangerous than the poor man, white or black, who steals a few dollars worth and has to suffer for his act. They override, overrule and set at defiance the laws of God and our country, and are placed there by the unthinking voters of the country, influenced in various ways by men who care nothing for the welfare of them or their country, but for self and self alone. Old men, for the sake of your children here and for the sake of unborn generations, counsel with our young men, educate them and guide them and let every act be to their credit. Counsel them to cast their ballot where it will help elevate them and their country, rather than to lower them, no matter whether the person for whom you vote is a personal friend or not, if he is capable, honest and a Christian gentleman, even if a stranger, vote for him and you can rest assured your ballot has not been wasted. The good seed sown will be reaped in the generation to come, the good name of your state, its best interests, and yours, are in the balance and you have the power to cast the final weight—for weal or woe. Which shall it be?—An Old Soldier.

Rock Hill Herald, September 6: Rev. F. W. Gregg, of Gaffney, the recently elected co-pastor of the Presbyterian churches in this city, has notified the session of his acceptance of the call. Mr. Gregg will enter upon his duties the first or second Sabbath in October. .....The first bale of new cotton on this market was brought in this morning by Mr. J. A. Barber and bought by Mayor Roddey. It weighed 616 pounds and brought 15 1-2 cents. The cotton and seed together brought $112.88.....J. J. Keller & Co. of this city, won the contract for the erection of the buildings of the Congaree Fertilizer Co. of Columbia. The contract amounts to $20,000. At the head of the concern are Leroy Springs, Jno. T. Stevens and others and they will establish plants at Lancaster and Hartsville.....Yesterday morning at the Laurel street parsonage, Rev. C. P. Carter performed a double marriage ceremony, and the happy couples went on their way rejoicing. The parties were: Mr. A. A. Bassinger and Miss Mary Wilhelm of Charlotte, and Mr. W. T. Coe and Miss Lake Mitchell of Greensboro.....On Sunday afternoon, the two-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Humbert Watson of Greenville, died at the home of Mrs. Watson's father, Mr. Foster Wood, on West Main street. Mrs. Watson, who was Miss Vista Wood of this city, came here two weeks ago in hopes that the change would benefit the little one but it grew steadily worse and passed away as stated above. Funeral services were conducted at the home yesterday afternoon and interment was in Laurelwood. The bereaved young parents have the sympathy of every one.....The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held last night at 8.15 with Mayor Roddey and all the aldermen present. The minutes of the former meeting were read and approved. Mrs. A. J. Ballard was present and renewed her request for a refund of the fine of $50 on her husband which she had paid several months ago. After hearing a full statement of the situation a motion was made and carried to sustain the former action of council and the request was refused. Mr. W. H. Dunlap was present and asked council to pay Mr. W. J. Cherry his bill of $100 according to the decision of the magistrate's court, as the city attorney had failed to make an appeal to the superior court within the legal limit. After hearing conflicting statements as to the correct status of the case, a motion was adopted appointing Messrs. Miller, Stevens and Lineberger a committee to investigate.

Fort Mill Times, September 8: During the last week the Fort Mill baseball team twice took the measure of Lowell, N. C. The games were played Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and the home boys won both of them. .....Governor Kitchen of North Carolina, has granted a conditional pardon to Chas. B. Kimbrell, who was convicted at the February, 1909, term of the superior court of Mecklenburg county of assaulting his brother-in-law, Chas. Thomas, with a deadly weapon, for which he was fined $500 and given two years imprisonment. Kimbrell formerly lived in Fort Mill township....The status of three assistant postmasters in York county, those of the Fort Mill, Rock Hill and Yorkville offices, will be affected if the order which President Taft is contemplating of placing all assistant postmasters of presidential offices under the civil service is issued. It is stated that the matter will be disposed of shortly after the president returns to Washington from Beverly, Mass., on September 21.....After an illness of several weeks, Mrs. Nettie Garris, wife of Mr. John Garris, died at her home in the Millfort mill village Thursday night and the interment was in the town cemetery Friday afternoon. Mrs. Garris was 25 years of age and was a member of the Methodist church. She was a daughter of Mr. H. W. Blackwelder and was reared in this community.....One form of lawlessness too prevalent in Fort Mill to please those who appreciate order and due respect for the safety of the community is the practice of discharging firearms in town after nightfall. Tuesday evening a shotgun was fired within a stone's throw of the Presbyterian church while services were in progress, much to the annoyance of the worshippers, many of whom were frightened by the unexpected and inexcusable report..... Large and interesting congregations are attending the special services which are in progress at the Fort Mill Presbyterian church, and the Rev. Mr. Gillespie of Yorkville, who is assisting in the meeting, has won a place in the hearts of all who have heard him by his eloquence and forcefulness. The meeting will be concluded with the sermon Sunday evening, after communion services in the forenoon....During the last ten days there has been considerable interest manifested in the proposition to organize a cotton ginning company in Fort Mill, and practically the entire amount of capital necessary to begin operations has been subscribed. There is one obstacle in the way of the organization of the company, however, and that is given by one of the promoters as the excessive rate which the Southern Power company asks for power to operate the outfit, 40 cents per bale. This rate is considered prohibitive by the promoters of the company and there is talk of installing a steam power plant with which to run the gins. Nothing definite is yet determined upon as to the organization of the company, but the undertaking has not been abandoned and it may be that it will be perfected within the week. It is stated that not more than fifteen days will be required to put up the buildings and have the ginnery in operation....The 1910-'11 session of the Fort Mill graded school opened Monday morning with an enrollment of 189 pupils. The exercises of the day were begun with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Gillespie of Yorkville, after which an address was delivered to the pupils by the Rev. Mr. Hair of the Fort Mill Baptist church. All of the teachers reported for duty and the principal part of the day's exercises were devoted to assigning the pupils to the various grades..... The hardest rain of the year in Fort Mill fell Thursday afternoon. The rain began at 5.15 and lasted until 6.30 and came down in such volumes as to flood the streets and the yards of many homes. In the country considerable damage was done corn and cotton in low places and a number of small bridges were washed away or removed from their foundations. The second heavy rain of the week fell Friday afternoon, but it did less damage than the rain of the preceding day.

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN TALKS.

Don't Take Office If You Can Earn a Living, He Says.

Private John Allen of Tupelo, Miss., who for sixteen years kept congress awake and convulsed the galleries in the house, and then did the Cincinnatus act, is at the Waldrof for a few days and the lobby of the hotel has been crowded with southerners and others ever since he arrived. It was a hard matter to come up with the ex-congressman yesterday, for there were so many friends that wanted to see him and ask about that story about the "transfers" which Mr. Allen got off in St. Louis several months ago, or some of the others equally as good, for as a story teller and wit Private Allen is still in the ring.

A bunch of men from Alabama and Mississippi were gathered about him yesterday afternoon, and one was telling a story about having some "112 proof" with the ex-congressman upon one occasion.

"I never carry a gauge about with me," he remarked, "but you fellows will give a wrong impression about me here in New York.

"Do you know for years the brightest newspaper paragrapher in Washington was a close friend of mine? I used to live at the old Chamberlain in those days, and every night promptly at midnight that fellow used to come around as regularly as clockwork and sit and take something until half past three. I calculated that he took up just a year of my time by actual measurement. Well, he died. His example made a great impression upon me, and I have profited by it. No, thanks; but I'll go watch you boys.

"There has been some misunderstanding as to how I was dubbed 'Private,'" the owner of the title went on in answer to a question. "Some people think that it was because I was the only Confederate soldier, who after the war did not call himself general, a colonel, or at least major. The fact is the title was the result of a political speech I once made. My opponent was a brigadier-general, a real one, and he made a speech telling how the country thereabouts recalled a famous battle that had taken place there and how the night before he had slept in his tent on that field. When I got up to speak I emphasized what he had said about the battlefield and went on to recall how it was a terribly cold and sleety night, and how the poor pickets strode back and forth on duty all night.

"'And I am sure, gentlemen,' I continued, 'that those of you who were there will vote for Private John Allen, who was on picket duty there that night and helped to keep the Yankees from getting you and the general who was sleeping in his tent.'

"Our country," said Mr. Allen, coming back to the present, "is the best in Mississippi, and we raise cotton. It was pretty bloody there from the middle of June until the middle of July, and it looked like ruin for the crop, but during the last three or four weeks the cotton has come out all right and we shall make more cotton than last year.

"Land is higher in our county than in any other in the state. The south in fact is all looking up very much, and I tell you that in the south you are going to see more development in the next ten years than in any other part of the country. The people I used to represent in congress are much better off now than I ever hoped to see them in my lifetime. Why the south is raising the best corn crop in many years. For years it has been spending a heap of money for corn. A good corn crop makes a good hog crop. As for wheat, Mississippi does not go in for that, but I saw a statement the other day that this year's wheat crop down there would be 500,000 bushels. We'll soon get back to wheat growing, but the trouble down there is that there are no flour mills.

"In politics the principal interest down there now centres in the senatorial election, which doesn't come off until next year. However, the campaign is being anticipated by Messrs. Alexander and Percy and by ex-Gov. Vardaman. In my opinion Percy, who is now filling the unexpired term of the late Senator McLauren, will be elected. He is a fine, able, clean man."

"Has the idea of going back to political life ever appealed to you?

"No, sir," said Private Allen emphatically. "I had sixteen years of congress and nothing would induce me to hold any political office again. I made up my mind on the subject and returned voluntarily to private life. It is a step that I have never regretted. I have had a better time, less trouble and have prospered more, and on the whole have been happier out than in politics. Why should a man who likes to have the best time he can complicate his life with politics? Of course I admit that somebody has to fill the offices, and I wouldn't think of throwing cold water upon political aspirations and ambitions, but in my own judgment so far as a man's general welfare and happiness are concerned I would never recommend politics to anybody. A political office will do very well for a man who has no other way of making money and who hasn't any, or for a man who has so much of this world's goods that he is simply looking for a pastime and a way to get rid of what he has. But for a man who can make money at anything else no.

"They are talking a good deal down my way about the next presidential election," said Private Allen in answer to a question. "Harmon seems to be the man to whom our people are looking with more favor than anybody else. It is true that since that crank shot him, Mayor Gaynor has come into a great deal of notice. Of course, the elections this fall will have a good deal to do with prospects, and if Judge Harmon carries his state he will look like 'It' to our people down south.

"Yes, there is some talk about the high cost of living down my way, but the southern people are not altogether dependent on others for a living. There are fewer large cities, and our people, being more rural than they are up north, for the most part raise what they use for food, so that the higher cost of living doesn't make such an impression down there as it does up here, where the population is congested and everybody has to buy what he eats.

"There is a progressive spirit abroad in our state, which reminds me of a conversation I heard just before leaving home. Two of the negro servants had just come back from a big funeral near by.

"'Was it much of a funeral?' my sister asked them.

"'Lawd, yes, missy,' replied one of them. 'Why, dah was moh shoutin' an' hallelujahin' ovah dat cohpse dan Ah evah seen at a revival.'

"'But why the noise? I should think at a funeral everything would have been quiet and sober.'

"'Lawd, no, missy. Don't de good Book say 'Yuh mus' not squinch de sperrit?'"

"Tell that story about the transfers," suggested one of the party.

"Well, I happened to tell it because the man who got up the dinner to President Taft in St. Louis was a street railway man. There were two darkies who were discussing the difference in the way the negro and the white man got along, and one of them said, 'Ah tell yuh what Eph'm, dah's a lot in dis heah transfer bus'ness. De white man undahstan's it, but de niggah don't.

"'Yuh see, de niggah done give a note to de stohkeeper, an' de stohkeepah he write somep'n on it, an' give it to de commission man. De commission man he write somep'n on it, and give it to de bank. P'haps de bank give it to anothah bank. Now all dem white folks don't do nothin' an' de poh niggah is de only one what has to pay.'

"That reminds me of a negro who called in at the ticket office in Atlanta and asked what would be the price of a ticket to Birmingham. 'Five dollars,' he was told.

"'An' what would be de price of a ticket foh a cohpse to Burnin'ham?' he inquired. Negroes always call Birmingham 'Burin'ham' from the odor and the smoke, it is supposed. 'Same price, $5,' was the reply.

"The negro thought a moment. Then, 'An' what is the price of a round trip ticket foh a live pusson to Burnin'ham?'

"'Nine dollars and forty cents.'

"'An' what would you hahge foh a cohpse, roun' trip ticket foh a cohpse?'

"'Same as for a live person,' said the agent. 'Say, what's the matter with you; figuring on taking a trip with a dead man?'

"'Look heah, Mistah White Man, you seem to know more of mah bus'ness than Ah does mahse'f. Ah's jes' askin' foh info-mation. Yuh see, muh wife's done died, an' all huh folks lives in Burnin'ham. Ah'm figurin' whethah hit wouldn't be cheapah to take de cohpse ovah dah an' let 'em do all de fussin' an' shoutin' ovah de remains, an' den bring huh back heah an' bury huh, so's not to have all dat passel o' hungry coons livin' off o' me foh a week.'"—New York Sun.

TRACING COUNTERFEITS.

Exciting Employment For Skilled Secret Service Men.

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The experts assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. The following case is one illustrating the difficulties which the secret service people meet and overcome.

A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and undertook the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until the secret service man finally traced the bad note to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the secret service man that his suspicions were unfounded. Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment for rent of a house owned in Pittsburg. While the sleuth was a bit discouraged, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburg.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburg proved to be a traveling oculist who spent most of his time in the middle west. The secret service man had the good luck, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip, and the man at once recognized the bad bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point whence the sleuth started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The secret service man got his address from the oculist and went right after the new clew. At this point he had a premonition that something was going to happen, and he wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter, an honest old fellow, said that he had received the bill from a certain Parker. The said Parker was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as a cab could take him and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own funds after traveling all over the continent was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whooping Cough Party.

With all the dignity attendant upon seven years of age and a case of whooping cough, little Elsie May Hilton of 1116 South Los Angeles street, was the hostess at a whooping cough birthday party given at her home recently, says the Los Angeles Examiner.

The event was unique in that it was probably the only one of its kind in the history of the world, for all the guests at this party had the whooping cough, and they all had a "perfectly grand" time.

Little Elsie, the daughter of Chas. Hilton, had been troubled with the coughing malady for weeks, and the family paid little or no attention to her until the youngster's seventh birthday approached and they decided to give her a party. When the guest list was arranged it became necessary to limit the invitations to the friends of Elsie's who were suffering from the same malady. Accordingly the whooping cough invitations were sent out and the affair became the talk of the neighborhood. Every youngster who was not suffering from whooping cough immediately attempted to contract a case.

Whooping cough patients were much sought companions, whereas before they had been shunned by other children for fear of contracting the malady. Every able-bodied child in the neighborhood tried to contract whooping cough in time to be eligible to attend the party.

When the great day came the outsiders watched the party with wistful eyes from a distance. There were many games played on the lawn in front of the house and fine stories were told and the most popular song of the occasion was that famous New York success, "Whooper-'er Up With a Whoop, La La."

Spindleage In South Carolina.—South Carolina still leads the southern states in the number of spindles, there being 4,053,472 spindles in this state, according to a statement prepared by the department of agriculture.

A feature of the report is that there has been an increase in the use of electric power generated by water, while there has been a decrease in steam power. The report is to August 15. There were 3,846,177 spindles in the state last year, thus the increase for the year is over 200,000. There was an increase of over 1,000 looms.

The following is the statement issued by the department:

	1910.	1909.
Number of spindles.	4,053,472	3,846,177
Number of looms....	97,998	96,281
Horse-power	20,395	29,680
H.-P. (steam)	72,727	76,986
H.-P. (elec. gen. by water)	57,042	41,958
H.-P. (elec. gen. by steam	12,415	17,325
Total H.-P.	162,579	165,968

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