EVERYBODY IS SUPERSTITIOUS

Coincidences That Seem to Warrant the Belief In Signs and Omens . . . . .

Fear of the supernatural, which commonly is known as superstition, finds a resting place in every human heart. In some this fear is more pronounced than in others, but in the lives of most men superstition plays an important part. And among women, too, trifles, when paraded under the limelight of superstition, become deeply significant, and not infrequently have been the means of wrecking promising careers on the shoals of terror and insanity.

It is not intended herein to allude to the ordinary superstitions to which men and women bow until the end of time. Everybody knows of the "thirteen" superstition, and the thousand and one signs by which impending disaster or evil luck is foretold. Many are aware that even the strongest minds have been and are being daily stirred by these signs, and that all men have more or less faith in them. Actor folk, gamblers, business men, financiers, women in all stations of life, freely admit that they believe in signs to a greater or less degree, and that they are none the worse because they do not unnecessarily run counter to their belief that "destiny shapes our end, rough hew them how we will."

Jay Gould, as a young man, had a profound conviction that he would die in a year of his age which was divisible by seven. When he was 35 he was solicitous, and when he was 42 the fear of death was strong upon him until he entered his forty-third year. When he was 49 the old fear returned, but before the expiration of the year he had passed away. This may have been a coincidence merely, but life is made up of these coincidences, and that they are significant few will deny.

History furnishes numerous evidences that this mysterious divinity that shapes our ends is constantly at work. Take the history of the family of Napoleon Bonaparte. From the birth of Napoleon at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on August 15, 1769, to his death in exile on the island of St. Helena, on May 5, 1821, destiny dealt the cards in the dramatic game he played throughout his stormy career. It is a curious coincidence that Napoleon and Wellington were born in the same year. Waterloo was the prize for which both contended and the Corsican went down in defeat.

It is a strange circumstance that nearly all who enjoyed Napoleon's confidence and friendship met with disaster. Marshal Ney was led to execution soon after Napoleon fell, and on the very day that the exiled emperor landed from the British man-of-war, Northumberland, at St. Helena, General Murat, whom Napoleon had raised to the throne of Naples, was shot in the fortress of Pizzo, in Calabria.

Associating strange and tragic events with the career of Napoleon, it is worthy of remark that General Desaix was shot at the moment of victory at the battle of Marengo, on June 14, 1800, and that within fifteen minutes of Desaix's death the life of his old friend, General Kleber, was taken by an assassin at Grand Cairo.

One might mention, too, the fate of Marshal Mortier, who was created duke of Treviso by Napoleon in 1808. During the invasion of Russia he was intrusted with the blowing up of the Kremlin, and it was while giving orders for the execution of this project that a moujik charlatan whispered to him: "As thou doest here, so shalt thou die." Mortier recalled this prediction with fear every day of his subsequent career. On July 28, 1835, at Paris, he was blown to pieces by the discharge of Fiessel's infernal machine, which had been intended for the king, and the moujik's prophecy was fulfilled.

It is a singular fact that no Napoleon died in France. The death of Napoleon III., like that of his predecessor, took place in a foreign country. The towering pillar of his hopes, the Prince Imperial, was speared to death by the savages in Zululand, while the only remaining representatives of the Napoleonic family were expelled from France some decades ago.

The vicissitudes of earthly affairs are startlingly exemplified by the misfortunes which befell the members of the royal Stuart race. James I. of Scotland was a prisoner for twenty years in England, and was set free only to be assassinated by his subjects. James II., his son, was killed in his twenty-ninth year at the siege of Roxburgh, in 1460, by the accidental discharge of a cannon. James III., after enduring a long term of imprisonment, was murdered, in 1488, while fleeing from the field of battle with his own subjects. James IV. perished in an engagement with the English at Flodden Field. James V. died of a broken heart, while Mary, his daughter, was beheaded. Charles I., a grandson of Mary, lost his head on the scaffold, and his son, James, after being driven from England, died in exile.

A singular coincidence is recalled by students of history in the death at Windsor Castle on January 29, 1820, of George III., in the eighty-second year of his age and the sixtieth year of his reign. Three times prior to the reign of George IV. and the three preceding reigns parliament had assembled on Sunday to take action on the emergency following the death of the ruler on Saturday. This was the case after the death of Queen Anne, George II. and George III. It is a remarkable circumstance that the period of reign of the three Edwards and those of the Georges should have been almost identical in point of time. Edward I. ascended the throne on November 16, 1272, while Edward III. died on January 25, 1377. These three monarchs ruled England 104 years, seven months and twelve days. The reign of the Georges ended with the death, on Saturday, January 29, 1830, of George IV. The reign of the Georges covered 105 years, five months and twenty-nine days.

It has been asserted that the simulation of disease by actors often leads to the death of the actors by the very agencies which they were wont to imitate when in health. Pliny says he knew of an actor who imitated the gout so naturally as to bring the disorder upon himself with fatal results. Moliere, while acting the part of a sick man in "Le Malade Imaginaire," one of his own plays, died later the same night of a similar ailment, on February 17, 1673. The actor who succeeded him in the same part died of precisely the same disease. Mme. Clairon, a famous French actress, attributed her ills arising from premature senility to the influence of the griefs and distresses with which she had been constantly overwhelmed year after year on the stage.

The infirmities of the elder Booth and the insanity and death of John McCullough are ascribed to similar causes. Thomas Keene, the tragedian, a vigorous man of highly sensitive temperment, died when comparatively a young man, and there are many who ascribe his passing to overtaxation of his strength, the direct result of the intensity with which he simulated human passion and emotions upon the stage.

Shakespeare and Cervantes, the two great dramatic poets of Europe, both died on the same day of the same year, April 23, 1616. Shakespeare, like Raphael and Sabieski, died on the anniversary of his birth. Plato and King Attalus also died on their birthdays, while Pompey, according to Plutarch, was murdered a few hours after celebrating the anniversary of his birth. James Barry, whose epic paintings and attic conceptions made him famous, died on his birthday in London on February 22, 1806, when 65 years old. His age, curiously enough, was precisely five times thirteen years. George Washington and Patrick Henry both died in 1799.

The almost simultaneous birth and death of illustrious persons in similar fields of activity strikes many persons as being peculiar, to say the least. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, and Alexander Dumas, the great French romancist, both died in 1870. John Adams, the colossus of the American Revolution, who predicted that the Fourth of July would be celebrated by successive generations of Americans as a great anniversay festival, expired on that day in 1826, just fifty years after he had affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferso nalso died on that day, within a few minutes of the hour when Adams passed away. On the same day, four years later, James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, passed to his rest.

George Bancroft, the historian, and T. Babington Macaulay, his English contemporary, were both born in 1800. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Charles Dickens, whose novels continue to lead in popularity, were born in 1812. Hogg and Burns, the Scotch poets, were born on January 25, and Pope and Voltaire, both died on May 30, the first at Twickenham, in 1744, the other at Chatenai, near Paris, thirty-four years later. Rubens, the most eminent artist of the French school of painters, also died on May 30, 1640. Charles IX., of France, who gave the signal which made the darkest rays in the history of that country, died of remorse in his chateau near Paris on May 30, 1574.

One finds it easy to accept the principles of reincarnation of spirit when one considers that Sir John Van Brugh, an eminent English architect, was born in the year of Mansard's death, in 1666. Just 100 years later was born Sir J. Wyattville and Weinbrunner, architects, who gained fame. The great composers, Gluck and Jomelli, were born in 1714. It is, perhaps, remarkable that William Von Wallace and Von Winter, both musicians of a high order of merit, should have been born in 1754, and that both died in 1825. Forstner and Gessner, two eminent naturalists, were born in 1729, and after lives of usefulness both died in 1825. Schubert and Le Conte, musical composers, died in 1860. Benjamin Rush and Granville Sharp, philanthropists, died almost simultaneously in 1813. Adanson and Daubertson, the naturalists, died the same year in which their illustrious follower, Milne-Edwards, was born, 1800. Arago was born in the year of Leo Ximene's death, 1786. Lalande, Maskelyne and Rittenhouse, all distinguished astronomers, were born in 1732. Sir Isaac Newton was born in 1642, the year in which Galileo, the astronomer, died.

The "thirteen" superstition has a strong hold upon most people, as has been shown time and time again. Few persons can be induced to occupy Room No. 13 in a hotel or lodging house, and houses numbered thirteen are said to be "hoodooed." Only when no other berth can be procured will the average actor accept Berth No. 13 in a sleeping car, and it is almost certain that his night on the cars will be sleepless.

The figure thirteen plays an important part in history. Henry II. of France was born at St. Germaine on March 13, 1518, and on the same day in 1547 he ascended the throne on the death of his father, Francis I. Thirteen years later, on June 29, the king's right eye was pierced by a lance in the hands of Count de Montgomery in a tournament. Thirteen days later the king died of the injury, and it is peculiar that the days of his illness should correspond with the number of years he reigned. The reign of William II. of England lasted thirteen years, as also did the reigns of Henry IV., William III., Queen Anne and George I.

A remarkable set of circumstances applying to the "thirteen" superstition was revealed several years ago by the death of a woman in a western city. She was born on the 13th day of the month, was married on the 13th, had 13 children, every one of whom was born on the 13th day of the month, lost three fingers in an accident on the 13th, and finally died on the 13th, at the age of 65 years, her life span numbering five times thirteen years. Four of her children died on the 13th, one being burned to death in Room No. 13 of a hotel situated in Thirteenth street. Strangely enough, this woman's husband died on the 13th after thirteen days' illness.

This "thirteen" superstition is analogous to the Friday superstition. Friday is hangman's day the world over, and until recent years sailors could not be induced to begin a voyage on that day, nor were ships begun or launched on that day. History proves that Friday is no more fatal to humanity than any other day of the week. Columbus sailed from Palos on his voyage of discovery on a Friday and he sighted land, after a mutinous voyage, on the same day of the week. Some of the largest enterprises in the world were conceived on a Friday, so that, after all, the superstition commonly attached to the day seems to fall flat.—New York Herald.

A DEED OF DARING.

Twenty-Seven Lives Saved by One Man In a Shipwreck.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swamp to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackson fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but h edeclared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to than her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

MISSISSIPPI IS VERY DRY.

Prohibition Ahead In a War of Wits With the Thirsty.

The whisky fight along the river boundary between Mississippi and Louisiana is as fierce as ever and continues to claim its quota of victims. The latest is Frederick Bunster, who was drowned last week while crossing the Mississippi river in a barge from Vicksburg to De Soto Island to get a drink. De Soto Island is the last stronghold of whisky on the Mississippi line and is furnishing drinks for the thirsty population of Mississippi for fifty miles up and down the river.

Vicksburg, Warren county, and Natchez, Adams county, were the last two counties in Mississippi to remain wet. A large majority of the voters in both counties favored license and it was found impossible to vote them down. Up to a few years ago county local option prevailed in Mississippi. One by one seventy counties voted for prohibition and closed up their saloons. Four remained obstinate, two on the gulf coast tributary to New Orleans and two on the Mississippi river.

Again and again attempts had been made to convert this wet territory. The Prohibitionists, who were in a large majority in Mississippi, insisted that vigorous action should be taken in dealing with these obstinate counties and proposed statewide prohibition. This was opposed for some years because it was feared that it would force the liquor issue into state politics and divide the Democracy. Finally the Prohibitionists could endure no longer the sight of the Vicksburg and Natchez saloons. They dropped local option and passed a statewide prohibition law, closing the Vicksburg and Natchez saloons.

Ever since this was done a war of wits has been going on over the liquor traffic. Locker clubs started up where drinks could be had, but they were soon closed. Then came soft drink establishments. The authorities declared that these were mere blinds, hard drinks being mixed with soft ones. Moreover a man could become intoxicated with the soft drinks, containing as they did 2 per cent of alcohol, if he could consume several gallons of the stuff. The soft drink establishments were closed.

Then the fight was transferred to the express companies. "Jug houses" which furnished whisky by the jug or barrel sprang up in Louisiana, mainly in New Orleans, which made a specialty of shipping whisky by the jug to Mississippi. There are eighty or more of these houses in New Orleans and they have done a big business. Latterly the Mississippi authorities have made it as hot as possible for the "juggers" and the packages usually go in boxes without the slightest indication of what the boxes contain.

Some of the express companies being unwilling to cater to the whisky business telephone and express companies were established to handle it. Thus the citizens of Natches who wanted a drink had only to telegraph to Ordalia, La., and the Louisiana and Mississippi Express company, which operated between these two towns opposite each other on the Mississippi river, at once forwarded the liquor. But every one of these schemes was met by the authorities, and although there is still a great deal of whisky going into prohibition Mississippi the shipments have been made more difficult and the amount of liquor consumed is growing steadily less.

It is natural that the liquor men should use the river to carry on the business, especially as the population is much denser on the river than back of it. The Mississippi has been used for years for the purpose.

When prohibition first came into existence in Mississippi the bars of the river steamboats did an immense business, but the time between drinks was long under this plan. The whisky fleet then sprang into existence. The fleet steamed up and down the river, anchoring in midstream opposite some dry county of Mississippi or Arkansas. Skiffs and boats of various kinds could then be seen putting out to the whisky fleet from every point on the river bank.

There was a glorious drunk on the boats and when they pulled out later scores of them loaded with drunken men and jugs of whisky pulled to the shore. The fleet was thoroughly demoralizing to labor wherever it went and drew down on itself the vigorous opposition of all the authorities.

The whisky fleet is no more, or rather it is now anchored or stranded at De Soto Island, opposite Vicksburg. The vessels have anchored permanently and now compel the Mississippians who want a drink to come to them. Twenty-five boats are at De Soto Island, a sandbar in the centre of the Mississippi river which might be called Whisky Island or Grant Island, for it is one of the products of Gen. Grant's campaign against Vicksburg.

The Confederate batteries at Vicksburg kept vessels from ascending or descending the river. Grant sought to avoid these batteries by cutting a canal across the Louisiana point opposite the town so that vessels could go around Vicksburg. His canal proved a failure, but thirteen years afterward, in 1876, the river forced its way through the old canal and completely changed its course, leaving Vicksburg an inland town, and among other things creating De Soto Island.

It is here, in Madison parish, Louisiana, that the Vicksburg saloons have made their last stand against prohibition. There are twenty-four of them in flat bottomed boats or barges aground on the island. Their business is done almost entirely with Mississippi, namely with Vicksburg.

The island and the saloons can be reached only by water, and a number of vessels, skiffs and barges are in use to carry customers to the island. Whether the whisky they drink is too strong or the boats in which they travel are too weak, there have been twelve drownings on this whisky route in the last few months, but the risk incurred does not seem to daunt the thirsty ones in the least and the stranded whisky fleet is still selling as much whisky as ever.

Nor have the Mississippi authorities found any way to check this traffic. As for the Louisiana parishes fronting Mississippi, they are getting too much revenue from the high licenses on these saloons to show any disposition to stop the business.—New York Sun.

LOST 7,000 FEET IN THE AIR.

Aviator's Experience In a Fog a Mile Above the Earth.

"It was only a joke," said one of the officials of the great aviation meet at Belmont Park the other day, when he was asked by an indignant Frenchman if he had said that he took up Mrs. J. B. Eustis, a New York society woman, for a consideration in cash.

"If he admitted it I would have struck him," said the tall, lithe young man in the costume of Paris. "I am a gentleman sportsman, not an aerial chauffeur!"

The young man was Count Jacques de Lesseps, grandson of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the originator of the Panama Canal. He flies for fun, not money, and more than a few of his flights have been spectacular and some of them dangerous. He has crossed from Calais to Dover over the English Channel. He has been more than 7,000 feet in the air in his monoplane. He has won many a prize for the fun of the thing. Among other prizes was the one for the flight over the city of Toronto, Canada, last summer. He went back to France, only to return for the American meet during the last week in October. There he distinguished himself by flying 7,000 feet high in a fog and then getting lost.

He was utterly lost in the air, but he found himself and came sailing back out of the gloom after an hour and a half trying to see either earth or sky. It was a marvelous experience, and he was asked to tell something about it.

"How does it feel to get lost up in the air?" he laughed. "Well, my dear sir, it is no fun. Men have been lost on land and on sea, under land and under sea, but I was up in the air, where I could see nothing—either sky or land, and I had to find my way back to earth. I was actually lost in the heavens.

"Well do I remember it. I could see nothing. It was black, black, all around me. The clouds were closing in so very fast. The sun had set. All I had was my compass. For an hour and a half I plowed through the clouds trying to find my way. At last I saw a gasoline beacon burning and I made up my mind I was back over Belmont Park. The descent. Oh, that was simple enough. I just came down easily and landed where I wanted You see, my monoplane is a very good one. If once I can see a good place to land I care not whether my motor stops or not—I can vol-plane back to the earth."

The young French nobleman shrugged his shoulders—to him being lost in an aeroplane a mile in the air where he could see nothing overhead or underneath seemed only part of the rigor of the game.

"What induced me to take up flying?" he answered to a question. "Why, simply because it was so interesting. I saw the others fly in France, and I decided that I could no longer stay on the ground. I didn't want to look at them. I preferred to go up myself. It was Alfred Bleriot's great feat in crossing the English Channel that finally made me make up my mind. I would fly too.

"He made his remarkable feat in July, 1909. I saw what a wonderful machine he had and I resolved to own one. I would fly at Paris and I started out to learn how. A year ago machines were not so common as they are now, you know. It took until November 20 last, for me to get mine. Then I started to learn how to fly.

"The first three or four times I ran it over the ground until I could be accustomed to the controls. This was at Issy-les-Molineaux, near Paris, a famous place for aviation. The first time I was really up in the air I stayed for an hour and a half. Then I thought I would like to try cross-country flying.

"My bad luck began at once. There was trouble with my motor and I was forced to vol-plane to the ground. I landed in a bad place, but my machine and myself were unhurt. The second time I went up my propeller broke when I was 300 feet in the air. Once more I had to vol-plane back to the ground. I landed on rough ground and smashed my machine. But I was too interested now; I got a new one. The first time I tried it I fell eighty feet and hurt my leg—bah, it was nothing. That is part of the sport of aviation, m'sieu.

"It seemed as if when I had to vol-plane back to the earth that I could never find a good place—I was always unlucky. But that changed only a little while ago when I was flying at Issy. I managed to get up to 2,170 meters, which is much above 7,000 feet.

"Ah, I felt fine up there in the air. It was a beautiful day and my motor was working beautifully. It was a new sensation; I felt as if I was swimming in the air. The first time I went up at all far I was so busy with the machine that I had no time to look about me. But now I had my confidence and I could look down over the country. It was a beautiful sight.

"You see, m'sieu, in fine weather an aviator always has control. He has almost nothing to do at a great height except to see he has his controls. If he knows his machine he has plenty of time to look down upon the country below. I did not have that pleasure when I was up the other day at Belmont Park in the clouds and darkness. I was afraid all the time of a church steeple or a chimney, and I was utterly lost.

"But if one goes up in bad weather there is so much to do that there is little chance to observe the country beneath one. The strain is too great on one's nerves and too great on the machine itself. Bad weather decreases the efficiency of the motor among other things, you see. The efficiency of the motor is spoiled by a stiff breeze. It is all right if one has to go only one direction, but if you go to one place and return in a hard wind, you cannot get the efficiency out of your motor that you can on a day when there is little or no wind. What you gain going with the wind is more than lost in going against it. On the average you cannot make the same speed in a high wind as you can in moderate weather. You lose more against the wind than you get back from it."

The young Frenchman was all enthusiasm now. He wanted to take out his own Bleriot and fly in the face of the half gale that was sweeping the field. But his mechanicians dissuaded him.

"Why not?" he argued. "Others are in the air."

Nevertheless he came down to earth, metaphorically speaking, and said a few more things. He was asked if he ever was afraid when making one of his dizzy flights.

"Oh, no m'sieu. I was never afraid. Aviation has become almost an exact science today. I was never afraid, never nervous. One could not be an aviator under such conditions. But today flying requires no special nerve or courage. One is so sure of one's machine that he experiences no sickening sensation in the air—not even when he is lost. He does not even have the vertigo that he might have on a mountain top.

"Of the future of aeroplanes?" he answered to another question, "Ah, I cannot speak with pretension. I am only an amateur. Of course, the machine will be improved. We will get practical results—carrying the fast mails, war, sport.

"The aeroplane is too expensive yet to be practical for more. An automobile with a chauffeur is cheap compared to an aeroplane. One must have at least two machines and two or three helpers. It is quite expensive, I assure you. I would not dare say, with authority, but I may venture to suggests that it is five times as expensive to maintain an aeroplane as an automobile."

The talk turned to the monoplane versus the biplane. The young nobleman was evidently embarrassed. He hardly wanted to criticise the American machine, yet he was for the monoplane all the time.

"You see," he explained with a deprecating gesture, "the monoplane is faster; faster than any biplane so far. In flying many people it is sure to be more commodious. Perhaps we shall see them soon able to carry three or four passengers. M. Bleriot is building one now capable of sustaining six persons. And the monoplane, you must remember, is much more comfortable. To carry more than two the biplane must be a triplane, or even a plane with four surfaces.

"In France aviation has advanced much more than it has in America, hard as the people are working here. The reason is so simple—there is more competition there than here. Here competition is nearly killed—you must not ask me why. Development has been stopped. I can say no more."

Of course, the young French aviator was referring to the Wright's patent, which has put a stop to many ambitious aviators in the United States. He quickly turned the subject.

"You see, he began, on his new tack, "abroad we have the necessary competition. We are improving every day. The day of the flying machine which is not dangerous is at hand. Soon it will be only a matter of expense. There is no reason that any man should not fly—if he can afford it!"—New York World.

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How your back hurts after several hours spent at the sewing machine, bending over sideways to properly feed the cloth under the needle bar? Very painful, isn't? Did you ever think why this is so? No? Well, it is simply because that with the ordinary sewing machine the needle bar is considerably out of center of the machine table and the treadle and it is necessary to lean to one side—give the back a twist—to get the eye in line with the needle bar. But relief has come at last. The trick has been turned and you will find that the next sewing machine you buy will not give you that troublesome pain caused by the twist of the spinal column. The next machine you buy will be a

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YORK FURNITURE CO.

TAX RETURNS FOR 1911

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

Yorkville, S. C., December 2, 1910.

As required by statute my books will be opened at my office in Yorkville on MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1911, and kept open until FEBRUARY 20, 1911, for the purpose of listing for taxation all PERSONAL and REAL PROPERTY held in York county on January 1, 1911.

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, direct, on blanks provided for the purpose. The returns must be duly sworn to either before me or my assistant, or some other officer qualified to administer an oath.

All items of realty, whether farms, or town lots, must be listed separately.

Returns made on proper blanks, and sworn to before an officer qualified to administer an oath and forwarded to me by registered mail before February 20, 1911, will be accepted.

All taxpayers are particularly requested to inform themselves as to the number of their respective school districts, and where they have property in more than one school district, they will please make separate returns indicating the location of each piece of property. The school districts in which there are special levies are as follows: Nos. 23 and 27, in Bethel township; Nos. 6. 29, 33 and 43 in Bethesda township; Nos. 9, 20, 40 and 44 in Broad River township; Nos. 9, 15 and 20 in Bullock's Creek township, No. 12 Catawba township; Nos. 7, 12, 35 and 43 in Ebenezer township; Nos. 26, 28 and 39 in Fort Mill township; Nos. 2 and 37 in King's Mountain township; Nos. 11, 20, 33, 35. 42 and 43 in York township.

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

At Bullock's Creek, (Good's Store), on Saturday, January 14.
At Tirzah, on Monday, January 16.
At Newport, on Tuesday, January 17.
At Fort Mill, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 18, 19 and 20.
At McConnellsville, on Monday, January 23.
At Ogden, on Tuesday, January 24.
At Coates's Tavern, (Roddey's), on Wednesday, January 25.
At Rock Hill, from Thursday, January 26, to Wednesday, February 1.
And at Yorkville from Thursday, February 2, until Monday, February 20.

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 numbers of their respective school districts in making their returns.

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

JOHN J. HUNTER.
County Auditor.

Yorkville, S. C., December 2, 1910.
96 f. 4t

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— FOR SALE —

290 Acres—More or less, joins Fred Black, J. L. Williamson, J. B. Johnson, Mrs. Kendrick, Sam Roach, J. H. Campbell, W. B. Byers and others; 1 dwelling house, two-stories, six-rooms and good barn; 175 acres under cultivation; one of the finest farms in the Blackjack section. Property of John R. Logan.

61 Acres—In one tract, 122 acres in the other; joins W. R. Carroll and others on Turkey creek; 2 houses on each; 1 has 3 rooms, other 2 rooms; barn and stable on each; 40 acres under cultivation in the 122 acre tract; 15 under cultivation in the 61 acre tract; also a fine meadow on the 122 acres. **Price Twenty-six Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars. Will sell the 61 acres separately.**

514 Acres—Fine farm of W. M. Whitesides, 1½ miles Hickory Grove; a nice 2-story, 8-room residence; about 260 acres in original forest timber; about 250 acres in cultivation; 60 acres of good bottom land. This place last year produced 40 bales of cotton, over 500 bushels of oats, and a very large corn crop. **Price per acre—$16.00.**

28 Acres—Two nice dwellings, including a fine roller flour mill, one corn mill, 2 metal turbine wheels, 25-horse power each, a saw mill; everything in tip top order. **Price $3,000..**

45 Acres—Adjoining the beautiful farm of Mr. Robt. McCorkle, and just outside the incorporate limits of Yorkville, land lies level and nice. For immediate sale.

69 Acres—Bounded by the lands of D. M. Parrott, J. J. McCarter, J. B. Wood and J. C. Lilly; the property of J. C. Wood. Will put a six-room tenant house on the place. Will sell for ($37) thirty-seven dollars an acre.

The beautiful home of Jno. O. Pratt, 1 mile of Newport and Tirzah; 79 acres; absolutely level land; 55 acres in cultivation; 20 acres in fine timber; a 5-room tenant house, painted; a good barn; all necessary outhouses; also 1 tenant house with 4-rooms also barn; 15 acres of new ground that will make a bale to the acre. I do not know of as valuable a little place in the county; 7 miles from Rock Hill. **Price—$50 an acre.**

The residence and store room combined in the town of Yorkville of Geo. Sherer. It is three lots from the court house. It has a large store room, easily rents for $20, another room rents for $5. About two acres of land; 8 nice rooms in the residence. **Price $4,000.**

150 Acres—Near Clay Hill; 1 dwelling; all necessary outbuildings—part of the A. A. Barron place—**$10.00 an acre.**

136 Acres—Including the Baird & Hudson place near Concord church; 3 good houses; 60 acres in cultivation—**$15.00 an acre.** Property of M. B. Massey.

115 Acres—1 dwelling, and two tenant houses; 90 acres under cultivation, 20 acres in timber; 2½ miles of Smyrna. **Price, $15.00 per acre.** T. B. Nichols.

62 Acres—Property of M. C. Lathan, near King's Creek and Piedmont Springs, on public road. **Price $15 per acre.**

201 Acres—1 house, 5-rooms; 75 acres, under cultivation; 40 acres in timber, fine orchard; 3 miles of Newport. **Price $12 per acre—W. W. Auten.**

95 Acres—Mrs. J. Frank Wallace place, 2 dwellings on it; 8 miles of Yorkville on public highway, near New Zion church. **Price $1,425.**

171 Acres—J. J. Scoggins mill and home, 1 dwelling, 8-rooms, 2 stories; 40 acres very fine bottom land—produce corn every year; 30 acres barbed wire; also 30 acres hog wire pasture; 60 acres under cultivation; 25 acres in forest timber. A new barn, 40x60; double crib. **One-third Cash.**

(1) Parks Parish place 91 acres; 1 house, 4 rooms; 50 acres under cultivation, 40 acres in timber, orchard. **(2) 128½ acres at New Zion,** joins J. R. Faires and others; 1 house, 5 rooms; 35 acres under cultivation; 90 acres in timber; 3 miles of Smyrna, good barn, outbuildings. $2,100 for Parish Dixon place, 1st. $21.00 per acre for place John Dixon now lives on 2nd. John F. Smith.

285 Acres—Joins Wm. Biggers, Meek Faulkner, Jim McGill; 5-horse farm; 1 house, 6-rooms, 75 acres under cultivation; 185 acres in timber. Some saw timber; near to Enon church; 2½ miles Smyrna; 4 tenant houses, 35 acres of bottom land. **Price $15.00 per acre.** A. J. Boheler property.

Miss Dolly Miller residence—**a bargain.**

150 Acres—75 acres in cultivation; 75 acres in timber; 3 miles Sharon. **Very cheap.**

50 Acres—Joins A. J. Boheler, Westmoreland and Ed Whitesides corners at London siding; 1 house, 1 story, 3-rooms, 20 acres under cultivation, plenty of firewood; orchard, good spring, ½ mile of Canaan church, 1 mile of Smyrna station, good barn. **Price $16.00 per acre.**

98 Acres—Adjoining Forest Hill academy; property of Perry Ferguson. **Price $1,600.** Forty acres in cultivation, some of which has made over a bale to the acre; 58 acres on timber; plenty of fine saw timber.

125 Acres—One dwelling, one story and half, 5-rooms—Perry Ferguson McCullum place. **Price $1,600.**

55 3-5 Acres—One dwelling, 1½ stories; good well water; ½ mile of Concord church and school; 25 acres under cultivation; plenty of wood. **Price $650.** Terms to suit purchaser. Property of of W. H. Baird.

97 Acres—And a new 6-room house, 2 tenant houses; new barn 30x40; two miles Clover. Owner wishes to buy larger farm. This is a great bargain. Property of T. J. Bradford.

House and half acre lot in Clover; 1 dwelling, 3 rooms, 2 piazzas, splendid house, electric lights. J. Ross Parish home. **Price $850.00.**

186 Acres—In King's Mountain township; one 3-room dwelling; about 600,000 feet timber. **Price $10 per acre.**

395 1-2 Acres—Known as the Oates-Allison place; produces 8 bales of cotton; one 2-story, 7-room building; 4 tenant houses, 3 rooms each, 100 acres in cultivation, 150 acres in timber; balance in second growth and pasture; 2 miles of Hickory Grove. Will cut into small tracts. **Price $12.00 per acre.**

455 Acres—Property of Jas. A. and E. Bankhead; 3 houses. Nearly 200 acres of bottom land, raises about 1,000 bushels of corn, very productive place. **Price $9.00 an acre.**

128 Acres—Home place of J. F. Carson; good 6-room dwelling; land level; new barn, crib, cotton house. All necessary out buildings. A beautiful farm at Delphos.

119 3-4 Acres—Joins lands of Mrs. J. L. McGill; one new 4-room house; 15 acres of fresh, new ground, balance in wood; 1¼ mile Bethany High School.

234 Acres—One 2-story, 8-room dwelling; good 5-horse farm open; 80 acres in timber; 4 good tenant houses, 4-rooms each; good barn. Land in high state cultivation. Joins J. J. Matthews; 3 miles Bethany. **Price $25 per acre.**

112 3-4 Acres—Joins John F. Smith; 60 acres in cultivation; 52 in timber; 1 dwelling, 2 tenant houses; good new barn. **Price 2,000.** R. D. Wallace.

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OUR PROPOSITIONS.

To the Clubmaker who returns and pays for the **largest number of names** before **SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1911, at 6 o'clock p. m.,** we will give **One Quarter Leather Top Rock Hill Buggy (Carolina Grade), valued at Ninety Dollars.** To the Clubmaker who returns the **second largest club** under the same conditions by the date mentioned, we will give a **Two Horse Piedmont Wagon,** valued at $67.50.

The contests for these two premiums is open to all comers, regardless of place or residence. In addition to these two leading premiums, however, we will award **Sixteen High Grade Sewing Machines,** of two styles, one retailing at $40 and the other retailing at $30, two Machines to go to each township, excepting to the townships in which the Buggy and Wagon may be awarded.

After the Buggy and Wagon have been awarded, the Sewing Machines will be awarded in the remaining townships to the Clubmakers making the largest and second largest clubs, and the awards will be made regardless of the number of names in the two leading clubs. That is if the Buggy or Wagon goes to one township Clubmaker for a hundred names, more or less, and the second largest Cl