

Humorous Department.

The Mail Carrier Hurried.—It was on an occasion when a president of the United States was making a swing around the country. A man who was carrying the mail on a weekly route between a Missouri county seat town and a little postoffice at a country store came dashing madly down the road in the direction of the town. A farmer who saw him coming and wondered at his great haste hailed him and said: "What's the matter, Jimson? What's your great hurry this morning?" "Hurry?" Jimson repeated. "Why don't you know the president is to be in town to-day?" "Oh, I see," the farmer replied. "You want to get there in time to see him."

"It's not that that makes me hurry." "It ain't?" "No, sir! You may not know it, but this working for the government is mighty ticklish business, and a man has got to be awful careful or he'll lose his job. Now suppose the president gets off the train down here and asks about me and I ain't there, and he finds out I'm late. Don't you see there'd be trouble right off, and I might be asked to resign?" "Yes, sir. So I ain't taking no chances. When the president steps off the train and asks the crowd 'Where is Jimson?' I'm going to be there so I can step right out and say, 'Here I am, sir.'—Kansas City Star.

The Other Way.—The grade teacher had just finished a warm plea for kindness to dumb animals in general and to cats in particular. "Now, children," she asked, "what can we do to prevent the poor cats from getting their heads stuck in tin cans?" An earnest-faced youngster, who looked as though he might have a reputation for being a trouble maker, responded, "All right, Jimmy, let's hear your suggestion."

"The cans do the dogs' tails."—Mack's National Monthly. Pat's Wise Chances.—Twas in the good old days when the "cat" was used freely. "Sons—Quarter-deck of H. M. S. Hardship. Pat Murphy and Jack McLean had been breaking leave and had been ordered to receive ten strokes each of the "cat." When the time came for their punishment the captain considering their previous good behavior, said that if they wished to wear anything to protect their backs a little they could do so.

The Scotchman replied that he would like to have a strip of canvas on his back. The request was granted, and then Pat, on being asked what he would like, exclaimed, "Shure, sir, if it all the same to you, I would like to have the Scotchman on my back."—London Telegraph.

Will It Come to Pass?—The gong struck thrice. There was a wild rush, a tramping of feet, a word of command, the great doors flew open, the shining motor rolled into the street and turned to the east. An alarm bell under the foot of the operator clattered noisily. Vehicles turned aside, pedestrians ran for their lives. The motor suddenly stopped. A blazing structure barred the way.

The crew whirled the motor into position. A stout-armed fellow seized the crank handle and began to turn. A rural onlooker turned to a native. "What the Sam Hill kind of fire engine is that?" he asked in his rich alfalfa dialect. "That ain't a fire engine," the native replied. "That's a movin' picture machine. They're always gettin' there first. Here comes 'em' department now."

And far down the street could be heard the clatter of the fire horses' coming hoofs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Runaway.—The rector was sitting in his study hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon, when a visitor was announced. She was a hard muscular-looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she opened fire somewhat brusquely: "You are Mr. Jenkins, ain't you?" "I am," replied the good man. "Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple of strangers at your church a month ago?"

"What were the names?" asked the clergyman. "Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, "and I'm Eliza." "Are you indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remembered seeing your face before, but—" "Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, all right, and I thought as how I ought to drop in an' tell you that Peter's escaped."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Disappointed, But Diplomatic.—Up in Vermont the hotel business is real business, and the man who takes a room and eats a meal at one of the hostleries is expected to pay for it without fail. If you don't believe it take a run up Vermont and try to beat the house. In one of the little towns of the state there is a hotel proprietor called Jolly Jones.

One morning after breakfast a guest was about to depart without paying his bill. Jolly walked slowly to the door with him and in a deadly tone said: "Mister! If you should happen to look your bank roll between here and Randolph you can remember that I didn't get any of it."—Popular Magazine.

Judging From Results.—There used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a new comer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency. One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in. "Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whiskey 're making down the street here?" "No," said the judge, "but I reckon I've tried everybody that did try it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Net Selected.—Two little girls were coming home from school when one commented to the other. "I don't care," said Mabel. "You are only an adopted child. Your father and mother are not really yours."

"I don't care either," retorted Grace. My papa and mamma picked me out. Yours had to take you just as you came.—Everybody's Magazine.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WOMEN WERE FAMOUS PIRATES.

Mary Read and Anne Bonny Flew the Jolly Roger for Years. Long before ever the suffrage was an issue in England, in a time when women for the most part spent their lives by their own hearth stones, British dourhearted women warriors, British born. Real buccaners they were, who swaggered and swore right lustily, and sailed the Spanish Main and slew folks with broad cutlasses and did all the other things that well-regulated pirates were in the habit of doing. Their names were Mary Read and Anne Bonny, and their records are still to be read in certain ancient British court records, though they seldom are.

Mary was one of those strange women who have gone through life dressed as men. She kept her secret from all except a very few. Before she was 18 she enlisted as a sailor in the British navy, and a history of pirates published in London in 1724 by Captain Charles Johnson tells all about her. She did well enough as a sailor, then enlisted in the army and went with a British regiment to Flanders, where she fought with distinction for reckless bravery and helped keep up the reputation for profanity which goes with soldiers in Flanders. She called herself Frank Read, and apparently no one suspected that she was a girl.

But, being a woman, she could not refrain from falling in love, and finally was married to a fellow soldier of whom she had grown very fond. Then they both left the army, bought a little inn in Flanders and settled down to housekeeping. All this seems to be impatience.

Mary's husband died in a year or two and she went back to her wild, masculine life, shipping as a sailor on a Dutch merchantman bound for the West Indies. Before the vessel reached its destination it was halted by British pirates, who, being in need of a sailor, took the lusty Mary, never suspecting that the recruit to their crew was a girl.

Mary pirated for a little while with the boys, and then the ship put in at New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, and took advantage of a general pardon offered to every British pirate except Captain Kidd and Captain Avery. They all promised to be good, the crew disbanded, and there was Mary out of a job again.

Now, the British governor of New Providence was fitting out a privateer man at that time, John Spanner, by the way, was the respectable and legal way of being a pirate, and was countenanced because the owner of a privateer had to divide his spoils with the government. Well, our Mary became a member of the crew of this British privateer man, and incidentally, it was a very tough crew she joined. One member of it was a pirate named Rackam. Another was his wife, Anne Bonny, a buxom French girl who was disguised as a man. Anne was in real "tough kiddy." Captain Johnson tells us, while Mary was just an honest working girl whom cruel fate had made a pirate, Rackam does not seem to have put up any very violent struggle against cruel fate.

However that was the rough and ready Anne Bonny fell in love with Mary, who, she fancied, was a man. Of course, Mary had to explain to her and Anne explained that she was a very chummy, and being women couldn't resist embracing each other frequently, so that Rackam, Anne's husband, grew very jealous of the supposed "Frank," and had to be let in on the secret for fear he would sneak up on Mary and insert a dirk between her shoulders.

The bold Rackam couldn't bear the thought of being a subordinate and dividing up the spoils of war with the government, so he led a mutiny, soon tossed the officers of the ship overboard and moved his belongings up to the captain's cabin. It is not known whether he hoisted the Jolly Roger at the masthead, but probably he did, and if he didn't he should have. Anyhow, they went plundering merrily over the southern sea, although they do not seem to have been as bad as some members of the profession. Generally the crew of a merchant ship was allowed to go its way after everything of value had been carried off. Necessarily men were killed occasionally, but wholesale bloodletting was not the feature of this cruise. Maybe it was the refining influence of having two pirates of the gentler sex aboard, but the chances are it wasn't. In the first place there was nothing very genteel about Mary and Anne, and in the second place, few members of the crew knew they were women. They brandished cutlasses and pistols, and what they lacked in whiskers they made up for in ferocity.

And just at this stage of the game, the bold Rackam fell in love again. A young artist had been captured from a British ship—Rackam had an idea that he might be useful in sketching scenes and drawing charts. Pirates, you know were great at chart making—drawing mysterious maps showing location of buried treasure, with explanations in cipher that it takes a Sanskrit dictionary and an X-ray machine to decipher.

Mary and the artist became good friends long before the artist suspected that she was anything but a slender and more than unusually handsome boy. At night, when other members of the crew were drunk or sleeping, these two would sit together in a sheltered corner of the deck and Mary would lean back, with her head in the artist's lap, and listen to him tell the story of his life and his ambitions. The artist seemed never to have suspected his comrade was a girl, so at last Mary told him, and they were married—informally, it is true, and without priest or license. Pirate ships do not carry chaplains, although license is plentiful enough aboard them.

After the marriage the cruise went on for months, and once Mary saved her husband's life when he had been challenged to a duel by one of the ruffians of the crew. Mary succeeded in quelling with this man and fought him a duel herself before her husband had an opportunity to risk his life. The girl pirate—still known as Frank to her shipmates—went ashore on a little island, and the pirate with her. Both drew their pistols and shot each other with deadly accuracy. They attacked each other with broadswords, and

Electricity gives us light practically without heat—an ideal method of illumination. But the lantern light of tropical America was in the field long before the electric lamp.

Nature built the electric battery long before man thought of it in the head of the electric eel and the torpedo fish. These creatures are capable of giving an electric shock of considerable force. In the head of the torpedo fish there are vertical columns of electrical plates which number as many as half a million. The plates or disks are separated by delicate membranes, which insulate them, and they resemble very much the ordinary voltaic pile so commonly used in electrical work.

Even our sewing and spinning machines had their prototypes in Nature. The tailor bird was the first seamstress, and it stitched its leaves together perfectly long before man used the fish bone as a needle to sew his skin garments together. It is possible that the ancients got their first lesson in this art from the tailor bird. Then, as to spinning, the caterpillars and silkworms were ahead of our machines, and the spider even today can spin a web that no machine can equal. No man has yet equalled the fine spinning of the spider. We cannot begin to make threads as fine and small as the spiders, nor can we weave them into such a fine, tough rope. These insects are supplied with machinery for spinning that is still little understood. Under the ultramicroscope we may yet discover some new principle of the art that will greatly help us to improve our spinning methods.

Man today is going more and more to Nature to learn secrets that are of interest to the mechanical and the physical world. It has long been a mistake to suppose these little creatures are of value only to the specialist interested in cataloging and mounting specimens. We know, for instance, that the carwigs carry about with them a dainty pair of forceps, and that efficient pliers, pincers and scissors are part of the equipment of other insects.

The first balloon was the balloon of "swellfish," and we know that the first airship was a bird or flying insect. It is not what we know of aviation has been based upon a close study of birds and insects. At first we studied only the birds, but now we are making a more exhaustive study of the most effective way of achieving flight. The bones of the human body are fashioned with the idea of getting the greatest amount of strength and stiffness with the least weight. The bones of the human body are fashioned with the idea of getting the greatest amount of strength and stiffness with the least weight. The bones of the human body are fashioned with the idea of getting the greatest amount of strength and stiffness with the least weight.

The first pump ever made and the most wonderful and powerful yet in existence, is the heart. For its size it has a greater efficiency than any pump invented by man. There are all the principles of the modern force pump in the heart, and it is marvelously up to date despite its ancient origin. But for centuries inventors struggled with the pump, improving it slowly, and discovering the elementary laws governing it. How much easier it would have been for them if they could have taken the human heart and studied it carefully! The force pump would then have been invented or copied completely.

When you pick up any of them, you will find that many of them have what is called the ball-and-socket joint. This enables one to form mechanical labor in an easy and efficient way. Half of our tools and machines without this little inventive device. Yet Nature knew of this invention long before man discovered it, and she utilized it in the construction of the human frame. We have, after all, the most remarkable ball-and-socket device ever invented right in our bodies. We cannot swing our arms back and forth on the ball-and-socket arrangement, which no one has ever surpassed. Even the modern invention of ball-bearings was anticipated by Nature. The vertebrae of the snake consists of a long chain of balls and sockets which work on the principles of the ball bearings of our bicycles and automobiles.

Many inventions are so common that we do not stop to inquire about their origin but you can rest assured that the construction of a primitive man was not a simple or easy matter. Working in the dark, he must often have stumbled upon mechanical principles by accident, or possibly he copied some of his ideas from Nature. For instance, the first and best hinge ever made was found in an oyster. Take the horny oyster of the Pacific coast and examine its shells. They are put together and held there by a perfect hinge, which cannot be surpassed in efficiency by any hinge found in your hardware store.

Among birds, flowers and crawling creatures we may find the prototypes of many of our modern inventions. Nature has concealed some of these inventions, so that for ages they were not discovered, and others are exhibited as plain as day. Possibly their very simplicity prevented man from discovering their value. Do you suppose that the inventor of the common gasfitter's pincers was the lobster? To learn the principles of his device? If not, he might well have done so, for the lobster's claw is the original gasfitter's pincers.

Recently there have been put on the market small boxes and receptacles which cannot roll off a shelf or table. These boxes are made to contain small articles, such as fine gold dust, diamond chips, or any small article of value. They cannot roll off because of their peculiar oval construction. If you hit them they roll around and around instead of off the shelf. A great invention, you say! But it was a secret only to man. Nature made the original of this box in the first egg of the murre. You cannot knock one of those eggs off a table very easily, for it will roll around and around. Instead of the construction of many small articles for desk use.

Not Hard for Polly.—The late Ned Harrigan of Harrigan and Hart fame, was a great story-teller, and liked nothing better than to gather a congenial lot about him in some rathskeller and entertain them, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His parrot story is one of the best, and there were other boys following, as boys usually do, says the National Magazine. Strolling along that way was a congressman who had in his pocket a letter from home stating that his "fences" were in good condition, and that the boy scouts had received their new uniforms and were for him.

Swelling the Goat.—The boy was leading a goat down the avenue in Washington, and there were other boys following, as boys usually do, says the National Magazine. Strolling along that way was a congressman who had in his pocket a letter from home stating that his "fences" were in good condition, and that the boy scouts had received their new uniforms and were for him.

As long as the other fellow had not "got his goat" the Joyous legislator intended to talk to these boys about their goat. "Well, my lads," he said in the benign tones of a man who has things coming his way, "what are you doing with the goat?" "Why, we are leading the goat. He has just ate up a crateful of sponges." "Sponges! Does he—er he have an appetite for sponges?" "Dunno. But he just swallowed 'em."

"And where are you going to take him now?" "We're going to take him down to the water trough and give him a drink." "What do you think will happen?" "The congressman, amused, said: "He'll swell up into the size of an investigating committee record, sure."

Making Himself Solid With Stone.—When L. C. Probert went to Washington as a newspaper correspondent for the Associated Press he asked a friend of the Senator, "What are the senator's views on a proper introduction to all the senators. Finally they went into the office of Gunshoe Bill Stone of Missouri. Stone was exceedingly polite and made Probert feel at home.

"I used to be in St. Louis myself,"

NAMES OF FAMOUS MINES.

Behind the name of many of the mines there lies a wealth of romance and history—pathetic and ludicrous, grave and gay. The Black Hills, perhaps, furnishes as many characteristic examples of the peculiar circumstances in which claims have been named as any other district in the country.

One of the best-known mines in the Southern Hills is "The Holy Terror." In the early days this claim was located by an old miner who had worked for years without success. This particular claim was a most difficult one. When the man returned home the evening of the day that he had located his claim it appears his wife asked what he had named it. He smiled and said: "For you, my dear," and her further inquiry elicited the information that he had christened it "The Holy Terror."

Another prospector named his mine "Gentle W." in honor of his wife, while the third miner perpetuated the memory of his wife, who was a noted club woman, by calling it "Silent Julia."

The Black Hills are dotted with the names of claims recalling romances of bygone days. Many a young man went thither during the mining "boom" of the eighties, lured with the hope of a fortune. In numerous cases all that remains to tell the tale is the name of "Kate W.," or "Mabel E.," or "Lulu J." Many a sweetheart of wife in the east was honored in the naming of a claim that its owner hoped would prove a "bonanza." Some proved all that was hoped for them. Witness the "Annie Fraction," and the "Joel," both of which were named for the wives of their owners. They are in the Bald mountains, and have produced thousands of dollars for the locators.

A prospector who worked diligently a claim which was staked by an outsider and had difficulty in getting his living expenses obtained his revenge by naming his claim "Old Permsimon." Men of patriotic turn of mind have chosen names of those famous in history, as Washington, Lincoln, etc. Each of the presidents has been remembered, famous generals, all of the states, seafaring heroes and heroes of the Revolution, as Powsey and Punter, Indian names by the score are found, as Hiawatha, Minnehaha and Nanoma. Favorite authors have been remembered, as Longfellow, and Burns, and Dickens. One student named his group Miltiades, Marc Antony, Atilla and Cleopatra. One man of a pessimistic vein, chose "What's Left" and "Some Left." Two adjoining claims are known as "On Time," and "Late."

An odd case is shown in the name of the Hoodbeg claim, which was located by an Irishman and a German and intended by the latter to be called Heideberg. When the Irishman reached town to record the location he had forgotten his partner's selection of a name, and said it was something like Hoodbeg, which, for convenience was the name recorded. "The Prodigal Son" lived up to its name by bankrupting its locator, who returned to the best of his father, who had furnished the funds for the venture.

Some of the gulches have names that refer to incidents in the lives of their prospectors. "Two Bits" was named because a placer miner declared his first painful yield about "two bits" (25 cents), while one gulch expressed the idea of its locator's mind when he named it "Go To." Then, there are "Poorman's Gulch," "Sheep-Blacks," "Blacktail," "Crooked Arm," "Poverty," and "Prosperity."—New York Press.

Two Tales of the South.—Thomas R. Shipp in a political speech this season told a story about a colored man he once encountered in front of a "busted" bank down south. "What's the matter, uncle?" asked Shipp. "Did you have some money in that bank?" "Every bit I had in the world, \$40.00 the colored man replied. "It makes me feel awful bad to lose it."

You should take the matter calmly said Shipp. "Did you never hear of a bank bursting before?" "Yes," said the uncle, with emphasis. "But this one busted right in mah face."

At the same meeting, when Herbert Knox Smith, United States commissioner of corporations, addressed the Indianapolis trade association, Mr. Smith told a story of the south. A northern man made a visit to the plantation of a southern colonel, he said, and was almost devoured the first night by mosquitoes. The next morning the northern man asked the colonel about the mosquito plague. "Don't the mosquitoes bother the colonel?" he asked.

"Not much, sah," the butler replied. "The first part of the night the colonel am too drunk to feel mosquitoes, and the last part of the night they is too drunk to bother him."—Indianapolis News.

Glad Hubby Was In Jail.—Captain Charles Edwards of the Walnut street station was sitting in his office, with a man whom the captain has seen before, in tow. "Excuse me for taking your time, Mr. Officer, but I want to know is this the man that you had in jail last Saturday night and Sunday. You see, he failed to come home and told me he had found an X-ray machine, and I guessed right away he'd been brought from the gospel truth and brought him right down here with me to prove it to him."

"I regret to say madam, but he was our special guest over Sunday," answered Captain Edwards. "Oh, Zach, my dear boy, will you ever forgive me, but I believe you're I don't care how many times you are arrested just so's I know where you is," said the negress as she fell on Zach's neck, begging forgiveness.—Kansas City Journal.

Remarkable.—Senator Simmons was talking about a boom.

"I congratulated him on his boom," the senator laughed, "and he appeared astonished that I knew anything of it. But I told him I had a keen sense for booms, even for little ones. I explained that I was like the Newbern urchin. "A Newbern urchin used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon and she would give him a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin. "He said plaintively, as the time came for him to go: "I believe I smell cocoanut layer cake."

"The old lady laughed, went to the cupboard and cut him a very thin slice. When she gave it to him he thanked her and said: "But it seems strange that I could smell such a little piece, doesn't it?"—Washington Star.

Rough On Engineers.—Bill Rain, the veteran engineer of the Santa Fe, tells the following: "One day when I was in freight service I caught a work train out to a point near Topeka. We had orders to work for a foreman named Smith. Smith had the honor of being the father of a boy about 19 years old, who, if he had had a little more sense, would have been half-witted. While riding on the engine Smith said to me: "Bill, I wish you would take that boy of mine to Topeka with you and get him a job in the roundhouse."

"What do you want to get him a job in the roundhouse for?" I asked him. "Well, I want him to work up to be an engineer," he said. "I asked him: 'Why don't you give him a job on the section and let him work up to be a foreman?' " "Well," he said, "you know, Bill, the boy ain't quite bright."—Kansas City Star.

Many a fellow's only source of income is a latch key. Fortune is the man who can pick his own brand of success. Flattery is the coin with which some people pay their way. Lots of us trouble most about the things that never trouble us. There is sorrow without selfishness, but never selfishness without sorrow.

The small boy listened attentively the end of the story, and the father was congratulating himself on the impression he had made, when, with a long breath, Phillip asked: "What did they do with the boots?" "From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

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177 Acres—The Holmes Place; joining Holbrooks Good, Ed Thomas and others; a nice new cottage, 6 rooms, good barn; also a nice 1 room house and store room, barn, etc. Located across roads. Good land at the low price of \$4,200.

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25 Acres—More or less, joining C. M. Imman, Norman Black and others. One mile from the incorporate limits of Yorkville. About 35 acres clear, 10 in cultivation, 10 in timber. 3-room house, good barn, etc.

159 Acres—1 dwelling, 5 rooms; 70 acres in cultivation; 50 acres in timber; 2 1/2 miles of Smyrna; 1 tenant house and 2 tenant houses, all well fenced; lumber and buggy house. Property of H. M. Bradley. Price, \$3,000.00.

160 Acres—Joining Mrs. Mattie Smith, 1/2 mile from Bethany. The property of L. R. Williams. Price, \$21,000 an acre.

25 Acres—2 1/2 miles of Sharon; 1 dwelling, 3 tenant houses, good barn; half mile of Sutton Springs school. Splendid farm.

25 Acres—Joining E. W. Hartness, M. R. Love and others. 1 House, 1-story, 7 rooms; 5 tenant houses, all well fenced; 1 1/2-room, 4 1/2-room, good barn, double crib; hydraulic ram running water to house; 3 good pastures; 160 acres under cultivation; 160 in timber. Price upon application. Property of John T. Feaster.

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220 Acres—Near King's Mountain. 100 acres in cultivation, all well fenced; 120 acres under cultivation, balance in timber; 6 miles from King's Creek. Good new barn, dressed lumber; 3 tenant houses, 3 rooms each. Price, \$15,750 per acre.

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