

Humorous Department.

He Wanted to Know—There is a fine old family living up in New York state that has plenty of servants, but has never had a butler, deeming such an appendage a frivolity. A time ago the son married a high-born Massachusetts young lady and the couple came home to visit the groom's parents.

The older sister, having ideas of her own about what the bride might expect decided to hire a butler for the occasion and went to the city to find one. She asked the caterer who usually sent up the ice cream and such things when they had a party if he could furnish one, and the caterer said he could. He called in a clean-cut, fine-looking man of about fifty and told him to do what the lady wanted.

"What will my duties be?" asked the man.

"Oh, nothing much but to stand around and butler, and, mostly, give an imitation of an old family retainer who has been with us for twenty years. That's what I want most. I want you to make them think you have been our butler for a quarter of a century." The bride and groom came. There was a big dinner in their honor. The guests remarked the butler, calm, important, handsome and dignified.

"Old family retainer," lied the sister slyly. "Been with us many years. Couldn't keep house without him. I think it is lovely to have these old family servants. Now James, there, is a perfect butler. He has been with us since I was born. Knows all about us and all our ways perfectly. I consider James the finest example of an old family retainer."

"I beg pardon, miss," said James, coming up and breaking in on the conversation, "but will you kindly tell me where the refrigerator is?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Just An Accident—Representative Padgett, of Tennessee, was the ranking Democrat on the naval committee of the house of representatives, and succeeded Representative Foss, of Illinois, a Republican, as chairman of the committee when the Democrats got control of the house.

Foss and Padgett were guests of honor at a dinner of the naval militia in Washington. Foss spoke first and joshed Padgett. Foss said he hated to give up the very comfortable naval committee room, but so long as by a political accident the Democrats had a majority, there was no member of the committee he would prefer to give it to than Padgett.

Padgett came next. He said: "The remarks of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Foss, bring to my mind a story I heard about a lynching down south. A mob took a negro from a jail and proceeded with him to the public square where it was proposed to hang him.

"Before the lynching, several of the leading citizens of the town made speeches, commenting on the horrible crime of the negro and the punishment that was to be meted out to him. Then they called on an old and much respected negro resident to say a few words. This old man got up, and addressing himself to the people of his race, said: 'I want all you colored people to take good heed and learn the lesson of the accident that is about to happen here.'—Saturday Evening Post.

The Soft Answer—There was an old dandy who drove the solitary hack in a small town on the Virginia shore where the late Senator Daniel had spent the season. In good weather the senator, who was lame, was his only patron, but in storm the old vehicle was so popular that he had narrowly missed several engagements owing to the old man's taking more orders than one antiquated chariot could possibly fill.

One stormy night the senator said: "Now, Jordan, be here tomorrow morning in time to take me to the 10 o'clock boat without fail. I have an important engagement in Washington.

Jordan drove away, promising to show up in good season. But next morning a quarter to 10 came and no Jordan. Finally, at five minutes to 10, he drove up, and the senator climbed in and started on a mad race to the wharf, arriving there just in time to see the boat pulling out.

"Now, Jordan," cried the exasperated Daniel, "I said we'd miss it!"

"Yes, sub, dat's so, but," with sudden inspiration, "de ain't been long gone!"—Everybody.

A Gentle Reminder—The Peavine Palladium has been stealing some of our editorials and running them in its own dirty columns as if they were original.

When we get so hard up that we can't think of anything to write about and have to fall back on some other man's brains we'll be dumfounded if we ever steal from the editor of the Peavine Palladium.

He hadn't got an original idea to save his life and we'll bet him a gallon of good sorghum molasses against his printing-office, which consists of a cipher press and a box of soap-pegs, that he don't know what a palladium is.

If a palladium was to come into the shanty he calls his office (?) and hit him in the eye he wouldn't know what struck him. Now steal some more editorials from us, will you, you wall-eyed pike.—Hickory Ridge Missourian.

Cross-eyed Justice—The late Wilbur Sanders, of Montana, once United States senator from that state, rode into a Montana mining town one afternoon and found the entire population about to lynch a man who had been stealing ore.

Sanders pushed his way into the crowd.

"Stop this!" he thundered. "Stop this! I protest! There has been too much of this sort of thing in Montana. You must break up this habit we have of hanging men without a trial by law. You must not hang him now. Let us give him a fair and impartial trial as prescribed by law, and then hang him!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Not the Horse for Him—A German farmer was in search of a horse.

"I've got just the horse for you," said the livestockman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar and goes ten miles without stopping."

Miscellaneous Reading.

WITH NEIGHBORING EXCHANGES

Notes and Comments About Matters of Local Interest.

Chester Reporter, Aug. 9: Dr. James Land, Jr., and Miss Mabel Smirill, two of Chester's most popular young folks surprised their hosts of friends Tuesday evening by quietly repairing to the Methodist parsonage and being united in marriage by Rev. J. C. Roper, a few intimate friends witnessing the ceremony. Immediately after the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Land left over the S. A. L. railroad for Washington and other points. Mrs. Land is the daughter of Mr. John L. Smirill, of Jacksonville, Fla., but has been making her home with her grandfather, Mr. J. R. Smirill in this city. She has hosts of friends here, as Dr. Land, who is a native of York county, but has been located in Chester for the past two years as a member of the Shieder Drug Co.

Gastonia Gazette, Aug. 9: Mr. Henderson Long, a member of the firm of Long Brothers here, and his cousin, Mr. Sidney Long, of Charlotte, were very seriously injured between 10:30 and 11 o'clock this morning when an automobile driven by Bright May, of Cherryville, crashed into the buggy they were occupying from the rear. Mr. Henderson Long sustained one bad cut on the head, a slight cut on his right leg and was badly crushed about the chest and throat. It is thought he is internally injured, though to what extent is not yet known. His family and physicians entertain grave fears that he is in a critical condition. Mr. Sidney F. Long's most severe injuries are five deep gashes on his legs, not thought to be sustained any fractures of the skull though at this hour the physicians have not completed their examination and dressing of the wounds.

DANGER OF HUMOR IN CONGRESS

May Mean Death of Budding Young Statesmen.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his verses, "The Height of the Ridiculous," says "I never dare to write as funny as I can," after the specimen which he wrote had almost destroyed his servant.

This, too, is a law of public life. The first chapter in the primary of politics forbids any dalliance with the gentle art of humor. The penalty of infraction is political oblivion, says the Washington Star. Yet in every session of congress some member tempts the public disfavors. For the laughter no sooner subdues than thumbs are turned down on his career.

This does not apply to the official who can confound an opponent by a keen retort or a clever bit of repartee, or the man who, while occasionally witty, is able to win a reputation for serious statesmanship.

Champ Clark, the speaker of the house of representatives, possesses no momentary wit, but he is a humorist, yet in many of his speeches he uses figures that are marked with the fragrance of the farm and the slang of the street. For example, in a heated colloquy during the partisan strife of the last congress he accused the Republicans of indulging in too much "hot air and slack jaw."

On another occasion he denounced the lobbyists who visited the Capitol during the tariff session in behalf of the various industries interested in a proposed bill. He declared that "from the morning of the 10th day of May to the morning of the 10th day of August next, the lobbyists swarmed in Washington city—first a brigade, then a division, then a corps, then a full army. They were as pestiferous, more so, than the frogs and toads of Egypt."

There is Senator Rayner, of Maryland, who frequently rises in the more august senate to express in crisp language his views on life and its issues. Senator Rayner recently declared, with a vicious thump on his desk:

"There are two elements in society. One is the element that has more appetite than dinner, and the other the element that has more dinner than appetite."

A score of years ago Private John Allen, of Tupelo, was elected to congress from Mississippi. Allen was anxious to secure a fish hatchery for his native town of Tupelo. Unable to persuade the committee on appropriations of the merit of the proposition, he introduced in the house an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill carrying \$20,000, and February 20, 1911, he rose to the floor to plead for his adoption. The town of Tupelo was the subject of this eulogy:

"If I were willing," he declared in part, "to avail myself of the traditions and many well authenticated historical suspicions, I might invest this subject with much more romantic interests. But I propose to confine myself to the well authenticated facts, ignoring such traditions as the one to the effect that when Christopher Columbus had his famous interview with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, he assured them that the Almighty Creator, creating a world like this, was bound to have made somewhere near its centre such a place as Tupelo.

"In 1513 the knightly Ponce de Leon landed upon the coast of Florida, and perverted history has it that he started out to look for the fountain of youth and limitless gold fields, when in truth and in fact he really started to look for Tupelo.

"Many of you gentlemen have never been to Tupelo. I hope none of you entertain any idea of dying without going there. I extend you all an invitation to go with me to College Hill and see one of our Tupelo sunsets. Come and see one of our southern, silvery Tupelo moons. I think it is the only place in the south where we have the same beautiful moons we have before the war.

"I have often been asked about the size of Tupelo. The tabulating machines of the last census have not been able to work it out yet, but by sufficiently extending the corporate limits of our town we can accommodate a populace larger than the city of London. The truth is that our lands about Tupelo have been so valuable for agricultural purposes that we have not yet yielded them up for building a city as rapidly as we should have done.

NO CLEAN POLITICS.

Should be Two Parties in Name as Well as in Fact.

The political conditions in this state have become so thoroughly out of tune we have reached the conclusion it will be hard to bring about a change for the better until there is a demand for two distinct white parties. Just so long as we are to have no political affairs entrusted into the management of one party, just so long will there be occasions for distrust and bitterness.

If South Carolina had an opposition white party, we are satisfied there would not be the intense feeling that exists today, and besides, the affairs of the government would be administered more carefully. Whichever party was in control would keep its eye upon the opposition, and keep it from having material to operate upon. We are certain if there were two parties in the state there would not be so many disagreeable episodes upon the hustings as there are today.

The purpose of the county county canvass was to educate the masses upon the public affairs, to teach, and to ascertain the public needs, but in this day and time the canvass has been converted into a mud-slinging contest of no benefit to the masses, on the contrary it is demoralizing and disgusting. There has not been anything of an educational value offered in this campaign that we have been able to see, nor do we believe there has been a single vote changed by the candidates; those who had their favorites have them still, those who believe the charges of corruption believe them still, and those still, those who believed the charges of likewise of the same view, therefore we say, the county to county canvass in our opinion, has done no good, but it has brought on a condition which will remain a source of annoyance until it is all over, which we wish was now.

The present campaign has made heretofore friends fall out; foolish though it be, it is a fact that men who have been the warmest of friends for years on account of the present political conditions are now enemies; persons who were once friends, yet have become enemies. He was one of the small bands of insurgents who fought valiantly on the floor of the senate against the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. The last speech he delivered in the senate before his death in 1910, was a scathing arraignment of that bill. He spared no terms in his denunciation of the measure. And he evoked peals of laughter from a host of his hearers in Montgomery.

"The past year witnessed two events of unusual interest—the discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook and the revision of the tariff downward by the senator from Rhode Island. Each in its way was a unique hoax."

Senator Chauncey M. Depew probably enjoyed the widest reputation as a wit of any man in congress, yet he possessed not so much wit as a talent for story-telling. He was par excellence a raconteur, and in the cloak room was always a centre of attraction.

In his speeches Senator Depew never indulged in those exchanges of repartee which characterized the remarks of Senator Dilliver, nor in that sublime sarcasm and ridicule that has brought fame to Senator Rayner. His speeches were always punctuated with stories taken from the stock which has made him the peer of American after-dinner speakers.

During the last session of the 61st congress, as Mr. Depew's term was drawing to a close, he delivered a speech on the popular election of senators, which was typical of his public addresses. In this speech it was that Senator Depew referred to the progressive wing of the Republican party as "the recently organized Salvation Army."

During the last special session of congress the southern Democrats in the senate were consistently voting to amend the free list. August 1, by way of retaliation, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, offered an amendment putting rice on the free list. This was aimed at the Louisiana Democrats, who have always insisted upon a tariff on rice and sugar. The amendment was defeated.

"The Lodge amendment after the defeat of the Lodge amendment Senator Jeff Davis rose and offered the following as an amendment to the free list: "Boston baked beans, dried split beans, and all other beans, raw, dried, split or parched; also codfish, skinned or unskinned, fresh, salted or served in balls."

This sally, aimed at his friend from Boston, as well as the famous "codfish aristocracy" of Massachusetts, was greeted with applause in the galleries as well as on the floor of the staid and dignified senate.

THE MAELSTROM.

Tides and Wind Cause the Whirl and the Hole in the Sea.

"What of the maelstrom that is between two of the Lofoden islands, off the coast of Norway? Where the water sinks there must be a subterranean passage or an outlet farther north," writes a correspondent.

In answer we reply that there is no opening in the ocean's floor. The whirling motion is caused by tides and winds. The water rushes in channels between the islands, whose configuration is aids in twisting. The current runs during six hours from north to south and then six hours from south to north. This reversal and friction against rocks set up the whirling motion.

"Suction through a hole in the bottom of the sea" does not exist. Winds from the ocean when in the right direction increases the rotation of the water which, in the center of the whirl, is about twenty fathoms in depth, but just west of the straits the soundings show depths of from 100 to 200 fathoms.

Many modern ships, in the absence of the tides, have reversed the troubled waters, but they keep away when the wind is blowing against the changeable currents, especially at high tide, when the danger is very great. Many fables regarding the maelstrom have been handed down from ancient times, from medieval ages, and moderns still invent them. Of course ships have been wrecked there as elsewhere.—New York American.

AN AFRICAN HONG KONG.

Half Way Between Europe and South America.

A flattering but far from exaggerated description of the city of Dakar, a French colonial capital on the west African shore, supplied by a current Daily Consular and Trade report, serves to call attention to one of the most interesting of African boom towns, which in the midst of present incidental prosperity looks forward to becoming an African Hong Kong.

The present claims of Dakar to commercial rank are considerable. Between Algiers and Cape Town, it is the only African harbor provided with the equipment of a modern port and in addition it has the only safe harbor between Gibraltar and the Congo. Behind it railroads and steamboats together insure rapid communication with Timbuktu and the great bend of the Niger, and when lines under construction are completed it will be nearly a thousand miles of uninterrupted railway service.

In addition Dakar has already become a great coaling station for French, German and Italian and in part British steamers serving the South American trade. Half way between western Europe and the Brazilian coast, its strategic position is unmistakable, and its superior resources have enabled it to develop the Portuguese Islands as the coaling station of South American trade.

But Dakar looks forward to still greater prosperity when European engineers and financiers have carried out their plans for two great railways. One of these is to start at the strait of Gibraltar and terminate at Dakar. This, with a train ferry connecting with Spanish railways at Algeciras, will nearly double the thousand miles of uninterupted railway service.

Another custom of the Indian people that I do not think any one has written about in Algeriea, with the exception of the betel leaf. When we were in Calcutta and had seen a good many Indian people, I noticed some of them looked strange. Their mouths looked so red, and did not seem to be bleeding. I asked Dr. Simpson what was the matter with their mouths. She told me that they had been chewing betel leaves. One house woman came to call on Miss Alexander. They were chewing these leaves while they were there.

You have often heard that the women in the east are not treated as equals by the men. They ever show some of that spirit in the language. When they are talking about a "Sahib" (gentleman), they always use the plural verb, but they rarely use the plural when speaking of a lady. I suppose, in their opinion, a gentleman is equal to several ladies. When I try to make sentences, sometimes I use the singular verb when speaking of a "Sahib." My teacher never fails to correct me. We have been brought up to think that ladies are altogether as important as men, so I think it is a little hard on us to remember to give the proper honor to the gentlemen when we are speaking of them.—Miss Mary Leslie, in A. R. Presbyterian.

Making Thieves of Boys—You don't have to go back to Dickens for Fagin, and where you want to find a Fagin, you find him in New York. The Midnight Mission, on the site of the old Chinese theatre at 5 Doyers street, has in four months rescued from the clutches of these Fagins over a hundred boys, ranging from little tots to half-grown youths, and has really reformed them. This was not difficult, as they had not become confirmed thieves.

Customs in India—Have you ever heard what some of the Indian people do when their hair gets gray? Of course you will think that they dye it. That is what they do, but some of them dye it an odd color. They put something on it that makes it look red, and a peculiar shade of red for the hair. The first time I noticed one of them with dyed hair I thought he had some worms coming out of his head, and it had faded on his hair. Our cook must be more skillful in putting on dye than many of the others, because he dyed his hair and only a slight tinge of red could be seen. He dyed it just after we came to Simla. I suppose he thought that since we had come to the summer capital, he would get into society. Another custom of the Indian people that I do not think any one has written about in Algeriea, with the exception of the betel leaf. When we were in Calcutta and had seen a good many Indian people, I noticed some of them looked strange. Their mouths looked so red, and did not seem to be bleeding. I asked Dr. Simpson what was the matter with their mouths. She told me that they had been chewing betel leaves. One house woman came to call on Miss Alexander. They were chewing these leaves while they were there.

Morton and Methusalem—George B. Sloan was seconding the nomination of Levi P. Morton in the state convention in New York that named that aged statesman for governor.

The bosses had decreed the nomination of Morton, but there was a good deal of protest because Morton was, even then, so old a man. However, the bosses had their way, and Sloan was sent up to make a seconding speech.

"Levi P. Morton," declared Sloan, "was born in Vermont. One hundred and nineteen years ago—"

He meant to go on with something about Ethan Allen and Pionderoga, but the continuity of his remarks was destroyed by a bull-voiced delegate who interrupted him just where by the belated inquiry: "Great Scott, is he as old as that?"—Saturday Evening Post.

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If you have troubles with your baking, we want you to let us send you a sack of PERFECTION FLOUR, and your baking troubles will be over. There will be no more fussing with the cook as to what's the matter with the biscuit or the light bread. Try a sack of PERFECTION and you will be delighted with it, and your cook will get in a good humor and stay that way while the PERFECTION Flour lasts.

One lady tells us that she can actually do on almost half the usual quantity of lard by using PERFECTION—see the saving, and still you have better bread.

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STEARL FED STEERS are a specialty with us, and also the Western Beef.

The Finest CURED HAMS to be had anywhere, Raw or Boiled, by the Whole Ham or by the Pound to suit the customer. Also Breakfast Bacon. We buy all the Butter we can handle and sell all the Eggs we can get.

We are always in the market paying the Highest Cash Prices for Beef Cattle, Calves and nice Fat Hens.

We study to please the trade, and if things are not right we take pleasure in making them right.

Yours for quality,

C. F. SHERER.

Tornado Insurance

The good town of Clover, as well as the surrounding country on last Saturday afternoon learned from experience the destructive power of a full grown tornado. The readers of the Enquirer are familiar with details. It is to be sincerely hoped that neither Clover nor any other section will ever have another similar experience, but who can tell? Tornado Insurance does not purport to keep off tornadoes, but is only intended to indemnify the individual who carries it against loss or damage in case one does come. The cost is very low—\$1,000 covering on the dwelling of furniture, or both, will only cost \$5.00 for three years, or \$1.66 a year. Can you afford to be without it at that price? I am prepared to write it in the strongest companies in the world. See about it today.

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200 Acres—Wm. Robinson place. Large eight room house, big barn, cribs, two tenant houses, 50 rooms each. Fine pasture—40 or 50 acres. Large spring. 15 miles from Yorkville. Five horse farm open. For particulars apply to J. L. Stacey, Sec. and Mgr. This is a fine place for a home, and a big proposition for rent.

109 1/2 Acres—near Tishah. Has a good house with five rooms, and three tenant houses. A fine place. 80-12 Acres of Land—Five miles from Clover. Has a nice, new building, and a good orchard.

City Electric and Water Plant

130 Acres—5 miles west of the city of Rock Hill. Joining farms of A. E. Williams and W. L. Fleno. This is one of the best producing farms per acre in Eberness township; good ground, hog wire; 3 horse farm open; 2 dwelling houses; 2000 sq. ft. of building with 3 rooms. Property of Johnson Cameron. For prices apply to J. C. Wilborn, Yorkville, S. C.

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During the past few days we have received large shipments of IRON BEDS—

Which everywhere are rapidly pushing the wooden beds out of the map. The Iron Beds are neater and are more easily taken care of. We have an elegant line of Iron and Metal Beds in the newest styles and would be pleased to show you what a good bed you can buy for just a little money.

YORK FURNITURE CO.

Among our new arrivals is a new assortment of Side Boards. Every home needs a Side Board and if you want the best in style and quality for your money, we have it. Come and let us show you.

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No dining room is quite complete unless it has an Extension Table. We are showing a new line of these—A variety of styles and at pleasing prices. Come and let us show you how a little money will buy an elegant Extension Table if you buy it here.

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NYAL'S STONE ROOT CO. will certainly relieve all inflammatory, irritated and weakened conditions of the kidney and bladder; will purify the blood and aid greatly in Rheumatism, Sciatica and Skin Diseases. Try a 50c or \$1.00 bottle, and praise Nyal's Stone Root Co., wherever you go, as Mr. R. L. Williams of Route No. 6, does Nyal's Dyspepsia Tablets. Ask him about Nyal Remedies.

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1. One 6-room House and Lot, situated in Clover on R.R. St.; good well and barn; large lot; fine situation. See us for price.

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4. Five beautiful located Lots, near High School. See us quick for these. They will not last long.

5. Two sold; they are going fast, as you expected. See me and don't expect to buy. They will not be any cheaper.

6. 100 Acres—1 mile Clover; 7-room house, barn, well, etc. \$4250 per Acre.

7. 3 Lots on Bethel road, for quick sale; 300 feet deep; nice location.

8. 300 Acres—3 miles west of Yorkville; large orchard of young fruit trees beginning to bear; 6 acres bottom land; Johns Elmore Stephens. \$1750 per Acre. Good terms if you wish.

9. 100 Acres—Lying 1/4 miles north of Battleground; 100,000 feet of saw timber; 1000 feet of lumber; in going up; owner will cut in July if not sold. Timber better price asked. See us for a price.

10. 6 Lots, nicely located, on New Brooklyn street. Good terms on these.

11. 60 Acres—1000 feet of saw timber; also 1-1/3 Acres fine pasture, immediately in rear of lots. Will sell as a whole or cut to suit your taste. Property of Ralph H. Moore.

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