

Humorous Department.

He Was Too Extravagant.—Frank Parker Stockbridge, the magazine writer brought him a farm not long ago says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. Somewhat later after having made various improvements, he decided to sell it. As it is somewhat out of the line of summer travel he advertised it for sale in the country weeklies nearest. "I began to think I'd have no difficulty in disposing of it," said he. "Farmers would come in, all over smiles and exclaiming, and besting talk farm values to me. Then I'd take 'em over the place, and the farther they went the better they liked it. Then I'd show them through the house—and their enthusiasm would drop to below zero. I couldn't figure it out for a long time. At last I perceived the farm all right." I asked him. "He allowed that the farm was excellent. "Isn't the house all right?" "The house, he thought, was a right part sort of a house. "Then what was the matter?" "The old chap warmed up," said Mr. Stockbridge. "I handed him a lip-full of hard cider and a Connecticut valley, and we sat down and talked it over. "It's them dum extravagant ideas of yours," said he, "that scares a feller off. That barn is a late model, with all the stations and automatic feeders and unloading devices and all them things. And the kitchen is good. I'm a feller gets up in the attic and you show him your bathtub—well when he looks up, he's bound to see the right window through the creek ain't mo'n'n a mile away."

All the Same to Him.

With Appomattox only a few days off the Federal and Confederate forces were daily drawing closer together, and cavalry squads of either side now and then picked up a few stragglers of the enemy. A group of Confederate troops one afternoon captured a Yankee infantryman who wore a spick and span new uniform with bright new buttons all in clean, shiny musket. After the custom of war in such cases, they started for camp with their prisoner and began to gaily sing the strains of passing time. To their great surprise he could hardly understand them or they him. "Where'd you come from, Yank?" they asked. "Vom Prwoosian," he answered stolidly. "How long you been in this country?" "Zwei monat—maype drei monat." "And you came down here to fight us?" "Yah, for boundy," said the prisoner indifferently. "The Confederates decided to scare the Prussian and have a lot of fun. "Look here," said their leader, "a Yankee soldier is all right, but a Dutch Yankee—bah! that you, you Dutch Yankee? We'll stand you up over a coffin at sunrise tomorrow and fill you full of lead." "Well," said the German with a placid shrug—"vell, votteler iss der ruwe!"—Harper's Weekly.

She Expected Too Much.—Ossian Fingal Thompson, chief clerk in the Nickel Plate passenger department, was a station agent once—everybody recalls Terrence Mulvey, who was a corp'ral wanted in the city of Erie. That was in his Lake Shore days, however. He had a certain New York train favored of the country, and it was scheduled, concerning which a lady called to make some inquiries. "No, it is ten minutes late," said the polite agent. The lady turned to speak to a friend who had accompanied her, but in three minutes approached the window to repeat her question. Again Thompson gave the desired information. "Another two minutes," said the questioner. Thompson felt just the least bit nettled. "Well," he said, with all the severity of which his gentle soul was capable, "No. 6 is still ten minutes late." "Are Mr. and Mrs. Smith at home?" she asked. "Yes, Mr. Brown," said she. "Are they engaged at present?" "Why, Mr. Brown, you know the little girl, blushing, "they're married!"

Answered at Last.—A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town when the defendant was accused of breaking a plate-glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain. "Was it as big as my fist?" asked the nervous judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers in the hope of getting some results. "It bane bigger," the Swede replied. "Was it as big as my two fists?" "It ban bigger," the Swede replied. "It ban about as long, but not so thick!" replied the Swede amidst the laughter of the court.—Saturday Evening Post.

Could Reach It.—A temperance lecturer was enthusiastically denouncing the use of all intoxicants. "I wish all the beer, all the wine, all the whisky in the world, was at the bottom of the ocean," he said. "Sure and so I do," he shouted. "I wish every bit of it was at the bottom of the sea." As they were leaving the hall the lecturer encountered Pat. "I certainly am proud of you," he said. "It was a brave thing for you to risk your life for the good of the world." "No, indeed, sor," answered Pat. "I'm a diver."—Cleveland Leader.

He Had a Name.—Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put it to his ear. The transmitter, just as he had seen others do. "Hello," he called. "What's the matter with the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-one-five-nine?" "Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Ol'am? A box car!"—Chain Lightning.

Not Here.—"Are you hungry, little girl?" said Oliver Wendell Holmes to one whom he saw looking with longing eyes at the good things before her. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" "Because I haven't any fork." "Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smiling. The little girl looked, then said, "Not my fingers."—The Strand.

Not Satisfied.—Rastus had caught Sam red-handed. "Ah'm gwine hab yo' arrested feller steal'n mah chile's hat," said Rastus. "Dat's jist what ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus. "Go ahead nighah," retorted Sambo. "No shend ah'm hab me arrested. Ah'm gwine yo' prove where yo' got dem chile's yo'self!"—Harper's Weekly.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HEYDAY OF TRAIN ROBBERS

Incidents of Old Times in the Young Southwest. Train robbery was the topic of discussion. There were three men sitting about a table on a dining car that reeled off the miles across the desert country of western Texas. One of the group, a large, clear-eyed man, was the superintendent of a well-known division of the Southern Pacific railroad. For some time he had sat silent, listening to the discussion of a recent hold-up of a Louisville and Nashville train near New Orleans. With some of that good-naured tolerance with which a westerner feels for the "down-easterner" he allowed his section of the states to be handled pretty roughly. Finally, however, he broke into the conversation: "I see that train robbery is fast getting to be on a par with football and other popular sports back in the east." There was no denial, and he proceeded:

"Don't do things in quite the same way as the bands that used to operate out here did. It looks as if the robbers back on the other side of the Mississippi get the rough end of the deal almost every time. See where an engineer put one of them out of business with an engine tock a few days ago. Mighty few of them ever get away with the plunder. The trouble is, the would-be bandits are a bunch of 'mollycoddlers.' Their 'nerves' and their methods are soft and amiable. Baby-carriage robbery would be more in their line. I would invite one of those eastern men who goes in to make a success of that sort of business to look up carefully the methods of the gang that it took us twenty-five years to break up along the Southern Pacific lines. They were men of steel, and paused at absolutely nothing. When they went after a mail car, an express car, or after the passengers they got what they went for. Rarely was one of them ever injured, and almost as rarely were they ever caught for years after a crime.

Hatchery for Robbers.

"Down here at a point between El Paso and Tucson at a town called Benson, and at another called Cochise, were favored localities for the training of robbers. Those were tough joints along in the late '80's and early '90's. They were excellent places from which to operate, for this reason. To the north of them, and nearby, were the White Mountains, while to the south, within a day's ride, was Mexico. A man who knows anything about the White Mountains knows that there are places up in there that a couple of men can hold out against a regiment for a month, provided food and ammunition are plentiful. One place in particular was popular with the robbers after pulling a job. The place is called Russell's Park, and is located just as it has always stood—a secure retreat for evil-doers, who wish to escape capture. Like the famous 'Devil's Hole' and other places of refuge for bandits, it consists of a large valley or depression, way up in the top of the mountains. There is a plenty of grass for the horses and also lots of good water. The surface of the ground is covered with great, huge boulders that have passed on their way from the highest peaks along the peaks to the lowest in the valley. These boulders form excellent 'cover,' and it is not a hard matter to get lost among them. The park is several thousand acres in extent. But here is the important point—there is but a single entrance to the great park. One can gain access to Russell's park in one way only and that is through a narrow, tortuous passage, flanked on either side by high, sheer precipices. Why, after all, after the two or three years ago, the robbers, who had made several efforts to get at bandits known to be hiding in the park they gave it up for all time—the place simply cannot be taken as long as a single man remains on guard at that narrow door. How many officers were 'winged' or killed outright before learning their lesson it is hard to estimate, but lots of them.

An Instance.

"In the early days of the Southern Pacific out here, Benson and Cochise were nothing more than 'adobe' settlements, with a saloon or two amid a dozen houses. They were the rendezvous of the toughest gang of robbers that ever rode a train. The James boys and their kind were 'kid-glove' robbers compared to the crowd that made ransacking a precarious thing out here twenty-five years ago. There was a regular system about it, too. For instance, say two men decided to hold up a train on a certain night. Previous to that date they went to a large town and laid in a store of ammunition and food to last a couple of weeks. They packed off to Russell's Park and cached their gear. Then they rode to a point along the line, somewhere between Benson and Cochise and awaited their train. The robbery itself became almost stereotyped in form—the engineer was covered by one robber and made to uncouple the mail and express cars and haul them down the road a piece. Then the freeman and the engineer, along with the mail clerk and express messenger, were lined up and kept covered by one bandit, while the other one blew open the safe and rifled the contents. If the train was slow, I should say not. It was instant death to even move slowly when you had your orders from one of those cold-blooded rascals. No. When the train crew knew what was up they fell into line quick enough, and asked no questions. Sometimes after the robbery the engineer was made to uncouple his engine from the mail and express cars and carry the robbers some miles away down the road, where horses were ready for the flight. Once in their saddle the bandits made a straight line for Russell's Park, where everything was in readiness for them. Occasionally the robbers turned south and crossed the line into Mexico, where they knew they were practically safe from pursuit. They stayed under cover for awhile then came out and disposed of the stolen stuff."

An Arizona Robbery.

Some years ago a robbery occurred which presented some peculiar features. One spring night two desperadoes, one named Alvarado and the other "Three Fingers Jack," boarded an Arizona and New Mexico passenger train at a point a few miles north of Fairbanks, Arizona. They proceeded to make a "rough house" for awhile. After the shooting was over the robbers left with a pile of mail and some few express packages, and cut for the mountains near Benson. It seems that a "green" express messenger was on the run, and when he undertook to defend the company's property he had an arm torn off by buckshot from a saw-ed-off breech-loader. He afterwards

Hard Times in Japan.—The semi-official Japan Times gives a pitiable account of the miseries throughout the country caused by the increased cost of commodities. Masses of people, always on the border line of starvation, have been forced over the line by the elasticity of prices and the rigidity of pay. "The laboring men cannot support their families with the scanty wages they get. The little storekeepers find it impossible to balance their ledgers with the credit ahead of the debt, and are universally discouraged by dull business. At home their wives need crying aloud and their children are simply crying and miserable husbands go out in the morning to search for work, and many of them never return again at night." The results are similar to those in other countries. Crime has vastly increased; so has suicide; and the country is rent by labor quarrels and strikes. In the arsenals alone there are 30,000 men clamoring for increased pay.—The Argonaut.

Japan's Densely Populated Spot.—One of the most densely populated spots in the world is O-dori street, Tokio. The long thoroughfare known as Ginza which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles Bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old-fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori street, at any hour of the day, there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to human life would be more fatal. For here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily fumes much above the 300,000 mark. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokio is situated outside the city walls.—Strand.

Making Virginia Rich on Whiskey.—In this connection we are reminded that every now and then somebody comes along and says North Carolina is making Virginia rich on whiskey money. That is the remark a drinking man made in the presence of a Virginia drummer in the office of the Monroe Enquirer not long ago. Thereupon the Virginian responded in this illuminating manner, and we commend his response to all thoughtful people:

"I have been traveling in North Carolina since the first day of last August. I have been across the state, east and west, north and south; have been in most of the towns and I have not had a man to ask me for a dime to buy a drink with, and I have noticed the absence of bums, and the liquor-soaked down-and-outs on the streets of the towns of this state. I went home three weeks ago last Saturday, and I went only three or four blocks after leaving the depot, and during that walk three liquor soaked bums, white men, who were simply down-and-out, asked me for a dime. Around

Out of the Blackness.

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Contrast Between the Mediterranean and the Ocean Beyond.

The Mediterranean Sea, which has long been the center of the interest, is commonly described as tideless, and the description is correct, at any rate, of its eastern end. Navigators at Genoa and St. Paul knew nothing of tides. The word does not even occur in the Bible. It was no doubt the amazement felt by ancient Greek mariners, accustomed to the even level of the tideless sea, at sight of the tidal bore of the English Channel, which inspired the story of amorous Neptune pursuing the nymph Ino, says the London Globe. The sea god, balked of his prey by the boy's parents, Ceres and Bacchus, still rushes madly into the estuary twice in the 24 hours, and apparently engaged in chasing innumerable nymphs with the same zeal into the very estuary on the Atlantic. Science has discovered a less romantic explanation of the tides in the influence of the sun and moon. These, operating in the ratio of one to four, produce spring tides when pulling together and neaps when in opposition. The tidal contrast at Southend and the mightiest fort of the British Channel; at Chesport are alike dwarfed by the eccentricities of the Bay of Fundy, that old de sac between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Atlantic rushes with pent-up fury, giving rise to such effects as the bore at Moncton, the Reversible Falls at St. John, and the lightning information of Windsor from a swamp to a deep water harbor in the course of a few minutes. As, however, the tides are but once or twice a day, and a swamp for twenty, the economic utility of Windsor is qualified.

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School Farthest West

Protecting Angel on Bleak Island That Files Our Flag. An island of volcanic origin, made up of bleak, there are places in China where the same exact knowledge of every foot of soil is found. In China the knowledge came by tradition rather than by laboratory analysis, but it works. In this country soil-plating has just begun, and the unit of measurement is more likely to be an acre, or a ten-acre field, than a square yard. This is one main reason why the crops of Europe are so much better than the crops of the United States. Their land is no better than ours, but they know it better.

Soil by the Square Meter.—There are places in Europe, the Schloss-Johannisberger vineyards, for example, where the soil is platted and analyzed to the last square meter, says the Chicago Journal. This meter is worth so much, that meter is worth so much more; the grapes from that little patch are reserved for "cabinet" wines, the grapes from this other patch are less valuable. There are places in China where the same exact knowledge of every foot of soil is found. In China the knowledge came by tradition rather than by laboratory analysis, but it works. In this country soil-plating has just begun, and the unit of measurement is more likely to be an acre, or a ten-acre field, than a square yard. This is one main reason why the crops of Europe are so much better than the crops of the United States. Their land is no better than ours, but they know it better.

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ROYSER'S FERTILIZER Enriches the South. Enriching the soil means enriching the planter. Royster's Fish Scam Fertilizer has done both by maintaining, regardless of cost, the highest standards in material and processes of manufacture FOR 27 SUCCESSFUL YEARS Let us send you the name of the Royster man nearest you. He is a good man to know, if you want the full worth of your money. F. S. ROYSER GUANO CO. Norfolk, Va. Baltimore, Md. Tarboro, N. C. Columbia, S. C. Spartanburg, S. C. Macon, Ga. Columbus, Ga. Montgomery, Ala. For Sale By W. R. CARROLL, Yorkville, S. C.

IS YORKVILLE SATISFIED? The Evidence is Convincing. The Testimony Open to Investigation. Before a statement can be accepted here, it must be supported by local testimony—by the evidence of someone residing in Yorkville. Statements from unknown people in remote places may be true; but we cannot prove them. Here is a statement by a Yorkville man: R. J. Herndon, Main St., Yorkville, S. C., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills which I got at the York Drug Store, certainly helped me and I am glad to recommend them. Often my back felt very sore and I had lumbago. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me immediate and complete relief from these troubles." For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-McBarn, Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. CLOVER REAL ESTATE CO.

FOR SALE 1. Mrs. J. A. Hedgepeth's House and Lot in Clover. A Big Bargain at \$2,100.00. 2. Extra large Lot on King's Mt. St. 5 1/2 Acres—An excellent building proposition—\$10 to 100 per cent on investment. 17. 1-8-room Cottage (New), H. E. Moore residence—\$1,500.00. 18. 220 Acres—Good sandy land farm, the W. E. Adams home tract. \$425.00 per Acre. Good terms on this. 19. R. J. Love home tracts. 245 acres. Plenty of saw timber, fine bottom land, 7-room dwelling and all necessary out-buildings. \$50.00 per Acre. 22. 117 Acres; adjoining Andy McCarter, W. B. Stroup land; a bargain. 24. 84 3/4 Acres, fronting on King's Mountain road, 2 miles of Bethany; W. J. Crawford tract. See us for prices. We have plenty of desirable property. CLOVER REAL ESTATE CO.

Grow 1 1/2 Bales Cotton Where Only 1 Grew Before One to one-and-a-half and even two bales of cotton, or 60 to 90 bushels of corn per acre, require little more labor than smaller yields. Simply use liberally the right fertilizer or plant food to the acreage you plant, and cultivate the crop more thoroughly and often. You cannot be too careful in selecting fertilizers and seeds. Your soil deserves the best plant foods which are Virginia-Carolina High-Grade Fertilizers They are made to give available Phosphoric Acid, Ammonia or Nitrogen, and Potash in the right combination for greatest yields. These fertilizers produce big crops of COTTON, CORN, RICE, TOBACCO, FRUITS, PEANUTS and TRUCK. J. C. WILBORN. RICHMOND - VIRGINIA

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. RICHMOND - VIRGINIA

ANNOUNCEMENT SERVICE Because of the fact that I have been engaged exclusively in the insurance business for more than twenty years, I have studied it from top to bottom and am still at it, and represent the oldest and strongest companies. I do not believe there is any agency anywhere that is in position to render better or more Accurate Service to the person who wants any kind of GOOD insurance, than mine. If you place your fire insurance with an agent who knows little, if any, more about the insurance business than you do yourself, it will not make a particle of difference whether the insurance is properly written or whether your garments at the earliest possible moment. If not already a patron of the ROYAL PRESSING CLUB, we will appreciate any work you may be pleased to give us. Start Today. R. D. DORSETT, Proprietor. CITY MEAT MARKET BUTTER AND EGGS. The Butter and Egg market is not so lively now, but in case you do have all the butter and eggs we can use. When you want Choice STEAKS or ROASTS come to the City Market. We make a specialty of the Best Home-raised Beef Steaks and also sell the Choicest Western Meats. JUST ARRIVED—A shipment of BONELESS BOILED HAMS, CURED HAMS and BREAKFAST BACON. We sell these by the Pound, the Whole Ham or Whole Piece of Bacon, and all of it is of the best quality. CATTLE AND CALVES—At all times we will buy all the FAT CATTLE and all the VEAL CALVES we can get. See us when you have any to sell. THE CITY MEAT MARKET C. F. Sherer, Prop.

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF YORK. B. N. Moore as Receiver of Hill, Kennedy and Company, Plaintiff against Ellison Johnston, Defendant.—Summons for Relief.—(Complaint Filed). To the Defendant Above Named: YOU are hereby summoned and required to appear in the Court of Common Pleas for York County, on the 14th day of January, 1913, and to serve a copy of your Answer on the subscribers at their office in Yorkville, South Carolina, within twenty days after the date thereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded. 1st day of February, 1913. FINLEY & MARION, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

MONEY TO LOAN. Improved Farms in York county, repayable in five year, annual installments. Interest: Seven per cent. If you have a farm or some land under \$1,000. No broker's commissions. C. E. SPENCER, 781 1/2 2nd St. S. A. Attorney At Law.

FOR RENT. Improved Farms in York county, repayable in five year, annual installments. Interest: Seven per cent. If you have a farm or some land under \$1,000. No broker's commissions. C. E. SPENCER, 781 1/2 2nd St. S. A. Attorney At Law.



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Profits From Your Crops It is not the size of the crop that you care about—it is the profit you make out of it. You can make more money out of land fertilized to bring the maximum yield per acre than you can out of four times the acreage without fertilization. You realize this, but do you realize the importance of having just the right fertilizer? Do you think that just any fertilizer will do the work? If so, you should ask some users of COLUMBIA FERTILIZERS THE MAN WHO BUILDS Wants and has a right to expect to get the best results from his building. Supplies that his money will pay for. That is what you get when you buy from us. With a knowledge born of years of experience, we know what Lumber ought to be and can furnish our customers with the right kind of material. We sell the best Lumber to build, come and see us for the Lumber needed—FLOORING, CEILING, WEATHERBOARDING, SIDING, SILL, JOISTS, SHEETING, LATH AND PLASTER, FRAMING, DOORS, WINDOWS, FRAMES, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, ETC. You will find our Qualities and our Prices just right. For Sale By CARROLL BROS., Yorkville, S. C.

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