

Humorous Department.

Rough Diamonds.—Not long ago a profiteer was taking a friend through his palatial abode. Pointing to a mammoth mirror he said: "Would you imagine, Bill, that that mirror cost \$50,000?"

"Wonderful, simply wonderful!" gasped the friend, truly impressed. "But what a pity it's scratched," he murmured as he scrutinized it closer. "Yes, it is rather," returned the multi-millionaire carelessly. "Oh, ah, Matilda," he continued, turning to his wife, "perhaps you had better not let the children have any more diamonds to play with."

The Accepted Time.—A traveler journeying through the Straddle Ridge region of Arkansas came upon two men prone in combat in the dusty road, the upper gentleman pomping the nether gentleman like beating a big bass drum. The traveler, feeling for the under dog, resolved to interfere. "It is a shame to strike a man when he is down," he virtuously chided. "If you knowed the trouble I've had to set this yere cuss down," returned Huck Buckleby, who was doing the thumping, "you'd shut your mouth and go on about your yuh-by gosh—business."

His Record.—"Uncle Rippey over there in the corner seems to be an exceptionally bright old man," said the spectacled guest. "Eh-yah!" replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "He is eighty-nine years old but his mind is as clear as a bell. I'll betcha there ain't been an important law passed by the government since anybody round here can remember that Uncle Rippey hasn't declared unconstitutional."

An Ominous Outlook.—"Is your nephew, whom you are putting through college, coming back to the old farm when he completes his education?" "I'm afraid not," answered honest Farmer Bentover. "His education is costing me so much that prob'ly by the time he gets all he can hold of it there won't be any old farm left, and the only inducement for him to come back will be to see the place where the old farm used to be."

An Exploded Pun.—"Aw, yes!" grumbled the postmaster at Forked Stick, Arkansas. "I've heered all I want to hear of them old jokes about postmasters reading the postal cards. Lemme tell you, there ain't nuthin' to it, as far as I'm concerned. Not a blamed thing! Only about one in fifty of them darn postal cards is worth reading anyhow."

Highly Humorous.—"Don't tell me a woman ain't got no sense of youner!" said Constable Sam T. Slackpatter, of Petunia. "I know a dad-blamed sight better! Every one in a while when I crank a lady's fliwer for her she starts the car before I can get out of the way, and runs over me; everybody but me has a heavy laugh."

As Others See Us.—An Englishman who had recently returned from America was asked if he visited Philadelphia. "Oh, ya'as," he replied. "Awfully queer place. Nearly all the people are named Scapple and they have a dish they call 'biddle' every morning for breakfast."

His Helpful Habit.—"I was ninety-seven years old last Michaelmas," said ancient Ezra Totter. "I attribute my long life to a certain habit I got into when I was very young and have never given up since. I wonder more don't try it."

Logic at Work.—Teacher—"Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?" Thomas (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' Halter is a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."—Harper's Bazar.

Cruelty to Scotchmen.—The origin of the badge was being discussed, the representatives of different nations eagerly disclaiming responsibility for the atrocity. Finally an Irishman said: "Well, I'll tell you the truth about it. The Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke; and the Scotch ain't seen the joke yet!"—The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

Profiteering Approved.—"I'm sorry, young man," said the druggist, as he eyed the small boy over the counter, "but I can only give you half as much castor-oil for a dime as I used to do." The boy blithely handed him the coin. "I'm not kidding," he remarked. "The stuff's for me."—The Watchman-Examiner (New York).

Extinct Species.—"No workers are called servants to-day," says Mr. Justice Darling. "And I am informed by those who have secured specimens that very few servants could be called workers."—Lady's Pictorial.

AS KERENSKY SEES RUSSIA

Former Leader Looks For Satisfactory Outcome.

OUTSIDE SHOULD QUIT INTERFERING

The People Are Not in Sympathy With Lenine's Ideas; But They Recognize the Existing Government as Representative of Russian Sovereignty.

Homely but fascinating is Alexander Kerensky, erstwhile Russian leader, as Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, picturesquely but with characteristic good nature, portrays him. Slender, exotic, interesting, and of an original ugliness—"ugly as only Russians are ugly"—thus the Russian looked to Ibanez when the Spanish novelist took a walk with the ex-Russian premier about the streets of Paris recently, and the premier told the novelist what he thought about Bolshevism. Ibanez says he first met Kerensky in 1917, when he sought out the Russian because he was eager to see a man who could make a speech twelve hours long and get away with it. Now, on closer acquaintance, Ibanez opines that Kerensky could make a speech even twenty-four hours long and not be affected in the least. The Russian has a mouth like a codfish, we are told, and when he perks up his lips to speak the result is a cross between a megaphone and the horn of a trombone. He will sit or walk for long periods without saying a word, his yellow-green eyes half closed. "Then suddenly something takes place inside him. An enthusiasm begins to stir deep in his spiritual organism." His face is transfigured, we read, his forehead seems to grow higher and broader, all the brilliancy of the yellow in his eyes is revealed, and he begins to speak. His voice booms out "strident, resonant, metallic, vibrant as a bell, and passers-by pause and look around to see what's happening. When he converses in a closed room the walls seem to shake, and one wonders whether the people up-stairs will not be calling the police," while "out in the Bois de Boulogne he always seems to start a breeze." It was this wonderful voice that kept a million soldiers at the front in 1917, we are assured, and Ibanez adds: "You can listen to it by the hour without getting tired of it."

The former leader has kept close track of the trend of events in his native country, and he expressed himself freely to Mr. Ibanez regarding both the past and the probable future of Russia. Kerensky's opinion is that no military man will ever put an end to Bolshevism. Wrangel will go the way of Kolehak, Yudenitch, and Denikin, he thinks. In his own words, "Lenine will never be overthrown till he is left face to face with the Russian people, without intervention of any kind from the outside." He deplored the interference of the Allies in Russian affairs, especially the blockade. This outside interference, and the attempts made by anti-Bolshevik leaders to start counter-revolutions, have served, in Kerensky's opinion, to keep the Russians from giving attention to their own internal condition. If Russia were opened wide to intercourse with the rest of the world everybody would be a "close-up" of Lenine's paradise, thinks Kerensky, and then it would be all off with Bolshevism. The account of Mr. Ibanez's interview with the Russian appears in the New York World, and contains, among other things, the story of Kerensky's downfall as related by himself:

You see, I had two formidable enemies to fight: the Czarists and the "Red" extremists. Our new Russian Republic had been organized democratically by the Constituent Assembly. Our own government was Socialistic, but of the so-called reformist type, recognizing the value of the individual and of human liberty, repudiating the "class struggle," and trying to remedy injustice by progressive experimental reforms and not by unrealizable Utopias. You know what happened. Incredible as it may seem, the Allies refused to support me. They sided with the Czarists, and the result was Korniloff's uprising. Of course, it was easy to put that movement down, but the immediate consequence of it was that the soldiers lost what little respect for their officers they still had left. They thought the military leaders were hostile to the revolution. The Entente, by harassing me in this way, cleared a level path for the triumph of Bolshevism.

Mr. Kerensky expressed the opinion that the Russians' apparent adherence to Bolshevism is not due to their love for Lenine and his works so much as to their fear that the monarchy may be restored. In the hatred the Russian people felt for the old regime lies the secret of the stability of the "Red" rule in Russia, he said. This also explains, according to Kerensky, the troubles of the generals who start counter-revolutions. The people are always afraid such moves may bring the Czar back and restore the land to the nobles, and so they are ready to oppose it tooth and nail, for little as they like Communism, they feel that it is paradise when compared with Czarism. As to the policy of the rest of the world ought to adopt with reference to Russia, Kerensky believes it should be just the opposite of the course thus far pursued. Quoting further:

The frontiers should be opened, and then the populace would see that the famine in Russia is not due to foreign oppression only but to the Communist organization of society, which has paralyzed labor, production, and exchange, and turned the country into chaos. That, furthermore, would help to

clarify certain misapprehensions in the working classes of the rest of the world. Labor everywhere would get a close-up view of what Lenine's paradise is really like. And out extremists would be sadly disappointed. Workers from England and Germany have been through Russia recently. The impressions that the Germans got are especially valuable, because they understand Russia better in Germany than elsewhere. Well, they all came back indignantly protesting against Communist tyranny as something a thousand times worse than slavery under capitalism. In front of a closed door anybody can paint a glowing picture of the beauties hidden inside. Open the door and people see for themselves. The best anti-Bolshevik propaganda the nations of the west can make is to introduce their people as soon as possible to actual conditions in Russia. I stick to my point. Instead of sending men and supplies to back up some reactionary adventurer in an attempt to restore Czarism, the Allied nations ought to send free excursions of intelligent workmen to Russia to see exactly what the country is doing under Communism.

When outside intervention ceases, Bolshevism will collapse, thinks Kerensky. Lenine would like the Russian isolation to last a long time, for it gives him an excuse for all the troubles it would be hard to explain if there were no invaders or blockaders around. Kerensky commended the attitude of the United States—refusal of recognition of the Soviets, but careful abstention from any direct action against them. Further:

When Russia don't have to resist a Polish invasion or a "White" raid in the interests of reaction, they will cease rallying to the Moscow government, which taken at its worst, is still the representative of Russian independence and the defender of Russian territory. Then it will become apparent how few friends Lenine really has. The whole country will be ready to restore the democratic republic voted by the Constituent Assembly in 1917. In short, let the rest of Europe get out and keep out of Russia, and then let the blockade be raised and give the country a chance to get in contact again with the rest of the civilized world. Then all of us people who have been forced to inaction can take up our work again, and start the decisive battle against Communism. While the present situation lasts that is impossible. Lenine knows that better than anybody else. He has the people of the town tied to his regime by their stomachs. He is the only one who can feed them at present. He feeds them badly, but, after all, he feeds them. The problem that confronts every Russian is how to get even a plate of insipid soup to eat. Friends of mine in Russia write me: "You ask us why we don't start something. The fact is we are too busy keeping body and soul together to think of revolution. Weeks go by without our getting any food that is really nourishing." This for the inhabitants of towns and cities.

Then there are the people in the country, nine-tenths of the whole population. The Russian peasant has enough to eat. He is the only one who is getting enough to eat. He has gone back perforce to the simple life that Tolstoy preached is the ideal one. He is doing without all the products of modern industry.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has given \$1,000,000 to the \$33,000,000 child feeding fund, raising the subscriptions to date to about \$17,000,000. Governor Morrison of North Carolina says he is in for all the money the people are willing to spend for hard surface roads; but he will stand for no more appropriations for sand and clay roads. Charles Booher, representative in congress from the Fourth district of Missouri, died at his home in Savannah, Mo., last Friday. A loan of \$30,000,000 has been negotiated by the Guaranty Trust company of New York. Wallace A. Rungie, a senior in the Pittsburgh, Kansas, high school, committed suicide last Friday, after he had been arrested on a charge of holding up a Pittsburg store clerk. A stone was thrown into the Pullman car Thursday night while he was en route Jacksonville, Fla. Announcement of a wage reduction of approximately 12 1/2 per cent, affecting more than 3,000 workers, was made in Montreal, Canada, last Friday by the Canadian Lumber Mills. Farmers of the middle west are offering to give large quantities of corn to relieve the suffering peoples of the Near East. Mrs. M. L. Leonard, of Dallas, Texas, placed a small basket, lined with downy blankets on her feet, one week ago, and announced through Dallas newspapers that the basket would be kept there to receive homeless and unwanted babies. So far four babies have been placed in the basket. One out of every six negro children born in Norfolk in 1920 died, while 20 out of 21 white infants survived, according to mortality statistics recently announced by the health commissioner of Norfolk, Va. The gin, seed house and oil mill at Whitakers, N. C., was destroyed by fire last Saturday, entailing a loss of \$100,000. Charles Wilkes, alleged robber, convicted at Removos, Va., Saturday of having burglar tools in his possession, was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Mrs. Lucrezia Bori, famous Spanish soprano, has returned to the operatic stage, after a five-year flight to regain her voice. The British submarine K-5 was lost off Land's End last Thursday with six officers and 51 men on board. P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine company, has made a statement in which he charges that Judge John Barton Payne, the former president, was cognizant of an agreement under which the company was not to encroach upon British marine interests. A French medal, the design of which has just been announced, is to be awarded to all Americans and other members of the Allied forces, including members of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and other organizations, who are engaged in the French army. A negro named Tom Harris was buried to death in the Thompson county, Ga., jail last Saturday, as the result of a fire that he started himself in an effort to escape.

MOZARK PHILOSOPHY

Missouri Man Who Has Ideas That Are Unique.

SAYS LIFE IS WHAT A MAN WANTS

Rube Helton Has Opinions of His Own and is Tolerant of the Opinions of the Other Fellow—Thinks a Man Like a Horse, Would Found Himself if Allowed all He Wants.

Frederick J. Liesman in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Rube Helton, who lives two punctures and a blowout on the other side of Santee school house, asserts that life is not at all what we make it, because if we had any influence whatsoever on the making of life we would make it last longer. Rube insists that life is a non-refillable pocket with a hole in it and that death obviously is an unavoidable tragedy like the poll-tax or a Republican landslide.

"Life is entirely a matter of what a man wants," says Rube, the sage of Maries County. "They's two things a man ever hollers about—his winnin's and his losin's; and they's two things a man can lose—something he's got, something he wants. By usin' a little hoss sense regardin' what he wants a man can knock off half of his losin's. Take care o' your wants and your winnin's take care o' themselves. Don't aggravate yourself into an appetite for somethin' what'll lay heavy on your stummick. Give a man's a whole lot like a hoss—give him ev'rythin' he wants and he'll founder hisself."

Justice and Verdicts. It should be noted that the official Ozark language recognizes the word "just" only as an obsolete root word. Its modern derivatives, thus, "thust," "jest," "jist," "thist" and "ist" not only cover the musical scale but also cover many shades of meaning. The word "thust," as used by Mr. Helton, conveys a sense of the abstract, as, merely or simply. As a jumping off place it performs somewhat the same service as the English word, however. The official Ozark language produces more derivatives than any known substance excepting coal tar.

"Lorjy, man," says he a bit plaintively. "I never loaded nor fired a gun nor had a lawsuit in my life. I never had to shoot a man nor knock him on the head to git the best of him. My people came here a hundred and twenty-five years ago and they hain't no 'em ever gone to the pen or 'sane asylum yet. Frank Farris says that there's a world's record."

For all his lack of experience in law suits old Rube is considered the champion of Maries County at "cullin'" a jury. Culling a jury means removing therefrom any man who is not known to be solidly in favor of the culler's side of the case.

"Thust, a properly culled and hand-picked jury is one of the greatest blessin's o' human race," declares Rube. "I wouldn't swap that-kind of a jury for the best lawyer on earth. The law's ist about the only thing on earth that can be stretched all outa shape without spolin' it. Ef people wanted justice half as bad as they want verdicts the little spiders'd cobweb every court-room in Mizourry."

When a Man Gets Too Smart. In the plain workaday affairs of life Rube assays 5 per cent initiative and 95 per cent referendum.

"Thust, makin' a success o' either booze or business is a life-time job," says he. "My people come here from Tennessee. They rode hosses and packed the beddin' and the fryin' pan on hosses. People were happy and contented then because corn was only 10 cents a bushel.

"A man could not get fat on a bushel o' corn where the 10 cents would a-give him indigestion. The woods was full o' deer and turkeys and nobbidy ever ef beef exceptin' shiftless people what didn't do nothin' but work their crops from daylight till dark. Thust, all you had to do, to kill a wild hog, was to miss a deer or a turkey. Nowadays you've got to raise a hog like you would be bringing up a child; and the only way you can git back the value of the corn you put into him is to eat the hog. It's as hard to keep a good price on what you raise as it is to keep the money arter you get it. When you get up in the mornin' you've got the whole world to face; and it's got you to face. Whenever you think the odds is agin you ist remember that no one man ever run the whole world by hisself, but they's been many a time when the whole world was offerin' dead-or-alive rewards for one man.

When man gits so smart that he can out-sharp the whole neighborhood he either runs for office or runs for life."

Like most Ozark men, Rube has decided opinions of his own; unlike most Ozark men, he is tolerant of those who differ with him. Figuring What Friends Will Do. "Thust, they hain't no law to keep any man what don't agree with me from showin' his durned ignorance. A man what'll speak his opinions is a good man; but a man what'll bet his last nag in plowin' time is a good sport. Ef everybody was right all the time you couldn't no more git up a good-hoss-race than you could put two drinks o' good whisky into a pint bottle. Let the other fellow have his opinions. That makes hoss-trades. Thust, when you trade hosses you're ist tradin' your opinion on two hosses for his opinion on 'em; and I've made more money thataway than I've made on anythin' else."

"Thust," continues Mr. Helton, "when it comes to fulfillin' the Scrip-tures and bearin' each other's burdens a good nag'll pike pounds whar a man won't pack pounds. Ef God Almighty could git half the work out of a man that a man can git out of a hoss they

wouldn't be enough people in hell to make a petty jury. A man can't keep no better company than a hoss or a dog, but the hoss and the dog can do a heap better.

"A hoss or a dog'll ist make a purty good Bible for any man what's lookin' for the rock-bottom truth on brotherly love and friendship. Five hundred per cent o' human friendship is run fer a profit and the other five hundred per cent's got to be stall-fed to keep it from starvin' to death. Human friendship's got the entinst appetite that's known to mankind. Thust, when you turn the feed-box over, the most o' your friends'll step around you like a range hoss around a rattle-snake. Ist about the best use a man can make of his eyes is to use one to watch the weather and t'other to watch his friends. Any man what ever run a red fox out of a hen-roost has got a purty good idee o' what your enemies'll do; but figgerin' what your friends'll do is a whole lot like watchin' a woman throw a rock—your safety's entirely in the hands o' God and natur'."

Rube has his forefather's belief in a supreme being. All his life he has stuck to a remarkably consistent attitude on church-going—he never goes at all. Yet, since he never has advocated the destruction of church houses, it must be taken for granted that he believes in church—with reservations.

—Mrs. Susan Kirby of Union on Thursday celebrated her 109th birthday anniversary with an elaborate dinner given in her honor and attended by thirty guests. She has five living children, 21 grand children and 16 great grandchildren.

—John Sawyer shot and instantly killed Erskine Hall, his brother-in-law at Sawyer's house last Thursday morning, the shooting taking place in Orangeburg county. The testimony at the coroner's inquest tended to show that Hall had been persistently ill-treating his wife, who was the sister of Sawyer.

YOU CAN'T DODGE IT

Once in Awhile Your Blood Clogs and Your Vitality Runs Down.

THEN TAKE PEPTO-MANGAN

You'll Pick Up Again Quickly With Plenty of Red Blood Corpuscles.

Physicians nowadays take a blood test when you are run down. They count the red corpuscles in your blood. If these are too few they give you a tonic for your blood. It happens right along. They are always on the lookout for indications of weak blood.

Why? Because they know when your blood is weak your resistance to disease is low. Your vitality and energy quickly run down. You can tell when your blood is weak. You look pale, feel tired. You are not fit, but you don't feel right. You don't want to do things. That is the time to take the well-known tonic Pepto-Mangan.

Pepto-Mangan builds red blood corpuscles. Physicians have prescribed it for thirty years. Pepto-Mangan is sold in liquid and tablet form. The medicinal value is exactly the same. Take either kind you prefer. But be sure you get the genuine Pepto-Mangan—"Gude's." The full name, "Gude's Pepto-Mangan," should be on the package.—Advertisement.

Real Bargains

ARE TO BE HAD AT ANY TIME AT CLOVER'S LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE.

WE CARRY ALL THE TIME A FULL LINE OF MERCHANDISE FOR ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

YOU'LL SAVE MONEY BY TRADING HERE—OTHERS DO.

D. M. PARROTT

CLOVER'S LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE

LIME

We have just received a CARLOAD OF LIME—IN BARRELS AND SACKS. This Lime is of the best quality, and the kind to use for building purposes and for plastering, and also it is the kind—and one of the cheapest things in the world—for disinfecting about your premises and as it is not so very long until "Spring Clean-up" time you will do well to get your Lime NOW. Yes, to be sure the Price is Right.

WE ARE MAKING GOOD PRICES ON—

Buggies, and can supply you with the kind of buggy you are wanting. See us. ALSO SEE US FOR— Horse Feed, Rice Meal, Mill Feed. NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO BUY A SUPPLY OF FLOUR—SEE US.

CARROLL BROS.

EXPERT TERRACING.

DO you know that soil erosion costs the farmers of the U. S., \$1,000,000 every year. Let me do your Terracing, with a first-class instrument and by the Government method.

JOHN L. STACY, C. E.

48 Clover, S. C.

YORK PRESSING CLUB

WE solicit your cleaning, pressing, dyeing and alterations. Quick service. Satisfaction guaranteed—Reasonable charges. Phone 254.

SANDIFER & HART, West Jefferson St., York, S. C. 98 tue-fri. 11.

Keeping Warm.—A negro boy has been in jail all week charged with forging a check, and, as the jail has no fire, has stayed in bed to keep warm.—Fountain Inn Tribune.

R. C. Brockington W. M. Brown F. L. Hinnant

Palmetto Monument Co.

YORK, S. C. MONUMENTAL WORK.

All litigation and controversy over the name of the Palmetto Monument Company having been settled in favor of the owners above named, they take pleasure in offering the services of the Company in Monumental Work of every description, giving special attention to the erection of Headstones, Monuments and the like. The Palmetto Monument Company is prepared to furnish anything desired in marble and granite at reasonable rates and on short notice. It will furnish and erect jobs anywhere the customer may desire. See us for Designs, Estimates, etc. Respectfully, PALMETTO MONUMENT CO.

SAVE

YOUR MONEY AND PATIENCE BY HAVING YOUR CAR WORK DONE AT THE

Peoples Garage

We Specialize on BUICK, HUDSON, STUDEBAKER AND ANDERSON CARS.

You will find us at LIPE'S OLD STAND—across the street from the City Market.

Reasonable Charges, Prompt Service and Work Guaranteed. B. J. DEVOS, Manager.

Do It Now!

If you are so much as thinking of buying Furniture, House Furnishing, Stoves, Ranges or Floor Coverings, we just want to whisper in your ear that RIGHT NOW is one of the best times you ever had to buy anything in this line that you may need.

Our stock is very complete—most too complete for us—and if a customer comes into our place having a half formed idea that he or she would buy a given article of furniture "if the price is right," take it from us that they seldom go away without buying.

You are familiar with the qualities of goods we sell. And this with the prices that we are naming for the "Cash" usually means a sale right quick. And too, we have really been surprised since the first of the year at the number of furniture sales we have been making.

Our Prices Are What Is Doing the Trick. Suppose you come around and take a look over.

York Furniture Co.

OIL MILL PRODUCTS—

See us for a good exchange of Meal for Seed. We have nice bright Hulls.

OUR GINNERIES ARE IN BETTER SHAPE

THAN THEY HAVE EVER BEEN.

We can handle 125 bales in 12 hours, and the charge is 60 CENTS per Hundred pounds of lint.

ROLLER MILL—

Grinds Wheat, Corn and Oats. Sells Flour, Hog Feed, Chicken Feed, Horse and Mule Feed, Oats, Hay, Flour and Corn Meal. Try us and save money.

DEALERS IN COAL AND ICE.

YORKVILLE COTTON OIL COMPANY

WE SELL SHOES

AND THEY ARE GOOD SHOES, TOO

The Bostonian, the Selz and the Lion Brand for men, and Hogue and Montgomery Shoes for Ladies. Better see us for SHOES. Also see us for OVERALLS, WORK SHIRTS and HEAVY UNDERWEAR.

WAGONS AND BUGGIES

We sell the well known and time-tried White Hickory Wagons and the Blount and High Point Buggies—better wagons and buggies are not sold hereabouts. Also we sell Wagon and Buggy Harness, Whips and Lap Robes. TO BE SURE WE SELL Flour, Meal, Sweet Feed, Mill Feed, Hog Flour and Apple Seed Oats. We have BROWN SUGAR.

J. F. CARROLL

98 tue-fri. 11.

A masked man entered the home of Axie Owens, an aged negro in Spartanburg, Thursday night and after terrorizing him with a pistol, robbed him of \$300, the savings of many years.

\$8.50 for \$1.50

SATURDAY MORNING AT 9.30. WE PUT ON SALE A NEW LOT OF 100 SWEATERS FOR LADIES

—THE SLIP-OVER KIND—ALL WOOL—SOME OF THEM SOLD AS HIGH AS \$8.50 EACH—

ALL OF THEM GO IN THIS SALE AT ONE PRICE—

\$1.50 EACH

Come early and select the color and the style that You want.

MCCONNELL DRY GOODS CO.

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY.

HARDWARE

The only folks we know who do not at some time or other have occasion to buy Hardware are dead folks, and to be sure, while we have great respect for dead folks we are not specially interested in their business—do not solicit it. BUT WE DO want the Hardware business of live folks—folks who move and talk and do things and expect to keep on doing things, and for this class of folks it is our constant aim to be of SERVICE. For these we carry a very large and complete stock of Hardware, including almost everything that can be needed in Office, the Home, the Shop, or on the Farm, and we have quite a selection of Hardware for the man who is building or expecting to build. No, we are not soliciting business from dead ones—but if YOU are alive, come in and talk to us about your HARDWARE needs.

York Hardware Co.

98 tue-fri. 11.