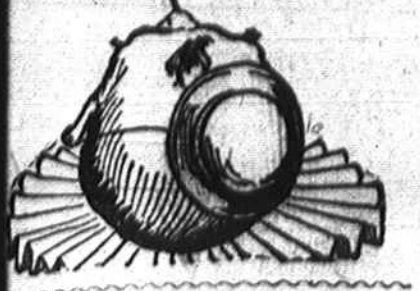


# ON THE FUNNY SIDE



**Pleasant Thoughts.**  
"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."  
"Operate!" gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't the money for operations. I'm a poor working man."  
"You're insured, are you not?"  
"Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead."  
"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor, consolingly.

**Too Much Paint.**  
"What is all this talk about painting a Bullion?"  
"Why, she engaged Dauber, the artist, to paint her and when she asked for the first sitting he declined to complete a job that had already been half finished.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**What She Thought.**  
"Miss Peech," stammered the bashful young man at the other end of the line, "would you—er—consider me if I were to—er—throw a kiss to you?"  
"Hold!" quoth she. "I'd consider it a quintessence of laziness."

**Sweet Bondage.**  
"I see that congress is going free the poor serfs who are held bondage by the baseball trust."  
"Well, I wish some one would sentence me to five years' servitude one of the major leagues."

**Proper Precaution.**  
"Where are you going in such a hurry?"  
"My daughter has been chosen to be queen of the May, and I'm on my way to buy her some woolen underclothing and a blanket."

HIS ALL.



**Rambling Waggles.**—I was robbed last night and I lost fifty-three articles of furniture. Everything I had in the world.  
**Policeman.**—Fifty-three articles.  
**Rambling Waggles.**—Sure; a deck of cards and a cork screw.

**One to Thousands.**  
"I dwell in a farmer, old and gray, beside the Mississippi; my eyes are crumpled—and today my farm would float a ship."

**How Sad!**  
"Mrs. Filthers doesn't go about as much as she used to."  
"No. Family cares are keeping her home."  
"She hasn't any children?"  
"No, but Fido is in failing health."

**A Natural Student.**  
"Hello, Bobby! I hear that the doctor has brought you a new baby sister."  
"Git out! De nearest thing to a doctor in des diggin's is a sandhill crane."—Judge.

**Weary in Well-Doing.**  
"You can't sit up with my daughter after 11 o'clock."  
"Would you mind telling her that, if I have been trying to get home for six months."—Life.

**Those Girls.**  
"Bella—He said he would kiss me or in the attempt."  
"Bella—Well?"  
"Bella—He has no life insurance, and killed his poor old mother."

**Bees' Plan.**  
"How do you eliminate the stings of onions?"  
"Oh, the remedy's simple. I had a story that takes my breath away."

**Vice Versa.**  
"Does the hero marry the heroine at the end of all their troubles?"  
"No; at the beginning."—Judge.

## TO SAVE THE WILD LIFE

**Movement to Stop Slaughter of Birds for Fripperies for Milady's Headwear.**

An organization formed in New York to propagate and to protect wild life in America is worthy of all support. It will certainly turn its attention to the slaughter of the birds for millinery fripperies and promote the adoption of salutary legislation such as exists in New York state and other enlightened communities. It will have a great field before it in the protection and preservation of the big game of the country that is being reduced to a negligible condition by pot-hunters, despite state laws. It will do much for the protection of the smaller game and the recreation of the former ideal conditions in this country with regard to its game supplies.

Maryland, as one of the most important game states in the country, has wide sympathy in this or any similar movement. It is a state, once replete with the most alluring game, that needs better sentiment to support its laws in order to bring about a return of its game glory. The matter is of widest reach and the organization deserves all success.

An instance of the unenlightened manner in which the subject is at present treated is instanced by the corral and shipment to Canada for an immense national park of the one remaining big herd of buffaloes in this country, a herd privately propagated and bought by the Canadian authorities over the head of the United States. The new association will seek to preserve game for hunting and, more than that, wild life for its own sake.

## CARRIED BY HEAVY MAJORITY

**Motion in Fat Men's Annual Convention Has 1,929 Pounds to the Good.**

Happened at the fat men's annual convention.

"Mr. Chairman," wheezed one of the heaviest delegates, "I move you, sir, that no man be admitted to membership in this body hereafter who weighs less than 300 pounds."

The motion was seconded and half an hour was devoted to discussing it.

"Any further remarks?"  
Silence.

"Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?"

"Question!"

"All who are in favor of the motion will say 'aye.'"

"Aye!"

"Contrary, 'no.'"

"No!"

The chair is unable to decide. All who favor the motion will please rise.

Thirty-six arose.

"Be seated, gentlemen. All who oppose the motion will rise."

Again thirty-six arose.

"Gentlemen," announced the presiding officer, whose weight was 427 pounds, "it is a tie. The chair votes 'aye,' and I therefore declare the motion carried by a heavy majority."

It was ascertained later, however, as the result of some figuring, that the actual majority in favor of the motion was 1,929 pounds.

## Not His Line.

Harry Lehr's favorite story has to do with a couple of ambitious applicants for admission into the exclusive social set of Chicago.

They were wealthy, a circumstance, it seemed to the young wife, that should make their progress a smooth one; but there was one obstacle to their success that gave her no little uneasiness, and that was the utter lack of confidence displayed by her husband in his ability to "play the game."

When on one occasion they were talking things over and she had offered various suggestions as to his future line of conduct the unhappy husband interrupted to offer this observation:

"It's no use in me trying, Marie. I'm not qualified for this game at all. When I talk I have to stop eating, and when I eat I have to stop talking. I was never cut out for a society man!"

## Wine Aged by Electricity.

Fantastic as it may sound, yet meeting with success, is the use of electricity for the purpose of "aging" cognac or clarifying champagne, in France. An electric generator of high frequency is installed in the store-rooms, warehouses, and wine vaults to send Hertzian waves all around the bottles. By this two widely different results are expected to be obtained—the aging of the cognac and the drawing out of the deposit which the fermentation process causes, which is expected to accumulate around the cork. The apparatus used for the application of the Hertzian waves is kept a profound secret by the manufacturers.

## Only Feature Unconcealed.

Poiret, royally seated on his sartorial throne in the capital of Fashion, in his latest promulgation declares that even the tight dress of the day too much eclipses the sex, and he announces that in the next phase femininity will disclose her very soul. Come to think of it, that is about the only item left for this sort of exploitation, thanks to the revelations, beginning with the peekaboo blouse and continued by the slashed skirt. Poor Lady Duff-Gordon, with her more emotional gowns, must gasp in desperation at her more daring brother artist.

# Jimmy Gets a Dog

In a heedless moment the Kingthornes yielded to Jimmy's ardent and vociferous pleas and admitted that it might be possible to permit him to have a dog to play with. Up to that time they had been able to match his teasing by a succinct and comprehensive "No!" But now life was vastly different.

Every homecoming of the elder members of the family, if not greeted by "Didyuh bring my dog?" was hailed with the wail, "When kin I have my dog?" or "Whut kind of a dog is it I'm going to get?" until the Kingthornes reached the stage where their opinion on dogs as a whole was so intense that it was wordless.

The situation led to dissensions also, for both Kingthorne and his wife accused the other of having been the one who said the fatal word of assent. The peace of the family was gone, and the more they argued the worse it grew. Of the lot Jimmy was the most injured, for with all the bickering because of a dog there wasn't any dog.

"You said I could have a dog!" he invariably ended in the plaintively accusing tone before which all well brought up parents shrink.

When the Kingthornes had time to look for a dog they never could find an attractive one, and if they did see a possibility they lacked the time.

Sitting in her living room one afternoon conversing with visitors about green tomato pickles, Mrs. Kingthorne after staring from the window, gave a little shriek.

"Just the thing!" she cried. "How did it get there?"

"What?" demanded her caller.

"There aren't green tomatoes growing out there!"

"Pickles?" repeated Mrs. Kingthorne, dreamily. "No, it's a dog. It doesn't seem to belong to any one, either!"

Everybody looked. The dog was most apparently youthful, because it still waddled slightly when it walked, or, rather, rolled. For it was fat and globular, made still more so by a thick coat of woolly brown fur. From one end of the brown mass a pink nose stuck out and from the other end protruded a tiny plumed tail. He really was too much like an ideal puppy to be quite true.

"There isn't a soul in sight," asserted Mrs. Kingthorne. "And nobody would let a puppy like that go for a walk alone, so it must be lost. It'll get stepped on or stolen or something, and to own it would send Jimmy into hysterics of joy, so, really, I think it is my duty to rescue the puppy, don't you?"

Everybody wanted to see the puppy at close range, so everybody said "Yes." Mrs. Kingthorne went out and brought the animal in.

"Don't dogs have germs and things?" demanded one of the visitors. "It is likely to give Jimmy something, isn't it?"

That was why everybody followed Mrs. Kingthorne down into the laundry to see her give the wail a bath. He was very little and the tub was very big and the soap was exceedingly fluffy, so it took four of them to wash and dry him. Afterward he frisked in front of a grate fire and Mrs. Kingthorne admired herself extremely for finding him.

Jimmy, for some reason, was late, but presently Kingthorne arrived. He seemed a little dazed at the chorus of joyful shrieks and the bundle of brown wool that was thrust at him.

"Well!" he murmured in a puzzled tone. "That doesn't look a bit like the one—"

"The one!" cried Mrs. Kingthorne. "What one, and what is it?"

The bell rang just then and Kingthorne went to the door. When he rejoined them he was leading by a leash an Alredale pup. A grown-up Alredale is without doubt the ugliest dog yet invented, but an Alredale pup transcends by a hundred degrees the ugliness of the grown-up Alredale. There is no use in trying to tell what Kingthorne's pup looked like, because if adequate words could be found nobody would believe the description anyhow.

Kingthorne spoke into the immense silence almost defiantly. "He's a bench dog," he said. "All my life I've wanted an Alredale—and I am sure Jimmy will be crazy about this one. So will you when you get used to his looks and appreciate his noble nature. That brown, woolly thing hasn't any class, my dear."

"Well, I like him!" cried Mrs. Kingthorne, indignantly.

Jimmy slammed into the house just then. Something slammed in with him. It was an overgrown, calflike creature, all legs and tail and tongue, with a great ugly head, and its style of architecture was a combination of everything from early Greek down.

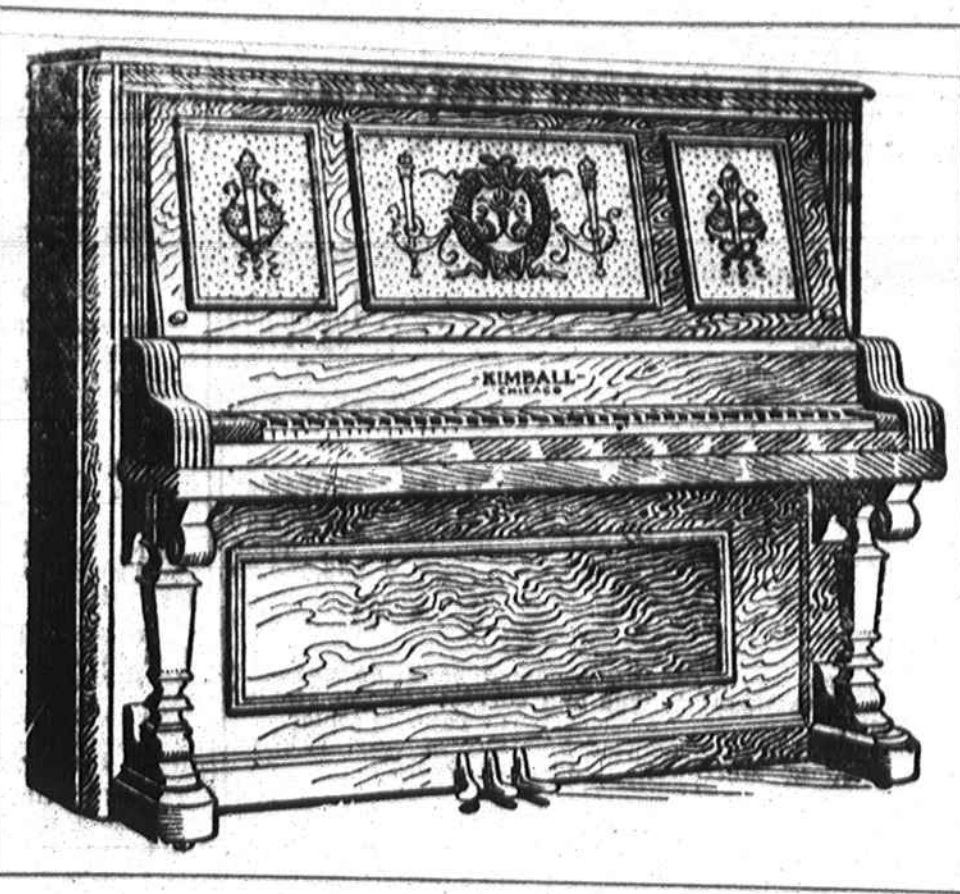
"He's mine!" Jimmy cried, proudly. "An asheart man gave him to me, an' he's goin' to sleep in my room an' everythin'! An' you said I could have a dog!" He gave a passing glance of disinterested scorn at the blooded Alredale and the toy woolly pup.

"I suppose," said Kingthorne, with a resigned sigh to his wife, "that we can chloroform our dogs!"

It is always difficult to argue with one who refuses to talk.

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