Humorous Department.

Time For Improvement.

It was on the day of Col. Roosevelt's arrival in New York, after his triumphant progress abroad. The enthusiasm for "the man of the hour" had been imported even to the bootblacks, and two sons of Italy were excitedly vying with each other in extolling the colonel while they polished shoes.

"Roosevelt he da greata da man in da world," declared one of the bootblacks, waving his shining cloth.

"You don't really mean that, do you?" asked the man who occupied his chair.

"Sure I do. Roosevelt he do greata da man in da world," the Italian answered with great conviction, and then he added: "He da greata da man ever lived."

"Come, come, you don't mean to say that Roosevelt is a greater man than Lincoln," his patron said.

"Yes, greata da man dan Linc. Roosevelt he do greata man in da world."

"You wouldn't say that he is greater than George Washington, would you?" pursued the amused patron.

"Yes, greata da man dan George Wash."

"Well, would you say that he is greater than Garibaldi?"

The Italian hesitated and scratched his head. Then he answered: "Well, Roosevelt he da younga man yet."—Success Magazine.

Testing an Egg.

"Really, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding! Now, a good way of testing is to take an egg in your hand, swing it around a few times and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant, murmuring sound you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

"Like a dutiful cook Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner.

At least there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the crucial moment Jane appeared upon the scene, with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane?" anxiously inquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it round, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff the policeman in the eye as he was watchin' me through the window. An', please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too for I listened and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"—Tit-Bits.

Most Serious.—A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting his interlocutor, "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives."

The new J. P. rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what is the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes, an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man that has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

"Certainly, your worship."—Boston Post.

Special Inducement.—It was a wild night. The doctor had closed his storm doors and retired. Suddenly there came a jingle on the night bell.

"Who is there?" demanded the doctor, irritated at being awakened at that hour.

"Billy Jones," responded a weak voice from below. "Baby has swallowed the Lincoln penny muver gave him for a Christmas gift."

"He has, eh? Well, is there any special inducement for me to come out such a night as this?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Muver says if you get the penny up you can have it."—Chicago News.

He Lost.—An East End hostess tells us of a young man who apologized for being late to a dinner party.

"We're so glad you got here," she said to him. "But where is your brother?"

"He has commissioned me to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy at the office just now that it is impossible for both of us to get away at once. So we tossed up to see which should have the pleasure of coming here tonight."

"How original! And so you won?"

"No," he replied, absently. "I lost."—Boston Traveler.

Counter Diplomacy.—"I think you will like this goods, madam," urged a salesman in a Euclid avenue shop. "It is just the thing for a stout, middle-aged lady.

"Sir!" squealed the customer in a rage. The clerk saw his faux pas and recovered himself quickly.

"Pardon me," he smiled, "I mistook you for the young lady who was in here yesterday looking for something for her grandmother. Now that I look at you, again, I see that this was an older person. Now, if you are buying for yourself, we have something over here that—"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Slow Enough.—Old Bill Titcomb had taken a sack of grain to the old fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. He watched the ponderous wheels revolving slowly while a tiny stream of meal trickled feebly out. Finally his patience became exhausted.

"Do you know," he said, "I cud eat that there meal faster than yer durned mill can grind it!"

"Yes?" remarked the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it, Mr. Titcomb?"

"Wal," replied Old Bill, conclusively, "I reckon I cud keep on at that rate till I starved."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Room at the Bottom.—A Frenchman was teaching in a large school where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes.

One hot day he was taking a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish.

Having punished several boys and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in a passion:

"Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"—Tit-Bits.

Notes of Fashion.

CHANGING STYLES.

Pointers to the Women on What to Wear and How to Wear It.

To judge by what the shops are showing many of the small girls' frocks strike a most pretentious note, which cannot be said to be in harmony with good taste in regard to clothes, however. This applies more largely to party and dress up clothes, than to the little every day frocks.

The practical clothes are plain enough and are unusually attractive. All the little frocks are cut on the new narrow lines, now so popular with women. This is particularly true in the wash frocks. Some of the little dresses are finished off at the hem or at the bottom with a band of the embroidery or of the material itself. Others have sash effects which draw in the dress slightly, giving the banded effect.

Little cluster plaited skirts, caught in with straps are also shown. In fact, all the styles that are favored by the older folk are duplicated for the wee lady, with considerable success. The empire waist line for example, which was always good for children, is back again and is being shown in many excellent models.

The little tunic skirt is an adaptation of the grown up styles to the little folks. In some instances the tunic is merely simulated and the dress is made in one piece, but in others the tunic is separate and is slipped over the dress, somewhat on the order of the choir boy vestment, in women's garments. The tunic is sometimes of embroidery or of lace and is worn over a perfectly plain dress, making a most attractive garment. Sometimes the tunic is made with short sleeves and cut out in the neck. This is worn with a guimpe and a kilted skirt.

Tunics of various lengths are seen, but the most favored are those that come to almost the knees, or slightly above.

The kimono sleeve is everywhere in evidence in children's garments. Many sleeves, however, instead of being cut in one with the body of the dress are made separately and joined with a wide plait or bertha, which comes just over the shoulder and hides the joining. In the simplest of the morning frocks, many have regular sleeves with just a slight fullness above the arm. In some of the yoke dresses, the short oversleeve is of the kimono type and is of the same material as the dress itself, while the undersleeve is of sheer fabric to match the yoke, and is made full length.

The white dresses for spring are now seen in all the stores and shops. Most of them are made with the narrow, straight skirt effect. They are nearly all trimmed with a band around the bottom and are much narrower than they were last season, but the majority of them have enough fullness to allow the child to walk in them with comfort. In the embroideries, the beautiful open work English effect is most favored, as is also hand embroidery and the imitation of hand embroidery and laces.

The regulation sailor dresses are shown in large quantities. The interest in these types, always keeps up, regardless of the variety of other styles.

The coats for spring wear are charming. Nearly all of the smartest models fasten at the side and have long revers. One of the smartest and most attractive, was made of soft, but rough surfaced tan colored serge, smartly trimmed with woolen latticed net, embroidered in blue and green wool. The collar and cuffs were made of this odd material. The collar was rounded in the back and from it and the cuffs, blue and green tassels of the wool, hung. The buttons were very large and were made of the embroidered wool inside serge rims.

Another new coat, is made of gray chinchilla, and a white knitted cap with an immense white pompon is worn with it.

Any number of little coats in fawn colored broadcloth are shown, many of these are exquisitely embroidered in self colored tones.

Peau de souris is an admirable cloth for children's outdoor garments. Many of the new outdoor garments for spring are made of this excellent material.

A pretty, practical frock, is made of gray and white striped cheviot, with a trimming of Alice blue silk and a little guimpe with short sleeves of embroidered batiste. The skirt has a band of the blue silk around the bottom, and little steel buttons ornament this. Another pretty frock is of blue Henrietta over a box plaited underskirt. The belt and bandings are made of silk striped with lines of gray soutache and trimmed with tiny steel buttons. An embroidered collar of deep butter colored batiste finishes the neck and a smart little jabot is drawn through an embroidered slit at the side.

Nothing is quite so charming for the small girls' party dress, as fine lingerie material and hand work. Fine laces are also appropriate trimmings, but beyond a certain point elaborateness, even on these legitimate lines, defeats its own ends, and the child dressed with exquisite simplicity is the child whose mother shows that she understands what is what, in the art of dressing children.

Black velvet has invaded the children's realm, not as a party frock use, but for the dressy afternoon and street wear, and it is so very becoming that one is disposed to approve of its use. Often gray Bulgarian or oriental embroidery relieves the black, or sometimes a pretty lace collar or guimpe is used.

Plaids, checks and striped gingham, plain and fancy percales, chambrays, linens, dotted mulls and organdies are among the most popular wash fabrics for this season.

In regard to spring headgear, there is shown an immense variety of styles, suited to every type. Many fancy straw bonnets trimmed with flowers and ribbon are seen. Also many hats in every style from a simple sailor on up to a picture hat, are to be found. There is a tendency to match materials in hats and coats.

The close skirts worn for the street demand the utmost daintiness in shoes, and with the velvet dresses, the uppers are frequently made of the same material, vamped with patent leather.

The fashions of the last month have established, beyond a doubt, the fact that the empire tendencies will prevail for some time to come. The waist line in both dresses and coats has been heightened, and when the cut of the garment is not pronouncedly empire, then the trimming is so applied as to simulate the short waist effect.

Irish lace continues in favor.

Miscellaneous Reading.

GOLD BRICKS FOR RAILROADS.

Shrewd Detective Work Needed to Protect the Companies.

Long before the Ananias club was officially chartered claim agents had compiled a roster of eligibles in anticipation of the event. The list would not lend much distinction to the club except in the matter of versatility in pursuing some of the dollars nailed down the railroad treasuries. A few nameless specimens of the listed class are given credentials in Leslie's Weekly by George H. Cone, for eighteen years claim agent of the Harriman lines. Those of western develpoment are thus certified:

The frauds are legion who claim to have been in wrecks when they were safe at home reading of the catastrophe in the newspapers. These are without significance. The claims preferred by those who are respected in their own communities furnish the tragedy and the comedy of railroading.

There is a class illustrated by the man in Western Colorado who, a year after a train accident, brought suit for $50,000. He had been in the wreck, he said, and had sustained injuries resulting in paralysis of the right arm. Although the board of surgeons found no evidence of injury, his arm was limp and dangling. We sent a special agent to his district who posed as a land-seeker. One day he saw his quarry seize a heavy plow and throw it over the tailboard of a wagon. He used both hands.

Here is another of the same type. A settler claimed $100 for a horse killed on the right-of-way near Valley, Neb. The keen adjuster, visiting the scene, divines a fraud and meets him with a bluff, thus:

"I can't pay you for that horse."

Angry claimant: "Why not?"

"Because the animal was not worth a dollar and he was not killed by a train."

The claimant threatened suit; the adjuster put a detective on the job, who learned that a pilgrim wagon, drawn by a bunch of old "skates," passed through Valley on the morning of the alleged accident. One of the pelters, too feeble to go on, was turned loose. He was appropriated by the claimant, who took him down to the track and killed him with an ax.

And this one: A Central Nebraska farmer had his wheat field of sixty acres burned by locomotive sparks. He claimed $50 an acre, or $3,000—an excessive price for a heavy crop. How were we to know the quality of wheat we had never seen? He counted on our ignorance. I found that the season had been dry; that his neighbors' wheat crops were worthless; that some corners of the one in question which escaped the fire were but chaff; and when the claimant asserted: "That was a fine piece of wheat!" I could respond: "I know all about your wheat. A dollar and a half an acre is all that's coming to you, old man." "All right," he assented with a grin. "When shall I get the money?"

A settler in the arid regions had filed on a government "tree claim." To obtain the title it was necessary to plant a grove of trees. It was nearing time to prove his title. The inspector was due, when fire from a locomotive caught in the grass and damaged his trees. He put in a claim for $1,800. The claim department sent an adjuster to the scene. What desolation met his gaze! He felt a lump in his throat. The man deserved all he had asked. He walked among the blackened trees and wept over the settler's blasted hopes. Presently he was aware that, aside from the fire, there was a strangeness about those trees. He was puzzled. He considered them attentively. He leaned against one of them, searching the key to the enigma. It toppled over. It had no root. He seized hold of another; it came up in his hands, and he continued to pluck up trees till he was tired. The bogus trees intended to deceive the government had been used to deceive the company. The claimant was confronted with his perfidy. He signed the adjuster's release for $17.50.

A minister of the gospel migrated to a small church in Nebraska. Locating, he sent for his family. The wife and five children boarded a Union Pacific train, with one full ticket and one half ticket; four of the children were being carried free. The two tickets, obtained of a small southern road, were of an obsolete form. Of the "first-class" and "second-class" printed upon them, the latter had been punched. This signified to the issuing office that the tickets were first-class; for the Union Pacific conductor, on the contrary, following modern rules, it indicated that they were second-class. So the conductor said to the woman: "Madam, you are traveling on a first-class limited train with second-class tickets. I am obliged to ask you to get off at Grand Island, where you will find a large station and can wait comfortably for your proper train." The little party reached home safely, with five hours' delay. The minister claimed large damages for "ejectment;" we compromised with him for $200. No doubt this man's every-day life was based on the golden rule; he simply had come into contact for the first time with a large treasury.

A laundress, named Freitag, from a Minnesota town, boarded the coach of a mixed train at Columbus, Neb., going north. She was a good laundress, I am sure, with a conscience about ironing shirt fronts and sending home the full count. Near a station a hard stop was made, which jolted the passengers, and she complained that, being thrown against the seat in front, her side had been hurt. The conductor sent into town for a doctor. The doctor was inexperienced. He gave Mrs. Freitag morphine. This made her ill. On which the conductor carried her to Norfolk and had her taken off and lodged at the Oxford hotel, and the railroad's local surgeon called in. The doctor found no evidence of injury. Other doctors were called in, who pronounced her a malingerer.

She ignored the doctors. She settled herself nicely and called in an attorney, who advised her that she had a good thing if she would stay in bed and play out the game. This she had the courage to do. She had lived in hardships, but she was now the guest of the railroad and lived up to the part. She demanded a nurse, which was furnished. She called for fruit, oysters, expensive wines. She sent for relatives; they came at our expense. The company complied with her every demand. She kept the house in a turmoil. She dictated and complained. The impatient nurses refused to stay. The exasperated proprietor fumed. She had come in the spring. Month followed month and the summer wore away, and still she lived at our cost.

Winter came on; the railroad must furnish her a cold weather wardrobe. She called for flannels, &c. It was my duty to buy her these things. I was young and a bachelor, and the saleswoman who sold them to me stared so hard I am blushing still. Near Christmas we found her willing to settle. She had been invited to a family reunion and wished to show her new clothes. At last! I held the signed release! I paid her $1,000. My heart sang for joy. Gathering up the receipts for doctors, nurses, hotel bills, silk kimonos, and so on I went to headquarters with the whole. The chief looked the papers over and found a flaw. He asked: "Where is the husband's signature? He can put in a claim for the loss of her services." I protested they would surely be satisfied with the haul they had made. Never mind, it must be had. We got it, but it cost us $300 more.

The sparse settler of the west or middle west, left to his own nature, regards the silver streak which joins him to the world and which is so vital a thing in his life with a childlike confidence that expresses itself according to the character. Thus a farmer I knew in Colorado drove up to the station where a mixed train was unloading freight. In a hurry to send a dispatch, he tied his horse to the rear hand rail of the coach. In what better care could he leave old Dobbin? While he was in the station the train pulled slowly out, with old Dobbin following behind. The speed increased, the cattle guard was reached, the buggy was caught and wrecked, the horse slipped the bridle and started for home, while the train proceeded with the strap hanging to the rail. The farmer dashed out of the station shouting, "Where's my horse?" and, after a moment's reflection, added thoughtfully: "I couldn't have done better; the railroad will pay me enough to get a better one."

There was a small town where the inhabitants customarily raided the sidetracked coal trains for their fuel. One night a watchman came upon three of them filling gunny sacks. Two were caught. The third, who ditched his sack and escaped, was then justice of the peace. Next morning the justice sat on the bench. The two prisoners were brought before him. The culprits were confused as to their course. They hung their heads and pleaded guilty. Dilemma for the judge! He considered a moment, then brought his fist down hard on the desk and shouted: "Get out of here, you rascals! I wouldn't believe you under oath!"—Omaha Bee.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

A Personage Who Is Promising More Trouble For Europe.

Though direct access is impracticable, a large amount of valuable information has been compiled, sifted and compared year after year from the reports of Mohammedan travellers, many of whom are the confidential agents of the Egyptian and Algerian governments. When at the head of the Soudanese Intelligence department Sir R. Wingate, now governor-general, had an eye or an ear at every keyhole. From the details so gathered it is clear that the Senussiyeh order, founded seventy years ago, and ever since growing up silently as the coral reef beneath the turmoil of the waves, is now the most formidable in the Islamic world. Its founder, Mohammed Ben Ali es Senussi, had fought against the French conquerors of Algeria. It may be noted that at this day Algeria and, to a less extent, Tunis and Morocco, are stocked with senussiyeh fraternities in direct intercourse with the central Zawia in the Sahara. Mohammed travelled in Africa and Asia, making converts to his reform of the faith. For his dignified bearing, learning, eloquence and religious sincerity he is said to have resembled the future Mahdi of the Egyptian Soudan—as the Mahdi was during his preparatory years. This first lord of the Dervishes must not be confounded with his successor, the savage Khalifa, slain in 1899. Es Senussi established his theocratic court at Jaghbub, near the western frontier of Lower Egypt, and some hundreds of communities in northern and central Africa. Jaghbub, where the venerated founder sleeps in his splendid mausoleum, has become the African Mecca. To the founder succeeded his son Mohammed, the Veiled Prophet, inheritor of his father's character and great ability, organizer of the new Islamic order.

The Africans regarded him as the true Mahdi (the guided of God)—the Messiah—destined to purify the faith and make it supreme in the world. The Egyptian Mahdi and the Khalifa next sought his co-operation against the English "dogs," but in vain. He was shocked by his envoys' tidings of horrors at Kordofan and Khartoum. The rising in the eastern Soudan, though it lasted sixteen years, was a chaotic terror. The Senussiyeh movement was and is an elaborate, most skillful and effective system. At Jaghbub and in 1896-1902 at the great and beautiful oasis of Kufra Mohammed perfected a plan of rapid correspondence with the fraternities not only in Tripoli, Egypt, Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, the Sahara and Wadai, but in Syria, Arabia and the Euphrates valley. His viziers assisted him at home, his vakeels served him abroad. Attached to his court was the principal seminary for the training of the Senussiyeh missionaries. Like Mokannah, the prophet of Khorassan, Mohammed veiled his divinely illumined face from the gaze of his myriad pilgrims. He decided a disputed succession to the sultanate of Wadai—the objective of the French advance.

The senussiyeh rule sternly prohibits alliance with, every concession to, or imitation of, Christian states; it permits co-operation with the Turkish government, but only in the interests of the order; it opposes Ottoman expansion in the Mediterranean hinterland; it enjoins, as a pious deed, the slaying of all trespassing unbelievers. It should not be forgotten that the Turkish high commissioner, who for years hampered Lord Cromer's work in Egypt, tried to get in touch with the Veiled Prophet. . . The second chief of the order died in 1902. What his successor contemplated no one knows. But a few days ago the newspapers briefly reported that Turkish detachments, pushed southward among the Saharian oases, were posted on the two principal caravan routes—which are also the slave trade routes—between Equatorial Africa and the Turco-Senussiyeh shore of the Mediterranean. Significant news—if trustworthy. The Senussiyeh defend slavery, as did the Dervishes before them; and the French mean to stamp it out, as the English are still doing in the Egyptian Soudan. The new Islamic order has not as yet assumed the role of military conquest. Moral and religious reformation, with pacific propagandism, is its professed purpose. But the Dervish military despotism that overcame Gordon sprang from a religious, pacific nucleus.. So did the Sikhs, with whom the English in India fought their hardest battles. Considering the vast extent of the Senussiyeh field of operations, the estimated strength of the order—four to six million men—does not seem extravagant. The Veiled Prophet's African followers import arms from the Cyrenaic coast. If some day they draw the sword they may shake the east to its foundations.—Pall Mall Gazette.

WANTED OATS; GETS CATS.

Substitution of Wrong Letter In Advertisement Causes Trouble.

The substitution of a lower-case letter "c" for the letter "o" in an advertisement in the Sioux City, Omaha and local newspapers has caused John C. Trothers, a grain merchant here, all kinds of trouble, says a Neligh, Neb., special.

Trothers, wishing to replenish his supply of oats, concluded to advertise. Writing his advertisement on a typewriter, he manifolded it and sent copies to the newspapers as follows:

"Wanted—Delivered on track at Neligh 10,000 bushels of cats. Will pay highest market price."

Not noticing the error he awaited results which came sooner than he expected. Within a week cats of all kinds and descriptions commenced to arrive consigned to Trothers. Some were sent prepaid and others collect. They came from the east, the west, the north and the south. The agent of the Northwestern road became alarmed. He was being swamped by cats and wired the superintendent for instructions. That official, not knowing what else to do, wired back:

"Release all cats not accepted."

Still cats continued to arrive, and still Trothers refused to accept the felines, but his troubles did not end there. Boys about town had learned that he was in the market for cats. They commenced to catch the strays and take them to his place of business. Some days last week he received as many as 500 cats brought in by boys and four times as many coming by rail.

It is estimated that fully 5,000 cats have been shipped into Neligh, and the end is not yet. They are becoming a nuisance, and the city council is about to take action and order a slaughter of the animals.—Chattanooga Times.

Professional Cards.

TAX RETURNS FOR 1911

Office of the County Auditor of York County, South Carolina.

Yorkville, S. C., December 2, 1910.

As required by statute my books will be opened at my office in Yorkville on MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1911, and kept open until FEBRUARY 20, 1911, for the purpose of listing for taxation all PERSONAL and REAL PROPERTY held in York county on January 1, 1911.

All returns must be made in regular form and it is preferable that they be made by the property owner in person to me or my assistant, direct, on blanks provided for the purpose. The returns must be duly sworn to either before me or my assistant, or some other officer qualified to administer an oath.

All items of realty, whether farms, or town lots, must be listed separately.

Returns made on proper blanks, and sworn to before an officer qualified to administer an oath and forwarded to me by registered mail before February 20, 1911, will be accepted.

All taxpayers are particularly requested to inform themselves as to the number of their respective school districts, and where they have property in more than one school district, they will please make separate returns indicating the location of each piece of property. The school districts in which there are special levies are as follows: Nos. 23 and 27, in Bethel township; Nos. 6, 29, 33 and 43 in Bethesda township; Nos. 9, 20, 40 and 44 in Broad River township; Nos. 9, 15 and 20 in Bullock's Creek township, No. 12 Catawba township; Nos. 7, 12, 35 and 43 in Ebenezer township; Nos. 26, 28 and 39 in Fort Mill township; Nos. 2 and 37 in King's Mountain township; Nos. 11, 20, 33, 35, 42 and 43 in York township.

For the purpose of taking Tax Returns, the Auditor's Office will be open in Yorkville from February 2nd to February 20th, when the books will be closed and the penalty will attach.

All males between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, except Confederate soldiers over the age of fifty years, are liable to a poll tax of $1, and all persons so liable are especially requested to give the numbers of their respective school districts in making their returns.

It will be a matter of much accommodation to me if as many taxpayers as possible will meet me at the respective appointments mentioned above, so as to avoid the rush at Yorkville during the closing days.

JOHN J. HUNTER.
County Auditor.

Yorkville, S. C., December 2, 1910.
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