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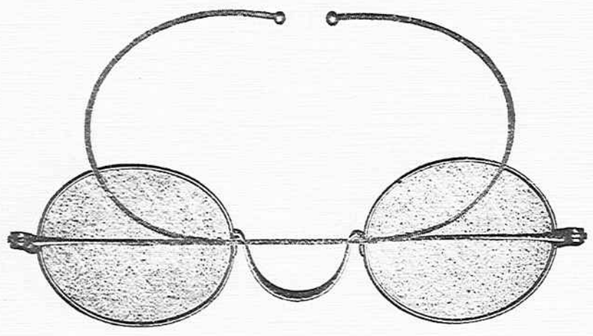

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Both Were Surprised.

The third time I changed cars at the Hornellsville Union railroad station and lunched at the little grillroom just up the street the jolly little proprietor recognized me as a regular patron and did his best to entertain me while my special pot of coffee was coming to a boil.

"Notice that fellow who just went out?" he asked, chuckling contentedly to himself.

I hadn't noticed particularly, but I knew it would be disconcerting to admit, so I nodded encouragingly, says a writer in the New York Herald.

"Well," he continued, "that's Jim Smith—Long Jim Smith they call him—conductor of the Erie, and, say, he's laying for me. Greatest practical joker you ever saw. Always getting rigs on me, and I never could get back on him until last week, and then I was about as much surprised as he was.

"I was coming down the street and saw a crowd gathered around some Salvation Army singers. Long Jim was away on the edge of the crowd, standing on his tiptoes so he could see over the heads of the rest. He had his back to me, and, sticking out from under his arm, was a big bag of lemons. I saw my chance, and I sneaked quietly behind him, hauled off and gave that bag of lemons an awful swipe with my cane."

Here the little man went off into an uncontrollable fit of laughter over the remembrance.

He laughed till his sides shook and tears ran down his face. I waited till he had quieted down.

"Well?" I queried. "Scattered the lemons all about, I suppose?"

"Scattered! Ho, ho, ho! He! Hi, hi, hi! He! Hum! Well, I should say so. But they wasn't lemons; they was eggs."

The Pie Eaters.

Pie in New England is served in many queer ways, especially the king of all pies, the royal mince. Not long ago there appeared a sign in the station of staid, crooked and correct Boston—a sign bearing the strange device. "Hot Mince Pie and Ice Cream."

This is a mild combination compared with one that was served in this city at a midnight supper. A Welsh rabbit was being made, and there were some who did not care to eat it on crackers; no toast in the house, for it was the fire's evening out. A mince pie was found lurking in the ice chest and pressed into service. The rabbit was spread over the pie, and both vanished in a short time. Those who ate are still afraid in the dark, for they can imagine that the same things are coming for them again as came during their dreams of that wild, weird night.

A local minister tells a pie story on himself that is a "corker." He is a delicate man, and his wife was down on pie for him and vetoed it for family use. Once he went to a convention in Pittsfield, and a dinner was served at which there were seven kinds of pie. The minister took a "little of each, please," and never enjoyed himself so much in his life.—Baltimore American.

Why Bees Work In Darkness.

Bees go out all day gathering honey and work at night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone there all the time. Why do they prefer to work in the dark? is often asked. Every one knows that honey is a liquid with no solid sugar in it. After standing it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance or granulates and ultimately becomes a solid mass.

Honey has been experimentally inclosed in well corked flasks, some of which were kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result was that the portion exposed to the light soon crystallized, while that kept in the dark remained unchanged.

Hence we see why the bees are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are placed in their hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this it would in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—Weekly Bouquet.

Her Grievance.

Distressed by her cook's frequent complaints of toothache, a mistress of the upper west side decided a few days ago that it was time to recommend heroic remedies.

"Hannah, there is no use putting it off any longer. There is Dr. Jones over there. He promises to extract teeth without pain. Why don't you see him and have it over with?"

Hannah scarcely relished the suggestion, but after another night's suffering sorrowfully announced, "'Deed, I kin jess stand dis no longah," and asked permission to go to Dr. Jones. Her mistress rejoiced in the thought that the agony was at last to be ended. When an hour later, however, she beheld Hannah march down the areaway steps, the whites of her eyes flashing and her head bobbing with a vehemence born of righteous fury, visions not only of lost molars, but of a departing cook came before her. She entered with the dignity of an insulted African queen.

"Anything wrong, Hannah? Didn't he get the right teeth?" ventured the mistress.

"Got de right teef all right and a dollah an a half besides. Yas'm, he did so."

"Well, did he hurt you?"

"No'm, can't say he did."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Well, Miss 'Liza, didn't you tell me dat man ober dere 'stracted teet widout payin?"—New York Sun.

Fun Has a Valuable Side.

"Show me a man who does not appreciate humor," said John Kendrick Bangs to me, "and I will show you a man who is morbid, cynical, unresponsive to every call of nature. Such a man is worse than a pessimist and more to be pitied. Take some of the greatest and most successful men in the world. Humor has always played an important part in their lives. Often a funny incident has marked the turning point of a great man's career. Often some ridiculous condition has been the impetus of a new start in life."

Mr. Bangs is right. Did not Columbus' apparently hopeless task of standing an egg on end make thinkers of the wise men who sat around him? Was not George Washington credited with being a master of the truth because he once saw a boy punished for trying to jest with his father and finally became, as Mr. Bangs facetiously remarks, so "he couldn't tell a lie even if he saw one?" And didn't Johann Gutenberg invent the printing press by working out a theory which found its origin while he was playing leapfrog with some boys on damp ground? The impression made in the soil by the boys' feet is said to have given Gutenberg his first idea of the impression that could be made by types.—Robert Mackay in Success.

Timid Woman, Callous Brute.

There is an F street real estate man whose pretty home is in one of the pleasantest streets in the older part of town. He is just an ordinary man, with no particular sympathy for the fears of nervous women; he has been married 15 years, and his wife is one of those women who fairly revel in all sorts of painful imaginings and frightful forebodings. She always makes her will when she starts on a journey, and she never fails to forgive all her enemies before she trusts herself behind any kind of a horse. There has not been a night in all the 15 years of her married life that she hasn't either smelled smoke or heard burglars. Last week, in the middle of one night, the husband felt the familiar pinch which for 15 years has calloused his arm. He heard the familiar voice say the same old words:

"Oh, Charles! De get up! I smell smoke!"

As usual, for after 15 years of that sort of thing even an ordinary man learns not to argue with a woman, he climbed obediently out of bed and went to the window. The street below was full of people, and a fire engine was puffing away at the corner.

"Oh, Charles!" called the wife. "Is the house on fire?"

Fifteen years have made Charles' feelings as callous as his arm.

"Yes," said he brutally; "thank goodness the house is on fire at last. Now perhaps you'll stop worrying."—Washington Post.

Daniel O'Connell's Fees.

In the National Library of Ireland is the fee book of Daniel O'Connell. This volume, in its 100 pages or so of parallel columns, laboriously prepared by the hand of the liberator himself, shows in pounds, shillings and pence his early struggles. O'Connell was called to the Irish bar in 1798—the year of the rebellion—and seven days later he got his first brief, from a brother-in-law, who retained him to draft a declaration on a promissory note. The only other business he got that year was also given him by a kinsman—a cousin—and it was of the same kind. The fee on each occasion was £1 2s. 9d. It was in one of his earliest cases that O'Connell made the retort that attracted attention to him. He was cross examining an awkward witness, who declared that he had drunk nothing but his share of a pint of whisky. "On your oath, now," thundered the young counsel, "was not your share all but the pewter?"

O'Connell's fee book is an interesting record of his rapid rise in the profession. For the first year, as we have seen, his income amounted to only £2 5s. 6d. Next year he earned over £50, and the year after he made over £400. According to memoranda made in his own handwriting his income in 1803 was £465, and in the following years, £775, £840, £1,077, £1,713, £2,198, £2,736, £2,951, £3,047 and £3,808 respectively.

Anticipated.

He was a Scotch minister in a small country parish, and he was sometimes put to it for fresh pasture wherewith to feed his flock. One day, however, he bethought himself that he had never thoroughly exhausted the subject of Jonah, and his heart rejoiced. Jonah and the whale was a sort of thing whereby you could easily drag out a sermon its allotted two hours. He was in full career and had reached triumphantly the anatomical peculiarities of the case.

"An what feesh do ye think it wad be?" he cried in stentorian tones. "Aiblins ye think it wad be a haddie? Na, na. It could nae be a haddie for to tak a big mou like yon in his belly. Aweel, aiblins ye think it wad be a salmon, but I tell ye na, na. It wad na be a salmon, for deed I doubt if they ever see salmon yonder. Aweel, aiblins ye're thinking it wad be a big cod"—

Here an aged and weary voice piped up from the body of the church:

"Aiblins it was a whale?"

"An the deil hae ye, Maggie Macfarlane, for takin the word oot o' the mouth o' God's meenister!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Antithetical Chinaman.

To attempt to get a Chinaman to assign a reason for anything is futile. One day while riding a donkey through the country west of Peking I noticed that the women of the country villages, mostly farmers' wives and daughters, did not bind their feet. I said to the donkey driver who was running along beside me, "The country women do not bind their feet, do they?"

"No."

"Why?"

"They do not bind their feet."

"Why is it that the Chinese women bind their feet?"

"They bind their feet."

"But why do they do it?"

"That is their custom."

"But why is it their custom?"

"There is no why—no reason whatever."

Ask a child, "Why did your brother not come to school today?"

"My brother did not come to school today."

Or inquire of a man, "Why is it that the Chinese build a pagoda 13 stories high?" and he will most probably answer, "That is the way to build a pagoda."—Isaac Taylor Headland of University of Peking in Washington Star.

Condensed Reproof.

Occasionally there is to be found a proprietor of a secondhand bookstore who is something more than the nature of his business would seem to indicate. He regards his old and rare volumes rather as a collection than a stock of goods and experiences a pang when he parts with one.

A flippant young man dropped into a secondhand bookstore kept by a man of this kind.

Taking down several choice old books from the shelves, he fingered them carelessly and replaced them. They happened to treat of abstruse subjects and did not appeal to him.

"Are any of these books for hire?" he asked carelessly.

"No, young man," sharply answered the proprietor. "They are for lore."—St. Louis Republic.

Had a Good Start.

Two colored men on a late Long street car were congratulating one another. The last to talk was newly wedded.

"Sam, I understand youse tookin unto youseself a new woman?" said Mr. Johnston.

"I'll kunfess I'ze guilty," meekly responded Sam, his countenance covered with a broad grin.

"Did you all get a good start?"

Sam was apparently very anxious to answer this question and in a much louder tone said:

"Well, I should say I did get a good start. I got an old woman wid eleben little pickaninnies."

Everybody who heard the remark was satisfied Sam had really a good start.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

The Travels of an Eyelid.

The many thousands of miles which a man unconsciously travels in his lifetime, taking into consideration the paces his footsteps measure as he walks about each day, are enough to make him sit down to rest for the remainder of his life.

But now a German scientist has come forward with some still more startling facts concerning the journeys which our eyelid undertakes every time it winks, and it is not possible for us to see, he says, unless we wink. Unconsciously we wink once a second, so that for the time we are awake during the day we voluntarily wink from 48,000 to 50,000 times and in a year have moved our eyelids down and up again no less than 18,250,000 times. The distance that the eyelid travels in its great speed is measured from a single involuntary wink.

This, the scientist says, is a quarter of an inch both ways, the eyelid moving equally up and down, so that, taking the movement of both eyelids into consideration, they cover some 50,000 inches in a day. The eyelids of a man who has lived for 50 years will have unconsciously traveled a third of the way around the earth, or about 7,200 miles, a calculation sufficient in itself to cause the victim of insomnia to fall into a dreamless sleep as he reads it.—London Mail.

A Dead Face In the Window.

Crockford, the proprietor of a well known London gambling house, was made to play a queer role after he was dead. When one of Crockford's horses was poisoned just before the Derby, the misfortune brought on an attack of apoplexy, which proved fatal within 48 hours. Now, many of Crockford's friends had staked large sums on another of the gambler's horses, which was a favorite for the Oaks and which was disqualified by the death of the owner. Only the people in the gambling house knew of Crockford's death, and it was resolved to keep it a secret until after the race.

The servants were bribed and sworn to secrecy, and the conspirators on the day after the night upon which Crockford died had the body placed in a chair at a window, so that people returning from the track could see the gambler sitting there. He was fixed up to look as lifelike as possible and through the window and partially concealed from view by the curtains looked so natural that no one of the great crowd which came cheering by the house when on their return from seeing Crockford's horse win the Oaks suspected the trick.

The next day it was announced that Crockford was dead, but it was years before the true story leaked out.

Faithful Shepherd Dogs.

A cold spell in Montana killed a sheep herder in the Great Falls district. Two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero.

The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these staid with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well apparently as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful creatures would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep left in their charge.—Portland Oregonian.

"Those Loving Girls."

"Oh, yes," said the brunette, "it was very sweet of Marie to give me that blue gauze scarf. She knows I look a fright in blue, but the scarf is lovely and just the thing she wants to wear over her yellow hair. I'm not going to leave it around where she can borrow it, though. I'll keep it safely until her birthday next month, when I will have it dyed scarlet for her."—New York Mail and Express.

Trying to Make Forty Dollars.

Here is a hard luck story apropos of efforts to make a little sum in Wall street: A young man started with $100 and ran it up to $9,900, or $40 less than an even $10,000. The desire to round out the $10,000 goaded him on. He said to his broker, "If I can make that additional $40 on a quick turn I will draw out my $10,000 and invest it in real estate." It was a strong bull market, but things appeared sky high, and he picked out an active stock to sell short. I think he landed on T. C. and I., which had a phenomenal rise and was due to drop anywhere from 10 to 50 points. He sold 100 shares at par, intending to close it out at 90. But instead of going down the blamed thing soared to 126. At every three points' gain he sold another 100 until he was carrying all he could tote. In 24 hours he lost nearly every cent it had taken him three months to make. With what little he had left he bought T. I. on the recession to 116, friends of the Hanover National bank assuring him that it was going to 150. Then came the fireworks and the funeral. The bottom fell out of the specialty and young Dr. Knowall found himself $15,000 in debt. He hasn't been in Wall street since.—New York Press.

He Forgave Twain.

Many years ago the Montana club in Helena entertained Mark Twain after a lecture. He met many old friends there and one old enemy. The latter had come all the way from Virginia City, Nev., on purpose to settle an old score. When the glasses were filled and Mark's health proposed, this man interrupted the proceedings by saying: "Hold on a minute. Before we go further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with you."

There was a deathly silence for a moment, when Mark said in his deliberate drawl: "Let's see. That—was—before—I—reformed, wasn't—it?"

Senator Sanders suggested that inasmuch as the other fellow had never reformed Clemens and all the others present forgive him and drink together, which all did.

One of Her Ways.

"The ways of the female shopper are beyond the ordinary salesman's ken," said a disgusted optician who is in business in the shopping section of the city. "A woman came in here the other day and asked the prices of all kinds and styles of spectacles and eyeglasses known to those in the trade. Finally, after a half hour's quizzing, she rustled out with the remark: 'Thank you, I expect to get a pair of glasses for a birthday present, and I just wanted to know about the prices of them.'"—Philadelphia Record.

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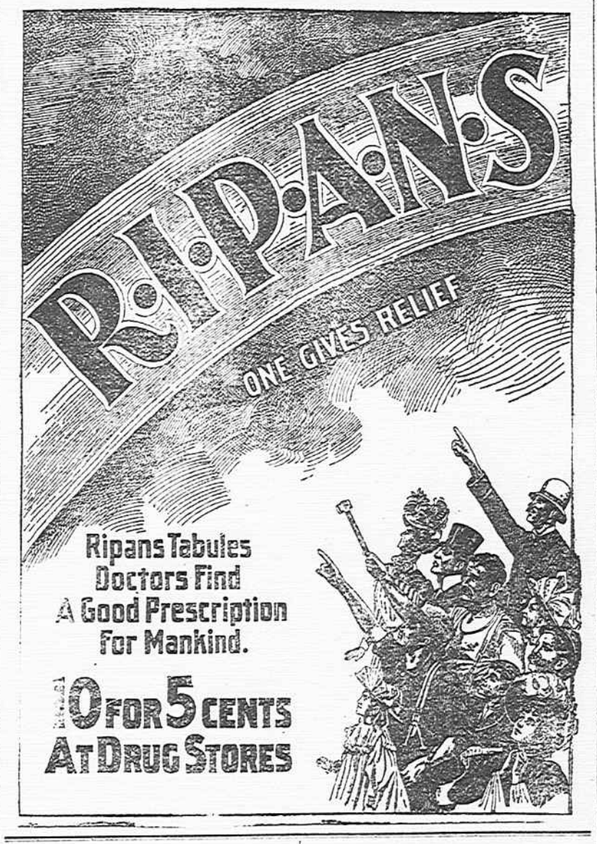

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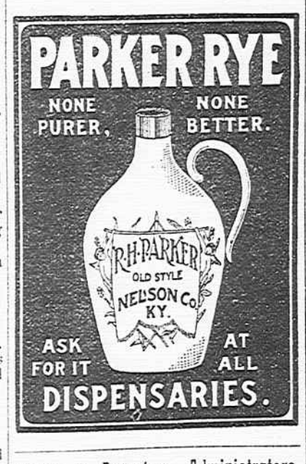

Notice to Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Committees.

OFFICE OF JUDGE OF PROBATE, Manning, S. C., August 1, 1900.

To Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Committees:

I respectfully call your attention to annexed statute. You will please give this matter early attention.

Very respectfully,
J. M. WINDHAM,
Judge of Probate.

Sec. 2064 (1942). Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Committees, shall annually while any estate remains in their care or custody, at any time before the first day of July of each year, render to the Judge of Probate of the county from whom they obtain Letters Testamentary or Letters of Administrators or Letters of Guardianship, etc., a just and true account, upon oath, of the receipts and expenditures of such estate the preceding Calendar year, which, when examined and approved, shall be deposited with the Inventory and appraisement or other papers belonging to such estate, in the office of said Judge of Probate, there to be kept for the inspection of such persons as may be interested in the estate—(under former penalties.)

Approved the 2d day of March, 1897.

DR. J. FRANK GEIGER,

DENTIST.

MANNING, S. C.

'Phone No. 25.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 13, 1901.

On and after this date the following passenger schedule will be in effect:

NORTHEASTERN RAILROAD.

South-Bound.

	*35.	*23.	*53.
Lv Florence,	3.25 A.	7.55 P.	
Lv Kingstree,		8.57	
Ar Lanes,	4.38	9.15	
Lv Lanes,	4 38	9.15	7.40 P.
Ar Charleston,	6.03	10.50	9.15

North-Bound.

	*78.	*32.	*52.
Lv Charleston,	6.33 A.	5.17 P.	7.00 A.
Ar Lanes,	8.18	6.45	8.32
Lv Lanes,	8.18	6.45	
Lv Kingstree,	8.34		
Ar Florence,	9.28	7.55	

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

No. 52 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C.

Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close connection for all points North.

Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 9.55 a m, arrive Darlington 10.28 a m, Cheraw, 11.40 a m, Wadesboro 12.35 p m. Leave Florence daily except Sunday, 8 00 p m, arrive Darlington, 8 25 p m, Hartsville 9.20 p m, Bennetsville 9.21 p m, Gibson 9.45 p m. Leave Florence Sunday only 9.55 a m, arrive Darlington 10.27, Hartsville 11.10

Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6.35 a m, Bennettsville 6.59 a m, arrive Darlington 7.50 a m. Leave Hartsville daily except Sunday 7.00 a m, arrive Darlington 7.45 a m, leave Darlington 8 55 a m, arrive Florence 9.20 a m. Leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 4 25 p m, Cheraw 5.15 p m, Darlington 6.29 p m, arrive Florence 7 p m. Leave Hartsville Sunday only 8.15 a m Darlington 9.00 a m, arrive Florence 9.20 a m.

J. R. KENLEY, Gen'l Manager. JNO. F. DIVINE, Gen'l Sup't.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

W. C. & A.

South-Bound.

	55.	35	52.
Lv Wilmington,	*3.45 P.		
Lv Marion,	6.40		
Ar Florence,	7.25		
Lv Florence,	*8.00	*2.50 A.	
Ar Sumter,	9.12	4.00	
Lv Sumter,	9.12		*9.23 A.
Ar Columbia,	10.35		11.55

No. 52 runs through from Charleston via Central R. R., leaving Charleston 6 25 a m, Lanes 8.02 a m, Manning 8.50 a m.

North-Bound.

	54.	53.	32.
Lv Columbia,	*6 40 A.	*4.15 P.	
Ar Sumter,	8.05	5.35	
Lv Sumter,	8.05		*6.24 P.
Ar Florence,	9 20		7.35
Lv Florence,	10.00		
Lv Marion,	10.35		
Ar Wilmington,	1 25		

*Daily.

No. 53 runs through to Charleston, S. C., via Central R. R., arriving Manning 6.04 p m, Lanes, 6.43 p m, Charleston 8.20 p m.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Chadbourn 5.35 p m, arrive Conway 7.40 p m, returning leave Conway 8.15 a m, arrive Chadbourn 10.35 a m, leave Chadbourn 11.50 a m, arrive at Boardman 12.25 p m, returning leave Boardman 3.00 p m, arrive at Chadbourn 3.35 p m. Daily except Sunday.

J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

CENTRAL R. R. OF SO. CAROLINA.

	No. 52
Lv Charleston,	7.00 A. M.
Lv Lanes,	8.34 "
Lv Greeleyville,	8.46 "
Lv Foreston,	8.55 "
Lv Wilson's Mill,	9.01 "
Lv Manning,	8.50 "
Lv Alcolu,	9.16 "
Lv Brogdon,	9.25 "
Lv W. & S. Junct.,	9.38 "
Lv Sumter,	9.40 "
Ar Columbia,	11.00 "
	No. 53
Lv Columbia,	4.00 P. M.
Lv Sumter,	5.13 "
Lv W. & S. Junct.	5.15 "
Lv Brogdon,	5.27 "
Lv Alcolu,	5.35 "
Lv Manning,	6.04 "
Lv Wilson's Mill,	5.50 "
Lv Foreston,	5.57 "
Lv Greeleyville,	6.05 "
Ar Lanes,	6.17 "
Ar Charleston,	8.00 "

MANCHESTER & AUGUSTA R. R.

	No. 35.
Lv Sumter,	4.00 A. M.
Ar Creston,	4.52 "
Ar Orangeburg,	5.16 "
Ar Denmark,	5.55 "
Ar Augusta,	7.55 "
	No. 32
Lv Augusta,	2.40 P. M.
Lv Denmark,	4.35 "
Lv Orangeburg,	5.10 "
Lv Creston,	5.34 "
Ar Sumter,	6.24 "

Trains 32 and 35 carry through Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars between New York and Macon via Augusta.

Wilson and Summerton R. R.

TIME TABLE No. 3,
In effect Wednesday, Oct. 17th, 1900.
Between Sumter and Camden.
Mixed—Daily except Sunday.

Southbound. No. 69. P M	No. 71. A M		Northbound. No. 70. A M	No. 68. P M
5 45	9 50	Le.. Sumter ..Ar	9 10	5 15
5 50	9 52	N. W. Junctn	9 05	5 10
6 15	10 15	...Dalzell...	8 35	4 40
6 30	10 30	...Borden...	8 00	4 20
6 45	10 50	..Remberts..	7 40	4 05
6 55	10 55	.. Ellerbee ..	7 30	4 00
7 20	11 20	So Ry Junctn	7 10	3 40
7 30	11 30	Ar..Camden..Le	7 00	3 30
		(S C & G Ex Depot)		
P M	P M		A M	P M

Between Wilson's Mill and Sumter.

Southbound. No. 73. P M	Daily except Sunday Stations.	Northbound. No. 72. P M
2 00	Le.....Sumter.....Ar	12 30
2 03	.....N W Junction.....	12 27
2 20	.....Tindal.....	11 55
2 50	.....Packsville.....	11 30
3 20	.....Silver.....	11 05
3 30 / 4 05	.....Millard.....	10 35 / 10 00
4 30	.....Summerton.....	9 55
5 10	.... Davis.....	9 20
5 30	.....Jordan	9 03
6 00	Ar.....Wilson's Mills.....Le	8 43
P M		A M

Between Millard and St. Paul.

Southbound. No 73. P M	No. 75. A M	Stations	Northbound. No. 72. A M	No. 74. P M
3 30	10 00	Le Millard Ar	10 35	4 05
3 40	10 10	Ar St. Paul Le	10 25	3 55
P M	A M		A M	P M

THOS. WILSON, President.

J. S. BELL,

Opp. Central Hotel, Manning, S. C.

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J. S. BELL.

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