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Tri-Weekly Atlanta Constitution

and

The Manning Times

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MERELY A MASTERPIECE.

Not a "Message" in Lively Diction For the Junior Manager.

A man who wanted to lecture called at a bazaar presided over by two managers.

He aroused their interest with a lecturer's art, says the Lecturite, but unfortunately the senior member was just starting on a trip and would not return for at least a month.

The senior partner called the young man to one side and exacted a solemn promise that he would not visit another bureau or read his lecture to anybody until after he had given this particular manager a reading and a chance to make him an offer a month hence.

The interest of the junior member, however, was at white heat, and he kept sending for the young lecturer, insisting that he come down to the office and read his lecture. The young man refused with as much tact as possible, but this only increased the anxiety of the junior.

At last the young man told of the promise made the senior partner. Instead of quieting the junior manager, the announcement made him the more anxious, and finally the young man consented.

The reading ended, the junior partner said: "Now, your reading this has saved us all much valuable time. I'll tell you frankly, my boy, it wasn't so good. There's no message in it; it is loosely constructed; the diction is poor. It won't do. Burn it and try again."

When the senior partner returned he called up the young lecturer and soundly berated him for breaking faith.

"How do I know you have not been to every bureau in town? You promised me on your honor you would read the lecture to nobody—not even to my partner."

The young man protested that he had not done so.

"Why," exclaimed the senior manager, "of course you have! He tells me that you came down here to the office two weeks ago and read him the entire lecture and that he told you it was no good."

"No," replied the young man, "after much persuasion I did read him a lecture which he told me was no good, but it was not my lecture—it was Wendell Phillips' 'Lost Arts'."

Chronic Constipation Cured.

One who suffers from chronic constipation is in danger of many serious ailments. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation as it aids digestion and stimulates the liver and bowels, restoring the natural action of these organs. Commence taking it today and you will feel better at once. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or grip and is very pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. The Arant Co. Drug Store.

The Rain in the Woods.

The lamentable effects of the general destruction of forests are now sufficiently recognized in all civilized countries. Such destruction invites devastating floods in mountain streams and causes the surrounding land to dry up. Forests act like vast condensing screens. They preserve a moist atmosphere about them, attenuate the force of torrential downfalls, promote a more gradual melting of the snow in early spring and protect the soil against too rapid evaporation. And yet the manner in which forests act their beneficent part is not exactly such as might be supposed. They prevent a large part of the rain that falls from reaching the soil at all. It is estimated that in European climates the forests evaporate directly or transpire physiologically four-fifths of the rain that falls upon them. Thus the forest atmosphere is no less important than the forest soil in equalizing the climatic conditions of a country.—Youth's Companion.

Tale of a Coat.

The clawhammer, or evening coat, has many oddities of construction. These oddities were essential. There was, in fact, a time when every idiosyncrasy of the clawhammer served some useful purpose. The cutaway front of the coat, for instance, was originally cut away so that the wearer when on horseback would not be incommoded. The two buttons at the back were for fastening up the tails out of harm's way, each tail having in the past a buttonhole at its end. The sleeves, with their false cuffs, are relics of the days when sleeves were always turned back and therefore were always made with cuffs that unbuttoned. The collar, with its wide notches, is a survival of the old collar that was notched in order that its wearer could turn it up conveniently in cold or stormy weather. The dress coat, in a word, is a patchwork of relics—relics once essential, but now of no use on earth.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Webster's Fine Talk to a Fish.

I had a chat once with old John Attaguin, then a patriarch among the few survivors of the Mashpee Indians. He had often been Mr. Webster's guide and companion on his fishing trips and remembered clearly many of their happenings. It was with a glow of love and admiration amounting to worship that he related how this great fisherman, after landing a large trout on the bank of the stream, "talked mighty strong and fine to that fish and told him what a mistake he had made and what a fool he was to take that fly and that he would have been all right if he had left it alone."

Who can doubt that patient search would disclose somewhere in Mr. Webster's speeches and writings the elaboration, with high intent, of that "mighty strong and fine" talk addressed to the fish at Mashpee?—Fishing and Shooting Sketches, by Grover Cleveland.

A Literary Tragedy.

When Carlyle had finished the first volume of his great work on the French revolution he lent the manuscript to a friend John Stuart Mill. One evening soon afterward Mill entered Carlyle's door, pale as Hector's ghost, with the dismal information, gasped out in almost inarticulate words, that with the exception of about four or five sheets the manuscript was completely annihilated. Mill had left it too carelessly lying about, and a servant, thinking it so much waste paper, had burned it. Five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive and painful toil utterly lost! For three weeks Carlyle could do nothing but read Marryat's novels. Then one night, sitting talking to his cook, he decided it should be written again and eventually finished "such a task as I never tried before or since."

A Valuable Lesson.

"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson from John Pleasant, of Mag. King's New Life Pills, and the longer I take them the better I find them." They please everybody. Guaranteed at The Arant Co. Drug Store. Price 25c.

And Cheerfully Too.

"Ninety per cent of the men in this world make fools of themselves for money."

"Worse than that. Ninety per cent of them make fools of themselves for nothing."—Cleveland Press.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.—Seneca.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

The First Duels Are Said to Have Been Fought in Italy.

According to Millington, who speaks of a manuscript discovered at Cassel and describes a duel between a father and a son in the reign of the Emperor Theodorice. When Charlemagne forbade wagers of battle among the Lombards he encountered the fiercest opposition from the nobles. Early in the ninth century De Medicis, a knight, defeated in single combat the bandit Mugele, who devastated the Florentine district now called after him, Mugello. Otto II granted the prayer of the nobility for the re-establishment of wagers of battle in 988. Women and priests were not compelled to accept it. The Normans showed less gallantry. With them a woman had to accept, nor could she name a champion.

When a man was buried to his waist in the earth. Armed with a club, he tried to strike her as she circled around him, his weapon being a ball of iron at the end of a cord. If he failed to touch her at the third attempt he was vanquished, which meant to him death with dishonor.

Becarrin says that the reason so many duels were fought in Italy in the early days is that where the law does not afford protection one must look to single combat to retain the respect of one's fellow men. In the middle ages the ferocity of Italian duels passes belief. "Any way of putting an enemy to death ('ogni modo') is good enough," says one of their writers.

"When an Italian spares his vanquished adversary," says Bacon, "he maims his arms and legs and gives him as a memento of his kindness and generosity a hideous gash across the face." Lampagnano practiced on a painted model of Galeazzo Sforza before he stabbed him. Duelling was called "a scienza cavalleresca."—Cornhill Magazine.

Neighbors Got Fooled.

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed, and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive, but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health." writes Mrs. Eva Unchaper, of Government, Stark Co., Ind. This King of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs, is guaranteed by The Arant Drug Store. 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Hard on Beggars.

The philanthropist, handing the beggar a dime, said: "The world is in a bad enough way, dear know, but I am not one of those men who say that it goes back instead of forward. Take your case, for instance. You are practically unemployable, aren't you? A few months is the most you ever get for begging. And do you know what would have been done to you in the fifteenth century? The first time they caught you begging they'd have whipped you at the cart's tail. The second time they'd have slit your right ear and bored a hole in your left ear with a hot iron. Catching you a third time, they'd have put you to death as a felon."

It is Woman's Way.

When a woman undertakes to decapitate a fowl or anything with an axe she grasps the tool close to the head, raises her chin, squints both eyes, clinches two rows of teeth and hacks straight down, missing her aim by about two inches. That was sufficient for a Batavia lady to sever her left thumb. She was not a fainter and, replacing the thumb, which had been chopped at the first joint, bound the parts together and has excellent promise of its complete restoration. The game is not always lost when "thumbs are down."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Timely Precaution.

"Maria," said Mr. Quigley, entering his home in some excitement, "I want you to promise me not to look at the papers for the next three months!"

Shrewd Game.

"Ertry" yelled the bright newsboy. "All about the terrible wumpy—er—wumpy!"

Always Growing.

"Binks is always growing that he doesn't have justice done him."

This May Interest You.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. The Arant Co. Drug Store.

When Hoops Began.

When were hoops "in" for the first time? According to Strutt, "trundling the hoop is a pastime of uncertain origin, but much in fashion at present" (1803). Dr. Murray's dictionary, incidentally remarking that the original hoop affected by boys was a barrel hoop, gives no English reference to it earlier than 1792. But the hoop was well known to ancient Greek and Roman boys, who called it a "trochus" (wheel). Their hoops were made of bronze, and representations of them on gems show that they were driven by a little hook with a wooden handle, very like the modern boy's hoop stick. This was called by the Greeks "elater" (driver) and by the Romans "clavis" (key). Sometimes the ancient hoop had bells attached to it, and modern London may be glad to be spared at least that exasperation.—London Chronicle.

Unfortunate Omission.

One of the most singular instances of punishment for an oversight was that shown by the commitment of an almanac maker to the Bastille in 1717. It was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, regent during the minority of Louis V. of France, and read as follows: "Laurence d'Henry, for disrespect to King George I. in not mentioning his highness as king of Great Britain." How long this unlucky almanac maker remained in prison is unknown. The register of the Bastille, examined at the time of the revolution, failed to throw any light on the subject.

Fit and Fought.

One would have thought this an "Amis In Her Teens," where Tag says to Flash: "Oh pray let me see you fight! There were two gentlemen at yesterday," etc. (act 2).—Notes and Queries.

ANCIENT EMBALMING.

Not Only People but Animals Were Mummified in Egypt.

Myrrh, which was fabulously supposed to be the tears of Myrrha, who was turned into a shrub, was a plant of handsome appearance, with spreading, fern-like foliage and large umbels of white flowers. It was found principally in Arabia and Abyssinia. In early times the perfume distilled from it was greatly in requisition for embalming.

Herodotus gives a detailed account of the ancient mode of embalming, which is perhaps more instructive than pleasing. After the body had undergone much preparation, which, to spare your feelings, will not be described, it was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia and other perfumes. It was then steeped in natron, a strong solution of soda, for seventy days. After this it was wrapped in bands of fine perfumed linen, smeared with aromatic gums.

Not only people were thus embalmed, but the crocodiles of Lake Moeris, which, after their mummification, were decorated with ornaments and jewels and laid in one of the subterranean passages of the great labyrinth with much pomp and display. The sacred cat, ichneumon and other cherished animals devoutly worshipped by the Egyptians were embalmed with scrupulous and fanatical care. On days special to the memory of the dead the mummies were newly sprinkled with perfume, incense was offered before them and their heads anointed with fresh oil in the same spirit as we lay new blooms upon the graves of our dead.

WHISTLER AS A TEACHER.

A Genius Who Showed Difficulty In Imparting His Knowledge.

Whistler was certainly a genius, but he showed some difficulty in imparting his knowledge. His criticisms were often foggy and uncertain, and he hardly ever found words in which to express himself. It was almost an impossibility to develop without becoming a slave and copying him in every way. With a majority of the students this was a dangerous method. If one came with a spark of originality it was extinguished immediately by the dominating personality of the master. He could see art only from his own standpoint, and he insisted on all of us using the same palette and on our seeing all objects with his eyes. The result to an ordinary outsider was ridiculously monotonous.

I well remember a Frenchman who wanted to join the class coming to view some of the studies and then remarking, with an amused smile, "Vous avez beaucoup des petus Whistlers!" This was perfectly true of the majority, but there were a few matured men who hardly carried out Whistler's formulas as regards the palette and method, but who, owing to their more independent attitude, profited much by the criticisms.—Century.

Voting in Paris.

"In Paris only one-fifth of the voters go to the polls and cast their ballots," said an American who has lived in Paris as a business man for several years past. "This is not because they cannot vote, but because they do not care to. Everybody in the city is interested in politics, but when the time to vote comes few care to go to the polls. The man who wins is most often the man who promises everything. For instance, in my district last time a man was elected who promised to put a new shed on the market. I know of another deputy who was kept in office fifteen years because he promised to add an extra sardine to the daily rations of the soldiers. There are so many soldiers that that made a big difference. They did not get the sardine, but he continued to promise and kept office."—Washington Post.

Man and Art.

In ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood and, according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon, and the third of gold and ivory—a great miracle of art in the days of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory, and, lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory—a miracle of art!

Temper.

Temper itself is not a bad quality. It is not to be destroyed, as we sometimes say. Without temper a bar of steel becomes like lead. A man without temper is weak and worthless. We are to learn self control. A strong person is one who has a strong temper under perfect mastery. There is a deep truth here—that our mistakes and our sins, if we repent of them, will help in the growth and upbuilding of our character.

Fair Proposition.

"Don't you throw off anything because of the big holes in these doughnuts?" asked the new wife of the baker.

"I'll tell you," he replied, scratching his chin. "Eat the doughnuts, and we'll make a liberal allowance when you return the holes."

A Sleep Inducer.

Hicks—Did you hear about Macklin? They called the Rev. Mr. Dulley to his bedside last evening. Hicks—Do you mean to say he is in a dying condition? Hicks—Oh, no; only a bad case of insomnia.

Housekeeping in Japan.

I never could regard housecleaning seriously in Japan where the walls can be put aside by one hand, where there is no particular furniture to worry one and where even the matting can be laid and lifted without tacks or nails. But the Japanese housekeepers of my acquaintance rather resented my light attitude, assuring me, quite after the manner of housekeepers all over the world, that it is all very hard and requires much work—oh, very much work indeed. In order to justify myself to one housekeeper I drew a comparison of her own difficulties and those of an American woman, but the American picture seemed to her so terrible and she became so deeply sympathetic that I had to stop short to save her feelings.—Housekeeper.

ALCOLU RAILROAD.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS Effective May 1st, 1906.

NORTHEAST—READ DOWN.				SOUTHWEST—READ UP.			
No. 1. Mixed.	No. 3. Mixed.	No. 5. Mixed.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 2. Mixed.	No. 4. Mixed.
A. M.	P. M.					P. M.	
2:00	7:45	0		Alcolu	8:00		
2:05	7:50	1		McLeod	7:45		
2:15	8:00	2		Harby	7:35		
2:20	8:05	3		DeBart	7:30		
2:35	8:20	12		Sardis	7:10		
2:40	8:25	13		New Zion	7:00		
2:55	8:40	15		Bears	6:55		
3:05	8:50	17		Selec	6:40		
4:05	9:45	25		Hudson	6:15		
4:30	10:15	26		Beulah	6:00		
P. M.	P. M.					P. M.	

* All stations except Beulah and Alcolu are flag stations for all trains.
Mondays, No. 2.
Tuesdays, No. 1 and No. 3.
Wednesdays, No. 2 and No. 3.
Thursdays, No. 2.
R. P. ALDERMAN, Traffic Manager.

BRING YOUR JOB WORK TO THE TIMES OFFICE.

"DIAMOND BRAND" SHOES WEAR

W. C. Norwine, of Flat River, in the lead mine district of Missouri, has sent us this photo of a pair of Diamond Brand shoes worn 10 months underground where ordinary shoes average about 6 weeks.

Our heavy Diamond Brand work shoes are in every way as superior in their class as are our highest grade dress shoes—and we make more fine shoes than any other House in the West.

Peters Shoe Co. SHOEMAKERS St. Louis
WE MAKE MORE FINE SHOES THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE WEST

THE DEVILFISH.

Its Ability to Change Its Own and the Water's Color.

"I was lying on a rock watching the movements of some land crabs which kept retreating from the water as the tide rose, when suddenly a crab dashed frantically from the water, and out after it galloped—there is no other word for it—a devilfish nearly two feet across," writes an observer from Aragon, Cal. "The animal continued the chase a short distance, lifting its tentacles in the air in a sort of overhead motion; then, finding pursuit hopeless, it withdrew with a peculiarly unpleasant, writhing, gliding motion characteristic of these animals. Upon reaching the water it stationed itself just at the edge, so mimicking the color of the bottom that when I glanced away and looked suddenly back I could not at once distinguish it. This devilfish had the appearance of a cat watching for mice, and when a crab was seen it would shoot out a long, attenuated tentacle and attempt to seize it. By carefully insinuating my way to the water's edge I quickly grasped the specimen and after a short struggle it was mine. It was not exactly as large as the water, and out after it galloped—there is no other word for it—a devilfish nearly two feet across," writes an observer from Aragon, Cal. "The animal continued the chase a short distance, lifting its tentacles in the air in a sort of overhead motion; then, finding pursuit hopeless, it withdrew with a peculiarly unpleasant, writhing, gliding motion characteristic of these animals. Upon reaching the water it stationed itself just at the edge, so mimicking the color of the bottom that when I glanced away and looked suddenly back I could not at once distinguish it. This devilfish had the appearance of a cat watching for mice, and when a crab was seen it would shoot out a long, attenuated tentacle and attempt to seize it. 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