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CANNED GOODS, COFFEES AND TEAS, CAKES AND CRACKERS, FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY, CHOICE BUTTER, HAMS AND BREAKFAST STRIPS.

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WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN CALL AT

WELLS' SHAVING SALOON

Which is fitted up with an eye to the comfort of his customers. . . . .

HAIR CUTTING IN ALL STYLES, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING

Done with neatness and dispatch. . . . . .

A cordial invitation is extended. . .

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FRESH MEATS AT ALL TIMES. EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT.

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APPAREL SHOP FOR MEN AND LADIES

Everything of the best for the personal wear and adornment of both sexes.

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DAVID OUTFITTING COMPANY,

Charleston, S. C.

Prescribes Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.

Dear Sirs—I first used your Catarrh Cure in the case of my son, who had chronic naso-pharyngeal catarrh, with great benefit to him. I often prescribe it for other of my patients, and I think it is quite the finest remedy for catarrh that has ever been placed on the market.

Thanking you for past favors, I am.

Yours very truly,
M. J. D. DANTZLER, M. D.,
Elloree, S. C.

Dear Sirs—Your medicine is winning fast in this country. It has effected some remarkable cures. I do not know that it has failed in one instance where it has been fairly tried.

Very truly yours,
REV. T. H. ALLEN,
Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is for sale by H. R. Boger, Manning, S. C. A month's treatment for $1.00. A free sample for the asking. A postal card will bring it by mail.

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Woodmen of the World.

Meets on fourth Monday nights at 8:30.

Visiting Sovereigns invited.

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Prompt attention given to collections.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

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RELIEVES WHEN OTHERS FAIL

Pinesalve Carbolized ACTS LIKE A POULTICE RELIEVES ALL FORMS OF SKIN DISEASE

Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar
Cures all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.

Bring your Job Work to The Times office.

The trouble with most cough cures is that they constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup does not constipate, but on the other hand its laxative principles gently move the bowels. It is pleasant to take and it is especially recommended for children, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

BURIED HER VOICE.

Why Pauline Lucca Never Sang After Her Husband's Death.

Great stage artists die twice—the first time, when they take leave of the stage and set aside the harp; the second time, when, like ordinary mortals, they go the way of all flesh—and who knows but this last act is not more bearable, not less dreadful, than the first, when, after all the blinding glory, the shadowy curtain of oblivion descends? For Pauline Lucca this first act was of long duration—nearly twenty years. She had time to outlive her glory and to become acquainted with the bad memory of mankind. Ilka Horwiz-Barnay tells this story in connection with a visit which she made to the Lucca home in Vienna: "I asked, 'Do you ever sing?' 'No! No! Never!' she almost shouted. 'I never sing, for I lost my voice, lost it suddenly, by suggestion, through the will of another.' After being urged to explain she exacted a promise of secrecy 'until she was no more' and said: 'You know, my husband, the Baron von Wallhofen, was sick for a long time and heard little singing. When I did sing for him it had to be an old song which I disliked, but he was fond of it because of its words. One evening we had a few friends here. He was feeling somewhat better and had his chair wheeled into the drawing room. To please him I sang his favorite song. He wept with pleasure. Then he took my two hands and caressed them, stroked my hair and my face and whispered to me: "Thank you! Thank you! You are an angel!" And, still caressing me, he said, "So I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" I laughed and said, "You will outlive my voice and me." But he repeated, "I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" Two days later the baron died, and I was never able after his death to sing a note.'"—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light.

"And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry: 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'"

His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—not taller than my shoulder—I know that."

The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders.

"You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful now in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill cannot help him."

The blind boy was the first to speak, and he laid his arm around the suddenly aged form of his father.

"Come," he said, "let us go back to mother. She will always be beautiful to me now," and they turned and gave place to the others.—Exchange.

Caustic Whistler.

Whistler's caustic wit is shown by the following anecdote:

"Of one who was held to be England's most brilliant young artist, 'Yes,' he said thoughtfully, 'he's clever, but there's something common in everything he does, so what's the use of it?'"

Like many great men, he had but little time for any but his own work. "He told me a story demonstrating this most clearly. His "Nocturne In Blue and Gold, Valparaiso," was in the Hill collection in Brighton. Mr. Hill had two galleries and a well known collection, eventually sold at Christie's. Whistler went down to see Mr. Hill, and said he:

"'I was shown into the galleries and of course took a chair and sat looking at my beautiful "Nocturne." Then, as there was nothing else to do, I went to sleep.'"—Sidney Starr's "Personal Recollections of Whistler" in Atlantic.

A Chinese Delicacy.

The tips from the topmost shoots of the bamboo tree are culled when they are not more than three inches long, peeled and preserved much as pineapple is, though the tips are cut in quarters. This fruit has a remarkably delicate and pleasant taste and is largely used as a flavoring for meat, though it can be eaten in the raw state, being rich and juicy. The edible is expensive on account of the difficulty in securing it from the tops of the tall, slender trees at just the right time.

An Uncomfortable Answer.

In one of Sir George Colley's letters he says: "Lord Lytton had a good story about poor Lord Leitrim, who shortly before his murder, talking with a countryman about some cases of landlord shooting, asked, 'Why don't the rascals shoot me?' 'Ah, thin, yer honner,' said the man, 'it's just this—what's everybody's iness is nobody's business!'"

The Real Genius.

"They say it's hard to live with a genius."

"Bosh! Were not all women genuises how would most families exist?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a Pink Pain Tablet made by Dr. Shoop that will positively stop any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes. Druggists everywhere sell them as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, but they stop other pains as easily as headache. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax blood pressure away from pain centers—that is all. Pain comes from blood pressure- congestion. Stop that pressure with Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets and pain is instantly gone. 20 Tablets 25c. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if your father had twenty dozen eggs in his store and found that eighteen of them were bad, how much would he lose? Tommy—Nothin'. You don't know pa.—Pathfinder.

THE MAGIC PAINTING

When the Room Was Darkened the Cow Went to Sleep.

IT WAS A VERY SIMPLE TRICK

How the Transformation Was Effected and How Some Other Seemingly Wonderful Effects May Be Produced by the Aid of Chemicals.

The Chinese Emperor Tai Tsung possessed among other treasures a picture known as a magic painting. It represented a pastoral scene with a cow standing in a field and mountains beyond. When the picture was shown to strangers or guests and they admired it, the emperor would say:

"Yes, this is a remarkable painting. The cow, as you see, is standing, but if the room was darkened the cow would think it night and would lie down."

Then the emperor would order the room to be darkened, and the cow would be seen to be lying down, apparently asleep.

The picture was a water color, over which was painted in colorless phosphorescent paint a similar picture representing the cow lying down. In the light the standing animal was seen, but at night or in a darkened room only the phosphorescent picture was visible. So the magic picture was, after all, a very simple trick.

A Dresden chemist named Schade discovered a method of imitating it which can be accomplished as follows:

First paint in ordinary colors the picture of the cow standing. Then melt some Zanzibar copal over a charcoal fire and dissolve fifteen parts of it in sixty parts of French oil of turpentine. Filter this and mix with twenty-five parts of pure linseed oil which has been previously heated and cooled.

Now take forty parts of the varnish so obtained and mix with six parts of prepared calcium carbonate, twelve parts of prepared white zinc sulphide and thirty-six parts of luminous calcium sulphide, all of which can be obtained from any chemist.

This emulsion should be ground very fine in a color mill. The result will be white luminous paint, which should be used to paint the cow lying down.

Many seemingly wonderful tricks can be performed with the use of a few simple chemicals. One of them is the ball of fire. Take for this barium sulphate (CP) one part, magnesium carbonate (CP) one part, gum tragacanth q. s. This should be mixed and rolled into marbles and kept at a red heat for about an hour, then allowed to cool slowly and placed in a glass stoppered bottle. A few hours before using place in the sun, and the marbles at once become luminous.

At the entertainment ordinary marbles are passed among the audience, one or more of the luminous marbles being concealed in the hand. The exhibitor then takes a marble from some one in the audience, holds it between his thumb and forefinger, blows upon it and asks to have the lights turned down. As this is done he substitutes the luminous marble, and the mysterious light is seen. This is handed around and changes again as the light is turned on, when the magician presents to the audience several of the ordinary marbles as souvenirs.

Another trick is very effective. Take two similar bunches of artificial flowers. Brush one over with glue or mucilage and powder it with the dust from one of the marbles described. Then place in the sun. When taken into a darkened room, luminous flowers are seen. The magician exhibits the flowers that have not been prepared and shows that there is nothing peculiar about them. Then as the light is turned down he substitutes the concealed bunch, blows upon the flowers and, presto, displays to the astonished observers a luminous bunch, each flower of which stands out as if at white heat.

Luminous letters can be written and exhibited in the dark to the wonder of the audience. Luminous ink is made by placing a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea in a test tube with a little olive oil. Place the tube in a water bath until the oil becomes heated and the phosphorus liquid. Shake well and pour into a bottle with a glass stopper. Admit air just previous to using it, and the fluid will become luminous tracery in the dark.

Water can be rendered luminous in a very simple manner. Dissolve a small piece of phosphorus in ether for several days in a glass stoppered bottle. In this place a lump of sugar, then drop the sugar in water, which will at once become luminous.

Luminous paints can be made any color—green, yellow, violet or blue—and if applied to various objects make a wonderful display at night.

Odd Names of Maryland Farms.

The curious names given to tracts of land by the owners in olden times are illustrated in a conveyance recorded in Liber W. G., No. 60, folio 57. It was executed in 1790 and conveyed from Joshua Stevenson to Richard Gettings five tracts of land in Baltimore county, the consideration being £200. The name of each tract and its dimensions are as follows: My Sweet Girl, My Friend and Pitcher, 62 acres; Here Is Life Without Care and Love Without Fear, 41¼ acres; The Unexpected Discovery, 262 acres; Hug Me Snug, 15 acres, and Stevenson's Cow Pasture, With Little I am Content, 22 acres.—Baltimore Sun.

There is one good thing about the gas bill. It is a monthly lesson in punctuality.—Washington Times.

When you think of indigestion think of Kodol, for it is without doubt the only preparation that completely digests all classes of food. And that is what you need when you have indigestion or stomach trouble—something that will act promptly but thoroughly: something that will get right at the trouble and do the very work itself for the stomach by digesting the food tha you eat and that is Kodol. It is pleasant to take. It is sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

The Retort Direct.

"See here," cried the artist, who had come to complain about the materials he had bought, "I can't imagine anything worse than your paints."

"That's strange," replied the dealer. "Don't you ever use your imagination on your painting?"—Exchange.

Hopeless.

"We wish, madam, to enlist your aid in influencing your husband for the public good. He holds the key to a very interesting situation and"—

"I don't see how I can be of any assistance to you. John never could find a keyhole."—Houston Post.

THE COCOA TREE.

This Evergreen Is Found Everywhere In the Tropics.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen and grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, its leaves being bright and smooth, somewhat resembling the foliage of a rubber plant. It is very low branching, and the blossoms are small and pink. The blossoms and pods not only spring from the branches, but often from the trunk itself. The fruit is a yellowish pod about the size of a cucumber and is filled with seeds, all strung together in a pulpy, pinkish mass. It is from these seeds or beans, each about the size of a chestnut, that the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are manufactured. The trees bear from the fourth to the thirtieth year, and it is not unusual to see on the same tree buds, flowers and fruit.

When ripe the pods are gathered by the native women and are allowed to lie on the ground for a day or two, after which they are opened. The pulp containing the beans then ferments for about a week, the astringent qualities of the beans being much modified and their flavor improved.

After being thoroughly dried the beans are packed in hundred pound bags for shipment. When received by the manufacturer they are carefully picked over for quality, assorted and roasted. The nibs, as the roasted beans with the shells removed are called, are then fed into a hopper and ground between stones similar to an old fashioned flour mill. The grinding process, coupled with the friction of the stones, which produce a temperature of some 120 degrees, changes the solid nibs (without the addition of anything) into a thick, heavy liquid. This is technically termed "chocolate liquor" and is sold to confectioners.

This same liquor, subjected to hydraulic pressure, with the resulting separation into a clear oil, gives the cocoa butter of commerce. The remaining pressate when powdered forms drinking cocoa. The chocolate liquor solidified becomes cooking chocolate, and, with sugar, vanilla and spices added, it is sold as "sweet" or "eating" chocolate.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

Story of Great Disaster Which Wiped Out the Population.

The story of the enchanted mesa was but a tradition when in 1541 the Spaniards first visited the pueblo of Acoma, in what is now Valencia county, N. M. Powerful tribes inhabited the region. These tribes or nations were constantly at war with each other, which accounts for the fortified character of the villages of the natives. The Queres, whose descendants now occupy Acoma, held this region and dwelt in small fortified towns, the capital of which was Acoma. It was not, however, the Acoma of today, but a city perched upon the top of the great rock now called Mesa Encantada. It was the magnificent city of the nation, and there dwelt the great men of the tribe, together with their families.

The rock then, as now, was unscalable, save at the one point where a narrow and precipitous trail led up the dizzy height. While not the most convenient dwelling place, for neither water nor vegetation was to be found upon the summit, it was safe from the attacks of foes. One man at the top of the trail could defend the city against the warriors of the entire west. One day, while a large number of the inhabitants were at work in the fields on the plain below or attending to the affairs of the tribe in the various neighboring villages, something within the rock or in the earth beneath it awoke to life and motion. There was a heaving, a squirming and a shivering of the great rock, and, with a mighty noise, it parted in twain, and a portion fell in fragments to the plain below.

Such persons as were carried down in the debris were crushed to death. A worse fate remained for those left prisoners on the top of the mesa, for that which fell carried away the narrow trail, the only means of ascent and descent. The stranded ones perished from thirst and starvation. The present Acoma family are the descendants of disaster. Ethnologists who visited the top of the rock some years ago found unmistakable evidences that it had once been the site of habitation. The story of the disaster had previous to that time been discredited and considered but an idle Indian legend. The discovery of the ancient ruins, however, seemed confirmatory of the tale, and it has since been credited.—Denver Field and Farm.

HARDNESS OF DIAMONDS.

The Stones Can Be Forced by Pressure Into Steel Blocks.

A word as to the hardness of diamonds. They vary much in this respect. Even different parts of the same crystal differ in their resistance to cutting and grinding. So hard is diamond in comparison to glass that a suitable splinter of diamond will plane curls off a glass plate as a carpenter's tool will plane shavings off a deal board. Another experiment that will illustrate its hardness is to place a diamond on the flattened end of a conical block of steel and upon it bring another similar cone of steel. If I force them together with hydraulic power, I can force the stone into the steel blocks without injuring the diamond in the least. The pressure which I have brought to bear in this experiment has been equal to 170 tons a square inch of diamond.

The only serious rival of the diamond in hardness is the metal tantalum. In an attempt to bore a hole through a plate of this metal a diamond drill was used, revolving at the rate of 5,000 revolutions a minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small point one-fourth of a millimeter deep had been drilled, and it was a moot point which had suffered most damage, the diamond or the tantalum.

After exposure for some time to the sun many diamonds glow in a dark room. One beautiful green diamond in my collection when phosphorescing in a vacuum gives almost as much light as a candle, and you can easily read by its rays. But the time has hardly come when we can use diamonds as domestic illuminants.—Sir William Crookes in North American Review.

Good Reasoning.

"I don't see, madam, how you can expect us to pay any claim under your husband's accident policy."

"Well, you see it was this way: When he asks which it was, a boy or a girl, and the nurse said that he was the father of triplets, he dropped. Now, his death was due to an accident."

"How do you make that out?"

"It was an accident of birth."—New York Press.

THE CHARM OF ISLANDS.

What Is Missed by Those Who Live Far From the Sea.

No men of the world are so to be pitied, I think, as those who dwell far from the sea. They shall never know but a piece of life. A plain, to be sure, is very well. It responds delicately enough to the humor of the seasons, changing from green to gold, from gold to dun, from dun to white. It has, too, its moods, its laughters, its melancholies, its rushings of the wind, its illimitability of the dark. A hill, though, is better—that is, a hill that looks across a plain, never one that is huddled among its fellows, for there one is caught like a beetle in a cup. A hill gives one a sense of freedom and a perspective upon the world. It is something to look down on the parquetry of field and town and wood and stream, to keep vigil upon the drama woven invisibly below one's eyes. And it has moments—a hill; certain nights of stars, certain bursts of storm, certain iridescent afternoons, when the whole tragedy of autumn is unrolled at one's feet.

But above all else in the world give me an island! There is your true microcosmos! There you hold in your hand, as it were, the essence and epitome of the universe. Your own earth spreads under your feet. Your own sky hangs over your head. Your own sea encircles you. Your own portion of life is meted out to you day by day, distinct from that of other men. For not the least charm of an island is its privacy. An islet, of course, I mean—one from which you may catch the glint of water on every side. Otherwise your island is no better than a pasture. Whether you be a hermit or whether you have a book of verses underneath the bough—and the requisite concomitants—or whatever be your personal circumstances, you are yet divided from a hostile or indifferent world. You are at liberty to feel and to test your own personality. You are not overborne by the rush of humanity which is the burden of terra firma.—Scribner's Magazine.

A CASTELLANE PIRATE.

Took Sultan's Library and Demanded Ransom For Its Return.

In 1611 Jean Philip de Castellane was commander of the French man-of-war Notre Dame de la Garde. Henry IV. sent him to Morocco to demand of the sultan the release of certain French prisoners. De Castellane carried his negotiations to a successful conclusion, and the sultan as a peace offering sent to the French commander twenty Arabian horses for the king. "Just as the Notre Dame was about to weigh anchor the pretender to the Moroccan throne gained a decisive victory, and the sultan decided to flee for his life. He engaged passage for himself and harem on a Dutch merchantman, and to De Castellane he intrusted his library, one of the most extensive collections of Arabic manuscripts and books in existence. The great Mulay Ahmed was the founder of the library.

"Arriving at the place of rendezvous, Commander de Castellane sent word to the sultan that he could have his library for 3,000 ducats, the price of transportation.

"The sultan protested that he had made no such agreement and that besides he did not have the money to pay the demand, whereupon De Castellane sailed away.

"He had not gone very far when a great storm overtook the Notre Dame and drove her, a wreck, upon the African coast at Casablanca, then occupied by the king of Spain, who was at war with Morocco. The Spaniards seized the library and shipped it to Spain, where it was placed in a wing of the Escurial. What remains of the library can be seen today in an alcove labeled the Arabian collection."—Florence (Italy) Journal.

Shiraz, Xeres and Sherry.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's knowledge of Spain and of Persia is shown in the following paragraph taken from his "Rambling Recollections:"

"In Persia no wine is manufactured for sale except at Shiraz. When Persia was invaded by the Arabs they took back with them to Morocco the grapes of the district. In Spain they wished to naturalize the new fruit, and this they did at a place called Xeres, intended for Shiraz, there being no sound equivalent to 'sh' in Spanish. There they cultivated the grape and made wine, which now returns to Europe as 'sherry,' that word being a paraphrase of Shiraz. Shiraz wine is very similar in taste to sherry."

Juvenile Logic.

Marie is a very bright kindergarten pupil. She came home to her parents the other day and told them that the kindergarten teacher had said she will grow up to be a very nice looking young lady if she is a good girl, but will grow up to be a very ugly woman if she is a naughty girl. "Is that true, mamma?" asked Marie, and she was informed that if the teacher said so it was true. Marie then sat still for a while, pondering seriously. "But, mamma," she suddenly burst forth again, "why was the kindergarten teacher so naughty when she was a little girl?"—Philadelphia Record.

One Exception.

"I am reduced from affluence to beggary!" he faltered.

In as few words as possible she broke their engagement.

"I wish to show," she observed haughtily, "that women, contrary to general report, do not necessarily care for things just because they are reduced!"—Detroit Journal.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Persian Proverb.

"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. This clever Coffee Substitute was recently produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is made from pure toasted grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No 20 or 30 minutes tedious boiling. "Made in a minute," says the doctor. Sold by Manning Grocery Co.

The Sign of Wedlock.

She—What is the proper formula for a wedding announcement? He—I know what is ought to be. She—What? He—"Be it known by these presents."—Baltimore American.

Don't imagine you are a good conversationalist just because you talk a good deal.—Atchison Globe.

A Vast Difference.

"Don't I give you all the money you need?" her husband complained.

"Yes," she replied, "but you told me before we were married that you would give me all I wanted."—London Tattler.

EXPLOSIVES.

Dangerous Substances That Are In Almost Constant Use.

Among the many things in almost constant use are some that are more or less dangerous from their explosive properties, properties often entirely unknown to their users.

For examples, chloride of potash lozenges if accidentally brought in contact with an lighted phosphorous match are dangerous. Bicarbonate of potash if mixed with subnitrate of bismuth, the latter a remedy for indigestion, will explode.

Iodide of nitrogen is highly explosive and is often combined with other drugs. Its use by those ignorant of its danger is a menace.

Sal volatile and chloral hydrate are, under certain conditions, as dangerous as dynamite.

Tincture of iron and dilute aqua regia when mixed, as they often are in medicine, throw off a highly explosive gas, which has frequently shattered the bottle in which the mixture was kept.

One often finds bottles of medicine in which the cork has not been tightly pushed minus the latter or has had a cork pop out of a bottle while held in one's hands without any attempt to remove it on the part of the holder. This always shows that gas is forcing the cork out.

Danger in combs.

Every now and then one reads of celluloid articles, from fancy hair coiffure combs down, catching fire and serious burns or accidents resulting.

It would seem that every one should by this time know that celluloid contains in its composition gun cotton and also camphor, both highly inflammable. No woman wearing celluloid combs or hair ornaments should place her head near an uncovered gas jet or other unprotected light, as celluloid catches fire so quickly and burns so rapidly that it would hardly be possible to avoid serious burns.—St. Louis Republic.

TRAVELERS ABROAD.

A Document That Should Be Carried In One's Pocketbook.

Replying to an inquiry about the disposition of the body of an American dying in London, our consul general offers some advice to citizens of this country traveling abroad. He says: "If a citizen of the United States be traveling abroad unaccompanied it would be well for him to carry in his satchel or pocketbook written instructions as to what he desires should be done in the event of anything happening to him. The envelope containing such instructions should be headed, 'Instructions in the event of my death.' Inclosed he should give his home address or the address of a friend in the United States, so that communication could be made, or the address of any friend or business connection on this side could be mentioned with the same object and for the purpose of obtaining necessary funds. I have been informed on credible authority that a person has no legal right to control the disposition of his remains, although I have no doubt relatives or friends would respect the wishes of the deceased. In the event of the death in this country of a person domiciled in the United States at any of the hotels an undertaker is at once called in and the remains removed therefrom, provided always the deceased has had proper medical attendance and that the doctor attending gives a certificate of death. If the death is sudden, the coroner of the district is at once notified and an inquest is held, the body in the meantime being removed to a public mortuary pending result of the inquest. If the verdict of death from natural causes be rendered, the coroner signs an order and gives it to the representative of the deceased, who instructs the undertaker what to do. The transportation of the remains is in the hands of the friends or the representative of the deceased and is not controlled by any local or government authority."

In Another Voice.

As the pastor of the Zion's Hill church looked down at his parishioners, to whom he had been giving thirty-five minutes of sound doctrine, his face took on a less benignant expression.

"Bredren an' sisters," he said, "I want to warn you against one t'ing, an' dat is t'inkin' ebery man dat don't hab jes' de same views you got is a no-'count religionist.

"I don't want to hear so much talk about 'wolves in sheep's clothing' as I bene hearin'. You don' want to settle it in yo' minds dat a man's a wolf in sheep's clothin' jes' because he don' bl'at exactly like you do."—Youth's Companion.

Gout the Foe of Consumption.

Sir Dyce Duckworth in his address to the faculty of medicine said that many persons were constitutionally predisposed to rheumatism and gout, but an important characteristic in such cases was the antagonism of the tissues to the bacilli of tuberculosis. The more rheumatic or gouty a person was the less pronounced was his tendency to consumption.—London Post.

Relic of the Past.

"So, woman, you treasure another man's photograph?"

"Don't be foolish, Henry. This is a portrait of yourself when you had hair."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Powerful Explosives.

"What are the most powerful explosives known?" queried the young man.

"Two prima donnas in one opera company," replied the ex-theatrical manager.—Chicago News.

Hope is the bread of the unhappy.—German Proverb.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, in a collapsible tube, with nozzle. One application soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. Price 50c. Sold by The Manning Pharmacy.

Applying the Test.

"There was a barber in an Indi a city who, having been out late he night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times," said the man who insisted he saw the incident. "After each accident the barber said as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed and let it go at that.

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence, but when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down.

"'What is the matter?' the barber asked. 'You ain't got the toothache, have you?'

"'No,' said the customer. 'I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all.'"—Philadelphia Record.

HE DIDN'T GO HUNGRY.

Neither Did His Partner After Their Scheme Succeeded.

The man who once was down and out, but is so no longer, was telling the other day of one of his poverty time devices.

He was traveling with another chap just as much down and out as he, and both were hungry. Their capital was insignificant, and they didn't intend to spend any of it. But they had a revolver, which suggested to the first man a scheme. It worked out something like this:

"I went into a pretty good looking restaurant," said the prosperous one, taking a long draw at his cigar, "and as my clothes looked pretty good I wasn't an object of suspicion. I had an overcoat which belonged to my partner.

"As the overcoat and the revolver were chief characters in the ensuing drama, they have to be mentioned prominently. I got a seat right near the door and hung up my coat so that it was only a step away from the door.

"Then I sat down and ordered a square one, a meal that it would be impossible to describe it was so good. It was flavored with the sauce of abstinence—from food.

"I ate and ate and ate, and by and by my partner came along. Without his overcoat—and it was a cold day—he didn't look good. He hung around the door for a long while, looking like a hobo getting up his nerve to come in and beg.

"Just about the time he made a signal to me that showed he was about to enter I got up to go to the cigar counter to pick out a nice after dinner smoke. In came my partner and slunk up to the desk to ask for a bit of food.

"Nothing doing. He was turned down cold. Then to make the thing work better he came up to me and asked: 'Say, boss, won't you give me a lift? I'm down and out.' I repulsed him sternly, and after looking around he started out.

"I said to the proprietor in a virtuous way, 'I don't believe in helping those bums,' to which he answered with a smug shake of the head, when my partner grabbed the overcoat. I knew what he was doing, but I pretended to be very much interested in the cigar until the proprietor yelled out, 'Hey, he's stealing your coat!'

"I held on to the cigar, wheeled around and started for my partner. He was half out of the door. I yelled, 'Drop that!' and for answer he drew the revolver and flourished it.

"The proprietor dropped behind the counter, and the waiters fled to the kitchen. From his place the proprietor called out: 'Look out! He'll shoot you!' And, taking my cue, I let him run out.

"Then when the excitement cleared off I raised an awful row about losing the coat, and the proprietor finally came up with the money for a new one, say about $30. Well, did that meal pay me? What?"—New York Sun.

Exploding a Mine In Granite.

One of the methods of quarrying granite is to dislodge a huge sheet from the surface of the formation through the medium of a powder mine. A large perpendicular shaft is first blasted to a depth of about thirty feet. At the bottom of this and radiating in all directions horizontally, like the spokes of a huge wheel, long holes are drilled. The extremities of these holes are then shot with light charges of dynamite in order to create chambers large enough to receive large quantities of black powder. This takes weeks of ever increasing charges. Then the final charge is loaded. The now huge chambers at the extremities of the spokes are packed with hundreds of pounds of powder, numerous electric wires attached and the whole mine tamped with fine material. A mighty roar and rumble in the bowels of the earth and the huge sheet is detached from the ledge.—Popular Mechanics.

A Fraudulent Tax.

A well to do German farmer in a western state came into the town of which he was accounted a resident to pay his taxes. The bill was handed to him, itemized as follows:

State tax	$15.90
County tax	8.50
School tax	5.00
Total	$29.40

After the German had carefully scrutinized the bill he set his lips tightly and in a very determined manner said:

"I pays de state tax, I pays de county tax und I pays de school tax, but I be doggoned if I pays dat total tax. I never had no total tax! I think he is a fraud!"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Missed the Mark.

A north of England clergyman recently preached against ill natured gossiping and spoke pretty plainly to his congregation on the subject. One of the members of the congregation to whom he was especially alluding came up to him after the service. The vicar thought he had touched her and that she was about to express contrition, but she said, "Ah, vicar, I am so glad you spoke out, and what a good thing it was the Misses —— were there to hear you."—Church Family Newspaper.

Greatness Appreciated.

"Katy, who's in the high school," remarked Mr. Dolan, "have been readin' Herbert Spencer to me."

"Who's Herbert Spencer?"

"He's wan iv the smartest min an earth. He could explain anything at all to yez if yez could only be polite enough to stay awake an' pay attintion."—Washington Star.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense. It is the life of a spider.—Swift.

Thirty days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pineules. Relieves Backache, Weak Back, Lame Back, Rheumatic pains. Best on sale for Kidneys, Bladder and Blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by The Manning Pharmacy.

Stropping a Razor.

In stropping a razor the blade should be drawn across the strop from the heel to the point, at the same time going the full length of the strop. In shaving this motion should be reversed, the blade traveling from point to heel. The reason of this is that the edge of the blade has tiny, sawlike teeth, and the opposite movements use these to the best advantage.

Opened by Mistake.

Absentmindedly the young woman yawned.

"Pardon me," she said. "I didn't mean to do that."

"I see," responded Mr. Lingerlong. "Opened by mistake."—Chicago Tribune.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small, safe, sure and gentle little pills. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

A REALISTIC PICTURE.

It Proved Too Absorbing For Old Uncle Juniper.

The Mississippi courtroom was packed with negroes, and it was fairly evident, says a contributor to the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, that something of unusual interest was about to transpire. Within the bar on the prisoner's seat an old negro leaned eagerly forward as his attorney argued his plea of not guilty before the jury.

"Who, gentlemen of the jury, has sworn that he saw this man commit this theft?" demanded the attorney. "We have broken every link in the weak chain of circumstantial evidence with which the state has tried to entangle him. Why, his neighbor, Tom Jones, swore that he sold him the meat that was found in the defendant's house and that he shot the hog because it was wild.

"It is true that Colonel Smith swore that one of his hogs disappeared about Dec. 23 and that about fifty yards from a certain stump he found blood and then followed a trail of blood from that spot to this defendant's cabin. But what of that?

"This defendant told you—and his wife and brother swore the same—that that was the blood of a coon which he had shot and carried home the day before Smith lost his hog.' Give him justice as you would do if he were a white man. He cannot help being black. 'The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin.' For twenty years he has been a leader in the church. Let him remain free to enjoy the bread of life with others of the faithful."

As the lawyer sat down the women, who had been "weaving" back and forth for some minutes, commenced to shout:

"Bress de Lawd!"

"Dar, now!"

"We knows yo's innocent, Br'er Juniper!"

The sheriff had to threaten to clear the courtroom before order was restored. When at last there was silence the district attorney rose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began in closing the case for the state, "I desire only to bring a picture to your minds."

Here the prisoner adjusted his big brass rimmed spectacles as if to see the picture, and his manner showed that he was determined to let no detail escape him.

"The 23d of last December," continued the district attorney, "found Juniper Bradley without meat. His son was coming to spend Christmas with him. But Juniper did not worry, for only half a mile away in Marse Smith's woods were some fat hogs.

"An hour before sunset Juniper was kneeling behind a large stump in these woods, with his rifle pointing toward a hog that at some distance away was rooting among the leaves."

The district attorney paused. Taking a cane to represent a rifle, he knelt behind a chair. After some minutes of moving to right and left, now raising, now lowering his rifle, he took careful aim and then fired, imitating the noise of a report very successfully.

At the sound Juniper, who had been smiling, apparently oblivious to everything save the district attorney's movements, exclaimed:

"Yas, suh, dat's des de way I done hit, boss!"

The laugh that followed brought Juniper to a realization of what he had done, and he shuffled round in the prisoner's seat, muttering, "Nigger got no show nohow!"

THRILLING SPORT.

Rafting Down the Canyons of an Unmapped Glacial River.

With provisions for only ten days a party of explorers in Alaska found one September that they must build rafts and take their chances of letting the swift river carry them to settlements where food could be obtained; otherwise ice and snow would shut them in from all hope of rescue. In "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer" Robert Dunn tells of the journey on the roughly made rafts.

"At 11 o'clock today began the most thrilling sport I know, rafting down the snaky canyons of an unmapped glacial river.

"Fred and I captained the Mary Ann II., the other three the Ethel May. We rasped and hauled them over the gravel shadows of our tributary, shot out between the main walls of the stream and seized upon that boiling current.

"We reached silently from cliff to cliff, jammed pike poles into the slate shelf overhead, twirled out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We dashed overboard and on the run eased her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly plunged in to our necks, and she leaped free as we scrambled on.

"Bowlders rose through white ruffs of water in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute.

"You must be very handy with a pole. You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over a stump. You must be surer of the length of your pole than a polo player of the reach of his mallet. You must be quicker than a Siwash dog. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance of the duffel piled high like a dais, covered with the tent and the bean pot, the mackinaws and the ax lashed to all the lashings. It's a pretty game."

An Ancient Suez Canal.

It is certain that in ancient times a canal connecting the Mediterranean and Red seas did exist. Herodotus ascribes its projection to Pharaoh Necho, 600 B. C. The honor of its completion is given by some to Darius, by others to the Ptolemies. How long this canal continued to be used we do not know, but, becoming finally choked up by sand, it was restored by Trajan early in the second century A. D. Becoming again useless from the same cause, it was reopened by the Caliph Omar, but was finally closed by the "unconquerable sands" about A. D. 767, in which state it has since remained. This ancient canal, from Suez to Bubastis, on the east branch of the Nile, was 92 miles long, from 108 to 160 feet wide and 15 feet deep