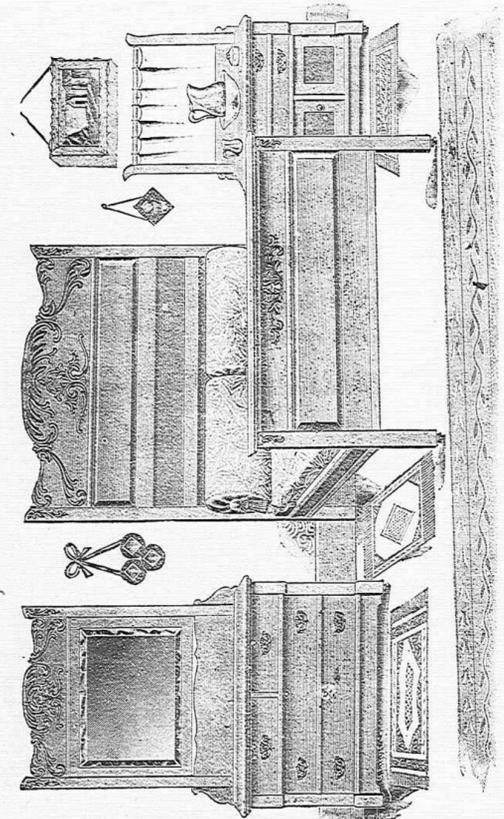


Clearance SALE.

We intend to leave about the 20th of this month for Northern markets to buy our fall stock to make room and to raise money we are obliged to have, we are slaughtering prices unmercifully. Especially all Summer Goods, White Goods, Colored Lawns, Embroideries, Etc.

A glance at our Embroidery window will convince you of our cut prices.



Don't fail to see us when you need Furniture. Our prices can not be duplicated. We carry everything in this line. From the cheapest to the best the market affords. Money saved is money made. So see us before you buy.

M. M. KRASNOFF.

P. KRASNOFF, Mgr.

BANK OF CLARENDON, Manning, S. C.

We solicit your banking business. It is to your interest to patronize this safe and strong bank. Four years of continued growth and operation without the loss of as much as a dollar, speaks for itself, does it not?

BANK OF CLARENDON, Manning, S. C.

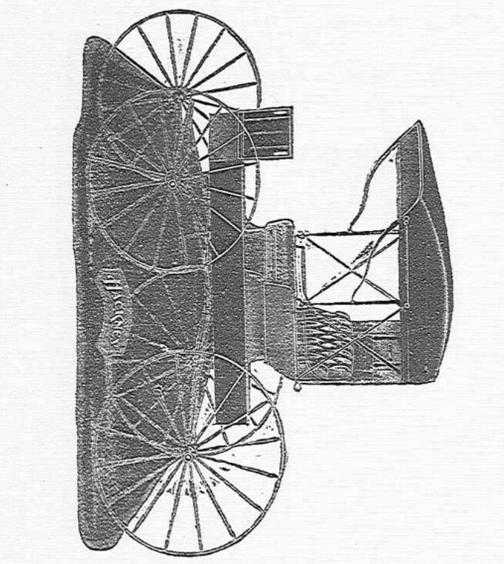
THE MANNING PHARMACY

TOILET AIDS

Our stock of toilet goods is very complete and all goods are of the most worthy character. Worthy does not mean high priced—we afford a wide range of prices in all lines—but from the cheapest to the best each article affords utmost value for the cost.

When you need Soaps, Combs, Tooth or Hair Brushes, Bath Supplies or any toilet articles or preparations, you will find it worth while to come for them.

W. M. O'BRYAN, Jr. Mgr.



To Investigate A Hackney Buggy is to Invest.

If you question it come in and I will knock your doubts into smithereens. We like the trade of people that feel that money is not made to squander, who insist that every penny must do its work. We are neither too cheap, nor too independent to acknowledge the existence of competitors, but when you compare our qualities and our prices with those of our competitors, I am sure you will be satisfied and you will stay. Come in and look over our line. Kind Sincerely, F. C. THOMAS.

LEGEND OF OLD JAPAN

The Story of Chobei, the Leader of the Duelists.

A MAN WHO KNEW NOT FEAR.

Rather Than Tarnish His Reputation For Bravery He Accepted the Prince's Invitation and Went Voluntarily to Assassination.

The following legend of Chobei has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "bravos," or duellists, who flourished in Yedo during the sixteenth century, forming a sort of Japanese St. Hermandad. Chobei, the leader of this clique, was a redoubtable swordsman, whose constantly recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his retinue. Unwilling to enlist with another of the feudal lords, he assembled all the D'Armagans of Yedo about him until his power incited even the princes to envy, although they declined to recognize the outlawed duelist.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular tea house one day at an hour when was expected Jurozayemon, the leader of the Hatamotoes, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yedo for the official residence. But Chobei, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him. Jurozayemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing chandlers into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he passed, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobei, noting this, yawned, rubbed his eyes like one awakening from profound slumber and exclaimed: "You, oh, most noble master! And I, having drunk too much, should have slept uncovered before your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I beg you." Politeness forbade Chobei to refuse a drop of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobei drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobei asked humbly.

"What do you most desire?" "Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly.

"Ah, Chobei," thought he, "the whole town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotoes."

After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, smiling, but impassive. But soon a great noise penetrated the apartment, and the prince discovered a crowd of workmen busily constructing an immense wall of macaroni around the tea house. All Yedo was assembled to view this unique and royal gift. Discomfited that the "bravo" should have outwitted his ruse, the prince departed to plan revenge. The following day brought with it an invitation from Jurozayemon to breakfast. Despite his comrade's remonstrances Chobei insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the samurai threw themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobei's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them, when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so."

"Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas but a joke, for I venerated that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobei was wise? Alone in his enemy's house, he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobei dashed from the bath, but ten spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by blood, Chobei fell dying to the ground.

The samurai were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the dueling confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you." "Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The samurai were dumb with astonishment. Chobei had divined the trap, yet preferring to sustain his reputation of daring untrammelled by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

Hawaiian Girls. The Hawaiian girls are almost universally handsome. They are brown in color (not black); their eyes and teeth are magnificent; their hair straight, jet black and often falling below their knees. Their heads are handsomely formed and their expression alert, intelligent and amiable; their forms in youth voluptuous, but heavy and overstout after youth; their features full and their voice and upper lip slightly tilted; their noses extremely sweet.

The function of the kidneys is to strain out the impurities of the blood which is constantly passing through them. Foley's Kidney Remedy makes the kidneys healthy. They will strain out all waste matter from the blood. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy and it will make you well. W. E. Brown & Co.

Bird Structure. Birds belong to the vertebrates, or back-boned animals. They are distinguished from the rest of the vertebrates by the graceful outlines of their bodies, by their clothing of feathers, toothless jaws and the fore limbs, or wings, being adapted to flying. Nature has made many wonderful provisions in the bird, especially in the formation and arrangement of the bones. These are compact and in many cases hollow, thus combining lightness with strength. The first bone of the backbone is so freely jointed to the skull that birds can turn their heads around and look directly back.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Recommended and sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Waste and Carelessness That Enrich Uncle Sam.

"If we waste other things the way we do stamps," said a stamp clerk the other day, "we Americans are just about the most wasteful people on the face of the earth."

"Uncle Sam is much more than half a million dollars in pocket every year as a result of carelessness in the use of stamps. The government never loses anything by such carelessness and always gains.

"How many stamps do you put loose in a drawer of your desk or in a corner of your pocketbook and never think of again until you come across them, aged and torn, while rummaging about months later? Then they are tossed into the wastebasket.

"Lots of people are careless about putting stamps on envelopes and paper wrappers. The result is that often before the stamp has been canceled it has fallen off and the letter is held up at the other end of the line until postage is paid.

"A great many more folks put on too much postage. They slap on two or three stamps to a package that requires only one. They are too busy or too indolent to take the trouble to have the package weighed and find out how much postage the package requires.

"If too little postage is put on a letter, Uncle Sam simply holds it up at the other end until the postage due has been paid. But if too much is put on Uncle Sam simply pockets the excess to which he is not entitled and says nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

WATCH THE CELLAR.

If Not Clean It Is a Breeding Place For Sickness.

Underground cellars ought to be done away with. They are relics of a dark age. More sickness originates in them, physicians claim, than anywhere else in sanitary conditions while vegetables are constantly decaying there. The place for a cellar is above ground and outside the dwelling. Leave the basement for the furnace, the coal bin and a general storeroom. An above ground cellar is more convenient in every way.

Your vegetables can be stored with less than half the labor when you do not have to go up and down stairs with them. You can keep an above ground cellar clean with but little trouble, while the underground one, being difficult to get at, will be neglected nine times out of ten and allowed to become a source of infection to the family above.

Ventilation and temperature are much more controllable in such a building than in an old fashioned underground cellar, which obliges the housewife to use up so much strength in climbing stairs. Locate it convenient to the kitchen, with which it can be connected in winter by an inclosed passageway. Watch the cellar. Remember, the doctor who immediately asked, when called to treat a case of typhoid fever, if there was decaying cabbage in the cellar. There was. Keep the cellar sweet and clean and see that it is frequently aired.—Suburban Life.

A Mountain of Alum. In China, twelve and a half miles from the village of Liouchee, there is a mountain of alum which in addition to being a natural curiosity is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig for it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and in the height of 1,940 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes out and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

Travel as Teacher. "Travel broadens the young," a French proverb. So it does, and also helps a man to become formative. Travel is good for teachers professionally, because travel is a teacher itself. But travel is good for everybody who is hale and sane. "There's folks o' fowk what never have their toes off their doorsteps, little brother," a gypsy said to me forty years ago. I am glad I have never been one of those.—J. H. Yoxall, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

Not Superstitious. "Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who presents all superstitions. "No, sir," answered Erasmus Pinkley. "An' all 'is 'opin' is dat dem ghosts 'ill lemme stay dat way 'sid o' comin' aroun' tryin' to convince me."—Washington Star.

A Different Proposition. Pomposus Director (noddy)—Why did you refuse to give my son a fair chance to show what he could do? Don't you believe in introducing young blood in the business? Superintendent—I do, but not young bloods.—Puck.

Delay in commencing treatment for a slight irregularity that could have been cured quickly by Foley's Kidney Remedy may result in a serious kidney disease. Foley's Kidney Remedy builds up the worn out tissues and strengthens these organs. Commence taking it today. W. E. Brown & Co.

Alms From a Tomb. A remarkable custom which has been uninterrupted in force for 300 years is yearly observed at Ideford, a secluded parish a few miles from Chulchigh. It is that of picking up alms from the donor's tomb in the churchyard. The rector and churchwardens stand at one end of the tomb, upon the flat top of which they place coins. The recipients of the charity come up one by one to the other end of the tomb and pick up the money.—London Standard.

They're All Old. "I am about," said the speaker, "to tell a story which I believe is new to most of you."

"Gee," interrupted a little man at the end of the banquet hall, "tho' you would believe anything!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Youth and Advice. Naturally youth doesn't listen to advice. One has to make mistakes for forty or fifty years before one begins to suspect that such things are possible.—Indianapolis News.

Best the World Affords. "It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "It is an inviolable's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb, and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c. at Arant's Drug Store.

Wild Animals and Medicine.

A writer in the British Medical Journal thinks that an interesting essay might be written on the addition to medical remedies made by animals. It is said that it is to dogs we owe the knowledge of the fever abating properties of bark, while to the hippopotamus is attributed the use of bleeding. The story as told in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny is as follows: "The river-horse hath taught physicians one device in that part of their profession called Surgery, for he finding himself over-grossed and fat by reason of his high feeding so continually gets forth of the water to the shore, having spied afore him the reeds and rushes have him newly cut, and where he seeth the sharpest cane and best pointed he sets his body hard on to it to prick a certain vein in one of his legs, and thus by letting himself blood maketh evacuation, whereby his body, otherwise inclining to diseases and maladies, is well eased of the superfluous humor, and having thus done he stoppeth the orifice againe with mud and so stancheth the blood and healeth the wound."

His Idea of English. The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued: "Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well moved laws and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people! When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'"—Memoirs of Victor Hugo.

Proving His Honesty. "You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this confidence?" "Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout 'er' house men, and I used to think."

"Never mind what you thought. Tell us what you know?" "Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cooker's shop and sez to the waiter, 'Walter, sez I, 'give's a weal pie.' Well, just then Mr. Cooker comes up, and sez he: 'How do Mr. Smith? What ye going to have?'

"'Weal pie,' says I. 'Good,' says he; 'I'll have one tu.' So he sets down and eats one of his own weal pies right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?" "Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin' house keeper sets down afore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies no man can refuse to feel confidence. It shows him to be an honest man."—London Scraps.

A Philosopher in a Cynic. "I believe in optimism," said the cheerful citizen, "but there is a limit even to that. I saw a man the other day whose house had been carried away by cyclone and he was the most useful citizen in town. 'Why,' I said, 'if thought you had lost your house?'" "I did lose it," he replied, "but that was nobody in it but me at the time, an' that wasn't a half o' my head hurt. The cyclone lifted the house high, all but the ground floor where I was sleeping peacefully in my bed, an' I hain't never seen nor heard o' that house since! An', anyhow, I didn't have any fire insurance on it, an' 'twouldn't be no use to me to have it, 'twouldn't be no use to me to have it, 'twouldn't be no use to me to have it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dream Troubles. "Once when I was blue," said a business man, "a friend told me I was worrying over imaginary troubles. He cheered me up with a yarn about his little nephew. This little fellow's sister said one morning: "'Oh, Gussie, I had such a lovely dream last night! I dreamed I was at a cake shop, and I had such loads of good things—ice cream, pie, strawberry shortcake, chocolates, jellies, macaroons, kisses and little other things besides.'" "The little boy's eyes glistened. He smiled with delight. "'And what was I eating?' he asked eagerly. "'Oh, you wasn't there, Gussie.'" "Then, overwhelmed with sorrow, little Gussie hid his face in his hands and wept bitterly."

Hercules' Labors. The twelve labors of Hercules were: To slay the Nemean lion; to kill the Lernean hydra; to catch and hold the Arcadian stag; to destroy the Erymanthian boar; to cleanse the stables of King Augeas; to destroy the cannibal birds of Lake Stymphalia; to capture the Cretan bull; to catch the horses of Diomedes; to get possession of the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; to capture the oxen of the monster Geryon; to get possession of the apples of the Hesperides and to bring up from the infernal regions the three headed dog Cerberus.

The Irresponsible Child. Small Boy (noticing the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from the minister's watch chain)—Did you find it again, or is this another?

Minister—Why, my little man, what do you mean? never lost it. A small Boy—Oh, mother said you had lost the charm you had when you were young.—Judge.

Saw Things. Oculist (trying various glasses)—How do they look now? See them any better? Mr. Wunmore—Well, the green goggle I can see first rate, but that red o'phant an' the purple 'potamus still look kinder—kinder blurred.—Puck.

Sympathy. "What made you kick Jimpson?" "He called me an ass."

"Oh, well, kicking is a characteristic of asses, but I shouldn't think you'd want to confirm Jimpson's statement so quickly."—London Telegraph.

Why It Was There. Aunt—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunty, I didn't see that one!—Punch.

The Spoon. "I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster. "Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern Book.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough, gently laxative. Guaranteed. Sold by The Manning Pharmacy.

Wifely Curiosity. "Henry, dear, I tried on a suit of your clothes the other day, and it fitted me to perfection."

"May I ask your object in taking such a liberty with my garments?" "Why, Belle Greene said she heard Tommy Tolliver say that you wasn't much bigger than a shrimp, and I was just wondering how big a shrimp is."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alike in One Way. "He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starvon, "and they say he rose practically from nothing."

"Well, well, just what I rose from at the breakfast table this morning."—London Answers.

Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers, pleasant little pills that are easy to take. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

Just Exactly Right. "I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Pelton, of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c. at Arant's Drug Store.

The South Sea Whiskers Trade. "In the south seas whiskers is a rarity," said a sailor. "Most of them there Maoris has hairless faces, like a girl's. When a young Maori, at the age of sixteen or so, finds himself endowed with whiskers he blesses the day when he was born, for now, by far, he knows his whiskers will keep him from want in his old age."

"Fuzzin', ain't it? I'll explain it out to you." "The Maori chiefs down Tahiti wear a complicated headdress, and a necessary part of this headdress is a lot of stiff tufts of white whiskers. The headdress makers pay for white whiskers their weight in gold."

"So, you see, old fellows with snowy spines is in demand in the south seas. Contractors keeps herds of these old fellows, the same as drovers keeps sheep, and reg'lar in June and December the semiannual shearin' comes off."

"The curly white harvest is loaded on to pigroges, and the contractors puts out over the roarin' coral reefs, and from island to island sells to the chiefs big handfuls of that there snowy stuff for its weight in French gold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Bottle at Ship Launches. Down to Charles II.'s time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' "Diary" shows that the ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "flagon" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento. When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1604, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Pepys). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1789, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.—London Notes and Queries.

Almost at Rest. A kind hearted but somewhat fastidious man who was sorely afflicted with a conscience came to a friend, holding a visiting card in his hand. He looked deeply troubled. "I know," said he, "this man wants to borrow money. I know he will drink it. What am I to do?"

"It is perfectly simple," said the friend. "Send down word that you are out."

"I cannot," he said. "I have never told a lie in my life."

"Then," said his friend, "lend him your money to me, and you can tell him you haven't a penny in your pocket."

After some hesitation the kind hearted man complied and, having seen his caller, returned.

"Well," asked his friend, "are your conscience and mind at rest?" "Not quite, man," he replied, "but they will be as soon as you have given me my money back."—Bellman.

He Writ. A well known dramatic critic visiting Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday and hearing the clangor of the bells which, from their tower in the old church where the poet lies buried, awoke the little town to its devotions approached a wintry headed street sweeper in front of Irving's inn and said: "Who is the fellow they're making this fuss about?" "The fellow who wrote Shakespeare's plays," Shakespeare gushed and only the other day I saw a man driving to town some pigs called 'Shakespeare's best.' Who is the fellow who lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?" "The oldest inhabitant!" megaphoned his ear and, wheezing, replied, "I think he writ."

"Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write—books, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine articles—what?" "I think he writ for the Bible."

A Deceitful Interior. Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her.

The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her. "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—Argonaut.

Memory Training. If men only realized how great an asset in life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Her Choice. "What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Durley fondly. "I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—London Mail.

A Surgical Operation. The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?" "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face, and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.—Aitchison Globe.

The Archbishop Won. Dr. Whately, some time archbishop of Dublin, once had an encounter with a young aid-de-camp, and the prime minister asked this singular question. "Does your grace know the difference between an archbishop and an ass?" "Sir, I do not," answered Dr. Whately. "One wears the cross on his mitre and the other wears it on his back!" explained the "tactless" officer. "Do you know the difference between an aid-de-camp and an ass?" asked the archbishop calmly in return. "No, your grace, I do not," was the reply. "Neither do I!" said his grace.—Liverpool Mercury.

Caught Him. Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. Mrs. Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—Harpers Weekly.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.

THE HINDOO FAKIR. His Patience and Skill in the Bag and Spear Trick. The feat known as the bag and spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindoo magician's art. In this trick, says a writer, the Hindoo fakir has his assistant get into a sack, the mouth of which he firmly secures, and then unceremoniously hurls his helpless victim to the ground. With-out a sign of warning the fakir drives his spear through the center of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon, upon the point of which no blood stain appears, the fakir stands and gazes gleefully over the heads of the spectators. The body within the bag founders about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the occupant is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same antics are repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant from the bag, and he steps out without a scratch upon his body.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so called black art achievements. From the time the attendant enters the bag both fakir and assistant count every breath they take.

When a stated number of breaths have been taken the fakir makes his thrust, and the occupant in the bag is prepared to avoid it. Then the count begins again, and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms between the abdomen and the thighs.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard of disgrace for the other.

That fakir and attendant are able so to train themselves to breathe in perfect unison while driving one of these performances, when the slightest variation in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

SOUVENIR FANATICS.

Nothing is Safe From Those Afflicted With the Craze.

In these enlightened days anything from the limb of a tree to a table napkin is liable to be carried away as a souvenir.

A western girl with a well defined case of the souvenir habit, sojourning in New York, was dining at a fashionable cafe and, being prepossessed in favor of the cunning pewter cream pots with which the tables were supplied, calmly carried one away in her muff. Can you imagine her self in perfect unison while driving one of these performances, when the slightest variation in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

London in 1784. In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says, "The highroads thirty or forty miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then thought the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of fifty or more years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to uncrew them," a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion.

M. La Combe in another part of his book exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, impudent and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, conies, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread. The brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer. The milk-woman spoils her milk with snails."

The Blood Red Banner. Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood red banner and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood red caps were followed by the mob. A blood red flag waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood red was the color of the trades union flags during the middle ages, and it framed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315. Through the whole of French and every other national history those striking in their own ways for liberty have worn the blood red cap and hailed the blood red banner as their leader. It is a curious fact that never has a monarch chosen it as his color.—London Answers.

Diverging. Husband—I'm afraid I'm becoming cross eyed, my dear. Wife—The idea! Why do you think that? Husband—This thing of trying to look at my income and our expenses at the same time is slowly but surely getting its work in.—Chicago News.

Caught Him. Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. Mrs. Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—Harpers Weekly.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.