

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol. For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not retain anything on my stomach. I had lost 25 lbs. in fact I made up my mind that I would not live but a short time when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than ever. I take Kodol three times a day with a glass of water. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefited. Yours truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10, 1904. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

LUDWIG THE LUNATIC

Patti Once Threw Him Into a Frenzy of Madness.

A FREAK OF THE CRAZY KING.

He Frightened and Enraged the Great Diva by His Strange Whims, and When She Finally Sang For Him in Munich It Drove Him Wild.

When Patti was in the first herd of her fame Ludwig II., the mad king of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go. She had heard too many stories of Ludwig's freaks and was desperately afraid of him, but at last the king offered her a sum so enormous that it seemed ridiculous to refuse it. Then the singer plucked up courage and started for Munich. When she and her maid alighted at the station not even a carriage was there to meet them, and they had to inquire the name of the best hotel and call a cab. That was the first shock to the diva's nerves and temper. After luncheon she started out to see the town and incidentally to examine the posters announcing Europe's greatest singer. Not a mention of her name could she find. She rushed back to the hotel and told her maid to pack the trunk.

Just at that moment a resplendent officer delivered a letter from the king. The letter stated curtly that his majesty would wait for her at 7 o'clock precisely in the royal palace, where his singer in ordinary, Mme. Fischer, would give her further directions. Mme. Fischer would also sing with Mme. Patti the duets which his majesty wished to hear. A programme was inclosed. Patti went with rage. "I have never been treated so brutally," she said. "I shall leave at once. Tell the king so." "I will not sing—never, never, never!" The officer pleaded with the irate prima donna. The majesty had been wild with excitement ever since he knew she would come and had not slept for three nights, so great was his joy at the prospect of hearing her.

"Besides," added the officer, "you know your king is—is—is—"

"Crazy," snapped Patti. "Yes, that's very comforting, isn't it? I don't know why I ever came." Just then she caught sight of this postscript: "The king commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his majesty."

"His majesty will have to be pained. I have no white woolen gown except my pelgoin. I shall wear red velvet." "Red!" groaned the officer. "Oh, no, no! Red sends his majesty into fits. If you appear in red, he will scream and have convulsions. Oh, do be patient, madame! I will bring Mme. Fischer to you. She understands the king's nerves. She will explain."

She fled from the room, and shortly after Mme. Fischer appeared upon the scene. She soothed Patti into good humor and also attacked the white wool pelgoin and transformed it into a most becoming Greek robe.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived at the hotel and Patti went to the palace. She was led through dimly lighted rooms and corridors into Ludwig's private theater, which was in utter darkness save for the moonlight that entered through the windows. Patti stood upon the dark stage, while an orchestra, somewhere out of sight, began a soft prelude. Through the gloom she could just make out a white face in the royal box opposite the stage. Not another auditor was in the great hall.

Patti felt the cold shivers creeping over her. She shook with nervousness and fear, and when she should have begun her aria not a sound could she make. She opened her mouth, but her throat was paralyzed from nervous tremor. There was a pause. The king sprang up and leaned forward out of the box, his white face gleaming in the moonlight. The violins repeated the prelude. Patti gathered herself together and made one heroic effort. Her voice rang out into the great empty place, and the king sank back into the dark box.

Patti, though badly scared, made the effort of her life and finished the aria from "La Traviata" triumphantly and stood flushed with victory. Dead silence. Not a sound came from the gloom before her. She went off the stage in a temper. Mme. Fischer was behind the scenes, and Patti waited with her for the signal to sing the next number. A messenger appeared at the door. His majesty had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti stood stunned. Then she laughed. The rudeness was so colossal that it was funny. Mme. Fischer took the diva to supper and then home.

The next morning Mme. Fischer called at the hotel once more, accompanied by the court chamberlain, who bore the promised check as an autograph letter of thanks from the king and some jewels of great value. King Ludwig, Mme. Fischer said, was in one of his maddest moods, wild with regret, musing himself and cursing Patti. He had walked the floor all night, growling that he was a traitor, for Patti's voice had so ravished his senses that for one moment he had gone over to Italian music and had been false to Wagner, the one musician who alone had satisfied his majesty's soul.

"That was better than having bored him," added Patti, shrugging her shoulders.

A Paying Investment. Mr. John White, of 38 Highland Ave., Houlton, Maine, says: "I have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised remedies, but the cough continued until I bought a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery; before that was half gone, the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed: a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at Arant's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

STORY OF THE FLOOD

One of the Strange Legends of the Yuma Indians.

CAUSE OF THE GREAT STORM.

The Tipping Up of the Earth Caused the Deluge Which Engulfed the World—The Mysterious Ark and the Escape of the Chosen Few.

To this day the great deluge recorded in the Bible is a mystery to the North American Indian. He will not be led to believe that the flood was brought about by the sins of man. He is equally unwilling to believe that it was the work of an angry God, as he could not see how the Almighty should be so unjust as to punish the Indians of America for the naughty things of a race of people across the ocean. Another reason which makes it still more difficult for the Indian to believe that the flood was a punishment to the world is the fact that with him there is no sin. In his language there is no such word, nor does he expect to be punished for any of his acts.

But though there is no equivalent to the word sin in the Indian language (nor in the Indian mind until the Christians came), the Indians have their philosophy in regard to what is commonly so termed. Some of their teachers (most of whom claimed to have been taught the philosophy of life and its laws directly by disembodied spirits or by ethereal beings from other planets) taught that as man lives here so is his life hereafter. If he is quarrelsome or warlike here, so he will be in the more spiritual life. If he is serene and contented here, so he will be there, etc.

The deluge, as described by the few who were miraculously saved, was the more grandly terrible in that it came on suddenly. From the highlands of the west of the sea sweep in upon the land and recede, only to advance with immensely increased volume and steadily and with great breakers. Then there came a terrific storm that seemed to blow from all and in all directions. The storm caused huge waterpots which appeared over the wild ocean as far as the eye could see. The terrified people fled to the mountains, but these were all soon to be submerged, with the exception of one. This mountain which alone remained uncovered by the flood is called Avoe-hellah (Mountain of the Moon, yet today it is not a very high mountain).

For awhile before the mountains became submerged there was a great calm, and a dense fog covered the earth. Then suddenly a mighty boat appeared to the awed view of the Indians. It approached and stopped at the several mountains still uncovered by the waters, and at each point where it touched, as if guided by invisible intelligence, the Indians, as if obeying an unspoken but potent command, entered the boat.

The boat rested first at a place called Avoe-quul (mountain peak), now Pilot Knob, on the border of Mexico. There was a mesa on the top of this mountain, though at this day it does not exist, and on this mesa the Indians first celebrated their delivery. They did by playing sacred games, chanting sacred songs, etc. On rocks at the foot of this peak there are hieroglyphics in an unknown language, which some of the Indians believe were made by those who survived the deluge. Petrified driftwood is still to be seen two-thirds the distance up the sides of Avoe-hellah, which drift, the Indians say, was deposited by the waves of the great flood.

The Indians, having rested for a time on the mountain peak, again entered the boat and were carried eastward, eventually to a small valley. Here they again rested, and then, leaving the boat, they wandered from one place to another, after a time returning to the valley. To their surprise, the boat was gone. It could not have floated away, for the land was dry wherever they had left it, the flood having subsided after a great calm of its waters. The boat could not have crumbled to pieces, for there had not been time for its decay. They could only conclude that the mysterious boat, having fulfilled its mission of preserving a few of their race, had disappeared as miraculously as it had appeared.

The spot where the mysterious boat, or ark, had rested was marked by the Indians placing there a huge log. They called the place Quo-jo-para (boat in the resting place). This spot is held sacred by the Indians, who will seldom point it out to strangers. Not many hundred years ago, it is said, some Indian warriors were passing the spot, and one of them to show his skepticism shot an arrow into the side of the great log. Immediately a stream of blood gushed from the spot pierced, and the skeptic fell dead. The story of the event was carried to all the near tribes, and since then Indians passing the place fear to even look leisurely at the log.

A reason given by the Indians as the probable cause of the flood was that there was a tribe of Indians who, like Columbus, believed that the earth was not flat, but round, and to prove whether this theory were true thousands from the different tribes banded together and set started out on a journey to find the edge of the earth if it was flat. The flood occurred soon after the Indians started on this journey, so that they really believed that those adventurers had reached the edge of the earth and their weight had tipped the globe to such an extent as to cause the water to rush in on the land—Los Angeles Times.

How to get Strong. P. J. Daly, of 1247 W. Congress St., Chicago, tells of a way to become strong. He says: "My mother, who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from Electric Bitters, that I feel it my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mother's case a marked gain in flesh and strength has been observed, and she is steadily growing stronger." Electric Bitters quickly remedied stomach, liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at Arant's drug store. 50c.

Manzan Pile Remedy RELIEVES WHEN OTHERS FAIL

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick headache, constipation, weakness and indigestion. The 50c bottle contains 2 1/2 times quantity of the 10c size. First dose brings relief. Sold by The Manning Pharmacy.

OUR TIME STANDARDS.

The Four Sections That Divide the United States. Every nation has its own time standard, but the United States has four. These time sections, as they are called, were introduced in the year 1883, chiefly for the benefit of the railroads, and are known as the eastern, central, mountain and Pacific. The eastern section extends from the Atlantic coast to an irregular line drawn from Detroit to Charleston, S. C.; the central includes all between this line and another extending from Bismarck, N. D., to the mouth of the Rio Grande river; the mountain extends from here to the western boundary of Montana, Idaho, Utah and Arizona, and the Pacific includes all the remainder of the country to the Pacific coast.

The difference in time between adjoining sections is one hour, so that when it is 12 o'clock in New York city it is 11 o'clock at Chicago, 10 o'clock at Denver and 9 o'clock at San Francisco. The true local time of any place is slower or faster than the standard time, according as the place is west or east of the time meridian. Thus the local time at Boston is sixteen minutes faster than eastern standard time, while at Buffalo it is sixteen minutes slower.—Harper's Weekly.

WINNING A COAT.

The Clever Scheme That Was Worked by a French Thief. A Frenchman had been attending the Comedie Francaise, and after the performance he took a gloomy byway in order to make a short cut to the Boulevard Montmartre. He noticed as he hastened through the dark a slight tug at his coat-tail, but to this he paid no attention. When he reached the bright boulevard, however, he found to his great mortification, that one tail of his clavhammer coat had been cut off. He notified a journalist of his loss, and the next morning an account of the theft appeared in the Figaro. That afternoon a man in a blue uniform called on him.

"I come, monsieur," the man said, "from the bureau of police. We have captured a suspicious character who had in his pocket a piece of fine black cloth. Let me have your mutilated coat, sir. If the piece fits it, we will know that we have apprehended the man who robbed you."

The thief surrendered his coat, and from that day to this he heard no more about it. The pretended official was, of course, the thief, who had adopted that adroit means of getting the coat in order to attach to it the purloined tail.

MULES OF MEXICO.

They Are Even More Knowing Than Our Own Meek Brand. "Everybody knows that all mules are brayly, but the mules of old Mexico have something on other mules for a sort of prescience of their own," said a man who has spent many years in the neighboring republic. "A Mexican mule will do just so much work and not a blamed bit more."

"The riding mule, for instance, is fully aware of the distance, down to a rod, he is supposed and required to traverse in the progress of one traveling day, and all the sharp sticks or goads or dynamite on cart wheels get him to do a bit more than what he knows to be the correct distance. The Mexicans have got a peculiar saying in connection with this characteristic of the Mexican mule. You ask a Mexican, for instance, how far it is by mule back to such and such a point. "Two days' journey if you are not rushed, but three days if you are in a hurry," the Mexican will reply.

"His meaning is that if you don't ask more of your mule than you should ask of him, the mule will be able to make the trip in two days. But if you attempt to drive the brute he'll soldier on you, and in consequence the journey will take you three days."—Exchange.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The law against marrying a deceased wife's sister, which caused so much discussion in England, grew out of the ancient tribal law forbidding a father to sell more than one daughter to the same man when the Briton was emerging from polygamy and when a man to dismiss his wife or kill her if she would not go. As civil law it was to protect the living wife and knit tribes closer together by intermarriage. When ecclesiastical law became supreme a misreading of some Scripture text was used to put the sister of a man's wife among the prohibited degrees of relationship. This was the act of 1541 (32 Henry VIII): "A man may not marry his deceased wife's sister or her daughter, but he may marry his first cousin."—London Standard.

BRITISH LIZARDS.

Some kinds of lizards break in two when suddenly startled. In the bush in Australia the traveler often comes across a number of these little silvery reptiles basking on a log or piece of old bark. As soon as they perceive the invader there is a great commotion. They dart hither and thither so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The effects of the shock are evident from the quantity of wriggling tails lying about which have been cast off in the hurry, while the mutilated owners may be seen scurrying away to safety still wagging the stumps that remain.

DENSITY OF CITY POPULATION.

Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of population is at the rate of 630,000 to the square mile, yet the city of Paris shows a far greater average density of population than New York, the figures for Paris being 73,900 a square mile and for New York city proper 40,000 a square mile. The average density of London's population is 37,100 a square mile and that of Berlin 67,000.—Federation Review.

A Cheerful Soul.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship. —London Tit-Bits.

THE FAMOUS FOUR.

Each of the following named gentlemen, upon being out late with the boys, has concocted a famous excuse and, what is more wonderful, got away with it. They are: Jonah, Ulysses, Rip Van Winkle, Robinson Crusoe.—Judge.

A Quicker Way.

Young Minister (searching for mirror)—Have you a glass here? Beddie—Na, na, sir; we disna need a glass. We jist tak' a sook out o' th' bookie.—London Tatler.

A Limited Luxury.

Two Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one: "Och, how aw wan at thin poetry laud calls it: bald nature's hair restorer." "Yis," assented the other; "shapene's a grand luxury. It's a pity a man can't kape awake long enough to enjoy it. Jist when he's thinkin' that a foine long shooz he'll be havin', begorra. It's mornin'!"—Judge.

Gallant Lover.

"Silly boy," she said, "why did you get offended? Though my words were severe, you might have seen that I was smiling." "Which," he replied magnanimously, "your mouth is so small I didn't notice it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Night overtrained turns to wrong.—Spanish Proverb.

OUR TIME STANDARDS.

The American Saved His Pride and Observed Russian Etiquette. The Yankee and the Russian story is again on its grand rounds, but as all attempts to name the original Yankee have failed, says London M. A. P., it is safe to pin the anecdote to any prominent American who may have visited St. Petersburg. The Russian has been identified as the Grand Duke Constantine, younger brother of the Czar Alexander I., and the incident occurred about 1850. The Yankee went out for a walk in March, when the snow was melting after sudden rain. The street was a maze of puddles, divided into sections by narrow ledges of snow at the crossings, over which pedestrians carefully felt their way.

The Yankee was just in the middle of such a snow bridge when he recognized the Grand Duke Constantine approaching in the opposite direction. The path being too narrow for two persons to pass, the grand duke being accustomed to every one getting out of his way, the Yankee being too courteous to turn his back on a brother of the czar to return whence he came and too proud to step servilely into the slush for a mere price of the royal blood—such was the contrepens.

Quick as a flash our American whipped out his purse, presented it to Constantine and asked, "Even or odd?" "Even," replied the astonished prince. "You win!" said the Yankee and stepped off into a puddle half a leg deep. Constantine, highly pleased by this peculiarly American proceeding, mentioned it to the czar, and our Yankee was invited to dine at the palace next day.

A SURE-ENOUGH KNOCKER.

J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure-enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns etc. 25c at Arant's drug store.

NEEDED AFTER ALL.

A Chance For the Book Agent After He Got In Trim. "Madam," said the book canvasser as the door was opened by a very comely maid, "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment!" "Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet." "Yes'm," and he went. "As I was saying, ma'am," he continued as he gain came to the door, "I am sell—"

WHO KNOWS?

Alice tolled slowly up the stairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she encountered. Being just six, she was at the inquiring age and endeavored to make everybody's life a burlesque to them.

THE COLONIES—IN ENGLISH EYES.

The average Englishman, and it is surprising in what numbers he exists, has a vague conception of colonies generally. He has some hazy notions of Virginia plantations and transportation settlements and crown colonies where a peppery military man of the old school takes up the white man's burden by holding autocratic sway over unclad barbarians. The conceptions are more often than not fifty years behind the times.—Sydney Lone Hand.

LITERARY HERESY?

Are Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Eyrton and Shakespeare Bore? "We had the notion of doing something of the kind," the Easy Chair confessed when requested to furnish a list of the hundred best authors, "but we could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation to a play if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than presidential messages; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse; Shakespeare himself when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare is reading the martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue."—William Dean Howells in Harper's Magazine.

THE OLDEST JURY.

The oldest Greek poet has left us a picture of what the jury was in his time. The primitive court is sitting, and the question is "guilty" or "not guilty." The old men of the community give their opinions in turn. The adjudicating democracy, the commons, standing round about, applaud the opinions which strike them most, and the applause determines the decision. Such was probably the earliest form of jury.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

For coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. No opiates. Non-alcoholic. Good for everybody. Sold everywhere.

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to contract for the latest modern sanitary system of open plumbing for his house to meet the strictest specifications will find us just the concern he wants. Possessing excellent facilities for supplying fine material and skillful workmanship, we add our own guarantee that we will afford satisfaction.

R. M. MASTERS,

127-129 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

A DISPLAY OF QUICK WIT.

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Prescribes Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. Dear Sirs—If first used your Catarrh Cure in the case of my son, who had chronic nasal catarrh, with great benefit to him. I often prescribe it for other of my patients, and it is quite the finest remedy for catarrh that has ever been placed on the market. Thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours truly, M. J. D. DANZON, M. D., Ellerslie, 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. REV. T. H. ALLEN, Lexington, Ky.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR CONTAINS NO HARMFUL DRUGS. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, La Grippe, Asthma, Throat and Lung Troubles. Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption. The Genuine is in the YELLOW PACKAGE. W. E. BROWN & CO.

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Eat and Grow Fat FRESH MEATS AT ALL TIMES. EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT. Give us a Trial. Clark & Huggins.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR. Relieves Coughs by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels. Relieves Coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes. "As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

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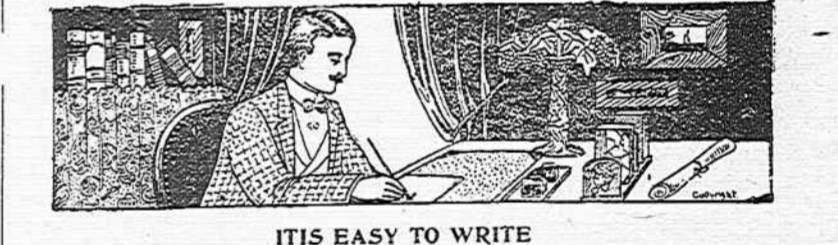
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PURDY & O'BRYEN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, MANNING, S. C. W. C. DAVIS, J. A. WEINBERG, DAVIS & WEINBERG, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MANNING, S. C. Prompt attention given to collections. CHARLTON DURANT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MANNING, S. C.

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