

No Land So Rich That Fertilizer Cannot Make It Better

You use fertilizers for the profit you get out of them—and the better the land the more profitably a good fertilizer can be used on it. Do not imagine because land will produce a fair crop without

Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers

that these fertilizers cannot be profitably used on it, or that they were made only for land too poor to produce without them. If poor land will show a normal increase when fertilizer is used, good land will show at least double the increase. Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers to increase the quality, as well as the quantity of the crop—and you will increase the profits from your land.

"I have been using your fertilizers for a number of years" says Mr. William Fraiser, of Glasburg, La., "and find that it not only pays to fertilize, but to do plenty of it, and use the best fertilizers to be had, such as your brand. I have used a number of them and found them to be as recommended and to give better results than any other fertilizers that I have ever used."

Every planter and farmer should have a copy of the new 1909 Virginia-Carolina Farmers' Year-Book. Get a free copy from your fertilizer dealer, or write our nearest sales office.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Sales Offices: Richmond, Va.; Norfolk, Va.; Columbia, S. C.; Atlanta, Ga.; Savannah, Ga.; Memphis, Tenn. Sells Offices: Durham, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Columbus, Ga.; Montgomery, Ala.; Shreveport, La.

QUALITY.

We want to direct your attention first to our Line of Buggies. Our Rock Hill, Durham, Corbitt and Babcock Buggies embrace every feature to be desired in a serviceable and perfect riding Buggy. If it is ease of motion, finish and durability in a Buggy you want, for the lowest dollar, we have it.

FREE.

You get a ticket with each Buggy that entitles you to one chance at our fifty dollar prize. Somebody gets the money. Get in line and win.

WAGONS.

Our Line of Wagons is complete, and for lightness of draft and durability for the price we offer, is unapproached in any rival.

HORSES.

Our car load of Horses was unloaded this morning. Come in and select what you want from a car that has not been picked over. We will give you the benefit of our twenty-five years experience in helping you get just what you want.

LAP ROBES and HARNESS.

We now handle the celebrated 5-A Robes, and have the best Line ever shown in the country. Five hundred satisfied customers using our hand-made Harness. In fact we carry everything in our line you want. Guarantee the quality and satisfy you with the price when you buy.

We want your trade and are in shape to get it if you will inspect our line before you make your purchases. Yours wide awake and ready to serve you.

D. M. BRADHAM & SON

PLOWDEN HARDWARE CO.,

The place to buy your Hardware of all kinds. Headquarters for

SPORTING GOODS

The best makes of Double and Single Barrel Shotguns at lowest prices. A full line of Loaded Shells, Powder and Shot, Rifles and Cartridges. Air Rifles for the Boys. The best

COOKING RANGES

on the market for the money. Stoves of all sizes. Heaters for the winter.

We especially ask the Ladies to inspect our stock Enamel Ware Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Carving Sets, Etc. Beautiful Line Pocket Cutlery.

Plowden Hardware Company.

FARMERS! Fence Your Land

Control the price of your produce in the only way you can by diversifying the use of your land. More pastures will mean more pork and more profit. A log pasture is not expensive. Bermuda Grass planted this fall will be in fine condition for pasturing next year, and once planted will afford grazing for hogs and cattle several seasons. It will enable you to keep cows at small expense and these housed from convenient pasture will help to cut down fertilizer bill.

There is no limit to the possibilities with well fenced land, and farm cut into convenient fields for pasturage and cultivation.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED.

the largest shipment of Wire Fencing (Barbed and Woven) ever brought into the country.

This Fencing was bought at the lowest price named by the makers more than three years. We are going to sell this fence to our patrons at the lowest possible margin of profit. We want to sell the entire lot before the 1st of September, do not fail to see this lot and to purchase what you will want. It will be the best investment you have made in many days.

We are still selling the Ideal Deering Mower. This mower is without comparison. No other Mower has stood the same test that the Ideal Deering has. We have a full line of repairs for them. In addition to the Mowers and Rakes, we are selling a lot of Smoothing Harrows, One and Two-Horse Steel Beam Plows, (Syracuse and Oliver Chilled.

Cane Mills and Evaporators.

A full line of all sizes. Remember we want your business, and we will make it to your interest as well as ours, to deal with us.

Very truly yours,

MANNING HARDWARE COMPANY

THE THIEVES OF JAPAN

Ingenious Rascals, Among the Cleverest in the World.

ONE OF THEIR FOXY TRICKS.

The Method by Which They Steal the Shoes Off the Women's Feet in the Public Streets—How a Miser's Money Chest Was Bared and Looted.

An Englishman entered a first class car of one of the railroad trains that run between Tokyo and Yokohama. He was a little red in the face and apparently ruffled in temper. He had just discovered that his pocket had been picked in the station, and he exclaimed bitterly against thieves in general and Japanese thieves in particular.

An American who had been engaged in Yokohama for a number of years noticed the Englishman's quandary. Turning round to him, he said: "Our English friend seems a bit excited. If he grows at having his pocket picked, what would he say if he had the shoes stolen off his feet?"

"That is clearly an impossibility," I laughed. "I don't know about that," he returned. "It may not happen with our western style of shoes, button and lace; but, all the same, I have heard and I know it to be a fact that the sandals of Japanese have been stolen off their feet."

"Well, how is it done?" I asked. "Very simply," he answered. "Suppose a Japanese woman who has a particularly fine pair of lacquered clogs is one of a great crowd who is watching a passing procession or a religious celebration of priests in front of a temple. Along comes an expert pickpocket—or pickfoot. I don't know which you want to call him. His keen eyes, fastened on the ground, discover those desirable clogs. Thereupon he makes up his mind that he wants them."

"The first thing she knows the owner of the clogs feels an unpleasant sensation in her left foot. Naturally she wants to stop it, and quite naturally and almost absentmindedly she slips her right foot off of its clog and begins to scratch that uncomfortable spot in her left foot with her toes. She feels relieved. Forgetting all about the incident, she becomes absorbed in the spectacle again. Soon the irritation crosses over to a similar spot in her right foot. Absentmindedly, she slides her left foot out of its clog and begins to soothe the troublesome spot with her toes."

"The thief was responsible for the irritation and walked off with the clogs," I said. "Certainly. The rascal caught the trouble with a bit of straw or wire," he returned.

"But one would think that the moment the foot of the victim touched the ground its clog would be missed and the thief would run the chance of being caught before the second clog could be stolen."

"Oh, that is one of the cleverest parts of the trick," I exclaimed. "The thief comes supplied with a pair of cheap wooden clogs costing but a few sen, and the owner of the lacquered footgear goes away with them and never notices the difference, at least not until it is too late to profit from the knowledge."

"Are Japanese thieves so very clever, then?" I asked. "Oh, very," he returned. "Some time ago I heard of one of them who used to carry a handful of watch rings to fit into the stems of all sorts of watches that he might come by dishonestly. Once he lifted a watch in a train, and the owner, missing it, but not knowing who the thief was, set up a shout and had a policeman summoned. The police, to satisfy the victim, insisted that every one in the train show his watch. When the turn of the thief came he drew out of his pocket the stolen timepiece, and its original possessor, not recognizing it on account of the changed ring, missed an easy chance to regain his property."

"It was the same fellow, I believe," he continued, "who managed by the expenditure of a little money to have himself enrolled under different names in the various lists of different towns. When arrested he gave one of these various names to the authorities. The police, on looking up the record of the name given, were unable to find any black marks against it. Thus he always managed to escape with a light punishment for his first offense, committed I don't know how many times."

"But I do not know that any of these fellows were clever as another thief I heard about. You know many of the Japanese sleep on a sort of bed made up on the floor, called a futon. Well, an old Japanese miser kept his money in the house, concealed in a small chest of drawers. In the daytime he never took his eyes off his treasure, and at night he had his futon pushed tightly against it, so no robber could get at his money without awakening him."

"For a long time a gang of thieves had been puzzling their brains to find a way of stealing the hoard without being detected. Well, on a certain night one of them entered the house and gently little by little, pulled the bed on which the miser lay away from the chest of drawers. Then he quickly emptied the drawers of their currency, shoved the bed back to its original position and made his escape. "Several days passed before the unfortunate miser detected his loss," Chicago News.

A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.—Shakespeare.

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Advice to Smokers. Here are a number of don'ts for smokers, some of which no doubt will surprise a great many men. Don't smoke directly after a meal. There is the most irresistible craving to smoke, but it is wiser to wait a half hour or an hour. Don't smoke out of doors in a high wind or in cold, frosty weather. In the former case it is dangerous, and in the latter it cracks the lips and prevents proper breathing. Don't smoke with the cigar or pipe held at the corner of the mouth. This excites the secretion of more saliva than when the cigar or pipe is held straight in front. And, above all, don't get in the bad habit of expectorating frequently when smoking. It is quite unnecessary and merely a habit and harmful.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Great Need. "Miss Dolly, you know the old adage—"

"I don't want to hear anything about ad-ages," she interrupted. "What we girls want is some subcontract-ages."—Woman's Home Companion.

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Put the Human Temperature. Put to the test of the thermometer, it appears that the normal temperature of the body is almost invariably, regardless of latitude or season. Putting the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of an Eskimo at the frozen north or of a man under the blazing sun of the tropics, we find that in each case, the body being in a state of health, the temperature is about the same, the difference not amounting to a degree. We may say absolutely that the average normal temperature of a human being is about 98.5 degrees F., just as we may say that at sea level water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York American.

POWER OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It is Practically Irresistible.

When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and slaps the water forcefully with his hand or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle used in placer mining in the west cuts away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great bowlders as if they were pebbles and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jaw of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have dented an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of gold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left out iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman on duty thought he saw an easy job and quite naively set stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack. The result was that his sword was shattered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending 1,000 feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, Spain, and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo. Of course some people will not believe such stories without having seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that an inch thick sheet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plate.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hitched to a machine.

SIMPLE FAITH.

A Burly Burglar's Confidence in an Editor's Business Acumen.

A man who admitted that he came direct from state prison tried to sell to the city editor of a New York newspaper a wild and startling story of a missing will which he declared had been revealed to him by a fellow convict. He was a burly fellow with a prognathous jaw, and he had lost an eye in battle. The mere look of him would frighten a timid citizen into tremors. Mr. White, the expert in criminology, cross examined the man as follows:

"Where were you in Auburn?"

"Highway" (meaning, of course, highway robbery).

"I suppose you were wrongfully convicted?"

"Nah; dey had me right."

Such engaging candor made Mr. White feel that the man was truthful, and he was greatly disappointed when strict investigation disclosed the fact that the story of the missing will was all fictitious. The man was disappointed, too, at the failure of his romance, but he went away from the newspaper office in cheerful mood, with some remark about better luck next time.

A week later Mr. White was summoned to the reception room of the newspaper, and there he found his friend, the burly highwayman, his shoulders broader, his single eye fiercer than ever. But his visit was quite friendly, although somewhat tinged with business. He evidently believed he could rely on Mr. White's good faith and business acumen. Fixing Mr. White with his glittering eye, the strong armed one plucked him by the sleeve over to a corner of the room and in a loud, hoarse, whisper inquired:

"Say, couldjer do anything wif a couple o' waches?"—Harper's Weekly.

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth. Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clew to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth, giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

Concerning His Kissing of Her. Only one person with a mean disposition would have figured out this little prose poem. It runs as follows: "Which do you think is the greatest slur? DID he kiss her? DID HE kiss her? DID he KISS her? Or, DID he kiss HER?"—Cleveland News.

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IT WAS A FINE COD.

A Little Story of William M. Chase, the Portrait Painter.

Several years ago I had a studio at Hamersmith and was hurrying into London one morning to transact some business. Just as I swung around a corner occupied by a fishmonger's market my eye was attracted to a magnificent cod stretched out for exhibition on a clean slab of white marble. Whatever my mood for color was that morning, that fish completely fitted and filled it. I must paint it, I decided.

I called out the proprietor and told him what I wanted. It was a bachelor. I explained, and did not want to buy the big fish. I only wished the use of it as a model. Could I rent it? "Ow, now, sir," he said, with true British stolidity. "I never rents my fish. You see, it's Saturday, too, sir. I must sell him today, sir."

However, I explained that I needed the fish for only a few hours, and directly we struck a bargain. If after two hours I still wished to keep the fish I should buy it. At the end of the stipulated time the boy came. I was not quite finished. "In a few minutes," I said, and when I looked up he was gone.

Shortly afterward the proprietor came, tiptoeing in and peeping over my shoulder. I could hear him softly sighing, and I said nervously, "In a few minutes now, in a few minutes." "Don't hurry, sir; don't hurry," he urged. "She's gettin' on! I'll take my chances, sir."

When the painting was finished he refused at first to accept any remuneration, but at length, with a muttered apology, he charged—a shilling! The painting was hung and shortly afterward purchased by the Corcoran Art gallery for a very substantial sum.

On my next trip to London I determined to call up my fishmonger, tell him of the good fortune that had attended the painting and tender him some fitting reward. To my great surprise he not only refused again any sort of fee, but evinced no surprise whatever at the figure the painting had brought, though the price paid represented several times over the investment of his shop.

"Ah, but it was a fine cod, sir," he said, and his eyes glowed with pride. "Now, wasn't it?"—William M. Chase in Delineator.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Made to Resemble the Antiques by Chemical Washings.

The United States buys annually many thousands dollars' worth of what are known to the profession as washed rugs. Brightly colored oriental rugs sometimes are washed with a solution of chloride of lime, a treatment which partly bleaches the colors and imparts a soft appearance to the rug.

This chemical treatment is a process of washing which produces the effect of age and a peculiar sheen to the surface, which is pointed out by the unscrupulous dealer as a proof of superior quality. The fact is that the process of washing as described invariably weakens and in some instances destroys the materials of the rug.

The progressive effect of the chemicals on the materials in the rug is this: The chlorine gas contained in the chloride of lime attracts oxygen and moisture from the air, by which muriatic acid is formed. This eats away the vitals of the rug. Sooner or later the wool and cotton in the rug become brittle and thus weaken the warp and deteriorate the wool.

When this deterioration is complete the pile of the rug may be swept away by the ordinary process of sweeping, and the warp, which is the foundation of the rug, becomes so weak that holes appear here and there, and soon the rug is worthless.

It not seldom happens that a Persian rug is so staring in some bright hue, perhaps red, and is not salable. The unscrupulous dealer will subject the rug to a series of washings in chemically prepared water. In this way he turns out a rug possessing a soft and fine sheen that is truly captivating and finds a ready purchaser at an advanced price.—Chicago Tribune.

Partners in Debts.

"My tooth is just killing me," she complained. "Why don't you go to the dentist about it?" asked he.

"Because," said she, "I owe him money."

"You and I seem to be in hard luck," said he. "Now, look at me. Every time I go out in my automobile it breaks down right in front of some store where I owe a lot of money."—New York Press.

Honeyed Words.

"How are you getting along at home? The last time I called your wife was giving you the dickens."

"Quite true. I had been a bad boy. But she relaxed. Last night she came very near calling me honey."

"You don't mean it! How was that?" "She called me old beeswax."—New York Press.

No Hurry.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—London Express.

Pineapples for the Kidneys are little golden globes which act directly on the kidneys. A trial course of you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired worried feeling. 20 days' trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. The Manning Times.

In Different Sets.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tins of oysters, one marked 'I shing a coast' and the other 'I shing a doan'."

"How they must hate each other!" said Thackeray.

London's Bridges.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these nineteen are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct), and fifty-three are bridges which connect private premises.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HIS ALIBI.

It Cleared the Accused, but Furnished an Odd Sequel.

A highly respectable gentleman arrived at York one evening with luggage and dined well, went to bed early, rose in good time and had a substantial breakfast. After this meal he casually asked the landlord if there was anything of special interest in York. "The assizes are on, but I do not know if there is anything particularly interesting in the list," was the response.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger. "I'll look in if I happen to pass the court and see."

He did look in and heard a follower of Dick Turpin in the dock, charged with highway robbery, pleading his innocence vehemently to a stolid judge and jury, who, with firm faces, did not look as if they placed much credence in the prisoner's profession of innocence. Suddenly the prisoner caught sight of the stranger, who had stepped in from the hotel out of curiosity.

"Here, thank God, is some one who can prove my innocence!" cried the prisoner, pointing to the stranger, who was agast at becoming the center of interest so unexpectedly.

He seemed astonished and shook his head. "Oh, yes," cried the accused; "just think! You were at Dover—a long way from here. You came out of the Ship hotel, and I took your luggage in a wheelbarrow to the Calais packet at the pier. That was the day I am supposed to have committed the crime up here."

The stranger seemed bewildered. The judge, struck with the tragic earnestness of the prisoner, questioned the stranger, but the latter could not assist him much.

"Have you any notebooks," asked the judge—"any memorandum of your movements on that day?" "I am a merchant," replied the stranger, "connected with an old established firm of bankers in London. I travel a lot and of course enter everything in my books. Here are my keys if the court cares to send to my hotel and bring back the books out of my case. I can easily settle the point."

The books were fetched. The gentleman had been in Dover that day and had left by the Calais packet. This was sufficient for the judge and jury. The prisoner was acquitted.

Comic sequel: Both the "banker from London" and the highwayman were placed in the same dock shortly afterward charged with daring burglaries in the neighborhood.—Harry Furniss in London Standard.

The Usher Woke Up.

At a certain county court the judge is in his private capacity a kind hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years he was retained in that capacity. One morning he fell asleep in court and began to snore. The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "some one is snoring."

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared ferociously round. "Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"—Exchange.

Without Imagination.

There is a certain New York business man of a rather swaggerish disposition who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife. "Of course not," answered the irrefragable hubby, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Lippincott's.

Heartless Gamblers.

The race for gambling at White's and Almack's clubs in London in other days led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale: A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside. The club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.

Pitiful Sales.

Kits of sailors lost at sea are sold regularly at auction at the Albert docks in London. The sale provides many a pitiful sight. Most of the lots are contained in the regular sailor's sea chest, all marked with the name of the ship from which they come. It is not unusual for those who have lost friends or relatives at sea to attend these auctions, and there are times when the first news of such a loss comes through the recognition of familiar objects.

A Fair Offer.

Small boy (who has been watching amateur gunner's failures for an hour or more)—Say, mister.

"What's that?" "Well, what is it, boy?" "Gimme a nickel an' a start as far as the fence an' you kin have one at me."—Life.

Reformed.

"I hear your son is something of an aviator, Mrs. Comeup."

"Well, to tell the truth, he was a bit that way, but he's taken the pledge."—Baltimore American.

Flowers are the sweetest