

Stella's Dignity.

"Glenn paid me a dandy compliment last night, mother—one that will please you, too," said Stella Harding. "He was talking about the girls in this block and how disgusted the boys were getting with them. He said the trouble with the girls round here was that they had positively no personal dignity, and he never seemed to take into account that I lived in the block myself. But he made up afterward for forgetting. He said not much, he guessed, he didn't mean me; that I was noted for my dignity with all the fellows, and he'd often heard them speak of it. What do you say to that?"

Mrs. Harding was listening with motherly satisfaction. "How did it happen to occur to him that you might be applying it to yourself?" she asked.

"I put it to him straight. I just waited until he stopped for breath, and then I said, 'Well, jimmie, Glenn, is this a slam?'"

"Stella, what a speech! There's no dignity about that!"

"Oh, too, mamma!" was the laughing response, made without the slightest intention of disrespect. "That's just the way we all talk. Things like that don't count on dignity one way or the other, for in our bunch, it's how you act, don't you know?" Youth's Companion.

Foxes' Sculp and Salvation.

Some years ago at a session of the legislature of Kentucky an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' sculp was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region. "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged features. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure, and there ain't nobody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it. So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached, that's the way it looks to me." The law was not repealed at that session.—Argonaut.

Hairs and Feathers.

Hairs are found on almost everything that grows, and, if we may so call the fine fibers of asbestos, they even invade the mineral world. From a piece of mineral asbestos quarried from the earth and looking like a stone with a satiny fracture the silken fibers can be rubbed with the finger till the lump is worn away.

Secure a feather somewhere—it will be much better than a picture—and you will see that it has a main stem or rachis. Along each side of this extends the thin, paper-like vane. Look closely and you will see that this vane is composed of tiny feathers, called barbs, fastened together throughout their whole length from where their bases join the midrib to their tips. You can easily separate one of these from the rest, when you will see how like a tiny feather it is, with what seems a fine fuzziness along each edge.—St. Nicholas.

Astronomy.

If there were any money to be made in astronomy everybody would be studying it. About all we can see in figures, and these are so big that they stagger the understanding. Every child in the United States knows how to find the north star (Old Polaris) from the pointers of the dipper, but no child can appreciate the statement that this star is distant from the earth 210,000,000,000 miles—two hundred and ten trillions! The Twentieth Century Limited, traveling at one mile a minute, would have to run without stopping for 470,000,000 years in order to traverse this distance. If light really travels 187,000 miles a second, a ray from the north star would be thirty-six years in reaching the earth.—New York Press.

Would Not Pay Charges.

He was an impetuous nobleman with air castles in sunny France. After much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty heiress:

Dear Miss—I love you, but do not know how to express myself. How would you advise?
COUNTESS DE BURE.

And the heiress penned the following:

Dear Count—Express yourself any way you wish except C. O. D., as you are not worth the charges.
—Chicago News.

More Worry.

"It used to be my ambition," said the business man, "to accumulate a fortune and then retire."
"Well," answered the friend, "haven't you realized it?"
"I've got the money, . . . I don't dare retire. I've got to stay awake night and day to keep somebody from taking it away from me."

A Safety Match.

"Papa, what is a safety match?"
Mr. Henpecker (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—A safety match, son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman.—Short Stories.

Couldn't Lose.

"Things seem to be coming my way of late."
"Couldn't be any sadder if I was the hero of a poker story!"—Kansas City Journal.

Steadiness of national character goes with firmness of foothold on the soil.—David Starr Jordan.

The Cheerful Undertaker.

A most amusing thing occurred one evening upon our arrival at a small town in New Zealand. We found awaiting us at the station the local carriage and pair, with the local undertaker as footman. He was garbed in his usual funeral suit of black, but he had substituted a white tie in order to relieve the situation somewhat, and, evidently with a desire to dispel any morbid impressions he might otherwise have created, he commenced to whistle a selection of the most cheerful tunes he knew, while he held the door open for us and helped us into the carriage.—Clara Butt in Musical Home Journal.

Revolts at Cold Steel.

"Your only hope," said three doctors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, Detroit, Mich., suffering from severe renal trouble, lies in an operation," they used Dr. King's New Life Pills," she writes, "I'm wholly cured." They prevent Appendicitis, cure Constipation, Headache, etc. at Dr. W. E. Brown & Co., and J. E. Arant.

The Frenchman Looked Innocent.

Some time since, in a Tremont street store in Boston, a nervous little Frenchman brushed against a pretty trifle of vase were valued at about \$14 and succeeded in getting several score more pieces out of it than had gone into its making. The floorwalker led the abashed Parisian aside and politely explained that the broken vase must be paid for. Monsieur fetched a handful of small silver and copper, mostly foreign, from his pocket when he was told the value of the trifle.

"Mon Dieu," cried the Parisian, "70 francs!" At this he took out his bill book and discovered a fifty dollar express draft, which the floorwalker instantly seized upon, to the unspeakable horror of its owner.

After deducting the value of the vase the former handed the man his change and dismissed him with a door-walker's blessing. The express draft reached the bank in due time, with four others as fraudulent, but the volatile little Frenchman had departed southward with the swallows.—Bohemian Magazine.

Followed Suit.

On the day of the admission of M. Rostand to the French academy the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" gave a breakfast to a few of his friends, the guests of honor being Mme. Bernhardt. The actress was dressed in a handsome gown, which had been made expressly for the occasion. At the end of the breakfast she arose and in an impressive manner took a glass, held it high and said, "I drink to the greatest of French dramatists, M. Rostand, and I drink after the Greek manner!" She then poured the contents of her glass over her head and gown.

Two of Rostand's small sons were sitting at a side table wearing new velvet suits, also made for the occasion. In the silence which followed Bernhardt's dramatic tribute the elder of the boys arose and, imitating her manner, said, "I drink to the greatest of poets, my papa, and I also drink in the Greek fashion!" and straightway deluged himself and his small brother with the contents of his glass.

A Scene Not in a Play.

An extraordinary scene took place in the Princess' theater, London, on the night of the first production of Charles Reed's great play, "New Too Late to Mend," Oct. 4, 1865. During the prison scene a large quantity of water was thrown over Miss Moore, who took the part of Joseph's, the character done to death by the warders. One of the critics, Mr. Tomlin of the Morning Advertiser, rose from his seat and publicly protested against the unnecessary cruelty. This aroused almost a riot among the audience, and the action of the play was stopped for some considerable time. Fuel was added to the fire by George Vining, the part of Tom Robinson and who made a most impudent speech, in which he practically insulted every critic present, with the result that the theater was left severely alone by the press for many months. The play, however, turned out to be a popular success and had, for those days, the phenomenal run of 140 performances.

Reading in Bed.

"Boys and girls under eighteen should be strictly forbidden to read in bed," says the Lancet, on the authority of Dr. Hugo Felchenfeld of Berlin, who declares that in the case of young persons whose eyes are not fully developed the practice is likely to induce myopia. While young people run the greatest risk, the Lancet thinks that reading in bed is undesirable for persons of any age and states that "in the case of aged, anxious, worried and bedridden people, to whom it would seem cruelly to deny what may perhaps be almost their only luxury, for fear of inducing some slight error of refraction, care should be taken that the light is sufficiently brilliant, the eyes being shaded from it, and that the patient lies on his back with head and shoulders raised."

Wellington's Tact.

There was an army of generals assembled at Paris in 1814, and when the various Austrian and Prussian generals who had been beaten by Napoleon came crowding round the Duke of Wellington and expressing lots of compliments to him for having never been beaten by the French the duke pleased them immensely by saying, "Ah, but you know I never met Bonaparte, and I have always looked on him as being as good as 40,000 men."

How Indians Catch Monkeys.

In South America the Indians take a coconaut and cut a hole in each end just large enough for the monkey's paws. Then they fill the middle of the nut with sugar. When a monkey comes across the shell he thrusts in his paw, finding sugar, he pushes in the other. He closes both paws on the sugar and will not remove either for fear he shall lose the sugar. Then, while he cannot use either paw, he is easily caught.

A Chinese Story.

A Chinese barber while shaving a customer's head drew blood and put one of his fingers on the place. Again he made a cut and put down another finger, and so on until he had no more fingers free. "Ah," said he as he paused in his work, "a barber's trade is difficult. We ought to have a thousand fingers!"—Scrap Book.

Apt Pupil.

"Didn't I see the grocer's boy kiss you this morning, Martha?"
"Yes, but he ain't to blame, ma'am. 'Twas the ice man set him the bad example."

Cashing Up.

"Have you ever played poker with your son-in-law?"
"Only once," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It wasn't very satisfactory."
"Did he win?"
"No; he lost. But it merely resulted in my having to write him a check so that he could indorse it over to me!"—Washington Star.

A Slander.

Member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Did you write this notice of my lecture on "The Demour Rum?" Editor—Yes, madam. Member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Then I would like to know what you mean by saying, "The lecture was evidently full of her subject."—Judge.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. W. E. Brown & Co.

Guarding a Nail.

A gentleman in Jerusalem told me that he found a Turkish soldier on guard in some part of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where it was not usual for a sentry to be, and inquired of him why he was there.

He pointed to a nail in the wall and replied, "It is my duty to watch that nail."

Asked why, he explained that the Latins or the Greeks—I forget which—had driven the nail with the view of hanging a picture; that a rival sect had furiously objected; that a rival sect was an interference with their property and wanted to pull out the nail; that thereupon the Turkish government had intervened and set him to watch the nail and see that no picture was hung upon it and that it was not pulled out.

To allow the picture to be hung would have been to admit the claims of those who drove in the nail. To allow it to be pulled out would have been to admit the claims of those who objected to the driving in of the nail. Therefore the nail must be preserved and the picture must not be hung, and to see that this was so an armed sentry must watch day and night. For aught I know he may be watching still.—Rider Haggard's "A Winter Pilgrimage."

Traced by a Bluebottle Fly.

The great objection to the use of poison for rats is that they retire to their homes and die there, to become a nuisance and a menace to health. Friends of the writer were compelled to have the floor and wainscoting of their dining room removed for this reason. A wiser man, knowing that a pair of poisoned rats had got under his floor, summoned not a carpenter, but a naturalist, to his aid. They knew that the rats were under the floor, but the difficulty was to fix the spot. There seemed to the owner of the house no alternative to the removal of the whole floor; hence his appeal to the nature detective. The latter would not hear of the floor coming up. He cried out for a bluebottle fly. One was captured unhurt and turned loose in the room. After a little preliminary hawking the bluebottle darted to the floor and remained on one spot. Like a pointer which has found game.

"Your rats are under there," said the naturalist. They cut down through that board, and there were the rats.—New York Mail.

The First Pantomime.

John Rich has the credit of producing the first pantomime ever seen in England. This was performed on Dec. 26, 1717, at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Rich had found himself unable to compete with the legitimate drama at Drury Lane, so he thought himself of the comic masques occasionally performed in London and combined with their scenic and mechanical effects the maneuvers of the pantomime ballet. The result was "Harlequin Executed," which the advertisement of that day described as "a new Italian mimic scene, between a scaramouch, a harlequin, a country farmer, his wife and others." There was all the business with which we were familiar from childhood, huts turned into palaces, shops into gardens, houses into trees. Of course the "earnest student of the drama" protested against this innovation, but Harlequin, Columbine & Co. have maintained their hold on public favor until the present year of grace.

He Knew Them.

This was overheard in the lobby of a big hotel in Cincinnati when a bus load of traveling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them as he signed the register paused to shake hands with the hotel clerk—fatherly old fellow who had been there many years. "Ah," said one of them to the clerk, "it's a good thing you're still on deck, Uncle Dave. I don't think the house could run without you." "Couldn't it, though?" said Uncle Dave. "You fellows would come in here, and if there was a strange clerk you'd say, 'Where's Uncle Dave?' And the clerk would say, 'Why, didn't you hear?' He died a month ago, and then you'd say, 'Well, I'll be darned! That's too bad. Say, when 'll dinner be ready?'"

Dressing the Sponge.

When sponges are first torn from the sea bed they are of a dark color and living. By tramping and pressing them with the feet a milky substance oozes out, whereupon the sponge dies. They are then immersed in the sea for a space of eight or ten hours. The dark, skiny substance is then removed by scraping, and gradually, through cleaning, drying and bleaching, they take on the fine yellow color which characterizes many of them.

The Office Boy Instructs.

Contributor—I should like to leave these poems with your editor. What is the usual procedure? I haven't done any magazine work before. Office Boy—Well, the usual custom is to leave 'em on a call back in a day or so—'em' git 'em.—Exchange.

In the Dark.

Uncle Joe—Yes, Teddy, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon.
Little Teddy—Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?

Savage.

Caller—Sir, I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute anything? Editor—With pleasure. Call tonight with the ambulance, and I will have some poets ready.—Judge.

It is great cleverness to know how to conceal our cleverness.—La Rochefoucauld.

Prescribes Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.
Dear Sir—I first used your Catarrh Cure in the case of my son, who had chronic naso-pharyngeal catarrh, with great benefit to him. 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. DANZIGER, M. D.,
Elizabethtown, N. 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. Hooper, Manning, S. C. A month's treatment for \$1.00. A free sample for the asking. A postal card will bring it by mail.

An Added Attraction.

"Ah, Fisie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform and so many decorations!"
"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral!"—Wahre Jacob.

Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not gripe or nauseate. Why take any thing else. W. E. Brown & Co.

His Wonderful Method.

"You haven't been married very long, have you?" said a guide at the state capital to a young man who was signing "Mr. and Mrs." in the register for visitors at the desk at the entrance.

"How did you know?" demanded the young man.

"Oh, we get used to such people here and can tell them every time," was the response. "You haven't written that name with 'Mrs.' very long, have you? I believe I can tell how long you have been married from the signature," the guide continued.

"Well, we haven't been married very long, but I don't see how you can tell from the signature. How long has it been?"

"Well, let me see." The guide picked up the book and scanned the name closely.

"You have been married five days today," he said with an air of certainty.

"That's right, it's five days, but I don't see how you can tell."

The young wife had been sitting on the marble bench during the colloquy, and not until the couple went out of the building did she tell "hubby" that the guide had accosted her in the same way and that she had told when they had been married.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bavarian Distances.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance. This is merely an official expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the roads not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there. Not only that, but they make the system still more unsatisfactory to the stranger by a little additional eccentricity of their own.

For instance, one asks, "How far is it to Oberammergau?"

"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means twenty-five minutes, "a good half hour" thirty minutes, "a big half hour" thirty-five minutes, "a small three-quarters of an hour" forty minutes, and so on.

An Economic Protest.

"Did I understand you to ask me if I wanted work?" asked Plodding Pete. "That's what you understood, if you understood anything," answered the woman with a cold, steady eye and a square jaw.

"You've got some wood that needs chopping, I suppose."

"Lady, I'm surprised at you. Don't you know that de trees gather moisture gradually an' by slowly lettin' it into de ground keep up a steady water supply? Don't you know that when you leave de hillsides naked an' bare de water comes down in a freshet, same as beer from a barrel wif de head stove in? Don't you know that future generations is goin' to miss de unbragous protection overhead an' dat our grandchildren is liable to be at de mercy of a parolot trust? An' you want me to chop wood! Lady, I'm surprised at you!"—Washington Star.

His Saturday Night.

The pretty, broad faced, blue eyed woman was telling how it happened that her husband came home so late of a Saturday night.

"When he goes to get shaved for Sunday," she said, "he waits so long for the line that gets there before him that he goes to sleep in the chair while he is being shaved. Then the barber, who is a friend of his, lets him sleep as long as he likes after he has finished with him. But I don't see how he can fall asleep with a dangerous razor scraping all over his face. I couldn't. Could you?"

"It isn't the most plausible excuse I ever heard," said one to whom the question was put, "but it ought to pass on account of its originality."—New York Press.

Coloring an Abyssinian Bride.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become the color of cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with woolen stuff, with the exception of her head. Then they burn certain green and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin, and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive force-meat balls.

Precocious Punctilio.

"So you don't believe in Santa Claus?"

"I didn't exactly say that," answered the little Boston girl. "But I don't approve of him. I understand that he calls after 6 o'clock and doesn't wear evening clothes."—Washington Star.

Not So Sharp.

"That is a sharp young man your daughter is going with these days."

"Not so sharp as he thinks he is. He thinks he is going to stick me for a home and puncture my bank account, but he isn't."—Houston Post.

Figures Don't Lie.

Hoax—Men live faster than women. Joak—That's right. My wife and I were the same age when we were married, but I'm fifty now, and she's just thirty-one.—Illustrated Bits.

Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won his wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing colors. He could not go to the nearest store and purchase them, as artists do today.

C. R. Kluger, the Jeweler, 1060 Virginia Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble that I could walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my backache and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed." W. E. Brown & Co.

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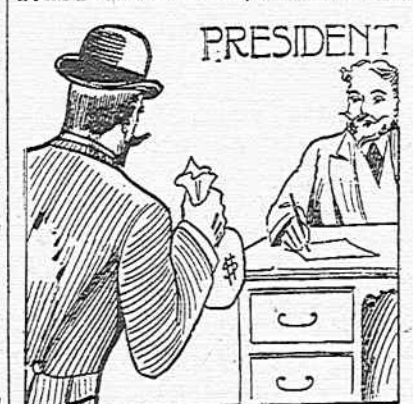
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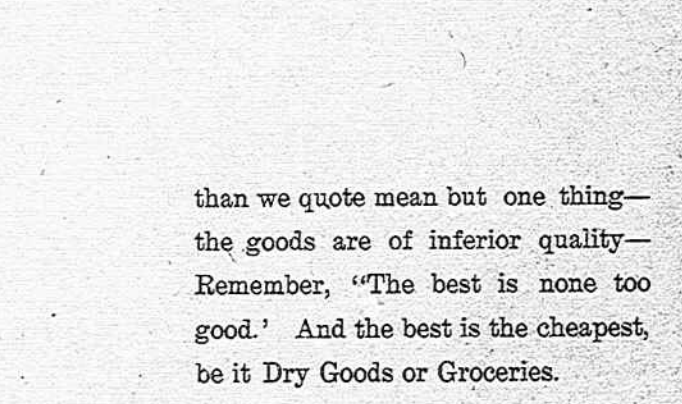
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