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The Shilling Bequest.

The wealthy auctioneer who reduced the inheritance of a daughter to an annuity of £104 because she had become a Socialist reminds one of the old fashioned "cutting off with a shilling." Why a shilling rather than nothing? Blackstone explains. The Romans used to set aside wills as defective in natural duty if they disinherited or totally passed by any child of the testator. But the smallest legacy was accepted as evidence that the testator had not lost his reason or his memory, as the law otherwise assumed he had; hence the groundless belief in England that a father could not disinherit his child without a shilling, although the English law knows no presumption of insanity or forgetfulness in such a case. Of Sheridan and his son Tom the story is told: "Father—I'll cut you off with a shilling. Son—I'd rather have it now, dad."—St. James' Gazette.

Appealed to His Pride.

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station. Threats, cajolery and blows were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule ear talk that where he was he intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said in honeyed tones: "Whuffo! yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, yo' fool mule, don't yo' know dat dese people will 'ee' believe dat yo' neber done traveled befo' in all yo' life?" The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.—Exchange.

To Lady Correspondents.

Our young lady correspondents will confer a favor if they will write on only one side of the paper. We mean, of course, by this correspondence intended for publication, we don't care if they write on all four sides and even across it.—Syraula (Ga.) Telephone.

Rich Men's Gifts are Poor

besides this: "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman, writes Mrs. O. Rhinevaule, of Vesal Center, N. Y. "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and just health. It quickly cures Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Headache, Backache, Fainting and Dizziness. Spells; soon builds up the weak, ailing and sickly. Try them 50c at all druggists.

An Illustration.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher to a small but unusually bright pupil, "give an illustration of the superiority of mind over matter." After a moment's reflection Harold replied: "I have to mind you. That's what is the matter."—Chicago News.

Alice Alias Alys.

Mr. Squiggs—What's the little Nox girl's name? I couldn't catch it when her mother introduced us. Mrs. Squiggs—Plain Alice, only her mother's trying to pronounce it so you'll spell it "Alys."—Philadelphia Bulletin

An Entertaining Catbird.

Nothing escapes the eye of our pet catbird, for he is curiosity personified. He wants to know the why and wherefore of everything that is a little strange and does not rest until he has found out. When let out in a room he will carefully examine every nook and corner. He is an inveterate joker and delights to play jokes on his fellow prisoners, while his sense of humor is almost human at times. The humorist is a constant wonder and delight to him. He flies to it as soon as let out of his cage and either pulls the pins all out or drives them into the cushion as far as possible. If he pulls them out, he hops to the edge of the table and drops them on the floor, flirring his tail and uttering a note of great satisfaction when they strike the floor.—Suburban Life.

How He Felt.

He was an Englishman of the ultra sort and recently arrived, but he was strikingly strong, usually to catch up with American idioms and New York slang. He had made some progress. He loomed up in the breakfast room of his hotel the other morning after a too convivial evening and encountered one of his companions. "How do you feel, old chap?" asked the latter. "Feel?" repeated the Englishman. "Feel? Oh, yes, I see what you mean, old fellow. Well, really, don't you know, I feel like one and six."

Willing to Try.

Harold—Couldn't you learn to love me? Amelia—No, but I'll try awfully hard. Papa has promised to send me abroad if my health breaks down from overstudy, you know.—London Scraps.

Men are the sport of circumstances

when the circumstances seem the sport of men.—Byron.

A Chinese Superstition.

Fengshui is the Chinese superstition that determines good site or locality, and it is a town on the Yangtze has not a good fengshui trade will not come to it, and it will be ruined. A town named Peshih had its pagoda in the wrong place—not far enough down the river—and the result was that all traffic which should have come to it was swept past. Peshih being left out in the cold. The people pulled down the pagoda and built another one in the supposed right spot, as nothing would convince them that the depression could arise from any other cause than that of a bad fengshui.

The City of Wanshein, on the other hand, has a perfect fengshui, two fine pagodas, and is very prosperous. But the fact that Wanshein is situated in a fertile valley, where wheat, barley and the poppy flourish abundantly, while Peshih is barren and miserable, does not concern the inhabitants so much as the fengshui site. This remarkable idea in the Chinese mind is only one of thousands like it.

Get His Money's Worth.

A lady pianist was recently prosecuted, and an amusing incident was noted in connection with the case. One of the witnesses called by the police was an individual who did not appear to be overburdened with intelligence. During a smart cross examination defendant's counsel asked him: "On first going into the room did you pay a shilling fee to the defendant?" "Yes," was the reply. "What did she tell you in return for the money?" "Oh," said the witness, "she told me lots o' things, some on 'em true, some on 'em half true an' some on 'em less."

Marriage in Picardy.

A Picardy custom, founded on a broad basis of common sense as well as the idea of complete partnership, is that which puts a new bride through a kind of examination in the trade of her husband. It may, of course, have become something of a burlesque, and the bride may purposely show less dexterity than she needs. Still, the consideration of the wife as a helpmate is very clearly shown in the performance. If the young wife's husband be a farmer, she will be asked to harness a horse and cart and to harrow a small piece of land. If her choice has fallen on an ironworker, she must hammer a piece of iron; if on a miller, she must measure out wheat from a basket at the church door; if on a smith she is supposed to be able to strike the anvil; if on a sailor, she has to clean and mend some netting, and so on with the other occupations. Evidently the keeping of an idle wife is not understood in Picardy.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Whale and Elephant Meat.

There is something unpleasant about the thought of eating whale meat, but it is said that the reality is very palatable. Japan has quite a trade in canned and salted whale meat, and there is to be a campaign to educate the European peoples to like it. Some whaling companies have distributed from their headquarters samples of canned whale meat, and those who have eaten it describe it as tenderer than beef and much like it in taste.

Her Discovery.

Husband—Think of it! Here is a hairpin I have found in the soup! Wife—Yes? Now I know where our things have gone. A show horn disappeared too!—Harper's Bazar.

Just as Well.

Statistics show that Japan has two earthquakes a day. "Now, a man might as well be married as to live in Japan!"—Houston Post.

A famous Chinese proverb says, "Every thing is easy at first."

A Surprise For the Hunters.

"If the lair of a leopard is known," says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, "stones will generally dislodge the turker. I recall one occasion when a leopard was supposed to be located in a cave near camp. The guns were placed around in positions commanding the exit, and a few stones were then thrown in. There was no result at first, but as more and larger stones crashed in there came a faint humming and then a roar like the sea under the cliffs. In a moment the air above the cave's entrance grew dark with bees! As one man sported and gun bearers fled for the camp, a few were slightly stung before they could reach their tents and pull the flaps over the entrances, which the bees for some time besieged. Incredible though it may sound, it is the truth that although the camp was full of native servants, horses, etc., none of those who had remained behind and were not concerned in the attack on the bees' cave were stung. It was a considerable time before the bees beat a retreat, but during all the time that they stayed in the camp it was the tents of their aggressors exclusively round which they angrily buzzed."

Funeral stories.

The great French artist Ingres when in Rome had a violent cold, and Mottez asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X. "What—X, the art critic?" said Mottez. "I thought you hated him." "That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres. Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended. One of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't have missed it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried." The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his littlenesses.

The Caspian Sea.

The Caspian sea is, as Herodotus said 2000 years ago, "a sea by itself, having no connection with any other." Every schoolboy knows that now, but it is remarkable to find Herodotus saying so, because centuries after his time such authorities as Strabo and Ptolemy believed that it was connected with the northern ocean by a long and narrow gulf. Geography seems to have had a setback in the interval through false information received at the time of Alexander's conquests. Herodotus says that the Caspian's length was fifteen days' voyage with a rowboat, its breadth eight days' and its depth four. Since the actual figures are 750 miles and 400, this shows that a rowboat of the time did fifty miles a day.—London Graphic.

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THE MANNING OIL MILL has been recently bought from the South Atlantic Oil Co., and at the beginning of our career under the present ownership we extend our thanks to all of our friends for their support and patronage.

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FIRST: Ours is a local company—not a dollar of its stock is owned outside of South Carolina.

SECOND: We pay annually to the Town and County Treasurers over \$600 taxes which helps that much towards paying the expenses of our local government.

THIRD: It costs us about \$30,000 per year to manufacture the seed we purchase, and of this amount, \$20,000 is spent right here at Manning. In other words, when you sell us a ton of seed (66 2/3 bushels) you get market price for the seed and the community gets \$4 of the amount it costs to manufacture them. When you sell a ton of seed to the other fellow, you get the market price for the seed, and SOME OTHER COMMUNITY gets the benefit of the money paid out to manufacture them.

We could mention a number of other reasons, but we think the above is sufficient to convince you that it pays to patronize home industries.

Yours very truly,

Manning Oil Mill,
C. R. SPROTT, President and Treasurer.

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