

INHERIT THE JOB.

The Postmasters of a Little Town in Kent, England. Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent, England. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelly, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

TWO MEN AND A TIP.

An Incident in a Broadway Lunch Room in New York. A business man who in his university days had been a devoted student of ethics sat down in a lower Broadway lunch room a few days ago and saw something that awakened a particular train of thought in channels unused since his student days. Directly opposite him two men were finishing their midday meal. One, a spruce dressed chap, sipped his last drop of coffee, placed a dime on the table in front of his empty cup and walked out. The other, equally well dressed, took a little longer time over his coffee before preparing to go. Then just as he was about to rise he furtively passed his hand over to the dime in front of his former neighbor's plate and moved it to a position in front of his own. He then walked hastily out. The waiter a moment later picked up the dime, noting before whose plate it was, and cleaned away the dishes, mumbling the while. Now the former college man is wondering whether this is not a case where he can aptly apply those words of Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash. . . . but he that fishes from me my good name robs me of that which no thief can rob and makes me poor indeed."—New York Tribune.

"Nisi Prius." People often ask the meaning of the legal expression "nisi prius." Literally interpreted, it means "unless before," a name given to the sittings of a court for the trial of civil causes. Judges on circuit, besides trying prisoners, have the power to give decisions in cases of complaints between private parties and when so acting are called judges of "nisi prius." Formerly, when the circuits were less frequent, the sheriff was commanded "by writ" to bring the jury and witnesses from the county where the action arose to Westminster, Gloucester or Winchester on a certain day, but when the assizes became frequent a "nisi prius" clause was inserted in the writ containing these words: "Unless before that day our justices shall come to your county and take the assizes there." As it happened that the assizes always did take place before the date named in the writ, the clause was practically useless and now remains only as a name for those civil causes to which until recently it referred.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Fascination of Corn Cutting. Corn cutting always has a fascination for me. I like to see the farmer grip the tall stalks with a stout hand and, deftly holding them, clip them with a quick stroke of a knife. Around the bundle when it is gathered he wreath a slender stalk and tucks the ends tightly under. It is a tidy art, for a twist may lack just the inch that holds the bundle. The farmer's work develops quick judgment as well as deftness of hands, and so it is a good school, for it makes the brains and the hands work together. The boy who follows with a fork should be able to lift the bundle and build a stook that will resist the wind. When the baskets come every ear should be kept well up from the ground and the stalks so well ventilated that there is as small of mildew.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

Famous Cedars. The famous cedars of Lebanon also grow in India and Algeria, but their home is the Lebanons of northern Syria. In ancient times the sides of the whole mountain were covered with them, but now they are found in only one small hollow on the northwestern slope. These are securely fenced in, but in spite of the great care of the gardener the 200 that now survive will soon die, and the species will become extinct.

The Tripping Tongue. Friend—I understand, Mrs. Stern, that your daughter has married since we last met. Mrs. Stern—Yes, and been divorced. Friend—Ah! And who is the happy man?—Boston Transcript.

Saved at Death's Door. The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now I am clear and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c at all druggists.

The Fraction. "Humble as I am," said a loud voiced orator at a meeting, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent empire."

Curious. If a man is bettered his condition is improved; if he is "bested" he is really "worsted."

THE RIVER SEINE.

Its Contact With Paris on Its Journey to the Sea. Inevitably in its passage through Paris the blue and silver of the Seine's robe are blurred by contact with the volubility of smoke which occasionally hangs upon its surface and stained by the impurities which reach it from the streets. Though it quickly recovers its pristine blueness after the fortifications have been left behind, it is never again quite the unsophisticated river that it was before its Paris experience. Its waters are less limpid, its course more nervous, while at its meeting with the sea at Honneur its color and character have changed completely. There the vast stretches of mud over which it rolls, mud of Paris, mud of Rouen, give to the waters of the wide Seine estuary reaching from Trouville to Le Havre the hue of dead moire tones of oxidized silver. The great Parisian river dies magnificently, and no more gorgeous spectacle can be conceived than when on a fine evening the sun sets upon the Seine at its junction with the sea, where its ultimate cliffs fade away behind the summer haze into a powder of gold, and it burns a light turquoise blue, with weird reflections of brazen yellow, old gold and cadaverous green. How different from its gentler and simpler aspect as it winds round the heart of Paris, warm purple and burnished gold as it flows in the pink and sun strikes it as it softly laps against the stone embankments of Louvre or sparkling blue, dotted with milk white, beneath the silvery mists of the Paris morning!—Harper's Week.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

Bold Highway Robber and the First English Woman Smoker. Mary Brit, better known as Moll Cutpurse, was a notable figure in old time London life. She had the reputation of being the first woman to smoke tobacco in England. The length of her days is a disputed point, but it seems certain that she attained the age of over three score years and ten. It is asserted that constant smoking prolonged her life. A portrait representing her in the act of smoking forms the frontispiece of Midleton's comedy of "The Roaring Girl." She also figures in other plays of the period. Mary was the daughter of a shoemaker living in the Barbican, and Marjorie gives 1584 as the date of her birth. She early took to wicked ways and became a noted "highwayman." Among her familiar friends were the notorious Captain Hind and Richard Hannam. She was an expert swords-woman. Single handed she robbed on Hounslow heath General Fairfax of 200 gold Jacobuses, shooting him through the arm and killing two of his horses on which his servants were riding. For the offense she was committed to Newgate, but on paying the fine of £2,000 she obtained her liberty. At one time Mary had £2,000 of her own, but by giving money to distressed cavaliers she died comparatively poor. Her death took place in July, 1633, and she was laid to rest in St. Bridget's—Millgate Monthly.

Methegin. Methegin and hypocras were numbered among the many good things beloved of Peppas, and the latter drink stood him in good stead at a guildhall banquet which occurred during one of his spells of pledged abstinence from wine. This was on lord mayor's day, 1633, when the diarist notes: "We went into the buttry and there stayed and talked and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drank. I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vow, it being, to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me. But I hope and do think I am not." He was, hypocras was usually composed of spice, herbs and sugar steeped for many days in Rhish wine, and it is not reasonable to suppose that the lord mayor's butler had forgotten the wine.

English "Consols." The young woman who has been explaining in the north London police court that she expected £15 invested in consols to bring her in 10 shillings in the pound interest knew about as much concerning "the fums" as the elder Mr. Weller. You recall that Sam Weller's severe upbraiding that his father supposed "reduced consols" to be alive. But there is one single point about consols which most people, probably including many who possess some, could not answer offhand—of what exactly is the name an abbreviation? There is nothing even to remind us of it. Even the precise persons who would die rather than contract "omnibus," "telephone" or "photograph" never speak of "consolidated annuities."—London Chronicle.

The First Firearms. The early history of firearms in the sense of tubes from which missiles are thrown by the action of a detonating compound of the nature of gunpowder is wrapped in obscurity, though it may be inferred from the few early records that such weapons existed from the beginning of the fourteenth century, if not some time before. The country of their origin remains uncertain, but it was most probably Italy.

The Retort Sympathetic. Amelia (with a sinner)—I have such hard work to keep George from being silly when he is with me. Priscilla (tartly)—You don't expect impossibilities of the poor fellow, do you?—Baltimore American.

Rev. I. W. Williams Testifies. Rev. I. W. Williams, Huntington, W. Va., writes as follows: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that Foley's Kidney Remedy will do all that you claim for it."—W. E. Brown & Co.

Clearing House Operations. A clearing house is an agency established by the banks of a city which all checks drawn upon any city bank and deposited in another are sent for payment. Every morning there is a clearance or settlement of accounts, in which the checks deposited in each bank and the checks drawn upon each bank are separately summed up and compared. If there is more deposited in a bank than is drawn upon by it the bank receives the difference in cash. If the reverse is the case the bank pays the balance instead of receiving it. The term clearance means either the act of settlement or the sum of all the checks presented for payment. The amount of business done by the clearing house is a pretty sure index of the general condition of business.—New York American.

AN EARTHLY INFERNO.

Volcanizing Factory Where Men Stand 212 Degrees. The hottest place in New York is in Desbrosses street in a vulcanizing factory, where telephone wires are insulated by being coated with a preparation of rubber. In the room where this process takes place the temperature rises to 212 degrees, 100 degrees hotter than the hottest it may be outside in the sun. Man can endure no more. Actually there are some who can stand this, however—only a few, mind you, but still some. They are only the strongest and hardest of workmen, and they can be in the room but a few brief minutes at a time. Several times daily it is their duty to enter the room to see that all goes well. To keep from losing their skin and to protect themselves from the terrible heat these men wear heavy woolen shirts buttoned high above their necks and woolen masks and gloves. Four or five minutes at the most in the vulcanizing room is all they can stand without collapsing, and some can't even stay that long. Outside these men nobody is ever allowed to endure such a frightful heat. In fact, it is hard to convey the idea of 212 degrees. You can get the same degree of temperature by thrusting your finger into boiling water. Water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York World.

HE LOVED HER.

The Depth of His Feeling Was Revealed In His Answer. "Do you love me?" he asked. In reply the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes pervaded with emotion. "Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do. I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychologic standpoint I feel that our different organisms are so nicely differentiated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically I feel sure that when we come to combine we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well ordered and conducted business produces. And now, how do you love me?" The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly, but surely. He hugged her long and plenty. He kissed her alabaster cheek and her ruby lips. "How do I love you?" he replied. "My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."—Life.

Study Under Difficulties. It was my love for my children that gave me the energy, the will power, to reach great heights in my profession. I practiced, I studied my great roles, and arias seated at the piano, the baby at my breast, the others playing round me none too softly. I memorized my parts while standing at the oil stove cooking our simple meal or while busy at the wash-tub, with my little ones all around me. Singing, learning, studying, I was supremely happy because they were with me. I brought up my children, and they were my comfort and my support. They made a brave, courageous "fellow" of me. And it was no difficult task. If I had to hurry to the theater for rehearsals I would give the children their supper at 5 o'clock and put them to bed. When I returned at 10 or 11 o'clock I would be greeted by merry birds' twitter from the different little nests, and I would divide my sandwiches with them. Then we would sleep as only the happy and healthy may.—Mrs. Sebastian-Heink in Delicatore.

Collier and a Collier. A single misprinted letter may produce astonishing results, and even the misreading of a capital letter as a small one may be disastrous. When John Payne Collier died the London Press correctly gave a paragraph stating that he had been buried in a large churchyard, near Maidenhead, a large number of friends being present at the funeral. But a provincial paper which presumably knew nothing of the notorious Shakespearean critic gave the same paragraph concerning "John Payne, a collier," and to complete the thing headed it "The Bar Colliery Disaster."—London Chronicle.

Practical Superstition. "Are you superstitious?" "In a practical way." "How is that?" "Well, I never walk under a ladder unless I feel sure it won't fall on me, and I always expect bad luck when pursued by a mad bull across a lot in which there are just thirteen acres."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Survival of Fittest. Miss Helen Mathers thinks that the decline of the novel is due to a large extent to motorcars. There is no doubt that a large class of readers have been almost entirely eliminated by these vehicles. We refer to those people who used to read as they walked along the roadway.—London Punch.

Envy. Madge (proudly)—Did you see that handsome man I just danced with? Kate—Yes; he has a jealous wife, who will allow him to dance only with the plainest girl in the room.—Boston Transcript.

Many a young man starts in to be fired with a noble ambition. Then the ambition evaporates, and he gets fired.—Chicago News.

A Wretched Mistake. To endure the itching, painful distress of Piles, there's no need to listen: "I suffered much from Piles," writes Will A. Marsh, of Silver City, N. C., "until I got a box of Backler's Anemia Salve, and was soon cured." Backler's Pills, Coughs, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chills, and all ailments before it. 25c at all druggists.

Obedient Him. Mr. Newlied—So you're been buying more useless truck. We have absolutely no use for those curtains. Here I not told you to stop buying things just because they were cheap? Mrs. Newlied—Yes, my dear, and I've obeyed you. Those curtains were not at all cheap.

Homemade. Bill—Thought you always smoked Havana cigars? Jill—So I do. Bill—It says "Colorado" on that box you just handed me.—Yonkers Statesman.

A PET MONKEY.

Its Pranks With an Author's Manuscripts and Decorations. A Paris contemporary dealing with the love of great men for animals gives an amusing account of Chateaubriand and his monkey. When he was engaged in preparing Fontanes' works for the press, on returning one day he was met by his monkey. "Ah, you rogue," said Chateaubriand, "your shamefaced look tells of mischief." The monkey was chained up, but as things did not appear much disturbed Chateaubriand thought no more of the matter until it was time to resume work. Fontanes' manuscripts were not to be found. At last Chateaubriand looked into the waste paper basket, and there were the manuscripts. The monkey had watched his master, and as he had seen him fold a sheet of paper and tear it into four, so he had dealt with Fontanes' writings. With much labor they were pieced together and afterward published. Chateaubriand thought it advisable to see what else the monkey had done. His orders had disappeared from his drawer which was always kept closed. The servants searched everywhere for them, but they were not to be found. Nearly a week elapsed before they were traced, and then a domestic noticed that the monkey had suspended them to the cornice in a quasi-symmetrical way. The monkey was given his cage, and Chateaubriand replaced him by a cat, which was allowed a place on his master's writing table, and great was the pleasure which he derived in playing with puss.

DIVING FOR COINS.

The Natives of Madeira Are Experts at the Business. As we drew in and came to anchor we saw descending upon us a fleet of small, curious boats filled with half naked men. We suspected now that Madeira was a cannibal island and prepared for the worst. It was not quite as bad as that. They merely wanted us to throw coins over into the liquid azure which they call water in this country, whereupon their divers would try to intercept the said coins somewhere between the top and bottom of the sea. We didn't believe they could do it, but we tried and, as usual, found that the other fellow knew his own game better than we did. If those amphibians did not always get the coins they generally did. They could see them perfectly in that amazing water, and they could dive like seals. Some of the divers were mere children—poor, lean creatures who stood up in their boats and shouted and implored and swung their arms in a wild invitation to us to fling our money overboard. But they did not want small money—just the gold coins, and we declined to dive for pennies. Perhaps they could only distinguish the gleam of the white metal. Let a nickel or a dime be tossed over and two or three were after it in a flash, while a vehement outbreak of Portuguese from all the rest retreated still further largess. It was really a good show, and, being the first of its kind, we enjoyed it.—Albert Bigelow Payne in Outing Magazine.

Meaning of the Green Bough. The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany. The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society. Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Savona. The history of Savona is that of a long struggle with the Genoese, ended in the sixteenth century, when they seized the town and rendered its harbor useless by sinking vessels filled with stones at the entrance. In 1740 it was captured by Sardinia, but was soon back again under the control of Genoa. The ancient Savo where Magro stored his booty in the second Punic war, Savona was the birthplace of Pope Sixtus IV, and Julius II, and the home of the ancestors of Columbus, who bestowed its name on one of the first islands discovered in the West Indies.—London Standard.

The Next Best. "Hubby, I haven't had a new dress for a month." "Times are slow for me, my dear. Better go in for literature and pretend to be superior to the fashions."—Kansas City Journal.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. It purifies the entire system and strengthens the kidneys so they eliminate the impurities from the blood. Backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are all cured by this great medicine. Commence taking at once and avoid Bright's Disease and Diabetes. W. E. Brown & Co.

Didn't Care For Him. Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German. One day after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her father she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish to send that husband of your father back to Germany."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Won Him. Blobs—Henpeck thinks you are the finest fellow in the world. How did you manage to make such an impression? Blobs—Oh, I pretended to be surprised when he told me he was a married man.—Philadelphia Record.

All Dull. Wife—Here's another invitation to dine at the Flattons. What are these occasions are? Hub—Yes, here their dinner knives are dull.—Boston Transcript.

Simple Remedy for LaGrippe. LaGrippe coughs are dangerous, as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Coughs and Tar not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. W. E. Brown & Co.

Her Gamble. "Did you ever gamble, ma?" "Only once, my son." "When was that?" "When I married your father."—Princeton Gazette.



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Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

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