

Manners Outside the Navy.

The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel is decidedly meager. When the president of the United States visits one of our men-of-war he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the marine guard drawn up with the hand on the quarterdeck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On one occasion a president visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarterdeck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you?" was the reply. "That's the president of the United States."

"Well, ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarterdeck, if he is?"

"Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."—"On a Man-of-War."

How to Follow Forest Trails.

"The trail has a code of signs, as well as a book of laws," says Hamlin Garland in "The Long Trail." A twig designedly broken is like a finger pointing toward a gate. A "blaze" corresponds to the beckoning hand. A new blaze renders an old one of no value. A sapling cut and bent across a path locks it and warningly says, "Go no farther this way." A stick set upright in the mud means "no bottom here."

"By use of these and many other records of the same sort, the trailer profits by the experience of those who have gone before him and aids those who are to follow. There is always news on the trail for those who have eyes to perceive it, and it is the duty of him who rides ahead to enlighten those who are to follow. The Elkkitat by means of signs almost invisible can cheer, direct and definitely warn his tribesman. These signs on the trail are respected. No one thinks of removing them except for cause."

At the Dentist's.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild looking man who rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

Flowers That Change Color.

"There are many flowers that change color," said the old gardener. "There is the mutabue phlox, for instance. At sunrise it is blue, and in the afternoon it is pink. Then there is hibiscus—hibiscus mutabilis. It goes through three changes in the day, from white in the morning to rose at noon and to red at sunset. Likewise the lantana. The lantana is yellow one day, orange the next and red the third. Its changes are slow. There are other flowers, too, that change. There's the chieranthus chameleo, that shifts from white to yellow and from yellow to red. There's the gladiolus versicolor, that's brown in the morning and blue in the evening. There's the colsea scandens, that moves slowly from greenish white to a deep violet."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poisoned With Diamonds.

The jeweler replaced tenderly in its case the unmounted pear shaped diamond. "I could kill you with that," he said. "I could poison you with it. You would die in a few hours." "But diamonds are not poisonous?" "Indeed they are, ground up. There have been a number of suicides by diamond dust among gem cutters. Swallow diamond dust, and death will ensue very quickly. The symptoms will be the same as though strychnine had been taken."

Her View of It.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Miss Witherspoon has a patrician face?" "Oh," replied her hostess, hanging her \$90,000 necklace over the back of a chair, "I don't think she has. She claims, at least, that her folks were all English and that there ain't a drop of Irish blood in her veins."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Difficulties of the Naturalist.

At one end or the other of every animal lies a danger which makes the closest investigation impossible. To study the mule we must hold him by the head, but to study the bull we must have a tall hold as a vantage point.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Explained.

"I know he does not mean it. He says in his letter that everything has seemed dark as night since I went away."

"He may be telling the truth. You know love is blind."

You may stretch a truth into a lie, but you can't shrink a lie into truth.—Selected.

The Married Woman's Sympathy.

When a married woman meets a particularly attractive, busy, contented spinster, she says plaintively: "Poor Ada, or Virginia, or Emmeline! What a pity that she never married!" She cannot help it any more than she can help the color of her hair. When Frederick—fumbling dreadfully, by the way—slipped the ring upon her finger, he endowed her not only with all his worldly goods, but also with an ineradicable pity for those upon whose hand the yellow band has never gleamed. If he had taken to beating her the following week, had developed an undue appetite for drink the next month and had deserted her the following year, she would still have looked with patronage upon me, unbent, unacquainted with intoxication, undeserted. There is no wife so unhappy, so neglected, so trampled upon, that she has not in her own opinion some one still more pitiable to whom to condescend, and that is an unmarried woman, no matter how busy, how cheerful, how popular.—Anne O'Hagan in Harper's Bazar.

Lost and Won.

"He who judges people by their money," said a clergyman, "is apt to fare like the man who gave a dollar to each of his little sons."

"Now, boys," said the foolish man, "I am going away for a week. Take this money and see how much you can make out of it in my absence. To him that does the best I'll give a fine present."

"On his return at the week's end he called the boys to him."

"Well, George, how have you succeeded?" he asked the first.

"George proudly took \$2 from his pocket."

"I have doubled my money, father," he said.

"Excellent," cried the father. "And you, John, have you done better still?"

"No, sir," said John, sadly. "I have lost all mine."

"Wretched boy," the father exclaimed. "How did you lose it?"

"I matched George," faltered the lad.—Exchange.

Fond of Crab.

A jolly old boy from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside and, seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged round, said to the landlord:

"What d'ye call that?"

"Crab," was the answer.

"Looks good. I'll have un, and give us a pint of ale."

Bread and butter was added and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining saloon to see if his guest was getting on all right. He found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming.

"Like the crab, sir?"

"Yes. He was capital. I never tasted one afore, but I think you baked un a little too long. The crust was hard. Let's have another pint."

He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Tit-Bits.

An Epitaph of Pope's.

The following epitaph written by Pope was highly commended by Johnson. It was written to keep alive the memory of Elizabeth Corbett, who sleeps now in St. Margaret's, Westminster:

Here rests a woman, good without pretence;

Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;

No conquest she but o'er herself desired;

No arts essayed, but not to be admired.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown.

Convinced that virtue only is our own;

So unaffected, so composed a mind,

So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined,

Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;

The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Von.

In Germany "von" implies nobility, and all persons who belong to the nobility prefix "von" to their names without any exception. Persons who do not belong to the nobility cannot have the right to put "von" before their names. A man who is knighted for some reason, however, has the same right to put "von" before his family name as a person of ancient nobility. For instance, when Alexander Humboldt was knighted he became Alexander von Humboldt. All his descendants, male and female, take the prefix.

Haven of Rest.

It is desirable that each sex should occasionally escape from the other. It is restful to the nerves to do so; it is good for men to be with men only and for women to be alone with women now and then, and the club is essentially the place for each sex to find rest from the other and enjoy its own society.—London Lady's Pictorial.

Welcome Home.

Peddler—Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home. Mrs. Dagg—You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Better late than never."

A Mean Trick.

Smith—You say you write dunning letters to yourself and sign them with fictitious names. What do you do that for? Jones—You see, my wife is always after me for money, and when she reads those letters she becomes discouraged.

A Fresh Clerk.

Customer—What have you got that is strictly fresh? Grocer—One moment, please. Here, Johnny, wait on the lady.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilisers of man.—Disraeli.

Confusion at These Dinners.

In his dining room Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly entertained all the best known men of his time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Sterne, Hogarth, Wilkes, Allan Ramsay and a score of others, who formed the brilliant literary club of which the great painter was the founder. There doubtless, in the familiar lines of the author of "Retaliation."

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff, He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

At these dinner parties, according to Malone, though the wine and the dishes were of the best, there seemed to be a tacit agreement that mind should predominate over body. The table, we are told, though set only for seven or eight, often had to accommodate double that number. There was usually a deficiency of knives, forks and glasses, and the guests had to bawl for more supplies, while the host calmly left every one to shift for himself, though he lost not a word, if he could help it, of the conversation.—London Spectator.

Gulf Stream Fruit.

The superiority of certain English fruits has its origin in a cause little suspected. It is the blessed gulf stream which does it. Foreign growers are every bit as acute as the English, it may be, but they have not the right atmosphere. The gulf stream imparts a beneficent humidity to our atmosphere which results in our fruit having the thinnest and finest skins of any in the world. The English strawberry is without equal for flavor. The English grape, though it may not have the fine flavor of the Spanish, has the best skin. The French tomato is as thick skinned as the English field grown. The English apple eclipses its rivals because of its thin skin. Every fruit according to its climate. Grown in a different atmosphere, the English apple would shrivel in a day; here, helped by the moisture from the gulf stream, it ripens within the thinnest of jackets and is as much superior to the foreign or colonial apple as a peach is superior to a parsnip.—St. James' Gazette.

A London Fog.

Nothing has such a bewildering effect as fog. Only animals which find their way by scent can get about in it with any certainty. Birds are entirely confused by it. Tame pigeons remain all day motionless and half asleep, huddled up, either in or just outside their pigeon houses. Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird sings or utters a call, perhaps because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen foe. During one very thick fog a blind man was found wandering about a certain district of London. This man was in the habit of coming up every day from a suburb, carrying notes and parcels, and had scarcely ever lost his way before. Asked why he had gone astray (for he was quite blind, and it was supposed that weather would have made no difference), he said that in a fog the ground "sounded quite differently."—London Chums.

They Quit Right There.

The late Andrew J. Dam, a well known hotel man of New York, was, at the time of the civil war, proprietor of a hotel in New Bedford. A number of colored citizens interested in the formation of a military company called upon him and informed him that they would be glad to form the company and allow him to suggest the name, provided he would pay for the equipments.

"Congressman T. D. Elliott has fitted out a company of white men, and throughout the war they will be known as the Elliott Light Guards," said the spokesman of the colored men.

"Well," said Dam, "if I am to equip and organize this colored company, I shall insist that they be known as the Dam Black Guards."

The company was never organized.—New York Tribune.

Tracing the Bullet.

If a bullet to be fired by a marksman is coated with a fine paste of gunpowder and gum, says the Dundee Advertiser, and then with a thin covering of some friction powder, the latter, as the bullet passes out of the gun barrel, will ignite, and in turn set fire to the gunpowder paste. The bullet will then leave a long stream of smoke behind it, indicating the exact course it has taken and enabling the marksman, if necessary, to correct his aim for his next shot.

The Real Article.

The Youth—Ah, would I were a glove, that I might hold your pretty hand. Young Widow—You certainly would be a success in the glove line. The Youth—Do you think so? Young Widow—Yes; you are a genuine kid.—Illustrated Bits.

Some Crookedness.

The Mississippi river is so crooked in places, declares Judge Walter Malone of Memphis, that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, give passing signals and narrowly escape a collision with itself.

A High Place.

Sweet Singer—DeHammer says he has a high place in the next show he goes out with. Comedian—Well, I should say it is high. He sits up in the files and tears up paper for the snowstorm scene.—Chicago News.

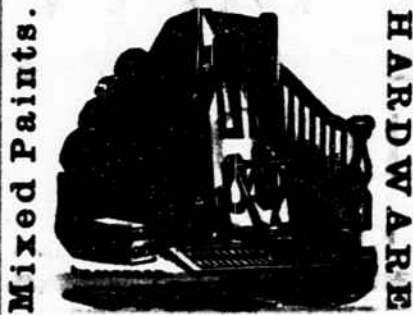
Mourning.

"The Parkers have all gone into deep mourning for a very distant relative. Don't you think it's a sign they're rich?" "No. It's a sign the distant relative was rich."—Life.

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