

The Manning Times.

VOL. I.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885.

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A Candid Confession.

You ask me, lovely Ethel, why I care for yourself, and why I long your hand to own. You're very rich, you know, my dear, and I love you fondly for your wealth alone.

I know that I should say it is your beauty that o'er my dotting heart a spell has thrown. But I am frank; I deem it is my duty to say I love you for your wealth alone.

I ought to swear your eyes had wrought my capture. That love was wakened by your voice's tone. That but to gaze upon your face was rapture; But no; I love you for your wealth alone.

Suppose I said I loved you for your manner, it might be true; you fascinate, I own; But I've enlisted under Mammon's banner, I love you fondly for your wealth alone.

My constancy I claim is thus attested: Love based on beauty goes when youth has flown; But if your money is but well invested, I'll love you always for your wealth alone.

—Rambler.

A SPRING CLEANING.

For a whole week Number two Bredgar Vilas, Camberwell New Road, had been turned "upside down and inside out," as poor Mr. Clayton declared, "till there was no rest for the sole of one's foot," and each morning as he started to catch his train at Kennington Church with his son, he vowed that never again would he undergo the agonies of "a spring clean." But the afternoon of the last day at length arrived, and Mrs. Clayton and Winnie, her daughter, with their one servant, were busy as bees putting the finishing touches to the household arrangements, though it must be said that Winnie, who had just finished her last term at boarding-school, and who was not yet fairly domesticated, was a more ornamental than useful element.

However, she had not been idle, and at last all was finished, and rather tired and flushed with her exertions, Winnie went upstairs after a somewhat makeshift dinner with the best intentions possible of clearing out the closet in her room.

If it had been a linen-closet, or a china-closet, or a preserve closet, or anything but the closet it was, there is no telling what Winnie might have accomplished.

But those four rows of dresses, hanging smoothly down from their respective pegs, proved fatal. They were dresses of her ante-boarding-school period, and she had had hardly a glimpse of them for two years or more.

Trying them on came next, in the

probably he would have been more peculiar.

She had rushed upstairs and into her own room, locked the door, thrown herself on the bed, and commenced what the girls at school all call a "good cry."

If he had been old, or ugly, or disagreeable—if he had been anything but the soft-voiced, good-looking fellow he was—she could have borne it with fortitude.

Why had George brought him at that particular day? What was that idiotic performance? Why was he not red-haired or cross-eyed, or something? She could not have minded it in the least in that case.

There was a tap at the door, and she heard George's voice, not yet quite composed, begging her to let him in.

His mirth disappeared before the woe-begone little person who opened the door to him, and she commenced mopping her eyes.

"Oh, well, now!" he began, comfortingly, "you don't mean to say you're broken up like that about a little thing like that?"

"A little thing!" cried Winnie, choking. "Oh, George! what—what will he think?"

"Never mind what he'll think," said George, calmly. "It was a good joke, and that ought to be enough for you."

That did not seem to console Winnie. She only sobbed into her handkerchief the more wildly.

"Why did you bring him?" she murmured, in a heart-broken voice. "Why didn't you bring somebody else? That wasn't so—so nice?"

"Oh, well," he observed, trying to speak in an off-hand way, "don't worry about it! he's—he's married."

The sobs ceased. But, when she saw the face which lifted the handkerchief was not exactly radiant. It seemed disappointed.

"Married!" Winnie repeated in an injured tone.

"Good gracious!" said the bewildered young man, "what suit are you in?"

"Don't be so silly," he said, "you're in your own dress."

"The sight of them," she said, "is a cruel reminder of my ante-boarding-school period, and she had had hardly a glimpse of them for two years or more."

"Trying them on came next, in the

WHIPPING A MAD BULL.

Farmer Post's Successful Fight With His Valuable Beast.

Abram Post, of Elderville, Pa., owns a blooded bull, which has long been an object of terror to all employed on the farm, owing to its fierce and aggressive disposition. This bull had always been under the control of its owner, who declared that, so long as any one stood up boldly against the animal, no fear of its attacking him need be entertained. He urged this upon his hired help, but he never could employ any man who would not put himself in a safe place as soon as the bull assumed a belligerent attitude, and Post's wife frequently appealed to him to have the animal killed, believing that, sooner or later, it would rebel against the authority of her husband, and attack him. The beast was too valuable an animal to be sacrificed, and Post, ridiculing the idea that the bull could master him, refused to part with it.

On Thursday evening Post had finished milking a cow in the barnyard, and was returning to the house when he noticed that the bull, which was in the yard, shook his head savagely as he passed by it, and had an unusually vicious look in its eyes. Post passed on, paying no attention to the animal. He had gone only a short distance when he heard a quick step behind him and a low howling which he knew was made by the bull. He turned quickly and saw the animal bearing down upon him. He grasped the bull with one hand by the horns hoping to prevent it from goring him, and the next instant he was tossed in the air. He fell on the bull's head and neck, and was tossed the second time, this time being thrown to the opposite side of the barnyard fence. He was badly bruised and his clothing was torn by rough handling he had received, but believing that if he allowed the bull to remain master of the field its usefulness would be gone and its killing a necessity, Post determined to assume the offensive himself and use every effort to conquer the savage animal. He is a large and muscular man, and, arming himself with a heavy club, he jumped over the fence and advanced boldly upon the bull, which was pawing the ground and howling furiously. The moment it saw Post in the yard it lunged at him with horns lowered. Post met the bull with a terrific blow of the club across the forehead. The wood was broken to pieces, but the blow had no effect upon the animal to increase its fury. The bull lunged upon the farmer, who jumped

Professional Jokers.

Among the frequenters of a well-known Parisian restaurant was a certain methodical personage, who dined there every day, and always at the same table, which the proprietor, with a due regard for so regular a customer, especially reserved for him. Once, however, by some mistake of the waiter, he found on arriving his usual place already occupied by a stranger; and, inwardly fretting at the disappointment, entered into conversation with the mistress of the establishment, who presided at the counter, and awaited the intruder's departure as patiently as he could. The latter seemed in no hurry, for, after consulting the bill of fare, he ordered another dish and a fresh bottle of wine, seeing which the habitue, who would rather have gone without his dinner than taken any place but his own, resolved at all hazards to get rid of the unwelcome guest, and addressing the *dame du comptoir* in a low tone, inquired if she knew who the individual at his table was.

"Not in the least," she replied; "this is the first time he has been here."

"And ought to be the last," he significantly remarked, "if you knew as I do."

"Why, who is he?"

"The executioner of Versailles!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the terrified *dame du comptoir*; and, calling her husband, imparted to him the information she had just received.

"Make out his bill," he said, and counter-ordered what he has asked for. He must not stay here, or we shall lose every customer we have."

Whereupon, armed with the document in question, he presently crossed the room to where the stranger was sitting, and inquired if he were satisfied with his dinner.

"Pretty well," was the answer, "but the service might be quicker. Why don't they bring what I ordered?"

"Monsieur," replied the *traiteur*, assuming an air of importance, "I am compelled to say that your presence here is undesirable; and that I must request you to leave my house as soon as possible, and on no account to set foot in it again."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked his astonished guest.

"You must be perfectly aware," continued the other, "that your being seen here is most prejudicial to me, and—"

"Speak plainly, man!" impatiently interrupted the stranger. "I insist on being told what you imagine me to be."

"Parbleu! you know as well as I do. The executioner of Versailles!"

"Who is your authori-

THE NEWS OF THE STATE.

Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in South Carolina.

—Daily freight trains are now run on the Blue Ridge Railroad.

—Chicken cholera prevails to a considerable extent in York county.

—O. T. Culbreath's life was insured for \$2,000 in favor of his children.

—Greenville and Pelzer have been placed in telephonic communication.

—The annual fair of the Piedmont Fair Association is only two weeks off.

—The Newberry County Fair will be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th instant.

—There were three deaths in Camden during the month of September—all colored.

—New buildings are going up rapidly in Charleston and old ones being improved.

—M. A. Waldrop, of Greenville, exhibits a stalk of cotton with 143 matured bolls.

—The residence of Mr. Jerome C. Miller, of York, was burnt by an accidental fire.

—Capt. H. F. Edwards, of Darlington, was found dead in his bed on last Friday morning.

—Road-workers in some parts of Abbeville county are excused on account of headache.

—The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of South Carolina will meet at Lexington on the 23rd inst.

—A sturgeon weighing 100 pounds jumped into a boat crossing Sand-Bar Ferry and was captured.

—Spartanburg banquets the Greenwood, Laurens and Spartanburg Railroad men on the 13th inst.

—The State Baptist Convention will meet at Newberry on Thursday before the third Sunday in November.

—Robert L. Connor, son of Mr. L. D. Connor, of Cokesbury, was killed in a railroad accident in Arkansas.

—A protracted meeting at the Baptist church in Williamston has attracted much interest and worked great good.

—J. A. Attaway, of the Red Bank section of Edgefield county, claims to have discovered a coal deposit on his plantation.

—A young man of Abbeville county gave a cow and calf, a shotgun, a sow and seven pigs and six dollars in cash for a hound.

—The next term of Court for Edgefield county will convene on the second Monday in November. Judge Hudson will preside.

—A wild turkey gobbler runs with a drove of tame turkeys in Orangeburg during the day, but at night goes into the swamp.

—A colored woman, who was on a steamboat in her way to

SENSIBLE PEOPLE



ARE NOT EASILY DECEIVED, FOR they know quite well that good and bad clothing are alike made to sell; and who was ever known to advertise poor clothing? They know how nearly all clothiers keep the finest and sell—on paper—at less than it cost to make them. Honest prices, well made and nicely fitting clothes, together with a good name (justly deserved), are bound to tell.

The above being a fact, I state it merely to enforce the point that I have ready for inspection the largest and best assorted stock of Fall and Winter Clothing for men, youths and boys, that can be found in the State. They are peerless in variety and honestly good all the way through; even the underlinings are shrunken and the trimmings used are meant to wear; not merely to help sell the goods, as every garment is warranted as represented. There are unassailable ramparts behind which I invite you to deal. I am not here for a season; I am here to stay. My stock this season is the largest I have ever carried, and it embraces every style and fashionable garment that is made. I am willing to compare them with the merchant tailor work, and it is with real pleasure to state that the business of this EMPORIUM OF FASHION is steadily on the increase. My large and constantly increasing patronage testifies more forcibly than words that the values offered by me are not equalled by any house in the State.

To prove the truth of this I ask buyers to make their own comparisons, as I enjoy then a reputation above that and beyond that of all clothiers in this vicinity at least producing a superior class of regular Tailor-made Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Fine Shoes. This is the headquarters for the correct styles in men's and boys' attire. All orders sent to my care will be promptly attended to.

Respectfully,
M. L. KINARD,
Columbia, S. C.

HIP, HIP,
HURRAH!

—FOR THE—

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On first-class tables, with separate room for colored people.

HOT FANCY DRINKS.

He begs to tender his thanks to his friends and patrons and asks a continuance of the same.

Come one! Come all!!

Remember that Politicians serve you and every attention is Dec 17.

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128 MEETING STREET

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