

The Manning Times.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1886. NO. 6.

VOL. II.

The Well of Saint John.

The old well of Saint John in the parish of Newton-Nottage, Glamorganshire, has a tale of its own, which is generally believed to run counter to that of the sea, some half-mile away.

"There is plenty of room for two in here. Within the steep tunnel of old gray-stone, and the well is so dark, and the spring so clear. It is quite unsafe to go down alone."

"It is perfectly safe, depend upon it. For a girl who can count the steps, like me; and if I ever saw dear mother's bonnet, it is there on the hill by the old ash-tree."

"There is nobody but Rees Morgan's cow watching the disk on the milk-white sea. 'Tis the time and the place for a life-long vow. Such as I owe you, and you owe me."

"Oh, Willie, how can I in this dark well? I shall drop the brown pitcher, if you let go. The long roof is murmuring like a sea-song. And the shadows are shuddering to and fro."

"'Tis the sound of the ebb in Newton bay. Quickens the spring as the tide grows less. Even as true love flows away. Counter the flood of the world's success."

"There is no other way for love to flow. Whenever it springs in a woman's breast, To the home of its own heart it must go. And run contrary to all the rest."

"Then fill the sweet cup of your hand, my love. And I will give you my maiden faith thereon. By the touch of the lettered stone above. And the holy water of Saint John."

"Oh, what shall I say? My heart drops low. My fingers are cold, and my hand too tight. Is love to be measured by the weight of water? And you know that I love you without a dot."

They stooped in the gleam of the faint light, over the print of themselves on the limpid gloom; And the lifted her full palm toward the lover. With her lips prepared for the words of doom.

But the warm heart rose, and the cold hand fell. And the pledge of her faith sprang, sweet and clear. From a holier source than the old saint's well. For the never-ebbing tide of love—a tear.—R. D. Blackmore, in December Harper's.

ELSIE'S LOVER.

"I suppose it isn't right to say such a thing," said Elsie, with a plaintive sigh, to her friend and confidant, old Nurse Barnes; "but I often wish I'd never been born. Nobody knows what to do with me, and I certainly don't know what to do with myself."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what are they going to do with you?"

"I don't know," said Elsie sadly. "Uncle Joseph wants me to go and work in the factory. He thinks I might earn twelve shillings a week, after I had had a few weeks' practice."

"It's not hard work," said Mrs. Barnes. "You'll soon get used to it, my dear. One can get used to anything."

"And Aunt Betsey wants to send me up to the Manor House to help Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper," went on Elsie. "I was there a week in the spring. Oh, with a long breath—'tis the prettiest place! One room all full of books, don't you know, and a hall where they hang nothing but pictures. I used to creep all over the place, when the squire was gone out on horseback, and Mrs. Perkins was taking her after-dinner nap. I used to sit down in the silk chairs, and fan myself with the big scented fans, and make believe I was a great heiress, with lots of servants to order about."

"Oh, Elsie! that was making very bold," said Mrs. Barnes, with an awestricken shudder.

"Yes, I know," confessed Elsie; "but it was only making believe, after all, and nobody knew. But I saw Mr. Raven there, and he talked to me just as kind—oh! a deal kinder than Uncle Joseph does. And he told me the names of some of the rarest flowers, and offered to lend me books out of the grand library. But Mrs. Perkins told Aunt Betsey that I am too idle and awkward for service. So now I don't know whether I am to be bound to Miss Miggs, the dressmaker, or sent to learn the artificial flower trade."

"It's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mrs. Barnes, looking sympathetically at Elsie. And just then, as she surveyed the large dark eyes, the cheeks glowing scarlet under their stain of gypsy sunburn, the lithe, graceful figure in its outgrown gown, the fancy suddenly crossed her mind that, under some circumstances, Elsie Linn might be almost handsome.

"You see, I have no one really belonging to me," said Elsie, sighing. "Even Uncle Joseph was only my mother's half-brother. And they don't know what to do with me."

"What would you like best to do?" said Mrs. Barnes, who was pining potatoes for the one o'clock dinner.

"I should like to be an authoress, and write books," said Elsie, with kindling eyes.

"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what do you know about authoresses?"

"Nothing," confessed Elsie; "that's the trouble. Or I should like to paint pictures, and to be famous; or be queen of a country that was at war, and lead the soldiers to victory, mounted on a coal-black horse; or do something very great and grand, so that people might never forget my memory."

Mrs. Barnes first started and then sighed. Four souls, there was perhaps a time when she, too, had her wild dreams and impossible imaginings.

"Such things don't happen nowadays, Elsie," said she. "Women have to scrub, and wash and sew in this country, nor ride to battle or paint grand pictures. Better leave off thinking of such a fate."

"Yes," cried Elsie, with a start, as the clock struck twelve. "And Aunt Betsey will be wanting me to set the table. I must hurry home. How she will scold to be sure."

But to Elsie's infinite relief, when she reached home, Aunt Betsey met her with no frown.

"Come in quick, child," said she, "and change your frock. Mr. Raven is here."

"Oh!" cried Elsie, with a skip over the door-step, "am I to be Mrs. Perkins' maid?"

"We don't know," said Aunt Betsey mysteriously. "Time will show. Don't jump about, my child. Try to take short steps, and be a lady. And, oh, what a dreadful tear that is in your dress. Never mind now. Run quick and change it as soon as ever you can, and then come down to the best parlor."

But long before Elsie Linn's simple toilet was made, an awful fear took possession of her that Squire Raven had come to tell Uncle Joseph of the big bunch of hot-house grapes which she

A MUSKRAT'S PERILS.

Trapping the Little Mink Along the New Jersey Marshes.

"It is not necessary to go to the northern latitude to hunt for muskrats successfully. Jersey will do for us."

So spoke an old and grizzled New Jersey fisherman as he sat on a sugar hogshead which rested on a South street pier and tapped its head merrily with his big split-athar boots. His straggly whiskers and weather-bronzed, pleasant countenance, says the *New York Times* showed that he was one of those happy persons who had passed the best of life when youth, ambition and aspirations never to be obtained had passed away, and peace and contentment were now accompaniments of a frugal life. On his head was perched a cap of black fur, and gloves of similar material peeped from deep pockets of the old tattered coat.

What started the old man was the presence of a pile of steel traps, which glistened in the sunlight of a warm fall day. He eyed them furtively and heaved a sigh. The traps did not look at all formidable as they lay in a tangled heap, with the four-foot chains spread out in every direction. They were of the latest pattern, light, but of strong-stiff springs, though not differing in any essential particular from the ordinary rat-trap that many a mind-beclouded tenant at a late hour has put his foot into while groping in the coal-cellar. At the end of the chains were little round rings, which would be used to fasten them to stakes.

"I suppose," continued the young man, "those fellows will be sent north to be used in mink trapping. If I only had 'em in the meadows near my place I would make the muskrats howl. They're thick down there, and I mean to make it hot for a few of 'em myself this winter."

"Tell me something about trapping," asked a listener.

"Waal," replied the old fisherman, "you looks as though you needed a little of it to spread them shoulders of yours and harden them muscles," and he pinched the thin, scaly biceps of the young weakling's arm. "There is nothing better to strengthen young fellows and build 'em up than trapin' and trampin' over the meadows and through the woods. There ain't any money in it to speak of, but some fun, I should say."

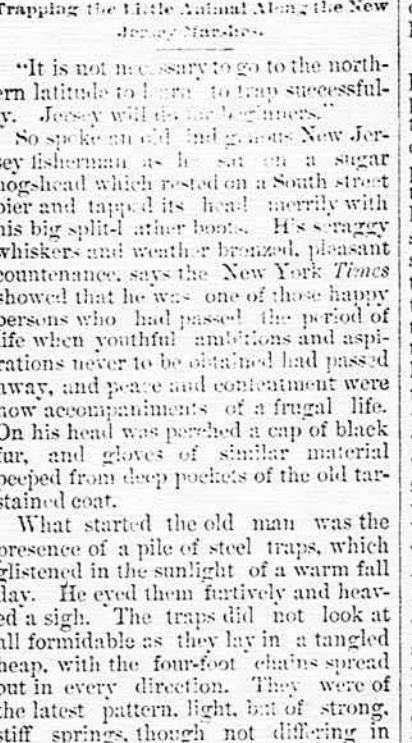
Take the salt marshes on the Jersey coast and they are full of muskrats, while the streams further inland contain but a few. The muskrat is a respectable animal to trap. He is wary and on his guard in the more populous districts. In value his pelt is not worth from 15 to 30 cents apiece, according to the condition of the fur, and also the condition of the market. Some years they bring much more money than in others. The pelts are used in making hats. Sometimes they are done up into furs and sent into the country to be sold under the name of river mink. Of course, as to a pecuniary return, there is not much to attract a young man or boy in this small trapping, but in it he will learn much about the mysteries of the brooks and the secrets of animal life, while the exercise he gets is bracing. The cost of axes, boots and traps will amount to as much as he gets for the skins.

"Waal," continued the old man, "there ain't much play in trappin', and it's mostly work—hard work, too. You want to be well prepared for it. In the first place you must have warm clothing, for you will be out in most all kinds of weather, and nights, too. And in the mornin', when you get up early to go look at your traps, it's cold and raw. You must carry an ax or big hatchet with you to drive in the stakes to which the chains of the steel traps are to be attached. They must be driven in tight, too, or the animal will pull them out and away he will go, trap and all. Then you want a big bag to fetch 'em home in when you get any. These things, with a good set of steel traps, will do to commence with, and then the trapper may put in box traps and devise means of alluring the beasts. Some people use a little bait in the shape of a piece of turnip or apple to allure 'em. A piece of sweet apple is awfully good bait for a muskrat, and he will try hard to get it. A drop or so of unisseed on the pan of the trap is also quite an attraction for 'em. As a rule, however, these allurements are not necessary, and care to cover up the trap will be sufficient. The muskrat is a wary animal, and won't step square into a trap when he sees it. He's knowin', and if it ain't well hid he will step around it. But there's other things to catch besides muskrats. Ye see that cat?" and the old man took his headgear off. "Ye see that cat? That's made out of cat-skin. There was a time when catskins was worth 10 cents apiece, but they ain't worth nothin' now. In a season's work you will probably run against one, and in New Jersey I've caught quite a lot of 'em first and last."

Catching muskrats is a common winter pursuit for fishermen and others in New Jersey, and large quantities of them are caught. The money got for them helps keep the poor coastmen in to help.

The muskrat does not come out of his lair in the daytime, except on rare occasions. Sometimes, on very dark, cloudy days, he may be seen swimming across the pond or down the river, with his head just above the water. He is an ugly-looking animal, of brown fur, black, webbed feet, with white claws, and long, white teeth. He is a fast swimmer, and his powers for staying under the water are enduring. At night they come out to feed, and wander miles over the fields in search of food. They travel over the same roads on these occasions, and make little paths, which in trapping parlance are called runs. The steel traps are often set in these runs, and are carefully covered over with light material, dried leaves, and grass. The unsuspecting rat, as he travels along, will probably get caught. It is always better, if possible, to catch the lively little animal in the water, where he will drown. If on dry ground and the jaws of the trap have caught the rat pretty well down toward the toe, the rat, not being able to pull away, will gnaw off his leg just above where the trap holds it. This is often done, and it shows the pluck and courage of

YOU COULD NOT



IF YOU WOULD

Be more fashionably dressed than in one of my Four-Buttoned Cutaway-Cork-Screw Suits. Not only is the style the most popular for street and business wear, but the material is elegant in appearance and moderate in price. I have all the leading styles and novelties of season, such as Square-Cut Suits, One and Four-Buttoned Cutaways in fancy worsted, Cheviots and Cassimeres, Prince Alberts in diagonal, worsted, cork-screw, whipcord and granite. My assortment is large and greatly admired for beauty and fit, as well as the make and trimming. It is necessary to see these goods to appreciate them.

I have also a line of Gents' Furnishing Goods—for assortment, styles and prices cannot be equaled in the city. Also a well selected stock of Hats and Gents' Fine Shoes of every style that beggars description. When in the city call and see this magnificent stock of Gents' Outfits, and I am sure you will be pleased with the result of your inspection.

All orders addressed to my care will receive prompt attention.

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

Wm. Shepherd & Co.,

128 MEETING STREET,
CHARLESTON, SO. CA.

Several new designs in Tapestry, Brussels, body Brussels and Wool Carpets selected especially for the Fall trade have already arrived and many others on the way.

1,000 Smyrna Rugs

And Mats, all New Patterns, also a fine selection of

Brussels Rugs and Mats.

Cocoon and Napier Matting, new stock just in store.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
Columbia, S. C.

C. H. FISHER, Prop'r.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

I respectfully call to the attention of the Farmers of Clarendon the fact that I have secured the Agency for the Corbin Dish Harrow, Planet Jr. Horse Hoe and Cultivator, Johnson Harrow and the Corn-Plant Reaper. I have one of each of the instruments for display at my stables, and will take pleasure in showing and explaining their utility. No progressive farmer can afford to do without these implements.

W. K. BELL,
Manning, S. C.

Apr 15

CAN'T BE BEAT.

THE DRIVEN WELL MAKES IT EASY TO GET WATER.

No Well Cleaning. (Cheap! Durable!) CALL ON

T. C. Scafe,
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JACOBI HOUSE,
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M. JACOBI, AGT.
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COLUMBIA AND ORANGEBURG.

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES!



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

Tinwares, House Furnishing Goods, Potware, Kitchen and Stove Utensils.

Send for Price List and Circulars.

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Granite and Marble WORKS.



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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of AMERICAN and ITALIAN MARBLE WORK.

Granite Quarries near Winnsboro, South Carolina.

Country orders promptly attended to, and designs furnished on application.

Jan 21

F. N. WILSON.

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Dec 17

W. E. BROWN,
Physician & Surgeon,

Offers his professional services to the people of Manning and the surrounding country. Calls attended promptly night or day.
Office at Drug Store. J 8

J. G. H. CLAUSSEN & CO.,
Steam Bakery and Candy Factory,
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W. A. Reckling,
ARTIST,
110 1/2 MAIN STREET,
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Portraits, Photographs, Stereoscopes, Etc.

OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED.
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EDEL BROS.,
RICHMOND, VA.,
Manufacturers of

Tobacco & Cigars,
And Wholesale Liquor Dealers.

FOR

Carpets, Upholstery Goods,
WALL PAPERS, CORNICES,
CORNICE POLES,
WINDOW SHADES,
LACE CURTAINS.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF CLARENDON CO

C. MAYHEW & SON,
COLUMBIA AND ORANGEBURG.

FALL AND WINTER 1885.

If you need any New Dry Goods, New Carpets, New Mattings, New Shades, New Rugs, New Oilcloths and New Gents' Furnishing Goods, then

KOHN, FURCHGOTT & BENEDICT

is the place to buy them. They have the largest assortment, and the prices they guarantee to be lower than any other House. Their European and American buyers report that they have purchased a large Stock and Superior Quality of Goods at very low prices, they having bought them before the recent advance. The following are a few of the many bargains they offer at present:

One lot of English BROCADE DRESS GOODS at 25c.

One lot of Changeable Dress Goods at 25c.

One lot 3-4 Wool Cashmeres at 11c.

One case 6-4 French Dress Goods at 25c, worth 75c. These goods come in combinations.

500 pieces of the Latest Novelty Dress Goods from 12 1/2 to 15c.

One lot of Real French and Italian Black and Colored Silks at 75c, 81, 81 1/2 and 81 3/4. These goods are imported by us, and other houses pay more for them at wholesale in New York than we retail them here.

One lot of Black Surinams and Radzams at 25c, would be cheap at 31 1/2.

One case of Black and Colored, all-Silk Velvets at 19c, better qualities in proportion.

Good Standard Prints at 4c, and 5c.

Best Quality Full Sateen Chintz at 5c.

3 1/2-inch fine Ginghams at 7c.

English Cretonnes at 17c, worth 35c., latest designs.

One case heavy Brown Canton Flannels at 6 1/2c.

One case extra heavy Brown Canton Flannels at 8c.

One case Superior Brown Canton Flannels at 10c, 12 1/2c, and 15c.

Good standard 3-4 Brown Shirting at 3 1/2c.

Good standard 7-8 Brown Shirting at 4 1/2c.

Good standard 4-4 Brown Shirting at 5c.

10-4 Brown Shirting at 5c.

10-4 fine Bleached Shirting at 20c, 22c, and 25c.

Blue all-wool Flannels at 12c, 15c, and 25c.

We guarantee that these Flannels are 30c per yard cheaper than they can be bought at any other house.

A good Jersey at 60c.

An all-wool Jersey for \$1.25.

A full new line of Gents' Full Undershirts and Unbleached Shirts will be sold at a great saving to the purchaser.

Another lot of Gents' Unbleached Shirts at 4 1/2c, 5c, and 6c. Cannot be duplicated in any house for less than 75c, and 81.

A new line of Tweeds and Cassimeres, very cheap, direct from Saxony.

200 pieces of Yac Laces from 10c. to 50c. per yard. We have them in every color, plain and figured.

A new line of Beaded and Steel Laces; also Black and White Beaded Fronts.

A new line of White Laces, very cheap, in all styles.

A new line of Antique Ties at 11c, worth 25c.

A new line of Black Goods.

Something remarkable in Handkerchiefs.

50 dozen 5-4 Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs at \$1 per dozen worth 85c. Other Handkerchiefs in proportion.

100 dozen Ladies' regular Balbriggan Hosiery, Silk Clocked, at 25c.; also Ladies' Brown and Fancy Balbriggan Hosiery at the low price of 25c. per pair.

500 dozen Children's Imported Hosiery, full styles, at 12c, 15c, 20c, and 25c.

The following goods, which were slightly damaged by the late cyclone, will be sold regardless of cost:

A lot of White Blankets at \$1.25, \$3.00, \$4.25 and \$5.00. The Blankets are worth double the money.

One lot of Red 7-will Flannels at 25c, worth 50c.

One lot of fine Bleaching at 5 1/2c.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

1,000 SMYRNA RUGS, in all sizes, at less than the cost of the raw material. We bought these goods from a manufacturer for net cash, who has been pushed for money.

One lot of full size Smyrna Rugs at \$3, worth \$5.

New Carpets received and continually arriving in all styles.

Five Ingrains at 25c. and upwards.

Extra Super at 65c. and upwards.

Fancy Brussels at 65c. and upwards.

Four and five frame Body Brussels at \$1.10 and \$1.25.

A new line of Velvet Carpets at 5 1/2, last year's price.

50 pair of fine Dado Shades, new patterns with Spring Rollers, at 85c. each.

One lot of Hosocks at 25c.

Country Merchants will do well to examine our Stock before purchasing their Fall bills.

All retail orders promptly attended to, and samples sent on application.

Parties ordering goods or samples will please state in what paper they have seen our advertisement.

Kohn, Furchgott & Benedict