

# The Manning Times.

VOL. II.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1886.

NO. 9.

### Autumn Scenes.

Blue are the hills away in the distance,  
And noisily trill the best of the day.  
Dreaming beneath a part of the sky,  
And musing the wind in his hair and eye.  
Following the maples still in the fall and the  
And rattling the blades of the brown in the  
all  
Scratching the golden sand, ruffling the river,  
All uninterposed, sail and reef.  
The stillness is started by sound of gun, dropping,  
The creek is half-covered with blue trout leaves,  
White covers in the sunshine and shade, and  
The chattering of the birds from the  
The water is gurgling the mill from the  
Now sail through the azure the soft of flowers,  
With white whims out-poured in a gale,  
Moths nervously fit for their last happy days;  
It seemeth the morn of the world's final  
Day.  
And hark! at the sunrise the children's  
That ringeth as sweet as pure terror,  
To school, now, the shouting my children are  
The old activity, color and noise,  
Ah, dear, the children's "till they see the  
The her lightning horses, who talk in  
Now play his game with the rippled polka  
No "going to sleep in the fall!  
In evening the herds of sheep and  
The frog and the screech owl and the  
fit!  
The moon in pale gossamer stillness and  
she laugh on her passion and sorrowed by  
she laugh on her passion and sorrowed by  
As if she had lust, eyes and was even more  
The night's last eyes are all tired and  
And down on the married trickles a tear!  
—C. L. Peiffer, in "The Current."

### THE TELEGRAPHIC SIGNAL.

John Mills, the hero of this sketch, was a railroad engineer, and had been for a long time in the company's employ. When the new engine "59" was completed and placed on the road, John was given charge of it, and he became a natural pride in his preference. At one of the stations there was a young girl, a telegraphic operator, between whom and the engineer there sprang up a mutual attachment, and whenever "59" came along, Kate generally managed to be at the door and exchange signals with her lover. One day the train was detained at the station, and the locomotive detached and sent up the road, to do some additional work, and Kate went along for a ride. As she listened to the sharp, shrill notes of the whistle, it occurred to her that she might hear John to sound her name in the Morse telegraphic characters, so that she could distinguish his signal from that of the other engines, whenever his train approached. The plan worked to a charm, and far and near the whistle shrieked K-a-t-e, until one day, as the operator stepped upon the platform, she overheard a conversation between two young men, and learned that they understood the signal, and were laughingly wondering who Kate could be. Their means of communication having been discovered, they were obliged to discontinue it. In the meantime, Kate had, by means of the telegraph, made the acquaintance of a young lady, an operator in a distant city, but whom she had never seen, and to her she made known the fact that the secret had been discovered. Then her friend suggested a plan as brilliant as it was ingenious. It was simply to arrange a means of telegraphic communication between the approaching train and the station, so as to ring a bell hidden away in the chest of Kate's office, engine "59" being the only one provided with the means of completing the circuit, which was done by laying the poker upon the tender-brake so as to touch the wire in passing. Kate found an opportunity to acquaint John with the proposed plan, and in the meantime had found an abandoned wire which ran for a long distance close by the track, and which she proposed to use for carrying out her purpose. Thanking day came soon after, and John fortunately having a holiday, he and Kate went bravely to work, and before the day had ended the task was completed, and proved a complete success. The dramatic finale of their love episode is told in following sketch—

It was very singular how absent-minded and inattentive the engineer was on the day that the great scientific enterprise was finished. No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new line work? Would her little battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival. Suddenly, with starting distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the ceiling room. With a cry of delight she put on her duty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The whistle broke loud and clear on the wind, which "59" appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused. "Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to a charm."

With a spring she reached the end and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said the fireman. "He told me about it. A wail bright like you see, he hid the poker on the tender brake there, and it hit the wire steam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime!"

But the happy moments sped, and "59" groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special, with the directors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put quite a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the brightly lighted waiting-room.

Suddenly with furious rattle her electric bell sprang into life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dull slam to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang it? With affrighted face she burst from her office and brushed through the as-

tonished people and out upon the snow-covered platform. There stood the directors' train upon the track of the coming engine.

"The conductor! Where is he? Oh, sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding! The express! The express is coming!"

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pecking and dancing through the darkness and they were lost in wonder and amazement. The girl is crazy! No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must be—

All that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on a winter's night! The men sprang to the train, the women and children fled in frantic terror in every direction.

"Run for your lives," screamed the conductor. "There's a smash-up coming!"

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The head-light gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great "59" slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on to the bright glow of the head-light.

"Oh, John, I—"

She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station-house and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?

"She is my daughter," said the old stationmaster. "She tends the telegraph."

The president of the railroad, in his gold-bordered spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?" said the president, taking her hand.

"Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want—"

They handed her some wine in a silver goblet. She sipped a little, and then looked among the strange faces as if in search of someone.

"Are you looking for anyone, miss?"

"Yes—no—it is no matter. Thank you, ma'am. I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleepers when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing you? Good heavens! if she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been; it was very careless of the superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"You feel better, my dear," said the president.

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I know John—I mean the engineer. I was going."

"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure I'm pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph—"

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you know the engine was coming?"

"Must you know?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The president and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I'll tell you all."

John Mills, the engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation she put her hand on John's arm, and said—

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had best tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the president actually kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

For child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled.

The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the president said aloud—

"Gentlemen and directors, you must pardon me, and I trust the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."

There was a sudden hush, and the room now packed to suffocation, was painfully quiet.

"The secretary will please take minutes of this meeting."

The secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. President?"

Every eye was turned to a corner where a gray-haired gentleman had mounted a chair.

"Mr. President?"

"Mr. Graves, director for the State, gentlemen."

"I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolution."

Then he began to read from a slip of paper—

"Whereas, John Mills, engineer of engine number '59,' of this railway line, erected a private telegraph; and where-

as he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this Company; and for other than railway business; it is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as engineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign.

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the president commanded silence, and the State director went on, in a stern her place.

"It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be and is appointed chief engineer of the new repair shops at Savannah."

A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

"How it all ended they never knew. It seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true till they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside that glorious '59.' The few ears the engine had brought up had been joined to the train, and "59" had been rolled out on the siding. With many handshakes for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped away. The ladies had dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the lovers. "59" would stay that night on the siding, and they had walked up the track to bid it a long farewell.

For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away his fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers, they had no need of its light. The winter stars shone upon them, and the calm, cold night seemed a paradise below.

What Hanging is Like.

The following account of the sensations of hanging is sent us by a correspondent who is a member of a kind of "Suicide Club," and was actually, he says, partly hung the other day, in the presence of several friends:

A good stout rope had been obtained. This was securely fastened to the rafters of the barn roof. I pulled at the rope with my hands to make sure that it would not break. Then I permitted myself to be blind-folded and mounted on a chair. For the moment, I admit, I was weak enough to tremble and tremble. I soon, however, recovered my presence of mind. Putting my head through the noose, I gave the signal. I felt the chair drawn from under me. There was a great jerk, and I felt a violent pain in my neck, as though my scarf had all of a sudden become tight. Now comes the most curious part of my experience.

### QUEER THINGS IN TEXAS.

Characteristics of Some of the Native Growth.

The centipede is not a very pretty insect. He runs so much to legs. Once I thought of him in a house, but after seeing a lot of children's Indian paposes pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their avocation. In the course of my checkerboard career, I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body under them a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of poultice, prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with post-wildly—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army man—the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victims at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about 200 little lancets, conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawls across your body—which will likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half a mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail, and you'll remember his visit for weeks. No man ever died from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.

TARANTULAS.

The tarantula is an exaggerated spider, with teeth and hair. They are always ready for a fight and will tackle anything, not excluding a buzz-saw. In days gone by I have often amused myself by testing one with a red-hot coal. At first they would fight shy, but after they once got mad they would attack that coal and never surrender until they were burned to a crisp. I never heard of any one eating a tarantula. If one bites you use some remedies as prescribed for centipede sting, only more so.

THE VINEGARON.

The vinegaron has never been scientifically classified, and is content to plod through life undistinguished, save by his humble frontier patronymic—The Mexicans and Indians, who have been acquainted with the vinegaron longer than I have, solemnly assert that his bite is deadly. I have always taken their word for it. The vinegaron lives under decaying logs, and, if disturbed, seems to run. I saw a fight once between a vinegaron and a tarantula. The tarantula was lifted out of the pit dead in one minute.

THE STINGING LIZARD.

is found most anywhere, but principally snugly ensconced in the folds of your blanket when you lie down at night. He always lets you know that he is there, and I have known strong men to tear their hair and dance and pray in a very undignified and eccentric fashion, upon discovering that a stinging lizard had selected them as a bedfellow. The stinging lizard's weapon of defense and offense is his tail, which is long and as full of joints as a bamboo joint. When he punches you with the sharp end of the caudal appendage you think of sheep's fire and bowl. The stinging lizard is not good to eat. The application of a fresh quad of tobacco will take the fire out of the spot where he salutes you.

THE DEVIL HORSE.

The body of a devil horse is all of the same size, and he looks not unlike a green walking-stick set up on twelve other walking-sticks, six on a side. The scientific man who has sought to classify the fauna of Texas have somehow overlooked the devil horse, but he doesn't seem to mind the slight and continues catching flies with monotonous persistence. I was never bitten by a devil horse, and I never met any one who had been, but the natives class them among the poisonous, and they ought to know.

A COLONY OF FIRE ANTS.

My camp was once invaded by fire ants. It was a good place, convenient to wood and water, and I hated to leave. I disputed the right of occupancy with them for three weeks, at the end of which time I was eventually surrounded and fled. During that time weeks I dug them out, burned them out and drowned them out, but they didn't seem to mind it in the least. They went on burrowing the building and exploring the surrounding country, and when my tent got full of them, and I had been bitten in about 3,000,000 different places, I thought it time to move. The bite of the fire ant is like the sting of the stinging lizzard. It hurts and makes a sore place. They increase with a rapidity that is alarming, and the more you try to exterminate them the more numerous they become. It used to be a test of courage among the Comanche Indians for a brave to thrust his hand into a nest of fire ants and hold it there without flinching, while his companions went through the movements of a somewhat complicated dance around his tortured body. They don't do it any more. Once near Pope's Crossing, on the Pecos river, I reached a village of fire ants and started to make a detour. We discovered Indian signs of recent date, and halted to investigate. A band of Indians had camped on the edge of the ant village, and a prisoner, who afterward proved to be a bear-hunter named Goggin, was stripped, bound hand and foot, and laid down among the ant hills. You can imagine his horrible sufferings. We found his bones and gave them a decent burial. The fire ant is pugnacious, and his mode of warfare is always aggressive. In the aggregate, he will attack any living thing, from an elephant down, kill him by sheer force of numbers, and devour all but the bowels.—*Stamerson, Texas, Cor. of the Philadelphia Times.*

### Concerning Gazetes.

The fact is, scarcely any nuisance is a greater nuisance than that pertaining to ill-assorted names. Why, for instance, with our beautiful and musical Indian nomenclature, should we have our Syracuse, Memphis, Thibes, Toledo, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cairo, Babylon, Jerusalem? What an unpronounceable, ill-assorted name is New York when we can have Manhattan for the taking! Why should racing naves be named J. B. Woodford and Flora Temple, or an Indian Hole-in-the-Wall, Man-Antail-of-Hill-Horse, etc. Why should a harpomy composed for a religious hymn be named Federal street and another a Broadway square? Why should two of our gentlemen be called Perry and Vance? Why should so many names of barrels, villages, towns and cities be repeated in thirty-eight states and seven territories, and give rise to memorable Washingtons, Jacksonvilles, Jacksonsons, Adamsons, and so on?—*Christianity at Work.*

The fact that a commercial agency has been beaten in a suit to collect damages for an injurious report ordered by a merchant to pay \$1,000 ought to have a wholesome effect on concerns of the sort. Mercantile agencies are useful institutions beyond doubt, but they blunder miserably at times and ought to suffer for it when they injure business reputations.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A party of French scientists is searching for remains of the pre-historic world so minutely described in the "Arabian Nights." Fragments of eggs have been found, but no skeletons or bones.

### THE CALHOUN MONUMENT.

The Bronze statue of the Great statesman to Rest Upon Native Granite.

The *Sunday News* mentions that on Friday last the contract for building the stone work for the bronze statue of John C. Calhoun was awarded to Mr. E. T. Vieth, of Charleston, for the sum of \$13,000. The monument is to be erected on Marion Square, and the work will be pushed forward at once so that it will be finished by the 1st of November next.

The design for the monument was furnished by Mr. A. E. Harbush, of Rome, who has already completed the main statue and is now at work upon the smaller figures. When completed the monument will be one of the largest and handsomest works of the kind in the United States and will constitute a fitting tribute to the memory of the illustrious South Carolinian, whose magnificent state-manship excited the wonder and admiration of the entire people and swayed the destinies of the whole nation.

The stone-work will be of hammered dressed granite 56 feet square at the base and 33 feet high. The first layer of stone will be 56 feet square, and on top of it will be placed seven successive layers gradually reducing the base to 30 feet square. Then will come four stone steps bringing the whole up to a height of 153 feet. On top of the steps will rest the first base of the die-block. It will be 12 feet square and will support the second base, which in turn will be surmounted by the die-block or pedestal for the main figure. The die-block will have four sides, two of which will be square and two circular in shape. The corners will be gracefully panelled, and in these panels will stand four bronze palmetto trees in high relief. The die-block will be finished off on top with a heavy moulded cap, which will bring the monument to a height of 33 feet. The only thing in the nature of an inscription upon the monument will be the single word Calhoun, carved in raised eight-inch letters on a conspicuous portion of the granite work.

On top of the die-block will rest the colossal statue of Calhoun, 15 feet high giving the whole structure a total elevation of 48 feet.

The main statue has been completed and is now at Genoa, Italy, awaiting shipment as soon as the pedestal is ready for its reception. It is cast in bronze and represents Calhoun in the act of rising from the Senatorial chair. The model was made by A. E. Harbush, sculptor, at Rome, and was cast in bronze at the foundry of San Michel, in the same city. The four allegorical figures are now being made by Mr. Harbush, and will be placed at symmetrical points on the stone steps of the base.

Mr. Vieth, with his wonted energy, has already ordered the granite from the quarries of Messrs. Woodward, Haskell & Rion, at Winnsboro, and expects to commence work as soon as it arrives.

### A MODERN INQUISITOR.

Burmese Victims of the Victorious English Photographed in their Death Agony.

The reports received at London confirm the news from Burmah which the other night caused much excitement in and out of the House of Commons on the testimony of the English war correspondents. The English authorities in Burmah stand convicted of cruelty as cold-blooded as anything in the stories of the repression of the Sepoys or the French conquest of Algiers.

The provost marshal at Mandalay has had lately to superintend the execution of numbers of Burmahese. Not content with having them shot down in ordinary business fashion, the provost marshal, who has a morbid taste for amateur photography, has on several occasions added unspeakable torture to his victims' death pangs by delaying the interval between orders to "present" and "fire" long enough to allow him to take two or three negatives with the camera he carries about with him.

He pleads scientific interest as an excuse for his barbarity, but so far he has nothing even scientific to show in self-defense, "being a poor hand at photography, his attempts to fix the horror and anguish of violent death on his negatives have been abortive. The provost marshal's methods were so heily-ridiculous that the absence of results is surprising. Having had the prisoners drawn up the firing platoon before them and get the camera into position, the officer calmly prepared his plates. The officer commanding the soldiers was instructed not to give the fatal signal till the plate was exposed. Thus the most interesting negatives were obtained at the very moment of the prisoners' death agony.

On one occasion he varied his scientific sports by extorting incriminating evidence against the Burmese minister from a native named Woguet by threatening him with execution. Five Burmahese had been shot in Woguet's presence. He himself was then placed against the wall. The platoon were ordered to level their guns at him, and he was thus cowed into making the desired statements after the fashion which prevailed in the Tower of London in sixteenth century. The British commissioner declined to act on such evidence.

The provost marshal's brutality so exasperated the English and native spectators that it was only the presence of the troops which prevented the attempt to lynch him in deference to the indignant protests. A rigid inquiry has been ordered, and this modern inquisitor will take no more negatives. The new Government will undoubtedly rightly inquire into these facts. It is no wonder the *Times* correspondent was ordered away from camp.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is temporarily depressed by the pulling down in Boston of the old house in which he was married and lived happily for many years, and which with its associations was one of the pleasantest homes.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

Miss Catharine Woolfe, the wealthiest spinster in the country, has \$15,000,000.

John Kelley is reported to have secretly written a volume of personal reminiscences of a political nature, which he will shortly publish.

Gen. Roger A. Pryor has declined to serve on the Tammany committee on election frauds, for the reason that to do so would interfere with his business.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, has entirely severed his connection with his old law firm, in order to give, both in appearance and in fact, his entire attention to public duties.

Jay Gould had planned to steam as far into the tropics as Rio Janeiro, but his notion is now to be to turn the *Atalanta's* prow towards the western shores of the Caribbean Sea.

The Ladies' Silk Culture Society of California are disposed to complain because Miss Cleveland has not acknowledged the gift of a specimen of their manufacture, although now she has probably worn them out.

John Sherman has written an autograph letter to Jacob Bolander, of Cincinnati, who named a boy baby after the Ohio Senator, in which he sends "his kindest regards to the mother and a kiss to the baby."

Senator Beck says that since his pro-silver speech he has received letters from Governors of nine States. Did they repeat the historic remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina?

Representative J. Randolph Tucker, who has written a letter to his constituents in which he declares to be a candidate for re-election, will have been in Congress twelve years on the expiration of his present term.

Mary Anderson has not quite made up her mind what she will do next season. Her ambition prompts her to attempt a professional tour of Germany, and she has many reasons for believing that she would succeed.

Miss Alice Jordan, the young lady who recently joined the junior class at the Yale Law School, has withdrawn, owing to the announcement by the faculty that she would not be eligible for a degree after passing the required examination.

Miss Maud Gardner, daughter of ex-Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, is giving lessons in whistle to Boston young ladies, ostensibly to teach them the game but really, probably, as a missionary labor to inculturate the silence which whist imposes.

Mr. Stanley, the explorer, who is living in London, with a trip to the tropics in mind, used to have dark hair but some bitter experience on the Congo changed it to an iron gray. Now, again, strange enough, the color of his hair has changed from gray to a rich brown.

Mr. Charles G. Williams, of Wisconsin, is delighting rural audiences in Dakota, with a lecture on the "Ins and Outs of Congress," and as Mr. Williams has not been a Representative since the Forty-fourth Congress his information on the "Outs" is especially extensive.

Ten years ago Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of the President and now mistress of the White House, was a teacher in the Female Seminary at Mauncy, N. Y. Her lady friends as a nickname called her "Johnnie," to which she was not averse, and which she readily assented to that of Rose.

Lieut. Greely has arrived at the firm conviction that ice in the sea never forms to a depth of more than five feet to ten feet. The floesbergs and icebergs of great thickness that are encountered floating out to sea, he maintains, are merely detached portions of the great polar ice-cap.

Mr. Seth Spurgeon, of Hingham, Mass., has been selectman twenty-nine years, and there is no disposition to select any other man, while the town collector, Mr. Andrew J. Gardner, now seventy-one, hops around and collects as lively as he has been doing for the past quarter of a century.

General Tombs in his will gave to his faithful servant, Billy, the use of a room, privilege of wood, and an annuity as long as he lives. There is a bequest to each one of the family servants, and the desire is expressed that they be retained as long as they wish to stay on the same terms as heretofore.

Mr. Henry J. Elliott, of Philadelphia, will make the plaster cast of the John McCullough statue, which will be a "Virginia's" seven feet high. The monument, of which the bronze statue will be the central figure, will be of sand-stone or gray marble and will be finished at a cost of \$20,000 within three months.

Prof. Huxley, who is only four years older than the oldest steam railway, is astounded when he reflects that he lived when he could not travel any faster than horses could transport him, and so had no advantage over Achilles, but does not reflect that the means of individual locomotion have not improved in 5,000 centuries, excepting possibly in going upon two feet instead of "four-footers."

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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 Disk Harrow, Planet Jr. Horse Hoe and Cultivator, Johnson Harrow and the Continental Reaper. I have one of each of these 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, Agt.  
Manning, S. C.  
Apr 15

Notice!  
I desire to call to the attention of the Mill and Cotton Planters of Clarendon, S. C., that I have secured the agency for this County for the DANIEL PRATT REVOLVING HEAD GINS. Having used these Gins for several years I can recommend them as the best Gins now in use. Any information in regard to the Gins will be cheerfully given. I can also supply the people of Clarendon with any other machinery which they may need, at the lowest prices. Parties wishing to purchase Gins will find it to their interest to give their orders early.  
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