

### Hollyhocks.

A flaunting, graceless flower, you say?  
Ah, well, it may be so;  
And still it seems not yesterday  
That morning long ago,  
I almost see the cottage yet,  
The winding path—and Margaret.

A light-winged breeze sailed gently by;  
The lark's clear note afar,  
Thro' the blue spaces of the sky,  
Said like a falling star,  
I never saw her look so fair;  
Ah, if I told her, would she care.

With a scarlet hollyhock,  
A polka-dotted ribbon,  
A polka-dotted ribbon,  
The lark's clear note afar,  
Thro' the blue spaces of the sky,  
Said like a falling star,  
I never saw her look so fair;  
Ah, if I told her, would she care.

Loud hummed the bee with angry wing—  
"Why thus so ill content?"  
The sweets you sought, poor foolish thing,  
She said, "are all mispent."  
My heart leaped up to hear her speak;  
A sudden courage dyed my cheek.

"Darling," I cried, "oh, let him fly,  
And take me in his place."  
Fast pressed in your heart could I  
Ask any sweeter grace?  
I could not struggle to be free,  
So dear a jailer holds the key.

Her cheek flushed like an opening rose,  
Thro' which her lips did show,  
I saw her little hand unclose,  
The glad bee flew away,  
Ah, me? 'twas forty years ago—  
My hair is gray—yet this I know:

I've reamed the "many garden bowers  
And blooming fields since then;  
In summer wild-wood gathered flowers,  
And in the mountain vine,  
Pulled hollyhocks from the moss-grown  
rock.

Yet most I loved the hollyhock,  
—Mary A. P. Silsbury.

### LOVE TO RESCUE.

"We'll take you in," said Betty, with a patronizing air that was quite new to her, "because you have been so kind, as I have got us all the boughs to decorate with. But you mustn't tell anybody. George, Mr. De Vaux and I want to astonish the natives to-night."

It was George Knox for whom she opened the door of the new barn, that marvelous structure of Mr. Sprague's, an outgrowth of fancy farming on large capital.

There it stood, like a palace of agriculture, painted pure white, with latticed windows of emerald-green, and an airy observatory at the top, surmounted by a gilded weather-vane.

The barn had just been finished that summer, but the crops were all in and half threshed when Betty made up her mind to have a harvest-home. There was plenty of room for dancing in the wide area between the mows, when the farming implements and machinery were moved out of the way.

"Walk in, Mr. Knox," said Clarence de Vaux, with the air of one to the manner born. "Miss Betty and I have been doing the decorative inside."

George winced at the constant association of his name with Betty's, and looked jealously at the girl's fair face, which had never seemed farther from him than now.

"She will never care for me," George said gloomily, with a desperate look at his brown hands and homely clothes, thrice ugly by contrast with the dainty elegance of Clarence de Vaux.

He went into the barn marvelling, yet full of despair.

It never occurred to him that he had any part in the beauty of that interior, though he had loaned his team and spent a whole day cutting boughs and gathering flowers for Betty at her command, without even getting what she was going to do with them.

"Doesn't it look pretty?" Betty demanded, as they stood inside of the barn, and she took a few glances towards Mr. De Vaux over the well-waxed floor.

"This is Mr. De Vaux's doing. He is quite an artist, I assure you."

"Ah, now, Miss Betty!" cried de Vaux, pulling his mustache. "Spare my blushes."

"It looks beautiful," George said simply.

And for a moment his honest eyes shone with pleasure.

"The scene was a very pretty one. All around the walls were arranged in prominent seats; the walls were hung with green boughs and autumn leaves, with fruit and grain, and farm implements gaily decorated with ribbons."

Chinese lanterns depended from the rafters, and a chandelier, made of laths cleverly nailed together, supported a hundred wax candles.

"You will have to be careful about fire," suggested George mildly. "With all that hay in the mows, the least spark would make a blaze in a minute."

"There won't be any danger, I guess," Betty said carelessly. "Would you like to go up in the cupola, George? There's a lovely view from there. You can see Rocky Hill and the mill-pond quite plainly. Won't you come up, Mr. De Vaux?"

"No, I thank you. De Vaux said lazily, "I am too tired for stairs. If you'll excuse me, Miss Betty, I'll wait for you below."

A look of pique came over Betty's face, but she managed to hide it, and went on up the staircase with George.

There was a lovely view up there, but he had no eyes for it. He had been longing so for a moment with her alone that he pressed close to her side, and looked down into the witching face that had broken his peace for ever.

"Betty," he said, in a voice that trembled from very love, "what is the matter with you lately? You are not the same to me as you used to be."

"Why, nothing," she answered in feigned surprise. "You're full of notions, George."

"No, I am not," he said decidedly. "I know when you are kind to me and when you are not. Betty, you know that I love you with my whole soul. I have never asked you to be my wife, just because your father is a rich man, and I am only a young farmer who has his way to make. But if I thought you could care for me a little—Oh, Betty, do you think you could?"

He had seized her hand, and was looking wistfully into her fair face, with a great hunger on his lips to taste the sweetness of that tempting mouth so near his own.

He was a fine fellow, and Betty knew it. He had never looked nobler than he did at that moment; but De Vaux was a gentleman with invisible means of support; his hands were white, and he could dance the lawn tennis quadrilles beautifully.

### PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

It is Promoted by More Popular Season Than Winter Ever.

This winter the interesting game of progressive euchre promises to be more popular than ever, and hundreds of parties are organizing to play in many parts of the country. Its fascination is independent of that which, to some persons, belongs to ordinary euchre, and consists in the briskness and range of the competition, as well as in the meretricious and physical activity which it invariably provokes.

In order to give a particular instance in which it was played with success, not because this instance is in any respect remarkable, but because being a fair average one, it will represent many others. The host or hostess, then, standing in the drawing-room in the presence of, say twelve, sixteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen who have been invited for the evening, holds in one hand a number of pieces of pasteboard to be drawn successively by the ladies, and in the other hand a similar number to be drawn by the gentlemen. Suppose the number of players is sixteen, or four at each one of the four small tables, which have been placed diagonally across the room, and on each of which has been laid a card representing one of four geometrical figures, say a square, a circle, a parallelogram, or an octagon. Each of these cards has two duplicates, which, after being cut in two, are held for distribution in the hands of the host or hostess. The ladies proceed to select each a piece from eight pieces held out to them, and another eight held out to them, and the fun begins by their attempting to match the pieces so selected. A gentleman, for instance, who has drawn half a square, goes around to find the lady who has drawn a similar pattern, and who, when found, becomes his partner at that particular table on which lies a square. In like manner, two other players are selected for the same table, making the usual euchre party of four. The table on which lies a circle obtains its sitters in a similar way, as do also the tables on which are lying respectively the parallelogram and the octagon. The table nearest the front door is said to be at the head of the row, and the corresponding one at the other end of the room is said to be at the foot. The players being thus seated four at a table, one of those at the head table strikes a bell, and the game begins. Everybody plays as fast as she or he can, and the excitement is great until the sound of the bell announces that a couple at the head table have finished their game. Immediately all the other players stop playing, and the winners at each table change places and take the table next above them, the ultimate object being to get at the head table. The losing couple at the head table go down to the foot, and at every table the partners change, so that your partner in the previous round becomes your enemy in the round now beginning.

The delightful haste and confusion caused by this sudden change and energetic effort to advance are accompanied by much laughter, and the spirit of competition is soon in full swing. The couple at the head who have won a game take from a small box containing wafers in the shape of red stars, one of the stars and stick it to their card to indicate the fact of their triumph. The more stars any player has on his card the more success he has won. But the couple who lose at the lowest table of all are compelled to indicate their disgrace by affixing to their card half of a little red paper seal like that adjoining signatures in legal documents. The more of these wafers or seals any couple has the greater is their ill-repute.

The game continues in this way until the time previously chosen by the host or hostess has expired. This time is usually two hours or two hours and a half, when the final reckoning is taken and the prizes awarded. To the lady and gentleman who have won the most points a prize piece is awarded, and this may be of any description—cost, although good taste seems to dictate that its pecuniary value be not large. To the lady and gentleman, on the other hand, who have lost the most while sitting at the lowest table, and on whose card therefore, is the greatest number of half-seals, a mock prize piece is awarded, consisting, say, of a cheap doll fantastically dressed, or other ludicrous exponent of unsuccessful effort.

The presentation of these prizes is often accompanied by humorous speeches, in which the real or affected merits of the successful and unsuccessful players are dilated upon in serio-comic fashion; and when the persons selected to make the speeches of presentation is apt for the task, the merriment often becomes hilarious. Supper is then served, and dancing may follow, or the game may be renewed. Most young people, however, prefer to close the evening with some fresh sport.

To any person who has never played progressive euchre, the pitch of excitement to which even our grandmother and grandfathers often succeeded in elevating themselves would be almost past belief, but everybody at all familiar with this festive game knows that the physical activity and the buoyancy of spirit created by its requirements are unequalled by any other indoor game. The intellectual conditions under which progressive euchre attains its happiest summation are of a high order also. Euchre, like checkers, is an intellectual game if played in the right way. It is a mistake to suppose that whist or chess has a monopoly of the intellectual element. There is as much difference in the methods of players of ordinary euchre as in those of the players of ordinary checkers; and when, to the usual conditions, those active and jovial ones of progressive euchre are added, the pleasure is immense.—Harper's Bazar.

The Chinese minister at Washington is Mr. Isas, Jr., though he is considerably over 60. His wife is only 29. The only English sentences the minister can use are "How do you do," "Good-by," and "Champagne is good." Some members of the legation are careful buyers of fine gems.

Josephine Jenkins, who writes Boston press, is a niece of N. P. law, he said it had paid.

### Emperor William's First Love.

The second volume of Mr. Treitschke's "German History," which has just appeared, contains an interesting episode in the life of William I.

The most beautiful and accomplished of all the young ladies of Frederick William III's court was the Princess Radziwill. Prince William was passionately in love with her, and, although it might have been adjudged a splendid match had the parties been born in a cabin, objections were raised against it by the royal family on account of inequality of birth.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Radziwills was one of the oldest and wealthiest of the noble families of Prussia, and that in the days of Frederick the Great a Hohenzollern had married a Radziwill, the law in relation to royal marriages had undergone a change since his time, it having become the rule that only the daughters of reigning houses and those of former sovereigns should be considered equal-born with the sons of emperors and kings. For five long years every effort was made by the relatives of both sides to meet the objections raised against Prince William's happiness. At the request of Prince Radziwill, the celebrated attorney Eichhorn wrote a legal opinion in which the equality of birth was made plain, but his opinion was opposed by many eminent legal authorities on the other side.

The proposition was considered that Prince August of Prussia might adopt the Princess Radziwill as his daughter, but five of the ministers replied that it was their duty to declare that such adoption did not change the blood.

In the meantime, Frederick William III's third son, Prince Karl, had married a princess of Wiemar, and the grand ducal court of Saxony now made it known that if Prince William persisted in his intention the children of Prince Karl would insist upon their prerogative of royal succession. Affairs were assuming a serious aspect for the royal lovers, since a dispute in the Hohenzollern dynasty. At the urgent and repeated entreaties of his counselors, Frederick William III. reluctantly consented to use his kingly authority in the matter. This was in 1836, when the present emperor was about 29 years of age. In a letter filled with fatherly and tender sentiment the king represented to his son that inasmuch as every reasonable effort had been made, and made in vain, it became his painful duty to ask him to sacrifice his noble sentiment of regard for the young princess to the interests of the royal house of Hohenzollern.

Upon the receipt of this letter Prince William was profoundly affected, but, as a dutiful son, when he had sufficiently recovered from the shock, he informed his father that he was ready to comply with his request.

Bishop's Ring Around the Sun.—There is nothing new under the sun, there is at least something new around it. For the last two years close observations of the sky have noticed that the noonday sun has been surrounded by a corona of dusky, coppery, or reddish light, as it has been variously described, the circle of most distinct color having a radius of about fifteen degrees, and inclosing a brilliant, silvery or bluish glow close around the solar disk. A similar appearance of much less intensity has been occasionally noticed around the full moon on very clear winter nights.

The most experienced observers of sky-colors are agreed that this corona was not visible before the latter months of 1883. Von Bezdold, of Munich, who was considered the most competent meteorologist to prepare a schedule for observations on the colors of the sky for the recent German Arctic expedition, says that, in spite of the close attention he had previously given to the appearance of the usual whitish glow around the sun, he had never till recently seen the dusky ring. Thollon, of Nice, who had made a special study of the sky around the sun for a series of years, declares confidently that a change occurred in November, 1883. Backhouse, of Sunderland, who has a careful record of auroras for twenty-five years, confirms this opinion. We may, therefore, safely accept the conclusion that the change of color from the blue of the open sky to the intense glare of whitish light close around the sun, was until lately effected without the appearance of any reddish tinge in the transitional area.

The new corona, to which the name of "Bishop's ring" has been given after its first observer, has never been a very conspicuous affair, and therefore has not attracted the popular attention that it deserves; but it could easily be seen every clear day last winter, and has repeatedly been noticed since then in the latter months of 1885.—William M. Davis, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

### A Lawyer Baffled.

Jim Mc Snifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of \$50 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes, sah."

"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would git me \$50 if I—"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third person present. Dar was only two. Defendant am too smart to hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskibulity."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was de first person, myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you \$50?'"

"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin about you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, ceptin' dat he tole me ef ober I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de judge and jury."

"You can step down."—Texas Siftings.

The 10-year-old Emperor of China is clamorous for a wife.

### THE FREE-TRADE MOVEMENT.

An Open Letter to the South Carolina Congressmen.

In accordance with a resolution of the Executive Committee of the Free-Trade Association, a copy of the following letter has been mailed to each Senator and member of Congress from this State:

HEADQUARTERS FREE-TRADE ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 4, 1886.

My Dear Sir—The Free-Trade Association of South Carolina believe that of all causes assigned for the present deplorable prostration of industrial interests in the United States, none is more disastrous and far-reaching than the system of so-called protection under which a grievous tariff, imposed avowedly as an extraordinary war measure, has been perpetuated through twenty years of profound peace.

They believe that this wrong endures only because unrealized and unexposed. They have therefore resolved to urge upon the people of South Carolina, in public meetings, the propriety of demanding of Congress a speedy abolition of artificial barriers and governmental toll-gates, by which the traffic of the world is diverted from its natural channels, and man is deprived by man of his God-given right to secure the fullest returns to his labor.

Feeling assured that as a custodian of South Carolina's interests in the Federal Congress you are desirous of maintaining her past record in this matter, and of removing obstructions to her material progress, the Free Trade Association warmly invite your aid in their work.

They trust that you will consent to deliver at least one public address at such time and place in the State as may be most convenient, discussing the burdens of the tariff, setting forth the position of Congress in regard to its repeal in whole or in part, and suggesting the means by which your constituents may most efficiently co-operate with you in securing relief so greatly needed, yet so long deferred.

By order of the Executive Committee. R. MEANS DAVIS, Chairman.

### A TALE OF WOES FROM IRELAND.

Maidens Naked and Starving—The Inhabitants on the West Coast Subsisting on Moss and Roots.

The English Government has placed gunboats at the service of Mr. Tuke in his work of relieving the inhabitants of the islands along the western Irish coast. Indescribable distress has been developed among the people inhabiting the Aran Isles, off Galway, who besides having hardly anything but moss and sea grass left to eat, go without fire and often without clothing and shelter. It is not rare to find girls of seventeen and eighteen kept in enforced hiding during the daytime because bereft of every thread of clothing, long ago bartered away for sweet potatoes or roots to feed the smaller children. Fishing-Inspector Brady recently went among the miserable people of Arran to distribute relief furnished by an organization of Irish police. His funds ran short and he still had so much pitiable wretchedness to relieve that he appealed to Mr. Bussey, who is charged with the distribution of the raised in America through the New York Sun for the impoverished fishermen of Achill and Boffin Island, and begged him to divert part of his store for the benefit of the Arranese. This Mr. Bussey was permitted to do, and he reports that in order to save the lives of scores of people, now dying of starvation in those Western islands, it is imperative that relief on a large scale be at once organized.

### THE WRONG MEN LYNCHED.

A Shocking Discovery Made Too Late to Do Any Good.

The horrible murder on Christmas Eve, 1881, when three children were murdered at Ashland, Ky., which resulted in a lynching, is recalled again by developments about to be made which will demonstrate that Neal, Craft and Ellis were innocent of the crime for which they suffered.

For some time seven gentlemen have been employing a competent detective to sift every theory and investigate every clue. Their work has been crowned with success, and it is claimed that your arrest of the real criminals will soon follow. The evidence is said to be conclusive and will show that the triple murder was committed early in the evening; that the perpetrators went to the house by appointment with one of the girls, who had previously seen on intimate terms with one of them, and that the triple murder followed the unintentional killing of the boy for resisting the assaults on the girls. The arrests would have been made before but for the excited state of public feeling on the subject. The suspect parties hold very respectable places.

Stewart Pringle, a noted Confederate negro, died in Morehouse, Parish, La., last week. He went through the Mexican war with Col. Butler, of South Carolina, and was in the Confederate army with Capt. H. D. Brigham. He was Southern to the core. "I would never admit that the South was whipped, but would always say that the Confederates were overpowered. After the war he was a staunch Democrat. He loved to talk of Lee and Jackson, but Stonewall was his favorite. He had a canteen from which Jackson drank, and no money could have induced him to part with it.

On Friday morning, when the keepers of the New Orleans jail made efforts to arouse Ford and Murphy, condemned murderers, they could not wake them up. After an examination, the physician concluded the men had taken belladonna. At 9:30 Murphy had rallied a little, but Ford was still unconscious. The men were taken to the gallows in a half-conscious state, and had to be supported while the noose was adjusted around the neck of each. At 12:45 the drop fell, and both men died instantly.

### What is the Right Thing to Do?

The idea of marriage as the object of life—an end for which girls are to be trained—appears often to be the very stumbling-block in the way. If they are allowed to grow up thinking of marriage only as a possibility, as an incident in their lives which may or may not happen, will they not be better prepared for whatever fortune has in store for them? Freed from that anxiety about their future which characterizes many young women now unconsciously influenced by the popular idea that marriage is the only suitable destiny of woman, there would seem to be a chance that they might be trained to be happy, whether they were married or single.

While acknowledging that a well-sorted marriage is without doubt the truest and best life for both man and woman, can it be denied that an unhappy union is the greatest of sorrows in a woman's life, to say nothing of the train of evils which it brings upon others? If this idea that marriage is the great object—the necessity of woman's life—could be removed, there would certainly be more suitable and fortunate unions, and fewer of the hasty, ill-considered, unwise ones. So long as two people who know little of each other's "X" character, tastes and habits, and the lining of each other's antecedents will rashly join themselves for life after an acquaintance of a few weeks, so long must we look for the horrors of the divorce courts and the life-long martyrdom of those who bear the ills that they cannot fly from. If girls did not learn from those about them, from much of their reading, from the very atmosphere of society that they were expected to marry somebody, they would hardly deem it possible to take such a risk as that of marriage without due consideration. They would wait for the certainty that it was the right thing to do, and that the right persons for them had appeared.

Let them feel that the end and aim of their lives is to be fit to be women and to fill their places as such in the world that so much needs both good women and good men, and there is no fear that they will not be quite equal to the situation, if they find it best for their happiness to marry.—Henrietta Davis, in Good Housekeeping.

### An Antiseptic Climate.

One of the most curious results of my observations is that the climate of Damaland possesses what we might call an antiseptic character for several months of every year. The quality is an attendant of the long annual drought. Every living thing suffers during that period for the excessive heat, and much comfort is impossible, even in the shade, while, in places exposed to the warm winds, the thermometer has risen to 129 degrees; and the sand, unmoistened for six months, becomes so hot that I have seen eggs hardened in it. This arid heat is opposed to the propagation of ferment, for it dries up everything that is exposed to the wind before it has time to sour. No manifestations of tuberculosis are known. Wounds of every kind heal remarkably quickly and well, without enough suppuration taking place to make the bandages stick. The manner in which large, neglected wounds heal of themselves would form an interesting study for a professional surgeon. I observed a case of a Herero whose right lower arm had been shattered in battle by a musket-ball. The healing process had worked itself out in such a way that the whole lower arm with all its muscles had become withered and useless, while the upper arm bone was whole and covered at its lower end only with the brown skin. All the muscles and ligaments of the elbow-joint had vanished, while the shoulder-pectoral muscle remained, so that the unpleasant spectacle was presented of the man appearing to gesticulate with his bones. A woman lived at our station whose feet had been barbarously cut off in some war several years before, so that her captors might more easily get off the iron ornament which the Herero women wear on their ankles. Although the woman had to lie helpless for a long time, her wounds eventually healed up, and now she has been hopping around on her knees for a fortnight.—C. G. Butler, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

### You Ought to Know Yourself.

If you will persist in burning for a long time a kerosene oil lamp, or filling your bed-room with heated gas, you need not prepare to retire with very strong hopes of getting a good night's rest. If you will allow a vase of flowers to remain there over one day without changing the water, or if you will have any plumber's work in your room, instead of using a portable washtand, basin and pitcher, it is all to no purpose that you insist that you are very prudent in regard to your health. As to the question, "How much outside air shall I let into my room?" we have nothing to say. If you are an invalid, your doctor must tell you; if you are well, and enjoy a sound mind, you can judge for yourself. You know, or ought to know, how much you can bear. Only see to it that the air is fresh; that what you admit is an improvement on what you send out.—Margaret Sibley, in Good Housekeeping.

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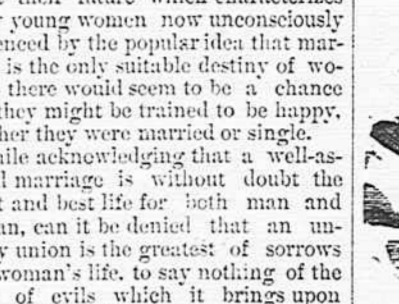
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I respectfully call to the attention of the Farmers of Clarendon the fact that I have secured the Agency for the Corbin Disk Harrow, Planet Jr. Horse Hoe and Cultivator, Johnson Harvester and the Combined Reap-er. I have one of each of these instruments 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.

### Notice!

I desire to call to the attention of the Mill Men and Cotton Planters of Clarendon, that I have secured the agency for this County for the DANIEL PRATT REVOLVING HEAD GIN. Having used this Gin for several years I can recommend it as the best Gin now in use. Any information in regard to the Gin 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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