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For further information address S. A. NETTLES, Manning, S. C.

Wednesday, January 23, 1889.

Your Name in Print.

Mr. D. I. Wilson, of Rome, S. C., is on a visit to Manning.

Col. W. L. Reynolds was in town last Saturday looking quite well.

Mr. Theo. Lesesne has returned from Florida, where he has been superintending his mother's large orange grove.

Messrs. Abo and Mitchell Levi, of Manning, were in the city yesterday.

Mr. Mitchell is a handsome man, but when he splits the streets open with the finest pair of black horses in the two counties, there is too much of the handsome passing by not to attract attention.

Dr. P. M. Salley, who for several months has been practicing medicine in Manning, has, at the solicitation of numerous citizens in the Panama and Fulton sections, decided to locate in that part of the county for the purpose of practicing medicine.

Dr. Salley is a young gentleman of fine promise, and the people of those sections are to be congratulated on his selecting their neighborhoods for his home.

Rent and Supply Liens for sale at the MANNING TIMES office.

Spring oats should be planted during the next few days.

Have your job printing done at the MANNING TIMES office. Lowest prices.

Buy your rent and supply liens, bills of sale, and other law blanks at the MANNING TIMES office. Lowest prices.

Mr. H. Lee Scarborough, of Bishopville, and Miss Emma Eichelberger, of Manning, were married Thursday night, Jan. 17th, at the residence of the bride's step-father, Mr. B. A. Walker.

The car load of stock came in on time as advertised last week by Mr. W. K. Bell, and both horses and mules are apparently good, durable, and serviceable animals.

Red and white onion sets at Dinkins & Co.'s drug store.

Messrs. M. C. Galluchat and J. D. Alsbrook, have formed a partnership for the practice of law in Clarendon county, and will occupy one of the front offices in the Times building.

We have had an unusually pleasant winter so far, but it does not necessarily follow that the remainder will be so, and all should be prepared for severe weather during the next two months.

It would be well for our town council now to have the trees trimmed on our streets and public square, as the limbs taken off could be more readily disposed of, and their loss at this season is not such a draft on the trees as when taken off late in the spring.

Garden seed, fresh and genuine, just received at Dinkins & Co.'s drug store.

Nick Cook, of Foreston, was examined last Friday as a subject for the lunatic asylum. The doctors say he suffers from epileptic attacks and sometimes gets violent. He was sent up last Saturday to the Asylum, where we believe he has been twice before.

Onion sets, at Dinkins & Co.'s.

The county board of Pension Examiners met last Monday, and organized by electing Maj. H. E. Lesesne, chairman; Capt. A. Levi, secretary; and Dr. W. E. Brown, medical examiner. Those who desire pensions should apply at once to Maj. Lesesne for the necessary blanks.

The MANNING TIMES has had a nice new house built for it, just back of and connected with the old Times building. The editorial rooms will continue in the old building. The street entrance to the Times offices is two doors south of the old entrance. The latch string of the editor's sanctum hangs on the outside.

J. P. Scott, Esq., and Messrs. Conyers Horton and Charles Emanuel have bought the State right for the Davis quilter, and are now selling off the territory by counties. The quilter is a late invention, and was patented only about a year ago. It is a great labor saving machine, and will doubtless take with those having quilting to do.

Died.

Miss M. Jennie Harvin, of the Fork neighborhood, died last Tuesday morning, aged seventeen years and a few months. She had been unwell for the past few months, and during the last five weeks of her illness suffered with measles, and during the time took a relapse. Miss Jennie was a young lady of bright promise, whose kind and pleasant manners won her many friends. In the midst of youth and happiness she has been called hence by the direction of an all-wise Providence.

Thrown by a Mule.

Mr. R. J. Aycock was leisurely riding home last Wednesday night when a little dog ran out from a negro man's house and bit his mule. The mule took this unexpectedly and suddenly, and Mr. Aycock fell like a log. He was thrown to the ground and his hands were hurt and his face bruised. Mr. Aycock was stunned for a time by the fall, but soon recovered, and remounting his mule which was patiently standing near apparently unshaken of what he had done, he proceeded on his way, vowing eternal vengeance against that pup.

W. & S. R. R.

The Wilson and Summerton railroad is not yet completed, but trains are running over it three times a week. No regular schedule has yet been arranged, but Mr. Wilson expects shortly to put on a regular train for freight and passengers. He offers to haul guano over his road, to any point on it, for just fifty cents a ton more than the freight to Manning would be. This will be an immense saving to the folks along his line. A railroad is one of the greatest necessities we have, and after we have once enjoyed its advantages, we always wonder how we could have done without one so long. We congratulate the people along the Wilson and Summerton line.

Arson Near Packville.

Mr. L. S. Barwick, of Packville, lost two small barns Tuesday night, Jan. 15th, by fire. About thirty bushels corn, four hundred pounds fodder, and a thousand pounds of hay was the loss. Suspicion rested on Eliza Colclough, a colored woman, who was arrested, and at a preliminary hearing last Friday before Trial Justice Benbow was bound over for the court of sessions on a charge of arson. Eliza is by no means an extensively modest amazon, and at the preliminary when she was told by the trial justice she could say anything in her own defense, but warned to be careful of what she said, she smilingly informed the justice that she had been in trial justice's courts three times before, and knew all the law on the subject.

Court House Notes.

The county commissioners met last Thursday, to disburse money, but the treasurer failed to have his report, and they adjourned until to-morrow (Thursday), when they will turn loose a few thousand dollars.

Mr. P. E. Ridgeway has been elected superintendent of the poor house for the present year. The board was perfectly satisfied with his management last year, and agreed that he was the man for the place this year.

Business in the trial justice's and sheriff's office is quite brisk just now.

Mr. Jos. Spratt has received his commission, given his bond, and is ready to assume the duties of the treasurer's office. He has already received the treasurer's tax book, and is busy making out tax executions against delinquents, which will be executed at once by the sheriff. The office will be formally turned over to Mr. Spratt as soon as Dr. Huggins makes a settlement with the auditor.

A warrant is out for the arrest of Fred Rivers, charged with stealing an otter from a trap belonging to Albert Miller.

Why Dr. Reynolds Left Home.

Our readers remember a short notice in the Times some weeks ago, where the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of Dr. W. H. Reynolds was noted; and a week or two later another notice that Dr. Reynolds had returned. We were in the city Saturday to get a correct account of the affair, and as Dr. Reynolds is widely known throughout the county, we publish it so that his friends may have a correct version of the affair.

Dr. Reynolds for several weeks had been drinking very hard, until it finally affected his brain. On Saturday night, Dec. 15th, while laboring under this mental aberration, he left his home, not conscious of what he was doing. He has no recollection of when he left home, or how or when he got to a railroad station; nor could any of his family by the most diligent search find out where he had taken the train. All this is yet wrapped in mystery. He has no recollection of how much money he had with him, when he left, but it is thought he had about seventy-five or a hundred dollars. When first he came to himself he was in the city of Nashville, Tenn. From this place he wrote a letter to his family, which was duly received. He here became acquainted with some gentleman, influential in a large Northwestern railroad syndicate, who kindly presented him a free pass over most of the Northwestern railroads.

When he left Nashville he does not remember, but in this same state of mind visited Cincinnati, St. Paul, St. Louis, and other Western cities.

IS INJURED IN CINCINNATI.

At Cincinnati he got a severe fall which resulted in a fracture of the spine. He thinks there was a heavy sleet at the time, and that in getting off the train he slipped, and fell on a stone. At St. Louis he was enabled once again to regain his normal state of mind, probably owing to the severe pain he was suffering; or probably because nature would no longer submit to such a terrible ordeal. He had frequently, in his wild career, written to his family, the letters being duly received and answered, but the answers never reached him, as he did not wait for a reply. At St. Louis he met kind friends among strangers, who took him in charge, furnished him with money, put him on a Pullman palace car, and started him homeward, where he safely arrived about two weeks ago, having been absent about three weeks. His family and friends were delighted to welcome him home, and Dr. Reynolds himself was probably the most rejoiced of all to be again safely restored to his loved ones after so perilous and remarkable a trip. His suffering is severe, but it is hoped he will soon be well again, coming and going among us.

NO FAMILY OR FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

After his sudden leaving the wildest and vaguest rumors were repeated for facts, and it would take the entire six page edition of the Times to hold the half of them. Suffice it for it to be said, and on the best authority, that excessive drinking was the cause of his going. Any rumors as to financial embarrassment, or as to unpleasant social and family troubles, are denied by those who know best. Dr. Reynolds, his wife, and his children, form, we are reliably told, a most loving and affectionate family, with not the shadow of a skeleton lurking in any secret closet.

Do such temporary mental aberrations occur often? Yes. Whiskey is the greatest curse on the face of the globe, and is the fountain head of three-fourths of all sin, ruin, misery, damnation. A few months ago we met in Laurens a gentleman who had just returned from California. He related to us his experience, which was so similar to Dr. Reynolds' that they almost coincide. He had been drinking a long time, left suddenly, and came to himself as he was crossing the Mississippi river, at St. Louis. With such cases whiskey generally has little effect on the muscular or nervous system, but affects the brain. Such men may be, to use an uncooth expression, fool drunk, even crazy drunk, and yet walk perfectly straight, without the slightest swag. Unless one is well acquainted with such a person, it is difficult to tell when he is drunk. Dr. Reynolds is thus constituted.

[Orangeburg Times and Democrat.]

Mr. R. F. Weeks Visits Orangeburg. PACKVILLE, S. C., Jan. 1, 1889.—On my return from a business tour through the hospitable counties of Orangeburg, Lexington, Barnwell, Aiken, Colleton and Hampton, I arrived on the banks of the majestic Santee at "Buckingham" about sunrise Xmas eve worn, with horse and buggy, and note in pocket from Capt. H. S. Cordes, proprietor of the Santee Steamboat Line, assuring me that "Entaw" would pass there during the day. I was anxious to return to Clarendon for Christmas, and up to this time felt hopeful, but never were higher hopes destined to be brought so low. The old man in charge of the warehouse, as soon as acquainted with the situation, says: "Boss, de boat all de gone down to de city for Christmas." I read Capt. Cordes' note to him, he says: "Yes, boss, him de big cabin; him far do de big planin, but de little cabin far do de ruinin, en him been far run every night for make de big city for Christmas." I became reconciled to my fate, and tarried in that section during the

day with the hope of hearing a steamer, but none came. Next morning was Christmas. The folks in that section were as kind and hospitable to me as heart could wish. They gave me with free good will plenty to eat and drink, but having been for many years a worshiper at the shrine of "Terpsichore" I decided to go down to "Waco" with the view of effecting an earlier crossing, as I was one of the main actors in several "Hops" to be given in Clarendon during Xmas. Though only fifteen or twenty miles from home I was a perfect stranger in that part of the State. I remembered having met very shortly Mr. Hazard Bardin near "Pincheon" in passing his residence I roused up at the gate: "Halloo! Mrs. B. on the porch. I made some technical excuse for stopping as will always come to a "tramp" when hungry and tired. I no doubt excited the sympathy of the good lady, for she without hesitation asked me to "come in." I was soon in the hands of her handsome brother, the genial good fellows, Mr. Calpepper Exum, who soon ushered me into a Christmas dinner. "Oh, hour of all hours; the most blessed upon earth, blessed hour of our dinners." I will say right here that the only *Heavenly Friendly* and hungry traveler may take in dropping in at Mr. and Mrs. Bardin's is the risk of eating too much turkey, pig, sweetmeats, fruit cakes, &c. "While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe I'll ne'er forget their kindness. Here I met two young ladies who kindly asked me to a "little surprise party" at Mrs. McK's. It proved indeed quite a pleasant surprise to me, for right here I met "my party." Here "I recorded in the book and volume of my brain" friends that shall ne'er be forgotten. After a most delightful hop I accepted an invitation to spend the night with that hospitable and kind hearted old hero of many a hard fought battle, (as a member of the 2nd S. C. Reg.) Sergt. Roland Mooror, at his elegant mansion home in the beautiful and growing little "ville" of "Parler's." Mr. Mooror showed me the roll of his old company, "The Brooks Guards," if my memory serves me aright. On this I saw the name and record of one of my brothers who volunteered at seventeen, and was known as the smallest boy in the 2nd Regiment. It was gratifying in the extreme to note his heritage of boyish gallantry. The next day I went down to the beautiful little town of "Vance's" where I wired Capt. Cordes, and was informed that "I then could be at Waco any time after 10 o'clock." I indulged in every amusement from an effort to pin the donkey's tail on, to dancing the german with another fellow's sweetheart. I enjoyed the calisthenics drill by the young ladies hugely; all did well, but I shall never forget the elastic step and exquisite grace of their charming captain, Miss S., from your city.

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