THE MANNING TIMES.

Manning, S. C.

LOUIS APPELT, Editor.

Wednesday, July 10, 1895.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON.

Chaplain Gough Preached to The Manning Guards at The Baptist Church Last Sunday.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds."—II. Corinthians, chapter 10, verse 4.

Perchance as some of you hear the rattling of the sabre and the tramp of the soldier-boy, some half obliterated memories flash through your minds. Perhaps some, with that patriotic spirit, touch once more the shoulder of their comrades upon a field of carnage. You hear the bugle call, the drum beats, and the great army moves on. The world has had its armies, its battles, its defeats, its victories. The world has had its Alexanders, its Cæsars, its Napoleons, and its Lees, who have swept like fierce tornadoes over the lovliest realms, leaving behind them wasted fields, plundered buildings, depopulated cities. But the weapons of their warfare were carnal.

Paul here writing to the Christian soldier. says, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds."

Standing not long ago in an enclosure at the capitol of this great nation with some half-dozen comrades, I saw two of America's great armies engaged in deadly combat. I saw the sabres flashing in the sunlight. Yonder goes the gallant steed dashing across the plains; yonder falls the great captain; here lies the dead and dying. For a few moments I touched the hand of the old soldier, and beneath the waiving banner we encountered the foe over the fields of Gettysburg. But ah! so soon I longed for the "drum-beat to throb no longer, and the battle-flag to furl." And in my inmost soul I thanked God that the dark, black cloud of war had forever passed, and the glorious sunlight of peace once more fills the universe. But I fear that I was crying "peace, peace, when there was no peace."

To-day two of the mightiest armies that the world has ever felt have met on the battlefield of life. All along the line we hear the din and noise of preparation. The sentinels are moving to and fro on the watch towers with anxious dread. On yonder heights I see the bristling hosts of hell martialing for the dread hour, led on by the king of the bottomless pit. Who shall face the mighty hosts? Where is the great Captain that will lead his hosts on to victory? Ah! there is one great Captain, Chieftain, Leader, around whom all the universe may gather. His name is "The Lord, strong and mighty, mighty in battle."

Constantine, says the historian, was marching at the head of his great army from France to encounter his rival, Maxentius, in a conflict upon the issues of which his empire depended. Oppressed with anxiety, he prayed that some God might aid him, when in the heavens and higher than the sun a luminous cross appeared emblazened with these words, "By this sign thou shalt conquer." He did conquer, and ever after that the cross was displayed as the banner of the Cæsars.

So with the cross of Jesus going on before, the mighty hosts of God know no defeat. Victory is sure, because the Lord appointed the battle and prepared the weapons, and behind all the din and noise of preparation, behind all the dread anxiety, chaos, and confusion, sits enthroned the God of battle, and "He goes forth conquering and to conquer" with the weapons of his own warfare.

Paul in this writing speaks of "the weapons of our warfare being not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds." Let us reverse the order of the text and enquire

I. WHAT ARE THE STRONGHOLDS AGAINST WHICH GOD'S PEOPLE MOVES TO-DAY?

1. Unconverted men. I place my field glasses to my eyes and view the distant regiments, battalions, and armies, and I see a mighty host of unregenerate men, composing a mighty stronghold of satan, marchon under the banner of the pit. Some are in advance of the army and have mingled in hand to hand combat with God's people. And this great squadron overshadows the earth and holds untold millions in her grasps. Men whose character, lives and efforts have been to crush and blot out of the universe the kingdom of righteousness, and to erect upon her demolished and ruined throne the universal kingdom of crime. This mighty stronghold of unregenerate men, led on by the powers of hell, are lifting the black flag of rebellion against the kingdom of God and His Christ. I view the field once more and I see over on the distant plains a mighty stronghold of satan which bears the name of

2. A CORRUPT FORM OF CHRISTIANITY.

This upon the surface bears the sign of peace, but this signal of a treaty is but the spy sent forward to view the hosts of God. What is true religion? What is Christianity? Must there not lie, back of all organization, back of all systems of religion, back of Christianity, all that uplifts the worlds, that lifts up and shapes and moulds glorious manhood out of the crushed and broken wreck; must there not underlie all systems of religion the bed-rock, the "pillar and corner-stone? God's everlasting truth must underlie and permeate all systems of Christianity that honors God and blesses the world. I fail to see in Roman Catholicism anything of the Divine Christ. But on every side I see her huge columns drawn up for attack, and if possible she would blot out of the world God's everlasting truth, and with one mighty stroke snatch God from off the power of his throne and turn the fairest heaven into a dark, cheerless dungeon of despair. But I see once more a mighty stronghold of

3. INFIDELITY

toiling with untiring zeal to overturn the Christian's faith and brand the author as a cheat and to enchain the wild passions of men and blot hope from the horizon of the soul and sink the doctrine of immortality into the deep gulf of nothingness. But some one says, "These strongholds are foreign; they do not confront us." My dear brother, they do confront you in your own State and in your own community. But let us come a step nearer home:

4. SALOON AND DISPENSARY

is one of if not the greatest strongholds of hell. And this, my brother, is not confined to any one place, but they dot almost every hill-top and valley. And wherever a saloon or dispensary is found there is a mighty stronghold for satan. And wherever they are tolerated there is found a great drawback to the onward march of the civilization of any State or nation, and a dark blot upon the Christianity of any community. From out of every bottle that adorns the shelves of yonder dispensary there blazes the flames of hell. And when poured within man it sets his soul on fire and carries him down to the filth and slums, and at last to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. And from behind these strongholds go forth the mighty phalanx of drunkards sweeping before them the sweetest joy of the human heart, blasting many a happy home and turning them into a hell on earth, crushing the fairest hopes of a loving wife, himself a blighted, bloated, ruined wreck. But a step still nearer:

5. IN EACH HUMAN HEART

is found a great stronghold of the wicked one. Satan has encamped around about our hearts, and there is where the battle must be fought and the victory won. There is sometimes a stronghold for satan in our homes where the card table is erected and the dance is maintained. But beyond our hearts, beyond our homes, our country, our State, lies

6. THE GREAT HEATHEN WORLD

composing a terrible stronghold of satan, where the bright rays of the sun of righteousness are just beginning to gild the morning dawn. Against all these strongholds. The Christian soldier is represented as going forth. This leads us to notice

II. THE WEAPONS.

Paul says they are not carnal, but are mighty through God to the pulling down of the stronghold. God's word is represented as being sharp, even sharper than any two-edged sword. It is "the sword of the spirit." This, young comrades, I would place in your hands. God's word is God's thought. It is the revelation of God's will to us. When God lived in human flesh and moved in human society He spoke and multitudes were silent before Him, the maddening waves lay at his feet. God's word is truth and truth is always invincible. All truth is from God, no matter where you find it. Whether in the great book of nature, or in some dead, lifeless system of philosophy, or in each human heart. Truth is from God. "Thy word, oh God, is truth."

You see the bright rays of the sun lighting up the beautiful landscape. Take the smallest ray that trembles between the shade and shadow, and follow it up step by step, and soon you are at the sun, the King of Day. Take the tiniest dewdrop that twinkles to the morning sun. Take up the scientific research back through the great world of thought you go, on through the different stages of scientific knowledge, and when you have finished you land at God, its author. So the smallest thread of truth leads up to God. And between God and truth there is no war, for truth takes her stand on the side of God and calls him Father.

The writer says: "Put on the whole armor of God." This is but the preparation for the battle. He likewise tells us to "wield the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." With the whole armor of God around your manly forms and with drawn sword in hand, I would hasten you on to the battle. You need no other weapon than the one ordained by God. There is enough power in that one weapon to conquer the world. It has been tried sufficiently by the great Captain of our salvation. When He was attacked by the Devil along the wilderness of Judea with these words: "If Thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread," the great Leader drew his sword and drove the enemy from the field by a single stroke. "Man shall not live by bread alone."

The great champion of the bottomless pit once more gathered his shattered and defeated forces, and on the pinnacle of the temple he made the second attack, when once more the sword of the Spirit flashed from its scabbard and fell with crushing effect upon the arch enemy of souls.

"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God." I stand for a few moments in almost death-like stillness as I see a little band of Christian soldiers marching almost silently around the massive walls of Jericho. I see no burnished muskets; no gleaming swords. Doubtless the thought flashed through the minds of the hosts of Jericho: "What means all this noise of horns and tramp of soldiery? Do they think to overturn our city, plunder our buildings and conquer our long-established soldiery by such methods? Let them move on. Let the old ram's horn ring; we trouble not ourselves."

On they go. Early and late the sound of the old ram's horn rang over the plains of Jericho. On goes the heroic band. March, march, march around the huge massive walls of the doomed city until the seventh had been reached, and with the seventh went forth the first peal of victory.

The command to "shout" rang out, and, as the shout went heavenward, the old walls began to totter and fall, and in a few moments that great city was but a heap of crushed and broken architecture. The weapon of God had become through Him mighty to the pulling down of the stronghhold.

I suppose had the hosts of Midian seen Gideon's little band of three hundred marching on through the dense darkness to attack them with no weapons save lamps, pitchers and trumpets they would have laughed them to scorn.

But on they go—each man intent on victory, and under the command of their leader the three hundred burst their pitchers and flashed their lanterns in the midnight darkness, while hill-top and valley rang with the mighty shout: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

At once the great army of Midian fled—not only defeated, but panic-stricken. Once again the weapon of God had become mighty through Him to the pulling down of the stronghold.

So it is. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of power. It is the power of God. It is the great central force that will one day drive sin from the face of the earth and from the heart of man. The Gospel of Christ is the great weapon that will one day restore a "Paradise Lost" and draw an orphan world back to its Father. The gospel of Christianity is the hope of the world. It is the only power that can overturn the stronghold of sin, vice and corruption that exist in the business, social, political, as well as the religious world. Every patriot and hero in the past ages of this great nation was a man who believed in a Gospel of Power.

George Washington and his men at Valley Forge, when the blood drops fell upon the rugged ice, marking their foot-prints from hut to hut. Half starved, half clothed, they shiver through the freezing winter, bearing aloft the burnished musket and gleaming bayonet. Through long years of bloody conflict they carried the ark of the world's liberty. These were men in whose head and hearts dwelt the gospel of power. And the heroes who placed the dome upon the capitol at Washington City and crowned it with the statue of Liberty and flung out the Stars and Stripes to the breezes and invited the world to freedom were men in whose hearts dwelt the spirit of Christ.

Now, since we have seen the strongholds and that the sword of God, wielded in the hands of Christian soldiers, is the great weapon of our warfare.

Let us stand aside and see these two mighty armies come together, and see what will be the result. The Bible says in the text that the strongholds must be pulled down. This means

III. CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT.

The history of the world is the history of a war; the history of a struggle. The history of Christianity is the history of a victory. But before her triumphant march to-day I see no swords to destroy, no fires to ravage, no engines of wrath. Along the path of God's heroes no charging squadrons whirl, no murderous cannon roar. Instead of war's stern excitement, the wild fury, the clash of arms, the death grapple, and garments rolled in blood, we see heralds of mercy bearing aloft the name of Jesus. There is a power in that name. "All hail the power of Jesus' name." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

From the battlefield of the Crucifixion, where right met wrong, where Christ met the devil in deadly combat and threw him back into the dungeon of despair, down along the track of epochs and ages the march of christianity is the march of victory. And to-day rings out this glad hallelujah: "The Lord is come. Let earth receive her king." It rings from hill-top to hill-top; from nation to nation. It rings across the deep. It circles the globe and I see in it the radiant dawn of victory enthroned. From the four hundred and fifty millions of hearts that make up the Christian world comes the thunder peal of victory. From every continent of the earth, from every island of the sea, from every kindred race and tongue comes the shout of triumph.

"In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering over the wrecks of time."

Soldiers of the victorious captain, hear the call that comes to you today. Gird on the whole armor of God and hasten to the combat.

As the standard-bearer of my Great Leader I unfurl his banner in your midst, and ask you to rally around it and go forth to the battle of the ages—the conflict of right against wrong. I come to you to-day with the words that once thrilled the heart of many a hero: "Go where glory awaits you." Not the glory of earth's battlefields, but the glory of rescuing the lost; the glory of striking off the fetters of the enslaved, of leading the captives out of prison, of throwing around the lost the safeguards of liberty, wherewith Christ had made them free.

Toward sunset of a long, bloody day of Waterloo, when the surviving remnants of the Old Imperial Guards were commanded to throw down their arms, the scarred veterans of fifty victories cried out: "The Old Guard dies, but she never surrendered." May that be the victorious shout of the Manning Guards when the last gun has been fired on the battle-field of life and the smoke of battle clears away. She never surrendered in the battle of right against wrong.

NOTHING STRANGE.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases that Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood that the best way to treat them is through the blood, and it is far better to use only harmless vegetable compounds than to dose to excess with quinine, calomel and other drugs. By treating the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, scrofula, salt rheum, and what are commonly called "humors," dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, and other troubles that originate in impurities of the blood or impaired circulation, can all be cured.

STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES.

It seems strange to us that that portion of the Democratic party of the cities who are too pure and holy to associate with the honest, hard-working, law-abiding country people should seek to be the champions and defenders of the lawless element of the State.

It seems strange that the city people who are too pure to associate politically with their white country brethren should be so solicitous about seeking the friendship and good-will of the country cornfield negroes.

We can understand why a lawyer who is out of a job should propose to go to court for them, if somebody will hand round the hat and take up a collection.

Another strange thing is the wholesale and violent denunciation of the good people of Edgefield, from various quarters, because they invited the Hon. J. J. Dargan not to speak. The people were incensed at him, and simply gave him orders to get out of town. They treated him very much as they and the people of Abbeville treated Chamberlain in 1876. It was all right then. But Chamberlain preferred white supremacy. Dargan wants to incite the negroes to dissatisfaction with the laws.

Another strange thing is, that the negroes are so easily gulled. There is not an honest white man on the face of the earth that really wants the government turned over to the negroes—and, when there are no plums or offices in sight, one white man is about as good a friend to him as any other. All intelligent white men want to see the negro get his exact rights in his personal business transactions as well as in the courts of justice. But we believe no white man, who is true to himself or his race, is the negroes' friend, politically.

It seems strange, too, that the former office-holding class should die so hard, and show so little common sense in the hour of their defeat. Elegant city gentlemen and little cuckoo country editors have nothing to gain by insulting the voters. There is only two ways of gaining office in South Carolina, namely:

1. By an honest vote of the people in the primary.

2. By manipulating a convention.

The people having had a taste of peronal liberty in voting for men of their own choice, will hardly ever consent to have cut and dried tickets placed in their hands by anybody. Even the country people of Edgefield who do not want to hear Dargan speak may be considered by some people as good as Dargan's apologists.

It is strange that the city liquorite and the mountain moonshiner should be prompted by a like disposition to resist the same laws. Although the city liquorite and the moonshiner may be as far apart as the poles, yet each would sink the State or die for his liquor.

It is strange that so many newspapers should seek to assail the good name of the State, simply because they do not like the men who hold the offices, or because of opposition to the laws.

It is strange that so many men who are ambitious of political power should seek to strengthen their party in weakening their own ranks by the alienation of friends, and by insulting the ranks of the opposition, from whom alone strength can be gained, or accessions received.—Abbeville Press and Banner (Conservative.)

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

You run no risk. All druggists guarantee Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic to do all that the manufacturers claim for it.

Warranted no cure, no pay. There are many imitations. To get the genuine ask for **Grove's.** For sale by Loryea, the Druggist.

COL. HOYT'S POSITION.

Greenville Montaineer.

One of the brightest young men of our acquaintance is Mr. J. Conway Garlington, editor of the Spartanburg Herald, who is much concerned at this time in regard to the editor of the Mountaineer, fearing that he is in danger of becoming a political outcast, a nondescript and a mugwump, and all because we do not accept the plans and purposes of the Twenty-One!

Mr. Garlington is one of the acknowledged leaders of the movement. In fact, he is one of the great triumvirate. Take away the editors of the three dailies which espouse this movement and the movement itself would vanish into thin air. It is essentially a creature of their own making, and they are responsible for its injection into our politics at this time.

Our friend very naturally feels solicitous as to this movement and would like all the assistance within reach to make it a success, but we must tell him frankly that it is doomed to an early death, as there is no vitality in its composition.

Political movements cannot meet with the approval of the people unless they are founded upon the needs and aspirations of the people.

This is the mistake which has been made in every instance where an organization has been antagonized outside of the Democracy, and it will continue to be a mistake, no matter by whom it is championed. For this reason we have never taken any stock in the several plans of our misguided brethren, who have read themselves out of the Democratic organization, and thus rendered themselves powerless to accomplish any beneficial results in attacking the unfortunate state of the past five years.

We have always acted upon the presumption that the white people of South Carolina were willing to do justice in the end to each other, and that they would not follow extreme leaders much longer in perpetuating discord in our ranks. They are the identical people with whom we served in '61 and '76, and our confidence in them has been unbroken up to this time, although we have disagreed with many things done by their leaders.

The dominant faction is composed of the men with whom we have been associated and identified always, and we know them to be true, patriotic citizens of South Carolina, who cannot injure or hinder their brethren without sharing in the consequences. We are not going to quit an association with them in political matters until they become corrupt and degraded, and whatever influence we have with them will be exerted for the truest and noblest interests of the State.

Without exception we have occupied this position since 1890, and in spite of the leaders on both sides.

This much by way of introduction to some questions propounded by our young friend of the Spartanburg Herald, which are as follows:

1. Do you believe that the Dispensary law as administered in this State is run for money or morals?

2. Do you favor a continuation of the present administration in office indefinitely if not, when would you have it change its policy and what means, if any, would you employ to carry out your purpose?

3. Feeling sure as we do, absolutely convinced, that Irby and his crowd intend to perpetuate in the future as they have in the past, deep dark, damnable fraud—fraud against white men—do you, as a Christian gentleman and patriotic citizen, advise submission to his dictation?

Now, as we got an answer to some questions asked the Herald not long ago, and believing in the doctrine of reciprocity, we will make a frank and prompt reply to its interrogatories, with the expectation that the Herald will give its readers an opportunity of seeing what we have to say.

1. The dispensary law is one thing and its administration is another. It is well known that we favor the dispensary system in preference to licensed saloons, and experience shows that there are many advantages in it. Liquor drinking is an evil, and whatever tends to its restriction is a distinct gain for morals. The administration of the law has not always met our approval, but we have not hesitated to condemn when the authorities exceed what we believed to be right. We have criticised the execution of the law every now and then, not for the purpose of finding fault, but to prevent abuses and maladministration. We would take away the profit feature entirely, because this would diminish blind tigers and do away with any inducement for large sales. We are not in sympathy with liquor selling under any circumstances, but it is much better for the traffic to be under control of the State than in the hands of men who care nothing whatever for the morals and only work for the money there is in it.

2. We have never favored the present administration or its immediate predecessor, as a primary question, but when the majority of Democrats said that they wanted any man for office, we have always supported that man without regard to our personal preference. We never went into a primary election or convention of the party with any mental reservation, but always with the honest purpose of supporting the nominees, and hence we have no compunctions of conscience on that score. Whenever the majority declares for a change in administration, policy or purpose, we will acquiesce in their decision, and do just as we did before 1890, when men were chosen for office against our wishes.

3. We do not advise submission to the dictation of Chairman Irby or any other man, Reformer or Conservative. We will stay inside the Democratic organization and fight against fraud, intimidation and corruption wherever found and for the unity of the white people upon a basis of fairness, toleration and mutual concession, believing that they will rectify all mistakes in due time, and until they repudiate "Irby and his crowd," we will continue to "bear the ills we have rather than fly to those we know not of." The chances are that we will exercise a favorable influence in securing a better state of affairs within the party, while the men who go outside will be shorn of all power in that direction.

These are candid answers to the Herald, but of course we do not anticipate that they will have any weight with its editor, who has "renounced the world, the flesh and the devil," and all other elements connected with the Democracy of South Carolina, as represented by four-fifths of its white voters.

He has gone after strange gods, and it will require a missionary of stronger faith than we possess to bring him back.

He is on the outskirts, roaming around in the desert without any fixed purpose, and drifting away all the time from the abode of his father.

Our esteemed friend is urging us to come back when the fact is that we have never gone off, but we are in the identical tracks occupied since this contention began.

He is the unlucky wanderer and voluntary outcast, and we bid him to quit feeding upon the husks, come back to the old roof-tree, show signs of penitence, and receive the best robe, with jewels for his fingers and shoes for his feet.

The fatted calf will be killed and the entire family will begin to be merry.

Don't stay away, Conway!

Malaria produces weakness, general debility, biliousness, loss of appetite, indigestion and constipation. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic removes the cause which produces these troubles. Try it and you will be delighted. Fifty cents. To get the genuine ask for **Grove's.** No cure, no pay. Sold by Loryea, the Druggist.

OUR PINEWOOD LETTER.

Pinewood, S. C., July 8, 1895.—The Pinewood Democratic club met Saturday, July 6, and suggested the following names as managers for the primary election, to be held July 30, 1895.

D. W. Brown, P. H. Broughton, A. D. Witherspoon and E. P. Geddings.

The following names as candidates for the Constitutional convention: James E. Tindal, James E. Davis, D. J. Bradham and Joseph F. Rhame.

JOS. R. GRIFFIN, President.
E. P. GEDDINGS, Secretary.

Nervous

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having

Pure Blood

Because the health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema, or Salt Rheum and all other blood diseases, because it

Makes

Pure Blood

Results prove every word we have said. Thousands of voluntary testimonials fully establish the fact that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for nervousness and I am in better health than for years." MRS. SARAH E. LYLES, White Bluff, South Carolina.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, constipation, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion. 25c.

THE OMNIPRESENT HAIRPIN.

Man Looks at It Askance, While Woman Applies It to Many Uses.

A hairpin is an object which possesses a strange interest for the masculine mind. A woman regards a hairpin with as little respect ordinarily as a common pin. Indeed she is even less careful of its acquisition, for there is no adage offering a day's good luck as a reward for picking up a hairpin.

But a man who comes across a stray hairpin on a street car seat, for instance, regards it with an air of timid triumph, and perhaps offers it to the nearest woman from whose back hair it could possibly have fallen. And he is generally snubbed for his pains. But it is when he beholds a woman putting a hairpin to other than what he regards as its legitimate purpose that he is most impressed. The woman who reaches around to her back hair, deftly extracts a hairpin, bites it together and then buttons her gloves as nonchalantly as if she were using simply the fingers with which nature provided her is an object of respectful but intense admiration to every man in sight.

But if a woman wants to rivet all masculine eyes she has only to buy a new magazine and cut the leaves with a hairpin. Whole carloads of steady business men, not easily impressed by the frivolities of women, have been held spellbound by this little act. Passengers on the elevated trains have been unable to tear themselves from the contemplation of the process and have sat still with troubled but watchful eyes as they heard their station called. The other day the writer saw at least 20 men watching with breathless interest the hairpin method of magazine cutting, as practiced by a very swell young woman, who was apparently unconscious of the scrutiny which followed her every movement. When she finally replaced the hairpin in her fluffy locks, every man of the 20 gave a sigh and then looked sheepishly at his neighbor. As for the young woman she turned to look out of the window, but there was a covert look of amused satisfaction in her eye which intimated that her unconsciousness of observation had been in appearance only.—New York Sun.

What's the Color of That Blood?

Whenever I see a New York man who should know better doing something that is radically rude it makes my blood boil. I cannot help but feel that it must be intentional. I saw this only yesterday when a fellow, who belongs to two of the smartest clubs in this city and bears an honored and historic name, slam a storm door in a woman's face at Delmonico's. It gave me pleasure to see him afterward, somewhat under the weather, at the same place, dozing at his table. The woman came from the west, and I have no doubt she goes to her home on the prairies with a poor opinion of New York men.

There are times when we are rude, but there is a refinement even in rudeness, and whatever we may be obliged to do we should never descend to the level of the masses. We should remember that we have an example to maintain and that we should show them the way in which they should go. The man who fails in this is not one of us, and he is not worth picking up even with a pair of tongs.—Vogue.

Queer Pets.

An animal which makes a most agreeable pet, but is rarely tamed on account of its fur value, is the North American beaver. A well known Indian trader some years ago tamed several of these hard working fellows so that they answered to their names and followed like dogs. In cold weather they were kept in the sitting room and were constant companions of the women and children. When the Indians were absent for any great time, the beavers showed great uneasiness, and on their return discovered equal signs of pleasure by fondling them, crawling into their laps, lying on their backs like squirrels and behaving like children in the presence of parents who they seldom see. In their wild state beavers feed on bark and herbage chiefly, but in their case they were fed for the most part on rice, plum pudding, partridge and venison, and they liked all of them extremely.—Detroit Free Press.

Lockhart, Tex., Oct. 15, 1889.

Messrs. Paris Medicine Co., Paris, Tenn.:

Dear Sirs: Ship us as soon as possible 2 gross Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. My customers want **Grove's** Tasteless Chill Tonic and will not have any other. In our experience of over twenty years in the drug business we never sold any medicine which gave such universal satisfaction. Yours respectfully, J. S. BROWNE & Co

No cure, no pay. Sold by Loryea, the Druggist.

MUNICIPAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an act of the General Assembly of this State, entitled "An act to establish local Boards of Health in the cities and incorporated towns of the State, and to define the powers thereof," a Board of Health for the town of Manning has been duly elected, as follows:

Dr. C. B. Geiger.
Joseph F. Rhame.
R. B. Loryea.
W. C. Chandler.
F. N. Wilson.

On the 3d of June, 1895, said Board of Health was duly organized by electing Dr. C. B. Geiger chairman and R. B. Loryea secretary.

At a meeting of said Board after its organization the town was divided into four districts, and one member of the Board, charged specially with the superintendence of the health department of such district, as follows:

District No. 1—Bounded west by Brooks street and north by the street leading from the front of the Setzer lot to the depot (sometimes called Depot street).

District No. 2—Bounded west by Brooks street and south by said Depot street.

District No. 3—Bounded east by Brooks street and south by said Depot street.

District No. 4—Bounded east by Brooks street and north by said Depot street.

The districts, in the order above named, are under the supervision of the following named members of said Board of Health:

No. 1—F. N. Wilson.
No. 2—W. C. Chandler.
No. 3—Joseph F. Rhame.
No. 4—R. B. Loryea, and Dr. C. B. Geiger will have general supervision of all of said districts.

The following are among the more important powers conferred by law upon said Board: The Board is empowered to elect a Health Officer, who shall execute the orders of the Board, and for that purpose shall have and exercise the powers of a policeman of the town; to make and enforce all needful rules and regulations for the prevention of the introduction and spread of infectious or contagious diseases; to visit and inspect the court house and various offices therein contained, and the jail and other prisons located in the town, in regard to the purity of the water supply, the lighting and heating of the various offices of the court house, and cells and other rooms occupied by prisoners in the jails, and note the general sanitary condition of the same. And said Board may recommend to the county authorities the removal of all nuisances on the premises on which said buildings are located, which might prove detrimental to public health, and shall report the number of prisoners, their diet and treatment, the diseases and number of cases of sickness occurring among the prisoners.

The following are the provisions of sections 4 and 5 of said act:

SECTION 4. The said Board of Health shall have power, as a body or by committee, as well as the Health Officer, together with his subordinates, assistants and workmen, under and by order of said Board, to enter at any time upon any premises in the town or city upon which there is suspected to be any contagious or infectious disease or nuisance detrimental to the public health, for the purpose of examining and abating the same; and all written orders for the removal of nuisances issued to the said Health Officer by order of said Board, attested by the secretary, shall be executed by him and his subordinates and workmen; provided, the person or persons refusing to remove such nuisance, and the cost and expense thereof, shall be recoverable from the owner or owners of the premises from which the nuisance shall be removed or from any person causing or maintaining the same, in the same manner as debts of like amounts are now collected by law.

SECTION 5. The said Board of Health shall have power to create and maintain a complete and accurate system of the registration of births and deaths which may occur within the town or city, and to compel the obedience to the same upon the part of all physicians and other medical practitioners, clergymen, magistrates, midwives, undertakers, sextons, and all other persons from whom information for such purposes may properly be required.

It is also provided by said act that it shall be the duty of any physician, who attends in sickness any prisoners in jail, to report immediately to the Secretary of the Board of Health the name, sex, age, race and disease of said prisoners.

And by said act the Town Council is charged with the duty of having the rules and regulations of said board of health, which may meet the approval of said Council, enforced. And the Town Council of the Town of Manning will protect and enforce obedience to the said board of health and its members in the lawful discharge of their duties as enjoined by said act.

C. B. GEIGER, M. D., President.
R. B. LORYEA, Secretary.

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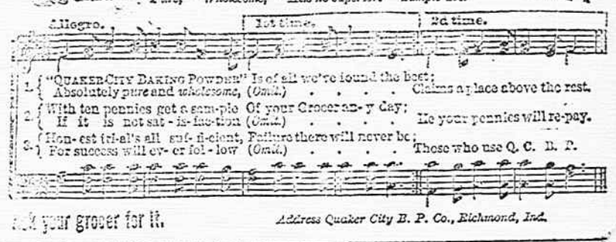

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