

yet when it is considered that this is a State and not a local enterprise, given for the benefit of the whole State as well as Charleston, it will only be a matter of public spirited liberality and patriotism towards the whole State for the Legislature to make the appropriation if they can possibly see their way to do so.

There will be attempts to touch up the county government bill, as usual, and many other minor measures, but we think that in as much as everybody seems to be in harmony and at peace with their neighbors, and the State is now in a period of prosperity such as she has not experienced in years, and further, because there is no crying need of any great or radical legislation, the best thing for the Legislature to do will be to do their routine work, do it well and carefully, without such errors as the one which crept into one of the recent constitutional amendments, and then return home and help work for the general upbuilding of the State.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hood's Catarrh Cure.

Now that we have wireless telegraphy and horseless carriages, can't some one invent pull-less politics.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Perhaps the Boers are only hazing the British after all, in the hopes of teaching them to be soldiers.

The best protection against fevers, pneumonia, diphtheria, etc., is in building up the system with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

When Bryan gets started on that new paper he will have to deal with the poets. We wish him joy of them.

You know What You Are Taking When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Hanna still declares that his ship is still coming in, but to the country at large it looks as though it were going out.

If troubled with a weak digestion, belching, sour stomach, or if you feel dull after eating, try Chamberlain's Stomach Remedy. Price 25 cents. Samples from The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

If two or three more \$25,000 pots are offered for the Omaha kidnapers, Crowe will be ever more sought after than turkey.

CASTORIA: The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Pritchard.

It is all nonsense to talk of the Prince of Wales coming over to the Cup races. He won't dare to face Tod Sloan on his own ground.

To Cure A Cold In One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The last century has left a good deal of unfinished business to be cleaned up by the present one. We hope it will be got at while the broom is still new.

A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks. Prof. Roxa Tyler of Chicago, Vice-President Illinois Woman's Alliance in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy said: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threatened to run into pneumonia. I tried different remedies but I seemed to grow worse and the medicine upset my stomach. A friend advised me to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was precisely what I needed and I was cured. I am now entirely recovered, saved a doctor's fee and am suffering no more." For sale by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store, Isaac M. Loryea, Prop.

Since Grover has declared that he did not vote for McKinley, the returns are being scanned to see whether any votes were cast for Cleveland in New Jersey this year.

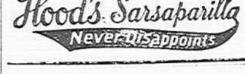
The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Another combination offer we are making which we hope will prove an inducement to make the people take an increased interest in keeping up with the record of events. Listen! We will send you THE MANNING TIMES, The Thirteenth-Week Edition of The New York World and The Farm and Home for \$2.25 a year. Remember that for \$2.25 we will send you all three of these papers. This "Times" management means to let the best of the State see that Clarendon county supports a fearless and up-to-date county paper, a paper that voices the views of its editor, that has no boss and that has ever stood by the people. The New York World three times each week is one of the finest newspapers published in America. The Farm and Home is devoted to agricultural, mechanical and household interests and no farmer's family should be without it.

We want subscribers to take advantage of this magnificent offer we are making.

"Seeing is Believing"

When you see people who by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they're willing to make it their motto to keep the blood like it in the world to purify the blood.



A Lost Line. "It may have been unprofessional conduct," said the civil engineer, "but I acted on the spur of the moment, and I hardly think that there was any harm done. I was out in the country one day on an important piece of business, and as I was about to leave for the depot to catch a train for the city two old farmers came to me with a line fence dispute that they wanted me to settle for them. I had barely time to catch my train, and I told them that I did not care to bother with it. It was only a matter of six inches or so that was in dispute, and I advised them to split it up between them. But they wouldn't listen to my advice, and one of them declared that if I didn't find the line for them he wouldn't let his son drive me to the station as he had promised. As I had no other way of reaching the depot I unpacked my instruments with a sigh and a mental resolve to end the thing as soon as possible.

"Well," drawled both of the old men as I took my eye away from the instrument, "what's the line?"

"Gone," said I solemnly.

"What?" they both shouted.

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen. I'm making way for them."

"By gosh, I can't see it!" said one of them as he squinted through the glass.

"I'll be darned if I kin either," said the other one as he, too, squinted through the glass.

"It seems to have disappeared, gentlemen," said I. "Such cases are extremely rare, but they are known to happen."

"When I left they were accusing each other of having stolen the line," Detroit Free Press.

The Boatman's Turn. A boatman in the north of England having been engaged to row a reverend gentleman over a rough part of a river, was very much annoyed at the manner he was addressed by the clergyman, the conversation commencing thus: Clergyman—My dear man, have you ever studied " theology?"

Boatman—No, sir. An hev't.

Clergyman—Well, my friend, that's part of a life, but you will probably know a little " theology?"

Boatman (turning quizzically)—No; An know nutt about that either.

Clergyman—Well, that's another part of a life, my man.

Nothing more was said, as the water was turning very boisterous and they were in great danger, when suddenly the boat gave a lurch and was capsized.

The boatman, being an expert swimmer, took the situation quite coolly, while his companion, who knew nothing of the art of swimming, was struggling for life. The boatman, who was making good progress toward terra firma, accosted the clergyman with the following: "As you, mister, do ye know anything about 'swimology?'"

"No, my man; I don't."

"Wey, what a pity," said the boatman; "there's a whole life lost!" Pearson's.

Mistaken For Shafts. A story is told of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day.

One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political meeting. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that horse over there," asked Jackson.

"There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a cart or a plow, but no one can stay on his back."

"I'll try him, anyway." And the determined man instructed several men to catch and hold the horse.

The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle.

Every one expected to see him dashed to the ground, but the horse looked round, saw the man's feet and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.—London Standard.

His Birthday. Although uninvited in the art of cross examination, on one occasion Lord Russell was distinctly beaten by a witness.

"What is your age?" he asked.

"Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and be exact."

"And be exact! Well, of all the—" "The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age."

"Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week."

"Don't trifle with the court and remember you are on oath."

"It's quite true. I was born on Feb. 20, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

Where the Danger Was. A little beyond a certain Scotch village the main road has a marked declivity, and this added to a sharp turn at the bottom decided the authorities to erect a danger board. The job was entrusted to an old worthy, who duly fixed up the warning at the foot of the hill.

"What's wrong with the bottom of the brae, ye thundering idiot?" exclaimed a village dignitary angrily.

"Man, there's everything wrong," came the curt reply. "Is it no there where a' the accidents take place?"

The Old Chestnuts.

It is said that a Cleveland lady who handles a house in an ultra-fashionable section of the city was called cast while her home was undergoing the renovating and refurnishing process. During her absence a man was especially engaged to hang the pictures. Among them were a number of excellent works of the world's greatest works of art, and the man, an artist, found his task a labor of love.

With great care he hung the more valuable copies in the roomy reception hall and had just finished his task when the lady returned.

Her eyes snapped as she surveyed his work.

"Who hung those old chestnuts there?" she cried.

"Old masters, madam," said the startled artist.

"Old chestnuts, I say; it's the same thing. If you hung them, take them down. I won't have them there. With new furniture and new decorations and new carpets and rugs I'll have new pictures too. Who ever heard of such old trumpery stuff in a strictly modern house?"

"And what shall I do with the— the old chestnuts, madam?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, dump them into the attic until I can get rid of them," replied the lady.

And there the "chestnuts" lie. Madonnas and cherubs and all, gathering dust and calmly awaiting the getting rid of process.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reating Locomotives. Hundreds of locomotives are reated every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwins have many machines out on the rental form of payment—that is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would buy a stove on installments—so much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railways for hauling dirt from excavations.

Contractors who hire the locomotives usually have their own names gilded thereon so that the public may suppose that they belong to them. The engines, as a usual thing, are cast offs. They may have pulled express trains once, but now they are only fit to pull gravel cars. The engineers who work them are oftentimes also the cast offs of the profession. They may have operated express engines, but through carelessness or other incapacity have been discharged from their posts.

Until they are only fit to haul gravel or wood trains.—Philadelphia Record.

Golf Before a Mirror. One of the chief teachings in the religion of style is that to attain to orthodoxy it is necessary or at least desirable to practice daily in front of a looking glass so as to make sure that all the motions of the true style are being correctly carried out.

This always appeared to me a very "hard saying" until I had consulted W. G. Grace, John Roberts, C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsingh, H. K. Foster, Kraenzler, C. C. Bredin and other champions of sport.

All the above were unanimous in attributing the high degree of skill to which they have attained in various games and sports to the fact of their having devoted many hours a day from a very early stage of their careers to attitudinizing in front of looking glasses in their bedrooms.—Golf Illustrated.

The Oldest Visiting Card. The state archives of Venice are said to possess the oldest visiting card of which there is any record, of course leaving aside the probable use of such articles for some thousands of years in China. Giacomo Contarini, professor at the University of Padua, sent the card in question as a curiosity to a Venetian friend, saying that the German students who came to Italy had the elegant and laudable custom of leaving such little cards, with their name and place of origin, at the houses of friends when they called and found them absent. The card referred to bears a coat of arms with the motto, "Espoir me confort," and beneath, "Joannes Westphalus scribaebat Patavii 4 Martii 1569."—London Tablet.

His Idea of an Alibi. A salesman who was called in a murder trial in a certain state was asked whether he had any prejudice against an alibi plea on the part of a man accused of crime. The salesman replied that he had not.

"Do you fully understand what is meant by the term alibi?" he was asked.

"I think I do, yes, sir."

"What do you understand by it?"

The salesman reflected a moment and then, with a hesitancy indicative of graveness, replied, "An alibi is when the fellow who did it wasn't there."

"The Blues." The origin of the term "blues" has been traced to the belief that persons in indigo dyeing establishments are peculiarly subject to melancholy. Another belief is that the expression is derived from the German blau, or lead, as lead by its heaviness has always been held to typify gloom and depression.

A Mean Snip. "Very well," exclaimed Dr. Quick after his quarrel with the undertaker; "I'll make you sorry for this!"

"What are you going to do," retorted the undertaker—"retire from practice?"—Philadelphia Press.

"By hook and by crook" is an allusion to an ancient manorial custom which permitted the neighboring poor to take all the wood that they could reach and pull down from the forest trees, using only their shepherds' crooks.

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The Sneezing Wood Tree. The remarkable sneezing wood tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its funny name was given to it because one cannot saw it without sneezing violently.

The dust of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff and is so irritating to the nose that workmen are obliged to sneeze even when they are planting it.

If a piece of the wood of this tree is put in the mouth, it is found to have a very bitter taste, and no doubt it is this bitterness which prevents insects of any kind from attacking the timber of the "sneezing wood" tree.

The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last a long time.

Cut this out and take it to The R. B. Loryea Drug Store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the best physic. They also cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness and headache.

A Poet With Vision.

The McMillans of London published a book of poems by T. E. Brown, which the English critics lauded because of the "vision of the poet's descriptive style." Here is a little sample of it referring to the sailing of a fishing smack:

So to the jery gradual she was hauled; Then one the tiller took And checked and set upon his hand and hauled, And one the canvas shook

Forth like a moody bat, and one, with nods And smiles, lay on the lowest end and railed, And cursed the harbor master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gulf to the keel, But riddled, huge, bentank, Slime slithered, horrible, I saw her reel

And drag her oozy flank And sprawl among the deft young waves that lapped, As she slumped onward with her lumbering draft.

We believe this is a poet who could almost do justice to the Chicago stockyards. The rhythmic swish of the pig sticker's knife and the thrilling splash of the hog in the scalding vat ought to thrill such a bard to the very core of his immortal soul. Give us a call, Brown.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RAMON'S RELIEF. RAMON'S NERVE AND BONE OIL. Still head the list and are acknowledged by all to be the great exponents of pain, rheum and diseases for which they are recommended.

Ramon's Relief will positively cure all kinds of rheumatism, such as Headache, Sick-Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Cramp Colic, Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Paralysis, etc., also all kinds of neuralgia, sciatica, etc., and, as a household remedy for these ailments, it is tried, always true. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sample bottles 10 cents.

Ramon's Nerve and Bone Oil is the original and only genuine Nerve and Bone Oil made. It is just what its name implies, and penetrating quickly to the nerve and bone, relieves pain, drives away disease and effects a