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### from your dealer. INE OF CARDU

148 Market Street,
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In February, 1901, I took one bottle of
Wine of Cardui and one package of
Thedford's Black-Draught. I had been
married fifteen years and had never
given birth to a child until I took Wine
of Cardui. Now I am mother of a fine
baby girl which was born March 31, 1901.
The baby weighs fon feen pounds and I
feel as well as any person could feel.
Now my home is happy and I never will
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again. Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH. For advice and literature, address, giving ymptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Depart-

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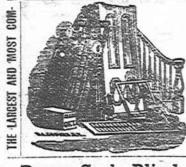
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Carpets sewed free and wadded lining fur J. L. WILSON.

# AND DONE WHEELER'S

Chill and Fever Tonic IS UNQUESTIONABLY

A Genuine Tonic mill, with long, low roofed purgery and Guaranteed to Cure CHILLS AND FEVER.

INTERMITTENT, BILIOUS AND CONTINUED FEVER. There is no occasion to proclaim its the overseer. From a perusal of them merits from the housetops, but those he had turned to a volume of English who have used

WHEELER'S CHILL TONIC will tell their neighbors, "It has cured me and it will cure you.

FOR SALE BY THE R. B. LORYEA

Drug Store, ISAAC M. LORYEA, Prop

'PHONE NO. 2. - MANNING, S. C.

# Dyspepsia Cure "think me meddlesome if I question the propriety of one so young frequenting such gatherings where gambling data." I horse was blown up with the weight of them. When her face lights up in that way, it is radiant beyond compare. I Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the are the features. I forbade them to digestants and digests all kinds of Binker. Evariste goes to them so offood. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the sincerity of her anxiety. the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been without restraint on any subject which cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gason the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take. It can't help

but do you good The R. B. Loryea Drug Store,

# \$\frac{\displayses}{\displayses}\frac{\displayses}{\displayses MASTE

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe.

as Evariste to acsent themselves the

of his good looks."

thrown the bridle to a negro boy, was

house with the easy step and calm air

of one returning from a short and

regular breathing betraying no sign of

tained by the faultlessly fitting suit,

"How was the sport today, my boy?"

"One excellent half mile race between

"Quite brisk. The odds were in fa-

vor of Belle Cheney. I took Charlotte

Elgee mare and lost heavily. Father

"Who rode Charlotte Corday?" Hor-

"Quillebert's yellow boy Leon. By

Horace asked cheerily as Evariste en-

tered the room.

"How was the betting?"

CHAPTER IV.

turf would soon degenerate to a mere gambling affair and contest of chican-AT "L'ESPERANCE." 'ESPERANCE" was a fair ery. So long as honor rules the track the excitement is healthful to men. I domain of 1,800 acres, have no misgiving of Evariste. He is which, with slaves, live thoughtful and prudent beyond his stock, mills, gins and imyears, has a perfect control over himplements, had descended to Horace Oakfell from his mother at her death in 1837. She as sole heir had inherited from her father, Colonel Bixexample. My faith in him is perfect, low. A thousand acres were under and I love him as if he were my son." fence and in culture of sugar, cotton and corn; the remainder was woodland. A yield of two hogsheads of sugar and five barrels of molasses per acre by the of the other. open kettle process of reduction then in vogue and 500 sounds of lint cotton to a like area attested the prodigious fertility of the fields.

Oakfell's father endured widowerhood a year and married Fidele Gaspard, a Spanish looking girl of 16, daughter of Antoine Gaspard, who, it was said, had escaped from Paris with a price on his head after the fall of Danton and who was remembered as a man of cruel aspect, taciturn and furtive, as one haunted by a terrible fear or horrible memory. He was shiftless and poor, but his daughter was humble, plous and beautiful. She was mistress of "L'Esperance" six years, ministering to her stenson as to a superior being, and on her deathbed prayerfully besought his interest and protection for her own little boy, Evariste, whom she left at the dependent age of 5 years. Mme. Fidele The fullness of his boyish affection he had confirmation in the delicate perlike himself motherless, and generous. as he passed it across his brow. ly assumed responsibility for his welfare. The demise of their father in 1854 gave to this assumption the character and obligations of actuality.

Evariste was dark and beautiful as his mother. His figure was slight and Judge Elgee's Belle Cheney," said Evexquisite, with hands and feet small ariste. and delicate, like a woman's. Neither nary." the squirrel nor the swallow surpassed him in agility and gracefulness, but his manner was undemonstrative, secretive, and, avoiding playmates, he | Corday and won 860. She came in by was ever content to be alone. His a neck. Leonidas Latiolais backed the eyes were black, his lips thin and firm.

To these sons the father had left | Galotte parted with some of his tithes nothing but a debt owed in Kentucky on the same risk. Somebody told Elfor blooded horses, which Horace gee that his jockey had been tampered speedily discharged. Evariste was with by Quillebert, and he swore he portionless; his brother bade him con- would kill them both if the charge sider himself half owner of all the could be proved. For a time it looked estate and assured him that partition as if some blood might be let, but should be made on his attaining ma- friends interfered, and the matter jority, or as soon thereafter as he quieted down." might deem it desirable, and made unstinted expenditure for his mainte- ace inquired. nance and education. The elder's fraternal love was sobered by paternal the way, brother," said Evariste, "Quille-

two stories, with broad, covered veran-

and rear. On the ground floor, which

was tiled, were at one side of a wide

hall a dining room and housekeeper's

sanctum, at the other an office, library

and medicine store, in which were kept

considerable quantities of medicaments

of approved use on large plantations.

The second story contained parlor and

sleeping apartments, high ceilinged and

spacious, separated by a hall corre-

sponding with the one below and reach-

ed by exterior stairways plercing the

old and rich. An acre set in pecan, wal-

nut and fig trees and inclosed by a high

white fence made a shady lawn be-

tween the house and the public road

the rear of the fields the brick sugar

massive chimney for bagasse burning.

The warm day was closing. Oakfell

near a table on which lay written re-

Not colored like his own and, having power

Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

And what man, seeing this And having human feelings, does not blush

And hang his head to think himself a man?

The book was closed upon his finger,

and with lowered eyes he pondered

these thoughts when the open doorway

was filled by the generous figure of

day?" she asked. "I have not seen him

"He went to attend the races at Man-

"I appreciate your interest and de-

may concern my brother," said Oakfell.

"In this instance, however, I think you

ing, you know, is expressly encouraged

by our law, which puts betting at it

of our best citizens and has thus had good humoredly, "and if you will has-

on an equal footing with other con-

its respectability preserved

sura, I believe," Oakfell replied.

To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause

poetry and read these lines:

Mrs. Wyley.

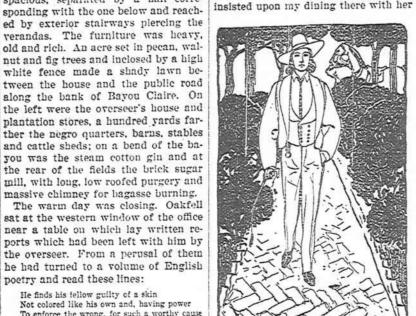
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin

solicitude relieved of all austerity. The bert got into a boastful vein when his difference between the ages of the two mare came in winner. He said he had was five years, Evariste being 10 when set in to beat Belle Cheney and knew from the beginning he would do it and Horace was sent to the legislature. declared that when he made up his The home was now presided over by the Widow Wyley, whose long experi- mind to a thing nobody in Avoyelles ence as the wife of an overseer had could overmatch him. Little Fi Fergiven her a knowledge of the negro rier spoke up and asked how about you character which enabled her to rule electing Estelle Latiolais godmother of efficiently and kindly. Thrift and neat- the bell. He said it was not you that ness came naturally from her Dutch did it. Father Galotte asserted it was mother, as did also her passion for you; that he had it on good authority. cows and bees. Her face was big and Quillebert was stunned. He had never red, and so was her heart; her hair was suspected that you had a hand in that. white and strong, and so was her na- He became furious and I believe was ture. Binker Wyley, her stalwart son, about to relieve himself of some uncomplimentary remarks about you was the abstemious, tireless overseer, when he caught my eye looking steadiwho had announced on taking charge that the lash was only for oxen, mules | ly at him and concluded to bottle his rage. But I never saw so ferocious an and dogs and to whose shrewd, frugal management was due the fact that the expression settle upon a man's countenance as that which came over Quilleprosperity of "L'Esperance" was second bert's as he turned away. I fear he is to that of no plantation in the parish of your mortal enemy from this time on. Avovelles, with the possible exception Beware of him, brother." of Baldonino's, on Bayou des Glaises. The dwelling was a brick structure of

"He is a bad man and hurtful to the coward and need not be feared, only das projecting from the second in front watched. I very much regret my name contest over the christening of the bell. It was quite contrary to my wish." "If you had seen how delighted Es-

telle was when her grandfather told out beseechingly. her what Father Galotte had said, your regret would not be so poignant."

"Did you see her? Where?" "At Father Grhe's house. The priest



Evariste was walking up the bricked path

and her grandfather, and I tell you. brother, the priest is your stout friend, though you are not a Catholic. He declared there never has been in this parish your equal in all the good qualities of head and heart and that you were "Mr. Oakfell, where is Evariste to- the ablest, safest leader the people and her face flushed with picasure at these encomiums upon you, and she charged me with so many pretty messages of gratitude to you that my "You will not, I hope," she said, sethorse was blown up with the weight of "think me meddlesome if I question the them. When her face lights up in that woman in Louisiana." ing, profanity and sometimes homicide

"Bey, boy," said Horace, smiling, "you are becoming excited, going into ten." The old lady's manner evinced a rapture. Miss Latiolais must indeed be a vision to move you thus from your famous imperturbability. Calm sire you always to speak your thoughts yourself, my little Evariste. It is some time yet before you will be 21 and still longer before Estelle will be 20."

"From the signs of today," said Evneed have no apprehension. Horse rac- ariste, with a tinge of bitterness in his voice, "you are the one interested in her twentieth birthday, not I." "Well, supper is by no means so far

reminder, disappeared into the house his brother remarked: "What a boon it is to be gifted to live the fullness of life as that boy does. Though of grave and sedate exterior, his whole being vibrates in sympathy with the life around him. Every breath he inhales is a draft

of sparkling wine to another man. His sleep is but the opiate effect of the day's joy; his eyes close in thankfulness for the day that has passed and open in eagerness for the day that begins. Apparently impassive, he is keenly observant of and responsive to every event, possessing a marvelous power of seizing and assimilating what is pleasant and rejecting what is disagreeable. He delights in the graceful spinning through the air of the falling leaf, but will not look at it when it has touched the dust, and with all his air of unconcern he is a phiself, which I envy him, and his spirit is losopher, quick to adjust men and too high and proud to yield to a low things and give them their proper esti-

get the dust of the road brushed off

As the young man, acting upon this

you before I have the bell rung."

temptation or to be led by an unworthy | mate." "If I heard another speak in this way without naming the person, I "How blessed he is to have such a would understand him to describe Mr. brother," said Mrs. Wyley, her fears | Horace Oakfell rather than Evariste, for the one forgotten in her admiration | Mrs. Wyley remarked.

"No, no!" said Oakfell. "My tem-"There he is now!" exclaimed Oak- perament is too opaque. Everything fell, rising and going to the door. "Was affecting it throws a shadow. I anticithere ever such a little man beauty as pate dangers. I brood over events, I he? And he is so free from vanity busy myself to guard against troubles that I do not believe he is at all aware which may never arise. In some of my moods life seems a grewsome ne-Evariste had alighted from his foam- cessity. Not so with Evariste. To ing horse at the gate and, having him it is all a glad song."

"What do you think will be his calling? Will you make a lawyer of him?" walking up the bricked path to the "By no means."

"How so? Do you not like your own leisurely stroll in a shady grove, his profession?" "As a branch of learning, a science,

the hard run of 11 miles be had given a mental discipline, yes. But as a the panting beast now being led to the practical profession I leathe it already. stables. And Horace's tribute of un- No, Evariste will never be a lawyer by consciousness of self was scarcely sus- my advice."

"What then? A physician or a min ister?"

unflecked collar and fashionably ad-"Hardly the latter," said Oakfell, fusted neckscarf, the dainty shoes and "I do not think his bent of carefully oiled locks resting on his smiling. shoulders in a glossy black roll. And mind is toward religious enthusiasm. with greater fervor than by Horace. a suspicion of dandiness might have You have put a question the answer to transferred to the half brother, now fume scattered from his handkerchief own satisfaction. This is the nearest been able to formulate. I fancy politics and dislike the practice of law and therefore at times incline to propose to Evariste later that he shall manage our joint interests on the plan-Quillebert's Charlotte Corday and tation while I exploit a political career.' "The others were only ordi-

"That seems a wise arrangement," Mrs. Wyley assented, "leading to the happiness of yourself and brother and the good of the people."

Binker Wyley, in clean apparel donned after his day of toil in the fields, joined his mother and Horace, and, Evariste returning, the four at the signal of the bell proceeded to their evening meal of poultry, hot bread, rice, coffee, milk and preserves of figs served by two quick moving griffe women and fanned by the waving of peacock feathers in the hands of two silent boys of ebon black. As they ate and conversed songs and laughter and the jingling of harness chains told of the coming of the laborers from the furrowed reaches of sugar cane and cotton plant.

The supper ended, the three men, leaving the room, found standing under the veranda, hat in hand, a young quadroon of small stature and intelligent face. He was well clothed, and his manner was polite and humble.

"Well, Leon," said Oakfell, "this is a tockeving so skillfully for Mr. Quillebert today you would have been kept at home tonight to be exhibited to his admiring friends."

"He did try to keep me, Mr. Horace," replied Leon, "but I would not stay." "What! You ran away, Leon? Do you not know the patrol law and the danger of your being out after dark without Mr. Quillebert's written permission?"

"I came away, Mr. Horace. I did not run away, and I know of the patrol law," answered the young fellow firmly, but not offensively. "I had to see you tonight, sir, and I have come to tell But last night she met me weeping you my troubles and ask your advice and help. If I am wrong, you will tell me so. I will believe you and submit to community," said Oakfell, "but he is a punishment. If I am right, you will tell me so, and I hope you will help me. I have always believed you to be the was mentioned in connection with the best man in this country, and I know you cannot do or aid a wrong. I beg that you will hear me." Tears rolled down his face, and his hands were held

> "I cannot refuse to hear you, Leon," said Horace. "Walk into my office." "Mr. Horace, will Mrs. Wyley be so good as to be present when I tell you about myself? She has known me all my life. I want her to hear me. She I determined to ask M. Constant to may know much about me that I do lend me the price of my bride, to be paid not. Will she be so kind as to come into him in services in the stable and on the office, Mr. Binker?" turning to the track as long as would be reasonaoverseer.

"I have no doubt she will," the latter "Request your mother to do so." Hor-

to the kitchen and get supper. Come here half an hour from now." "If you will excuse me, brother, I will go to my room. I believe the tragedy He would not refuse then, I felt sure. of 'Richard III' will interest me more than Leon's melodrama," Evariste said

and mounted the stairway. Oakfell lighted a cigar and awaited Mrs. Wyley and Leon in the office.

CHAPTER V. LEON'S QUEST.

OU desired my presence, Mr. Oakfell?" said Mrs. ble and retired.

"Yes, Mrs. Wyley, if you can spare who, in apparently great distress, entreats it," Horace replied.

so," she said, resuming the large rocker, "for I have always felt there was what price. She said she would for Mrs. Wyley," Leon replied and withcould choose. Estelle's eyes sparkled something foully wrong in that Frenchman's treatment of the boy." "Have you any personal knowledge

bearing upon it?" "I know a good deal about the beginall I can with certainty."

Leon appeared timidly upon the be seated. He hesitated: but, the inviupon a bench outside the door. He was apprehensive, and, though ample time was given him to open the conversation, he sat confused and silent.

"This interview is of your own seeking. Leon." said Horace, "and has been granted by Mrs. Wyley and myself. You ask for my advice and help. Whether either or both will be given must de-Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. tracts. It has received the countenance off as that," interposed Mrs. Wyley pend upon the character of your stateten to your som, Evariste, you will without reserve, for we are kindly dis- with the vilest curses. Crushed and all sake of a saffron jockey who never can

posed to you, but tell it with absolute truth. You must not mislead me into action or speech by a falsehood. Give me facts only. Upon this condition I will advise to the best of my ability for your good and possibly assist you to make the advice effective. We are wait-

ing to hear you." With visible effort to repress his excitement Leon said:

"I cannot speak well like you. Mr. Horace, and some of the things I will tell you I do not at all understand. I know that until I was 10 or 11 years old I lived with Mrs. Wyley on the Lallande plantation, on Atchafalaya river. One day she sent me to M. Constant Quillebert's plantation to see my mother and get some presents from M. Constant, who was my godfather. He would not let me go back to Mrs. Wylev and has kept me on his place Oakfell looked inquiringly at Mrs.

Wyley, whose eyes responded a confirmation. Leon continued:



"We are waiting to hear you."

"M. Constant has treated me differently from the others on his plantation. I have never been put to field work. Up to the time I was 15 he Queyrouze was very fond of this child, made me stay about the house, and but was greatly displeased for some after that he put me in charge of his cause with the mother, Olive, who, best horses. Now, as you know, Mr. with her children, was his slave. The Horace, I am his jockey and ride for year the cholera was so bad-I think it him at all the races.'

remarked.

he loses a race, and then he curses me day he died of the cholera. He had be for not punishing the horses. That I friended my husband in a serious trouwill not do, for I know they try their | ble, so that when, two days after his best, as I do mine. But he has never | death, a nurse came to us with the whipped me - the others, yes, my child and a message from Poydre conmother and all, for he is terrible in a veying the wish of Queyrouze we conpassion, but not me. My mother has sented, and I took charge of the little said that I do not belong to him, that one. Of course he was favored by us I am not a slave, that I am free, and and never caused me to regret our ache whipped her for telling me so, tion. As child and boy he was good nathough he never said anything to me tured, respectful and obedient. about it. I do not understand it. Fato anybody else."

ley?" inquired Horace. "I am not prepared to say no," re-

plied Mrs. Wylev. love Odette, the maid of Mile. Estelle free.' Latiolais, and she has said she would be my wife. She is a good, faithful, true girl. To me she is lovelier than the yellow jasmine, and the thought of her has kept me honest and cheerful and has made me kinder to my horses. Her mistress loves her and more than a year ago promised to set her free when I should be ready to marry her. and broken hearted, for mademoiselle had informed her that she could not give her freedom, because the law had changed in spite of Mr. Horace's noble opposition so as to forbid the emancipation of slaves. I could not console her. It seemed as if this news took all my life away. Not a moment have I slept since. All the night long I walked up and down in the stables save when I rested my head on one of the borses and cried like a woman. But with the daybreak came a hope. I remembered that if I myself was not a slave I could buy Odette and make her free by taking her to a free state, and ble. Knowing how set he was on beating Judge Elgee's mare today and that he had bet heavy sums on the race, I made up my mind to win it for him

fell. ace said to Binker, "and you, Leon, go even at the risk of my neck, so as to have his favor when I should ask him for the loan, which I would do before sundown if my mare kept her feet. Again I cried, but from joy, and I danced with happiness, and I whistled like a mecking bird as I patted and rubbed Charlotte Corday and prayed when I shot under the line I saw can gain my freedom and Odette, and the time to assist me in giving au- Odette standing with her mistress on neither whip nor fire can force from firm."

to her to carry me out of my trouble. Belle Cheney has better points than Charlotte, and I trembled as I saw her leap to the stand. But when the word was given I leaned down and shouted, 'Odette!' in my mare's ear. At the end Wyley, entering the office, of the track I saw not the post, but followed by a servent, who only Odette's sweet face. In the placed lights upon the ta- crowd's roar and yell in the last stretch I heard only the name Odette, and dlence to Quillebert's jockey, Leon, the veranda of Father Grhe's house, waving her hand to me. After caring for the mare and kissing her forehead "Indeed I am more than willing to do I went to Mile. Latiolais and asked her if she would sell Odette to me and at \$100 and, laying her snow white hand on Odette's shoulder, added that she would give the price and something more to the bride as a dot on her wedding day. Odette kissed that little ning of it and am anxious to tell you hand and, with a smile of happiness, expressed our thankfulness. Mine was then the lightest heart that ever beat threshold and was bidden assuringly to in a poor man's breast, and I made my request to M. Constant on his return tation being repeated by Mrs. Wyley in home. But. Mr. Oakfell, a knife run a tone conveying something of com- through my body could not have given mand, he complied, first laying his hat the pain his answer did. His eyes almost closed and his face trembled manifestly agitated, embarrassed and | with anger as he said: 'You scoundrel! Why should you buy a wife? If you did, she would be my slave. Whatever less. To deliver a thrust from behind you acquire will be mine.' 'How so, M. or a shot in the dark is as easy to him an expression of pain coming to her Constant? I asked. 'I am a free man.' Like a mad dog he leaped at me, clutch-

but blind, I staggered to the stable and hid my face in Charlotte Corday's mane until my thoughts came back to me. Then, not knowing or caring whether I was seen, I went to Mlle. Latiolais and informed her what had

occurred. She said to me: 'Go at once to Mr. Horace Oakfell, the only real man of this country. Tell him I ask him to hear you and thwart the evil purpose of that wicked Quillebert. Mr: Oakfell has the true eye to see what is just and the brave heart to do it.' As I was leaving the yard I met M. Leonidas Latiolais and asked him whether he would not buy me if I was M. Constant's slave, and be said be would think it over. I came directly here. I have told nothing but the truth. For the sake of justice, for the sake of Jesus, who, the priest says, was friendless as I am: for the sake of Mile. Latiolais, advise and protect me, Mr. Oakfell, and you, Mrs. Wyley, who were always kind to me and never had cause to chide me."

The poor fellow in his excitement had unconsciously risen at the close of his narrative and assumed an attitude of supplication eloquent in its naturalness and earnestness, and his two auditors looked from him to each other with expressions of astonishment and wounded consciences.

"A dreadful recital, if true," Oakfell

"Even the mercy of heaven must be stretched to cover such wickedness," was Mrs. Wyley's comment.

"Do you feel inclined to give me your recollection of this matter, Mrs. Wy lev?" asked Oakfell.

clined, but eager to do so. When Leon was but an infant, Febien Queyrouze owned the plantation adjoining Lallande's, of which my husband was the overseer. It was in those days that I first saw Quillebert, who visited Queyrouze on Sundays. It seems they had known each other in France. By the request of Queyrouze, Quillebert stood as godfather at the child's christening at Mansura by Father Grhe, who had but recently arrived in this country. was in 1833-on returning home from "And from what I hear you give him a visit to New Orleans he told his oversatisfaction in that capacity." Horace | seer, Belisaire Poydre, that he intended Leon to be free and directed that he be "Yes, sir," said Leon, "except when sent to me to be raised. The following

"Queyrouze was a bachelor, and his ther Grhe, who christened me, has heirs lived in France. His will intold me the same thing. But I cannot structed Poydre to wind up his afexplain how it is. One day when I fairs, sell his property and deliver the was crossing some horses on the ferry | proceeds to the heirs. This he did four at Bayou du Lac M. Valsin Mouillot | years later. Quillebert bought Olive said to me that he had heard M. Con- and her three other children. Leon stant admit I did not belong to him or | was not included in the sale, but remained with me. Belisaire Poydre died "Can this have been true, Mrs. Wy- of yellow fever in 1840. My poor husband was carried off by the same disease in 1843. About six months after defy analysis, and thus, without undermy husband's death I received a re-"Though I have feared to speak to M. quest from Quillebert to send Leon to task he had from conscience imposed Constant about it," Leon resumed, "I visit his mother and receive some pres- upon himself took a poetic color which have always believed I am not a slave ents from his godfather, and, suspect- it had wholly wanted but for her interand have hoped that something would ing no trick, I did so. Leon did not est. He experienced no difficulty in deoccur to put me in my freedom. But come back. I wrote Quillebert a note ciding that he should without loss of my hope has been today destroyed. asking why he detained him. He re- time call on his gentle colleague, bo All that cheered me has been denied. | turned the verbal answer that the boy | to pledge his loyalty to the cause she surprise. I should have thought after Please, Mr. Horace and madame, do preferred to remain with his mother. had espoused and delicately warn her not laugh at me and think me foolish This I did not believe, but I felt myself to reticence in the presence of her volufor what I am going to tell you now. helpless and took no further steps in ble grandfather, whose malleability in I am in love"-he hung his head like a the matter. This is all I know of it, the masterful hands of Quillebert guilty child-"and my love has made I do not pretend to understand the law, might otherwise become the fruitful me strong, obedient and patient. I but I have always thought Leon was

At these last words Leon's face anxiously to Oakfell.

"And my thought agrees with yours," said the latter.

"Oh, thank the good God!" exclaimed Leon, falling on his knees. "And der her chin and shears in her hand, you will secure and protect me in my freedom, Mr. Horace? You are white, you are rich, you are wise, you are powerful. Defend me from this man ly the convent taught politeness came who enslaves me against law and jus-

"I will, poor fellow, to the utmost of my power," Oakfell promised. "And

if I succeed in establishing your freedom I will lend you the money to buy Odette."

Leon wrung his hands in a paroxysm of joy, but could not speak his gratitude. Mrs. Wyley, however, was moved to say, "God will be on your side in

the fight, Mr. Oakfell." "I can only prevail by the humanity and justice of our laws," said Oak-"Listen to me, Leon. I must proceed in this undertaking with deliberation. My course will arouse bitter opposition and bad feeling, which should not be provoked prematurely. Meanwhile you must be absolutely under my direction and pledge implicit obedience to my instruction, though it may involve suffering. It is proper that at the institution of your suit for freedom you should be under the apparent control of Quillebert. You must not be a fugitive when you sue for freedom. Therefore you must return to his plantation, though he may put the lash to you for being away tonight. Do not disclose that you have spoken to Mrs. Wyley or myself, though he should torture you to extort the confession, for if he learns that you have conferred with us I do not doubt he will kill you. Can you keep your counsel and ours and endure his cruelty until I send for you and give you further instructions?"

"Mr. Oakfell, I will take the lash and any pains he can put me to if I me one word about this meeting." "Go, then," said Oakfell, "and be

"God help me to be firm and to be grateful for your goodness and that of drew. "What is all this, brother?" said Ev-

ariste, smiling and entering the office with noiseless step. "Are you holding abolitionist meetings and receiving messages by the grapevine line? Beware, for there is danger in that" Oakfell explained fully the evening's incident, requesting Evariste's secrecy.

"Certainly," said the latter; "I will

be silent as the tomb. But indeed I warn you there is more peril in your undertaking than in a genuine abolition grapevine conclave. That fellow Quillebert is a devil incarnate. He is as venomous as an adder and as conscienceas a gulp of absinth. He is a relentless ed me by the throat and screamed: 'You | you as an American and as the champion of Estelle Latiolais. Moreover, he lie! You are my slave! If you ever dare again to deny it, I will lay the has a following among the lowest fellows of this parish. Reflect before you lash on you till you will wish you were ment. Now proceed to tell your trouble dead!" And he flung me away from him draw the ire of such a rascal for the so coarse a character. Nevertheless,"

be more than he is at this present moment."

"Evariste, your affection for me leads you to magnify the dangers and minimize the cause," Horace answered. "You are perhaps young yet to weigh the considerations which have appealed to my conscience tonight. I feel that this disclosure has laid upon me a duty which it would be disgraceful and cowardly in me to shirk. I would assume it were the perils ten thousand times greater than those you imagine. But Ido not wish you to be in the least troubled about it. Only sacredly keep what closer delivered prices. I have confided to you."

Evariste again promised, and good nights were spoken, but the lights in the office burned till the smallest hour of the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

A HEART OF PEARL WO items of Leon's recital lingered pleasingly in Oakfell's thoughts, Estelle's generous consent to sell Odette to her lover and bestow the price for marriage provision and her confident reference to him (Oakfell) as the one man of the parish able and willing to defend the weak against the injustice of the powerful oppressor. His admiration and self esteem were appealed to effectively, and he found himself wondering why he had not seen the granddaughter of Latiolais during the past three years and whether the child he remembered could justify Evariste's rapturous description of the beauty he had met at Father Grhe's table. Her

responses to the appeals of Leon be-



spoke her a person of superior qualities of character, tender sympathies, courage in high resolutions.

women upon pedestals, and in his re- are paid. gard all possessed some of the sweet perfections with which his mother and Mme. Fidele were endowed. Yet, though he was keenly sensible of the attractions of the bayou belles and prairie lassies, he had remained heart free. Evariste had before repeated to him commendations spoken by the fair. and if they had fallen gratefully on his ear they had failed to stir his imagination, but the words of Estelle surprised and thrilled him. Such emotions

standing why, he realized that the source of mischief.

The bridle path through the swamps behind the bayou fields shortened conbrightened, and he looked eagerly and siderably the distance between L'Esperance and the Latiolais plantation. The shadows of afternoon were but beginning to lengthen when Oakfell startled Estelle, with broad hat tied unclipping a shrub of sweet olive. Flushed cheeks and embarrassed manner testified her maidenly timidity, but quickto her aid, and she gracefully welcomed her visitor to a seat upon the veranda, where at the summons of her mistress Odette served cool water flavored with

the sirup of mandarins. "You will, I hope, be not displeased mademoiselle, when I tell you that three years have made such change in your appearance that I scarcely would have recognized you elsewhere than

here at your home," said Oakfell. "I sufficiently realize that," she replied, "when I look at my mirror and then at the little daguerreotype I sent to grandpere from New Orleans when I first went to the convent. Sometimes I fear I shall be an old woman while my companions are still young girls. Laure Luneau is two years older than I, but she looks two years younger." "Is she one of your companions?

asked Oakfell. "We have known each other all our lives," answered Estelle, "and the mention of her name reminds me, Mr. Oak-

"I beg you will not," Oakfell interrupted.

"But," she persisted, "I feel bound"-"So do I," said Oakfell, smiling, "for there are other matters we can discuss with more likelihood of agreementfor instance, the message you sent to me by Quillebert's jockey, Leon."

"Oh, Mr. Oakfell," she exclaimed "was ever such a cruel, wicked wrong? But you will protect poor Leon and deliver him from that ferocious man, will you not?"

"Your command moved my mind to that resolution," he said. "And you will succeed," she declared,

with warmth. "Father Grhe's account of your speech in the legislature against that disgraceful law forbidding emancipation of slaves told me you were brave and wise, and your championship of me in the election of godmother for the bell told me you were generous, and therefore I sent Leon to you. Was I too bold, and did I do wrong? I had no time to advise with my grandfather."

"No, mademoiselle. My misgiving is as to my own ability. But what strength I have shall be exerted to the fullest, and should success meet my efforts the gratitude of Leon and Odette will be due to you." "And mine to you, Mr. Oakfell. So

you will receive it all, as you well deserve.' "Your grandfather is well, I trust.

Is he at home?" Oakfell inquired. "He is quite well, but I regret is not at home. He rode away an hour ago, I fear, to Quillebert's," Estelle replied, face. "I do wish dear grandfather hater and already has his evil eye on | was not so much with that bad man, whose evil influence over his kind, yielding nature I so much dread."

"M. Latiolais' virtues are too confirmed to be weakened by contact with

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## Tax Notice.

CLARENDON COUNTY. Manning, S. C., Oct. 4, 1901.

The tax books will be open for the collection of taxes for the fiscal year commencing January 1st, 1901, on the 15th day of October, 1901, and will remain open untll the 31st day of December, following, after which time a penalty of I5 per cent attaches to all

For Ordinary County Tax, three (3)

Total, 11 mills (separate from Special

and "22". Total 15 mills. Every male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or from other causes, and except those who are now exempt by law, shall be deemed taxable

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NOTICE.

## A. I. BARRON, Ag't.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,

unpaid taxes. The following is the tax levy: For State purposes, five (5) mills. For Constitutional School Tax, three

Special one (1) mill, School Tax, School District No. "24". Total 12 mills. Special two (2) mills, School Tax, School District No. "16". Total 13 mills. Special three (3) mills, School Tax, School District, No. (21". Total 14 mills. Special four (4) mills, School Tax School Districts No. "7", "9", "19", "20"

polls.
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S. J. BOWMAN, Treasurer Clarendon County.

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