

Contagious **Blood Poison**

There is no poison so highly contagious, fall." so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. sons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pro-nounced cured — to realize when too late out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease an old sore or ulcer developing in middle

tracted The Sin of the Parent. life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards. cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all

stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood puri-fier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general Our little book on contagious blood

poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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DOCOCOCOCOCOCOCOCOCOCO ble, and I came away." MASTER and SLAVE

Copyright, 1901, by T. H. Thorpe.

Oakfell added, "this intimacy between them compels me to suggest, ma- if he does. Never invite him to come demoiselle, that nothing be said to here. If he enters that gate, I will set your grandfather of Leon's visit to me all the dogs on him." or of my intentions in his behalf. I pray you will not feel offense at the grandfather said soothingly, "and re-

"Not in the least," she answered him. "It is well founded and just and shall be respected. When will you begin?" "I cannot say," he replied. "The work is not Quillebert's negro slave than of preparation may occupy me until | that Quillebert is deserving to be call-

"I will earnestly pray God and the Virgin to aid and to bless you and to enable me, though but an ignorant and feeble girl, to be of some use in so just a cause," said Estelle.

"Your good will shall be my sufficient that the disease was only covered up- stay," said Oakfell, offering his hand in driven from the adieu, and the touch produced a deli-Like Begets Like. surface to break clous shock that sent the blood bounding through his veins in a manner new

to his experience. As he rode away with a knightly bow Estelle turned to her maid, who had loitered unseen within hearing dis-

tance of the conversation, and said: "I am so glad that I sent Leon to him. life, can be traced to blood poison con. I am so happy that he came to see me. Now I am sure I did not do wrong and that he will never yield to injustice. What a handsome, good face he has,

Odette." "Oh, mamselle, he is among men of the good!" answered Odette. "He is the only one fit for you, and you are the | in God and Mr. Oakfell." only one fit for him."

"What are you thinking of, silly thing? Mr. Oakfell is not a Catholic, and I am," said Estelle, faintly pout-

"I know he is not a Catholic." the maid replied, "but, for all that, he is ty little priedieu near her bed. Bowing the best man in the parish. I have heard Father Grhe say that."

"Father Grhe has honest and correct opinions, and whatever he says I believe. But Mrs. Oakfell will very likely on Bayou Bouf, not the shy and stube in the hands of everyone seeking a pid little creole of Bayou Rouge," Estelle said plaintively.

"Ah, my sweet mistress, if you had seen M. Oakfell's face as I saw it when you gave him your hand for goodby you would not talk so. And if he looks for beauty, which one of the American ladies can compare with Mamselle Latiolais? Beauty is not everything to money. Something better than all these he will want-the good, true heart, and no American lady has a heart of pearl warmly and loyally, and Estelle ran of happiness these words brought to her cheeks.

At sunset the grandfather returned. Prompt and special attention given His step was slow and his countenance unteers, Quillebert's bottle and card fato a chair on the veranda, he closed lent and brooding when Estelle approached and Mghtly kissed his brow. "Are you sick, my dear grandfather?" she asked.

"In spirit, yes, otherwise no, my dear little girl," he replied.

"Then what is it that has given despondency to my good old child?" "Ah, little Estelle, you are the child too tender and sensitive to hear the shocking thing that has saddened my

soul this evening.' "No." she protested; "you misjudge me. I am strong enough to share with you all your griefs and must do so or fail in my duty. Then tell me what distresses you. Did you not go to M.

thing has happened? Tell your Estelle." Constant's to spend an hour with him. As I passed his stables I heard the strokes of the whip falling heavily upon flesh and a low moan following each blow. I hastened on to the house and had alighted at the gate when Constant came out of the stables, ox whip in hand, breathless and almost speechless. The savage fury of his face frightened me. He sent a negro boy on one of his fastest horses to bring Dr. De Roux. When he had rested somewhat

last night, leaving the horses unfed, and did not return to the plantation until midnight, when he was brought by the bite. But it isn't every one she will constable, who had caught him com- serve, for she is a pious woman. She ing out of the swamp, and stubbornly refused to say where he had gone. He as not to believe what you cannot uncaused the unfortunate fellow to be tied | derstand, who do not believe in God | by the wrists to a feed rack from last or the saints or the devil. When your night until this evening without food | jockey dies and the planters begin to | plied with. or water and threatened the whip if he hold meetings, perhaps you will no did not tell where he had been, but longer believe in rum, cards, or whip promising release for confession. Leon and yourself, which thus far have obstinately closed his mouth and would | made up your creed."

"Constant went into the stable this was demolished by this last stroke of

"both you and I will be the gainers." her eyes. "I should not have harrowed you with such a recital."

"You did right to tell me, that I may have the best of causes to entreat you to stay away from him. Oh, my kind protector, he is not hit to associate with you! He is an atheist, a fiend, a brute, and you are a Christian gentleman. He is not the equal in charactepoor negro he tortured,

dered. Never permit him me. Do not expect me to notice him "Calm yourself, my little one," the

member that Constant is a white man and Leon only his negro slave." "Grandfather," the girl replied spiritedly, "it is more probable that Leon

ed a white man." "What do you mean, Estelle?" "I cannot tell you now, but time will

explain this saying of mine in both its parts. Only promise me this-that never shall one of our slaves be put to the lash or tortured." "I promise that sincerely."

"Then, dear grandfather, let us talk no more of this unhappy subject. You need your supper and pipe." "Yes, dear, and tell old Julie to drip

the coffee extra strong to quiet my nerves." Passing into the hall, Estelle found

Odette sobbing bitterly and, taking her hand said in a low tone: "You heard what my grandfather told me?"

"Yes, mamselle. Forgive me for listening."

"Remember, then, Odette, what Leon suffered for your sake and be you as what you are among women, the first | brave and silent for his. The God of mercy will right all this wrong. Trust

"Yes, and you, dear mistress." "Go now, bathe your eyes in cool water and wait on us at table with a face showing no trace of weeping."

Estelle proceeded to her own room and, closing the door, knelt at the prether beautiful head and closing her eyes, she addressed her "ition for the succor of the oppressed to heaven, but in her involuntary vision she saw only the face of Oakfell. From the happiness of be one of those bold American beauties this dual devotion she was summoned to preside at the meal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCTRESS. EON'S life hung for weeks on the merest thread. Fever consumed his body and mind, creating hallucinations peopled by Odette, Oakfell and Estelle, whose names were oftenest on his such as M. Oakfell, nor boldness, nor parched lips. The excess of his punishment was discussed throughout the parish in terms condemnatory of Quillebert, to prosecute whom should the like my mistress." The slave girl spoke | jockey die determination was expressed. The medication of Dr. De Roux into the house to conceal the blushes seemed impotent, a profound and ominous gloom settled upon the slaves ou all the plantations, the patrol of constables was nightly re-enforced by volgrave and troubled. Sinking wearily miliars obscured themselves, and he felt deeply disturbed by the entire situhis eyes as if to shut out an unwelcome ation. He drank brandy at home and visitor to his memory and thus sat si- rum at Dede's cabaret at Mansura. In this latter he was blasphemously inveighing against the doctor's unskill-

fulness when Dede remarked: "It is you who lack sense. Why don't you stop throwing away money on De Roux and drop a gold cagle in the lap of old Mother Deshautelles,

Laure Luneau's grandmother?"

"What can she do, you pitted idiot?" Quillebert snapped. "She can cure your jockey and save you from being tarred and feathered. you Gascon hog," retorted Dede. "She is a doctress served by the saints themselves. Alexe Boudreau's fine trotter could not touch his right hind foot to the ground for four days. Alexe called Quillebert's, and was it not there this on Mother Deshautelles. She gave him a dry piece of fiannel to put on the "Yes, my angel, I will tell you, for I horse's hoof. He did so and dealt him must speak to some one. I rode over to a sharp blow. Down went the hoof, and the horse has not limped since. During 48 hours Tatin's boy could not swallow. He was carried to Mother Deshautelles, who laid her hand on his throat just for one second. As soon as he got home he ate a quart of gumbo and can now swallow an egg without breaking it. Bertrand Dufilbo called to his wife one night for a candle. She asked him, 'Where is the candle?' For three days she kept repeating, 'Where is the candle, where is the candle?" She did not eat or sleep and continued saying, Where is the candle, where is the candle? Dr. Leme was called to her, but he could do nothing. Her

strength gave out, and they had to put her to bed. Still she went on asking, Where is the candle, where is the candle?' The priest was sent for, and he burned candles and incense and sprinkled water and talked Latin, but she kept on asking, 'Where is the candle, where is the candle? Finally Bertrand brought Mother Deshautelles. She sat by the bed and heard the feeble voice whisper, 'Where is the candle, where is the candle?' and, touching her lips with a candle she had carried there, said to her, 'There, the candle!' Mme. Dufilho opened her eyes and, looking first at the candle and then at Mother Deshantelles, closed them again and immediately fell asleep. From that day to this she has never asked, 'Where

is the candle?" "Do you take me for a fool, Dede, or are you really simple enough yourself to believe such crazy stuff?"

"Crazy stuff!" exclaimed Dele. tell you, Quillebert, those are facts, "You heard what my grandfather told and ere are hundreds more known. She is the most powerful coctress since the old nun Bazilia died, who your aid." cured the bishop of Natchez of a snake may refuse you, who are such a fool

Quillebert's philosophical skepticism "And do you think this old witch will

"Though she takes it, gold cannot

"That's plain," laughed Dede. "They purify by exercism whatever goes to like a madman, swore he could never | chance for you, Constant, and it should get another jockey to equal Leon and be a good one."

"And what is that?" Quillebert anx-

lously inquired. "Laure Luneau" Dede answered. election of the bell's godmother, and she is your friend for that. Moreover, she hates that overbearing American Her grandmother will do for her what she might deny to the rest of the world.

could no longer hear the sound of the horse's feet; then, peering searchingly into the thick undergrowth behind man of Los Angeles was visiting with "You made a great fight for her at the which her visitor had disappeared, she tripped lightly out of the water and, dropping net and basket, seized her shoes and hose. With the nimbleness Oakfell and the simpering doll Estelle of a doe she sprang behind a huge cy-Latiolais, and she is a true Gasconne. press tree and the concavity of its trunk converted into a toilet, where, drying her feet with grass and leaves, she was quickly shod. Taking her hat from the palmetto spike on which it hung, she adjusted it fetchingly upon her head and, stepping out, took up the net rod and leaned lightly upon it as a staff. Verily she looked the sylvan beauty of the poets as in rich contralto she sang:

> "Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me." Quillebert could not have been far distant for the line was hardly finished when he emerged from the bushes

having tied his horse to a tree. "What a change, my little actress, from the bewitching to the bewildering!" he said.

things to me," she complained. "Be patient, Laure. You will hear enough of that sort from acceptable Now, little one"-Quillebert had lieve he is at the bottom of all this suddenly become grave-"listen to some serious talk, for I am troubled. Will groes if Leon should give the pretext you do me a friendly turn? It is not for nothing. I have at home a beautigained with by the abolitionists to be ful little watch made at Havre, inlaid with rubies and diamonds. If what I wish is accomplished, that watch shall for his services in setting all the others nestle beneath the satin belt you will

wear at the next ball." "M. Constant, surely I need no bribe to serve you. I am already under more obligation than I can ever dis-

charge."

thereby.' "What is it you desire me to do?" sick since he was whipped for running away. Some think he will die. That incompetent De Roux does not know how to handle the case. Oakfell, who is thought to be paid by the abolitionists, is in an underhand way seeking to arouse public sentiment against me and has already excited old Latiolais' has said some bitter things to the priest Grhe and others. She has the notion that the swaggering American

Laura vindictively. "Should Leon die." continued Quillebert, "it is thought Oakfell will urge a popular demonstration, maybe a prosecution. I would avoid all this. If within the sound of the Bow belis-Leon recovers, I will pay back the con- that is, within the city of London-

"Estelle, too?" demanded Laure. "If she gets in the way, she shall have her share," he answered. "Then what can I do?" she asked.

"This-persuade your grandmother to give you the cure for Leon." "Oh, M. Constant! I fear your un-

"How? Does any one here give more to the priests and the convents than I do? But that is not to the point. I am not sick. The cure is for Leon. Besides, I am your friend, Laure, and your enemies are my enemies."

"At once. There is not one minute to If Leon is not better by tomorrow morning, he will not live the week out.'

short reflection. "Take this; it may belp your argu-

ment," said Quillebert, handing her a shining double eagle goldpiece. "Back into the bushes, then, till I re-

turn," said she. Quillebert did as he was bidden, and the girl walked rapidly to the cottage. The half hour of her absence appeared to him all but interminable, and it was as one freed from long imprisonment that he sprang from the matted vines and brush when she stopped beside the

sang: "Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me." "Well?" he exclaimed "She was very unwilling," said she.

"I got it," she anticipated his ques-"Here it is." And, holding forth

by her brother, who was a soldier of the emperor. She had every boll taken from the stalk as it opened and carried

temples he will get well." "Pretty one, you are a Jeanne d'Arc! Give me the fillet," Quillebert eagerly

"And share the spoils of victory with my little lieutenant," he added, rolling the strip and replacing it in the fishskin. In an instant his horse was heard bounding through the dry swamp.

on Laure's ear, and she ran to the skirt of the wood to receive a most elaborate bow from the exquisite Evariste Oakfell as he cantered along the opposite bank of the bayou and to catch the notes of his fine tenor voice caroling:

Her heart beat wildly with a delight she could scarce explain, but was suddenly stilled by the thought that Evariste may have seen Quillebert, heard her signal to him and construed their meeting as she would not for the world

lowered from a run until, throbbing and covered with foam, he was halted at his stable. Quillebert took no chances with the clock, but at once proceeded to the cabin where lay the emaciated, sinking, faintly breathing jockey. Producing the gleaming fillet, he stretched it over the closed eyes and sunken temples of the seemingly dying man and on their lives charged the awed negroes in attendance to see that there it re-

At break of day he awoke from de-

TO BE CONTINUED. Some Girls.

Some girls, when asked to elope, are Tike ice. At first they are cold and repulse you; then they melt and run oyster. Cook five minutes and serve away.-Whitewater (Kan.) Independ- on slices of toast with the liquid poured

The little son of an Episcopal clergyhis mother a Canadian city, where the two attended services at a certain

After the service was over the clergy man, one of the old evangelical school. who had noticed the reverence and apparent devetion of the child, spoke to prove of Commercial expansion at home. him and commended his reverence with prayer just before I began my sermon. What prayer did you offer to the throne

"I do not like to hear an old man talk so, and young men never say such naut.

> Birds' Eggs Superstitions. The old, wrinkled, dusky aunties of the south tell children: "Do not eat the bluebirds' eggs. They make you love to wander." They believe that the pale blue eggs of that beautiful creature, "that violet of the air." that bird with "sky tinge on his back, earth tinge on

> > A Cockney.

Bullokar, the lexicographer who gave

"A citizen's sonne, riding with his fa-

When the Crowd Gathered.

"Well, the music hall, then?"

"No; nothing of that kind here."

"Oh, yes," said the policeman, rising

Small Boy's Divorce.

Clarence, aged five, had been severe-

"Well Clarence," said the man of the

"Please, Mr. Brown," said Clarence,

"I want to get a divorce from our fam-

certain kind that it had intended to

buy. As they had been ordered espe-

cially for a new hotel and were of a pe-

law after shaking hands, "what can I

his breast," will make the greedy nest robber restless as long as he lives. No place, however enticing, can hold the being who has once tasted a bluebird's He who eats a mocking bird's egg

"Nonsense, child. I do not mean to bribe you, but I do mean that no one can ever confer a benefit on Constant Quillebert without being the gainer

"It is this: My jockey has been very shallow headed granddaughter, who is looking her way, and she struts

whiche terme came first out of the following tale: ther out of London into the country.

friendliness to the church will pre-

At the close of some sports that were being held at a country village one of

the competitors, coming across the local policeman, inquired when the the ter opened. "We have no theater here," said the

"I will try," Laure consented after policeman. "Have you no evening amusement at

ly punished by his parents for disobedi-

"Bnt"-

"Grandmother raised this cotton in

holy fillet is laid over Leon's eyes and

demanded. "Take it and win," said Laure.

Another sound of horse's feet fell up-

May not meet with a unanimous approval, but there are none who disap-

The LEVI BROTHERS of Sumter, in order to meet the demands of an affectionate pat on the head. "It our growing and expanding business, were forced to seek more commodious was very pleasing," he remarked to a quarters. Accordingly we contracted for and leased the old J. T. Solomon group of bystanders, "to see this little store next to the court house, and after an expenditure of considerable fellow so deeply engaged in earnest money we have now one of the handsomest and best equipped stores in the city, to which we extend a most cordial invitation to the readers of THE TIMES, and in this connection we desire to express our gratitude to the people for the patronage and the manifestations of confidence reposed in us

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cause we have more room to do business. We want you to come to see us, next door to the court house and you have our guarantee that your wants will be supplied regardless of compe-

Bring Your Cotton.

swered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said, 'Dothe the cock neigh too?' And therefore cockney, or cockneigh, by inversion thus: Incoctus,—i. e., raw or version thus: Incoctus,—i. e., raw or

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old subscriber who pays up his arrears. This is a grand offer and we hope the people will appreciate it.



evening and made his final demand | Dede's, and, visibly frightened, he said: for confession, but with no effect. He then bared the negro's back and gave | not sell her charm for my gold?" him the lash until he fell forward and hung from the rack limp and uncon- buy her," Dede replied. "You risk failscious. At this he became alarmed, ure if you depend upon yourself and believing that he had killed him, and, gold alone, for the priests have put on cutting him from the rack, dispatched you the brand of heretic and on your for the doctor. I remained there un- gold the mintage mark of hell." til De Roux came and reported that he had revived Leon, but could give Quillebert. no assurance that he would not die from the effect of the punishment. Constant drank more brandy, raved their holy uses. But there is just one

promised the doctor \$500 to cure him. All this made me feel utterly misera-

"And if you will never go back there, dear grandfather," Estelle exclaimed. "You are weeping, child," said the old man, seeing the tears that blinded

Seek Laure and at once." "You are right, Dede, and your Gascon wit has not been entirely burned out by your rum, which is so fiery that I believe it is distilled where the priests say my gold is coined. Give me anoth-

er glass of it, and I will see my little partisan this very day. Gascon shrewdness is a match at any time for hectoring Americanism, and we'll head off this infernal abolitionist Oakfell yet." "What is that you say? Abolitionist!" exclaimed Dede, placing before

his patron the brimming glass of liquor "Not so loud, idiot!" Quillebert said and, with the look of cruel ferocity which came into his visage whenever his malevolence was at work, he added in a low, grumbling tone: "Did not his speech at Baton Rouge prove him an abolitionist? I believe he has been tampering with that rascal Leon. I bescare about an uprising among the neby dving. I believe he has been barpaid double the price of his own slaves

free. But say nothing about this now, Dede: only watch and listen.' Emptying the glass at one draft, though the liquid heat forced the brine



She was unaware of Quillebert's presence horse and briskly rode down into the swamp in the direction of Mother Deshautelles' house, leaving Dede with bristling brows drawn down, bloated chin lowered to his chest and countenance of tarnished brass wrapped in

an expression of deep cogitation.

The dwelling of the doctress was tight and durable cottage built of cypress logs daubed with mud, resting upon pillars of cypress butts, arranged into four large chambers, which were divided by a broad hallway, with the inevitable deep veranda in front and the usual kitchen accessories in the rear. Its site was an eminence, a geological aberration in this region of dead levels, where swamp forest broke upon the bare alluvion at the junction of Bayous Rouge and Des Gla er Deshautelles had never had slaves of her own or planting interests, but had made the income of a small fortune inherited in France suffice for the frugal yet comfortable maintenance of herself and daughter and, after the latter's death, her granddaughter Laure. In former years she had been much in demand as midwife and sick nurse. Her rewards enabled her to hire a negro man to cultivate her garden and provide fuel and a woman for kitchen and cow sheds; also to purchase the largest, stoutest of buggles and the most powerful of mules to draw it, for she was a person of heroic stature, and now in octogenarian years her obesity was such that only with much labor could she walk from room to room. Her journeyings, accomplished with exertion and discomfort, were limited to attendance at the mass at Easter and Christmas and responses in extreme cases to the calls of neighbors who had exceptional claims to her consideration. Her massive head and face were of leonine majesty. The thick white hair and undimmed eyes still spoke strength of character. She was in truth a woman of forceful personality, respected by the intelligent, fear-

ed by the ignorant and superstitious. A short distance within the swamp lay a shallow marais, or pond, choked with water lilies and swarming with ecrevisses, the red crayfish of Louisiana. Bareheaded, barefooted and ankle deep in the marais stood Laure, with hoop net at the end of a long, slight staff, scooping ecrevisses into a basket on her arm for the making of broth for the evening's meal. So intent was she in the pursuit that she was unaware of Quillebert's presence until, after silently feasting his prurient eyes upon the firm, trim limbs

and brown and red cheeks of the unconscious girl, he laughed aloud and accosted her: "Hat little Gasconne, what a picturethe forest, the marais, the lilies, the nut brown maid with twinkling feet and blushing cheek! Father Grhe has no painting in his church at Mansura

nice to creep out of the bushes at one like this! Go away-at least until I can put on my stockings and shoes!" The flush in her face was for surprise, but the sparkle in her black eyes was not for offense. "I will not budge an inch," he said, "so come out, my nymph, for I want

to match this one in my church, the

"M. Constant," she cried, "It is not

came out if her demand was not com-"And how long shall I be kept out of view, my empress?" "When I am ready," she replied, "! will sing-

"Soldier, soldier, marry, marry in?

within hearing of your siren voice,"

said Quillebert, "and I crave a secret

"But that will bring every gallant

less to combat. He knew she would

stand there like a statue until the stars

conference with you." "Then I will sing so low that only the Chevalier Constant de Quillebert shall hear," she said, with a mock air of lofty assurance. "Pray abbreviate the banishment of

your languishing knight as much as

von can, for-

Laure stood motionless until she

and being a novice and merely ignorant with a satisfied air. of how corne and catel do increase, asked when he heard a horse neigh what the horse dide. His father answered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Rid-

all?" asked the stranger. to the occasion. "If you wait till 9 o'clock, you'll see them shunting the goods train."-London Spare Moments.

ence, and the next day, without saying a word to any one, he called at the oftree holding her hands behind her and fice of the family legal adviser, who happened to be a particular friend of the little fellow.

to her room. With her own hands she picked the lint, muttering prayers and crossing herself all the while. She toaked and pressed it with her own favers, and I am sure she put a prayer between every two layers. She says

"Soldier, soldier, marry, marry me."

mained till morning.

lirium, Odette and freedom to consciousness, Quillebert and shackles.

church. It is the custom in that church for the clergyman and congregation to bow in silent prayer for a minute or two just before the sermon begins. It was a new proceeding to the child, for he was not accustomed to seeing this done in his father's church, but the little chap bravely and reverently did his part.

of grace, my little boy?" All unconscious of the effect it produced, the little fellow candidly and

minimum minimum this season is advancing, but we have

est to the people to examine before we are our favorite stock and we believe that we have as large and as complete

of an expert who makes a thorough study of the styles to select this stock. and we want everybody to come and and see how well and cheaply we can

wwwwwwg bought altogether in car load lots and with a view of competing with jobbers. A farmer can secure from us anything in the Grocery line, either

ame of business done. Our store will continue to be headquarters for the farmers of Clarendon, and in our new quarters we can give our friends more attention be-

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH AND BRUSHES,

BUILDING PAPER.

gine Oils and Greases

Write Us About . . .

GAGER'S LIME is packed in Magnificent Cooper-

ten times the number of articles of a culiar design, there seemed to be no



Every new yearly subscriber will be entitled to THE FARM AND HOME and THE MANNING TIMES for \$1.50; also every

great church of nature."

"Glad to be of service to you, M. Constant, but I will not stir a step till you are out of view," said Laure, with a resoluteness which he saw it was use-

"Except what I give them," snarled

"I have little to say And far to go, Quick, dear, quick!" rejoined Quillebert and rode back into the forest.

Leon slept fitfully through the night.

will be compelled to "tell all he knows." The one who robs a killdee's nest and eats its eggs will surely break an arm. He who eats a dove's egg will be followed by bad luck, while the egg of any bird of yellow plumage will be sure to cause a fever, and he who eats an owl's egg will be always shricking. The cater of a crow's egg will always, as old aunties say, "be gwine on foolish like a crow does go on, 'Ha, ha, ha!' But a partridge's egg." they declare, "du des make you thrive an' grow fas'. Dey is de onlies' sort er birds' eggs dat you kin eat widout findin' 'em danger-

some.

the famous definition for "crocodile" tears," was outdone by Minshen, an-"The double faced thing!" exclaimed other dictionary maker of London, who in 1617 issued the work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney:" "A cockney, or cockny, applied only to one born

spirators with interest."

"Must you have it today?"

her hands, she exhibited in one a narrow band of snow white cloth about ten inches in length made of unspun cotton fiber beaten and pressed while saturated with water. The other held a roll of the cured skin of a garfish, in which the cotton strip had been incased. the garden from seed obtained in Egypt

that if before 9 o'clock tonight this

have him construe it. The gait of Quillebert's steed was not rich stock, two small glasses of port or

Modern Advertising. A little over half a century ago it was considered beneath the dignity of many substantial concerns to advertise beyond the insertion in the news papers of an occasional business card. Some of the experiences of that time show how recently advertising, as we know it, has developed. A retail hardware house in an eastern city once found itself possessed of

do for you?

ily."-Newark News.

way of disposing of them except at a merely nominal sum. One of the younger men connected with the concern offered to "move them" at a fair price provided he be permitted to advertise. The suggestion encountered much opposition, but finally a small sum was set apart to carry it out. The advertisement was drafted in an attractive way, and the people soon began to buy the new article. Finally the house was obliged to send to the manufacturers for more. When the next season's trade opened, the member of the firm who had most

in the papers." From such beginnings the advertising practice has come. Thousands of dollars are now spent not only in advertising itself, but in devising clever catch words, ingenious phrases and illustrations which will stick in the memory of the reader as well as new general methods.-Youth's Companion. English Quail Stew.

For four plump quails provide four

oysters, four tablespoonfuls of butter,

three large cupfuls of ox tail soup or

opposed the experiment whispered to

the young man that he had better

write out a few notices "and put them

madeira, two tablespoonfuls of onion vinegar, the same of India relish and mushroom catchup, celery salt, white pepper and four slices of crisp, brown toast. Leave the quails whole, simply opening down the breast. Put the butter in a frying pan over a hot fire and when brown lay the quails in the pan. Cover and cook ten minutes. Turn and cook ten minutes more. When browned on both sides, add the soup or stock, wine, catchup and relish. When it boils again, add celery salt and pepper to season and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour wet up in cold water. Stir it gradually until it boils. Turn each quail on its back and insert an