

Eureka Harness Oil
 Give Your Horse a Chance!

A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

Not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the harness soft and supple, and prevents it from becoming stiff and cracked. It is the only oil that is so easily absorbed.

STANDARD OIL CO.

CATARRH

Catarrh has become such a common disease that a person entirely free from this disgusting complaint is seldom met with. It is customary to speak of Catarrh as nothing more serious than a bad cold, a simple inflammation of the nose and throat. It is, in fact, a complicated and very dangerous disease; if not at first, it very soon becomes so.

The blood is quickly contaminated by the foul secretions, and the poison through the general circulation is carried to all parts of the system.

Salves, washes and sprays are unsatisfactory and disappointing, because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does. It cleanses the blood of the poison and eliminates from the system all catarrhal secretions, and thus cures thoroughly and permanently the worst cases.

Mr. T. A. Williams, a leading cryogenic mer- chant of Spartanburg, S. C., writes: "For years I had a severe case of Catarrh, with all the disagreeable effects which belong to that disease, and which made life painful and unendurable. I used medicine prescribed by leading physicians and suggested by many of my friends, but without getting any better. I then began to take S. S. S. It had the desired effect, and I cured me after taking eight or ten bottles. In my opinion S. S. S. is the only cure now in use that will effect a permanent cure of Catarrh."

SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the great est of all blood medi- cines and tonics.

If you have Catarrh don't wait until it becomes deep-seated and chronic, but be- gin at once the use of S. S. S., and send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE Bank of Manning, MANNING, S. C.

Transacts a general banking busi- ness.

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All collections have prompt atten- tion.

Business hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

JOSEPH SPROTT, Cashier.

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R. A. WHITE'S WHEELWRIGHT and BLACKSMITH SHOP.

I repair Stoves, Pumps and run water pipes, or I will put down a new Pump cheap.

If you need any soldering done, give me a call.

LAME.

My horse is lame. Why? Because I did not have it shod by R. A. White, the man that puts on such neat shoes and makes horses travel with so much ease.

We Make Them Look New.

We are making a specialty of re- painting old Buggies, Carriages, Road Carts and Wagons cheap.

Come and see me. My prices will please you, and I guarantee all of my work.

Shop on corner below R. M. Dean's.

R. A. WHITE, MANNING, S. C.

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MASTER and SLAVE
 By T. H. Thorpe.
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[CONTINUED.]

"Well, my kind friends, I must go to my grandchild. I am grateful and happy."

Neither accompanied him out of the room. Dede assisted him into his

leather curtains down and drawn by two lean and weary ponies, was ap- proaching. It was surrounded by a score of men on horseback and afoot, crowding past each other and eagerly peering through the front and the sides of the ancient vehicle, all speaking at once, so that their excited voices pro- duced an unintelligible hum. Odetta, with her arms around his neck, appear- ed to be digging a handsome dark man, whose arm was about her waist, toward the coach, entreating wildly: "Make him get out! He must not go out! Do not let him go by! Help him down! Lead him in! He must not go by!"

Father Grhe rushed through the group, threw aside the curtain, looked within and fell back a step, his face radiant with ecstatic astonishment. Raising his eyes heavenward and spreading his open palms, he said sol- emnly:

"Blessed be the name of the Lord now and forever!"

Instantly every head was bared and reverently bowed, and from Inmel, the old schoolmaster, came the response: "From the rising to the setting sun, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Seizing the bride lites, the priest pull- ing the unwilling beasts to the gate, tore off the curtain and extending his arms within, said:

"Come, your duty stops you here. The merciful and mysterious God has sent you. Come!"

In ecstatic embrace he tenderly lifted from the coach a frail figure clad in faded, threadbare gray. The left arm clung to the priest for support; the right hung limp from a drooping, shrunken shoulder. The dark man stepped quickly to the maimed side and passed one arm about his body. As the emaciated face turned in mute and kindly recognition a mighty shout of joy and welcome went up from the men on horses and echoed far into the still forest. At a sign from the priest the company halted at the gate while he passed in with his tottering burden and proceeded slowly up the path. Odetta ran to Estelle, who stood on the veranda bewildered, and, seizing her hand, said:

"Come, my mistress, but be calm. Come, mistress."

"What does it mean, Odetta?" asked Estelle, trembling from head to foot.

"Come, mistress, but be calm. Come, come!" Odetta repeated and led her down the walk.

As he drew near the man in gray raised his head and disengaging the unwounded hand held it out to her and said:

"Estelle, sweet angel, come!"

She threw a quick, intensely search- ing look into the pallid face smiling through pain and in an instant was on her knees kissing the thin hand that closed upon hers.

"My love, my hope, my life! Oh, how wonderful and good is God!" she sob- bed.

"The Lord lifted up them that are cast down; the Lord loveth the just," exclaimed the priest, down whose cheeks great tears of joy were cours- ing, and led his charge to the veranda.

The return of Horace Oakfell seemed a veritable resurrection of the dead. But there was no miracle. It was all explained by the story of Leon, who her knees kissing the request and told it with modesty and self negation rare in heroes even of less merit:

"Mr. Horace fell by the spring at Perryville, just as at the same moment a shell burst above him and a volley

was fired from the stone fence. I was behind and saw him fall. I was not hit, but fell, too, for I was in the service only for him and determined to leave him above ground and if they buried him to know where to find his grave. I felt his chest moving and found he was breathing. The southern soldiers were early driven from the neighborhood of the spring. I bathed Mr. Horace's face and neck with wa- ter and wound my shirt about his shoulder, which had been torn away by a mule ball and a piece of the shell. He has no right shoulder now. The battle was over before sunset, and when the Union soldiers came to bury the dead and carry off the wounded he had opened his eyes, but could not speak or move. A sergeant said he would die before morning, and it was of no use to take him from the field, but I begged and implored them not to leave him, and a captain ordered him to be moved to the rear. With others he was hauled in an open wagon to Bardstown and put in a big Catholic c- llege, which was turned into a hospi- tal. They said I had nothing to do with secession and was not a pris- oner, but I walked behind the wagon and saw him laid on the floor, with hundreds of the wounded of both sides. They let me wait on the poor men, and I attended to Mr. Horace through the six months they kept him there. Then they sent him to a hospital at New Al- bany, in Indiana. I managed to follow, and got employment in the hospital kitchen. They never did take the lit- tle pieces of broken bone from his shoulder, and his wound did not heal. But he got so that he could sit up, and "I fear he will have the hardhood and manness to do so. Whatever of manliness and generosity he may have had in former years seems to have been educated out of him by his tute- lage to Quillebert," answered Father Grhe, with a bitterness for which he atoned that night with 30 Ave Marias and three readings of the daily office.

"Then, I pray you to stay here, father, as late as you can. I will not ask you to be present at the dread inter- view, but I shall have courage from knowing you are near."

"Fear not, daughter. I will remain."

"Oh, I wish it was over," she wis- pered, shuddering.

A shrill scream at the gate startled both to their feet to see Odetta dart down the road like a bird of flight.

"What can have happened to the girl?" exclaimed Estelle, alarmed.

"Stay here. I will go and see," said the priest, and he hurried hatless along the gravel walk to the gate and out into the road.

A strange sight met his gaze. The primitive mail coach from Red River Landings, on the Mississippi, with its

men trouse for me to get through the lines, but at Richmond I could find no trace of him. I did not know what to do and like a crazy man wandered from camp to camp and place to place searching for him. At times I was almost starved. It was only last March I saw a boatload of exchanged men come up the river, most of them too far gone to hold a gun. Mr. Horace was the second one to stagger down the gangplank, and if I had not caught him he would have fallen. He had been in Camp Douglas all that time. He went twice to the front and was twice ordered back to the hospital. Then came the surrender, and we started for home without rations or money. We crossed the country by slow stages, getting food and shelter from kind country people in West Virginia and Kentucky, but at times Mr. Horace gave out and said he could go no far- ther. He would tell him that I had vowed to bring him home alive or dead, for Mlle. Estelle was waiting for him. He would smile and say, "Then, God give me strength; come on," and we would march again. At Louisville he borrowed a small sum of money, and we took passage on the steamboat City of Memphis for Red River Land- ings. We arrived there this morning in time for the mail back, and here we are."

"God bless you, Leon, and repay you for your noble devotion," exclaimed Estelle, weeping in sympathy and thankfulness.

"God will bless him," Father Grhe said authoritatively.

"A truer heart than Leon's beats not in the breast of any man, whatever be his color or station, and his comfort and advancement are especial charges on my life and fortune," Oakfell added.

"Mr. Horace," Leon protested, "you owe me nothing. Remember, you stood by the poor negro jockey when all the world and all the law were against him. Only he my friend and adviser, and I will be content."

It was touching to see Odetta's honest, comely face flush with pride as Leon's narration proceeded and her bosom swell with his praise was spoken. Her hand rose to her forehead, and she said:

"Estelle," said Horace, stroking her head lovingly, "in the long, dreary nights of imprisonment I have dreamed of this and awakened to wish I had died while dreaming."

"And I, too, have dreamed of this," she softly answered, "but though we had died and met in heaven."

The click of a latch drew the eyes of the group on the veranda to the gate. Evariste, who, to avoid the sun and the meeting of acquaintances, had ridden through the swamp instead of along the bayou road, entered, slamming the gate behind him, and started briskly up the walk with a swagging air, Estelle blanched. The priest frowned. Horace smelt and sat up in his chair. Evariste had almost reached the veranda before he recognized his brother's countenance. He stopped suddenly, an expression of consternation came over his features, and, uttering an inarticulate cry of terror, he turned and ran to the gate, leaped upon his horse and sped like one pursued by demons. His flight was not slackened until Quillebert's house was reached, where Laure stood in the doorway as if expecting him. He drew rein, hung himself from the saddle, his eyes starting from his head, whispered hoarsely:

"Where is Quillebert?"

"Gone to Marksville to sell this place to Dr. De Roux." Laure replied, with a calmness wholly unruined by the excitement under which he labored.

"How soon will he return?"

"Not before 9 o'clock tonight. Come in and tell me what has happened."

He followed her into the house and exclaimed:

"Laure, I have seen a ghost!"

"You have not. You are not of the kind that see ghosts."

"I tell you I have seen my brother's ghost."

"You have not. It was your brother himself."

"Then he lives? He has come back?"

Evariste cried in agony.

"Yes, I sensed he would."

"And I," groaned Evariste, "felled, detected and beggared, I knew."

"Have come to me at last, as I knew you would." Laure finished his sentence with the assurance of one who viewed a result of her own designing.

She threw her arms around him in a sudden burst of passion and pressed him unresisting to her breast, hushly kissing his clammy brow and whisper- ing: "It is fate, Evariste. Submit."

"Estelle, sweet angel, come!"

was fired from the stone fence. I was behind and saw him fall. I was not hit, but fell, too, for I was in the service only for him and determined to leave him above ground and if they buried him to know where to find his grave. I felt his chest moving and found he was breathing. The southern soldiers were early driven from the neighborhood of the spring. I bathed Mr. Horace's face and neck with wa- ter and wound my shirt about his shoulder, which had been torn away by a mule ball and a piece of the shell. He has no right shoulder now. The battle was over before sunset, and when the Union soldiers came to bury the dead and carry off the wounded he had opened his eyes, but could not speak or move. A sergeant said he would die before morning, and it was of no use to take him from the field, but I begged and implored them not to leave him, and a captain ordered him to be moved to the rear. With others he was hauled in an open wagon to Bardstown and put in a big Catholic c- llege, which was turned into a hospi- tal. They said I had nothing to do with secession and was not a pris- oner, but I walked behind the wagon and saw him laid on the floor, with hundreds of the wounded of both sides. They let me wait on the poor men, and I attended to Mr. Horace through the six months they kept him there. Then they sent him to a hospital at New Al- bany, in Indiana. I managed to follow, and got employment in the hospital kitchen. They never did take the lit- tle pieces of broken bone from his shoulder, and his wound did not heal. But he got so that he could sit up, and "I fear he will have the hardhood and manness to do so. Whatever of manliness and generosity he may have had in former years seems to have been educated out of him by his tute- lage to Quillebert," answered Father Grhe, with a bitterness for which he atoned that night with 30 Ave Marias and three readings of the daily office.

The listlessness of early Sunday morning was unbroken until the dust of the road began to be stirred by a faithful group to the 10 o'clock mass at the Massieu church. They were in greater numbers than on ordinary Sun- days, for the desire to hear Father Grhe tell of the marvelous reappear- ance of Oakfell was universal. Of course, Quillebert's absence was not noticed, nor was any importance at- tached by those who observed it to the fact that the door of his house, opening inward, was partly ajar, though no movement or sign of life was about the place. It was only at noon, when the cavalcade of worshippers was returning from the service, that Dr. De Roux stopped to speak to him concerning the sale of the previous day. Having known and waited in vain for re- sponse, he pushed the door against a heavy but yielding obstruction and stepped inside. An instant later he sprang back upon the veranda with an exclamation of horror and, gesticalat- ing wildly, summoned the passers-by. A spectacle which froze the marrow met their eyes. Behind the door stretched the corpse of Constant Quillebert, the head, crushed and battered, lying in a pool of thick, drying blood. A hatchet, lying in the hollow of which were cut the initials "C. Q.," was under the left arm. To its reddened blade short, coarse hairs were glued. The iron safe in the bedchamber stood open, and its books and loose sheets of accounts were on a table and scattered about the floor. The lid of his strong box was thrown back. The paper money paid to him by Dr. De Roux the day before was gone. His gold money was gone. His French money was gone.

Laure was gone!

Evariste was gone!

THE END.

Reasons For His Belief.

"Do you think, young man," he said, "that you will be able to take care of my daughter Flora in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I think so, sir," answered the young man confidently. "She refused to go to the concert with me last week be- cause she said she had 'nothing to wear.'"—London Fun.

The Value of Advice.

"The doctor's lawyer charged was pretty big, I thought."

"Oh, I don't know. I think advice is usually worth about what you pay for it."

"Do you really?"

"Yes, especially the advice you get for nothing."—Philadelphia Press.

Heat and Cold.

Professor—Heat ascends, and cold de- scends.

Pupil—Not always, does it?

Professor—Yes, sir, invariably.

Pupil—Then how is it when I get my feet wet the cold always goes up and settles in my head?—Philadelphia Press.

None Paradise.

Languid Trotter (excitedly)—Listen to this what 'th' book sez. Weary, an' then pack yer tomahawk an' feller me!

"I think so, sir," answered the young man confidently. "She refused to go to the concert with me last week be- cause she said she had 'nothing to wear.'"—London Fun.

The Sun Shrinks Nine Inches a Day.

In one of his lectures on the sun Sir Robert Ball pointed out that the sun was the source of all the heat received by this earth. Now, it was a well known fact that most things in cooling became smaller. A poker, for example, was shorter when it was cold than when it was red hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law and must therefore be getting smaller. He would measure its diameter on two successive days, we should find it had decreased by nine inches—that was to say, it was shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every 20 years.

In view of this shrinkage some of the younger members of his audience might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, was groundless. He was 800,000 miles in diameter, so it would take 40,000 years for him to be reduced by 2,000 miles to 858,000, and the lecturer was sure that the sun would last long enough to see 858,000 miles in diameter and the other 858,000, no one would be able to tell by looking at them which of the two was the smaller.

But as the sun was shrinking nine inches every day and had been doing so for ages it followed that in the past he was very much greater than he was now. But he always had the same amount of material in him and weighed no heavier than at present. Hence the inference was that he was once a huge mass of rarefied gas—a great, glowing nebula.

Obstructions in the Nose.

Very many young children have the bad habit of pushing small, hard sub- stances, as shoe buttons, beans or peas, into the ears or nostrils. A simple way to remove an object from the nose is to compress the opposite side of the nose, and the object will be blown out violently. If he will not do this, induce a sneeze by tickling the nostrils with a feather, blade of grass or some fluffy substance. If, this, too, is not successful, a little pepper or snuff should be used. A hard sneeze will probably remove the ob- struction, but always keep the oppo- site side of the nose compressed.

If the trouble is in the ear, it is a little more serious and the object more difficult to remove. Insects, bugs, beads or small pebbles may be forced out by gently syringing the ear with warm water or by pouring in a few drops of oil or glycerin, but if the ob- ject be large and so tightly wedged in that it cannot be easily removed with the fingers do not tamper with it, but take the child to a good aurist. If the object be a pea or bean, it is better not to use a syringe, as the water will cause it to swell. An old and excellent way to remove these obstructions is to dip a camel's hair brush or small stick which has been tapered off to almost a point in some stout glue. Attach this to the offending body and allow the glue to harden, then gently draw it out.—Harper's Bazar.

Passed the Plate Too Late.

Mark Twain once declared that when a man makes an appeal for charity it is a great mistake to get everybody ready to give money and then not pass the hat.

"Some years ago in Hartford," he said, "we all went to the church on a hot, sweltering night to hear the an- nual report of Mr. Hawley, a city mis- ery man who went around finding the people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in the cellars where poverty resided. He gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. The poor are al- ways good to each other. When a man with millions gives, we make a great deal of noise. It's noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts."

"Well, Hawley worked me up to a great state. I couldn't wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in my eye. But he didn't pass the plate, and it grew hotter, and we grew sleep- er. My enthusiasm went down, down, \$100 at a time, till finally when the plate came round I stole 10 cents out of it. So you see a neglect like this may lead to crime."

Some Historical Fridays.

Friday, which is regarded as a day of ill luck by the rest of the world, ought to be considered the luckiest of all days for Americans.

Among the historic events that oc- curred on Friday are the discovery of America, Oct. 12, 1492, by Christopher Columbus, who had sailed Friday, Aug. 3, 1492. He returned on Friday and made the discovery of South America on Friday, June 12, 1494. John Cabot received his commission from Henry VIII on Friday, March 8, 1497, which resulted in the finding of North America. Mendez founded St. Augustine on Friday, Sept. 7, 1565. The Mayflower landed on Friday, Dec. 22, 1620. George Washington was born on Fri- day, Feb. 22, 1732. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, Oct. 17, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, and on Friday, Sept. 22, 1780, Arnold's treas- on was discovered. Then came the surrender of Cornwallis, also on Fri- day, and last, on Friday, July 7, 1776, John Adams moved in the Continental congress that the United States "are and ought to be independent."—London Express.

Giving Her a Lesson.

The habit of describing things as "awfully jolly" was amusingly satirized by a gentleman who came home prepared to chat on events of the day. An acquaintance had failed in busi- ness. He spoke of this incident as "de- liciously sad." He had ridden in an omnibus with a friend who was de- scribed as "horribly entertaining," and to crown all he spoke of the butter which had been sent before him at his restaurant as "divinely rancid."

"Why, dad, you are going off your head," said his youngest and most im- pertinent daughter.

"Not in the least," my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to fol- low the fashion. I worked out 'di- vinely rancid' with a good deal of la- bor. It seems to me rather more ef- fective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you here- after. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."—London Telegraph.

How Good Manners Saved Him.

This anecdote proves the profitable character of good manners and was told to me by a descendant of the gentleman who owned them: Mr. M. of — was a rebel in 1745. He was taken and being brought to the tower with Killmarnock and Balmer- no. A block stopped the sad cortege, and a lady, looking from a window, cried, "You tall rebel!" (Mr. M. was 6 feet 4 inches), "you will soon be short- er by a head!"

"Does that give you pleasure, mad- am?" said Mr. M.

"Yes, it does."

"Then, madam," said Mr. M., taking off his hat and making a low bow. "I do not lie in vain."

Lady — was moved. She made in- terest for Mr. M. There exists a paper in the hand of George II. to this effect: "Let Lady — (the name is obliterated) have access to her tall rebel and be hanged to her."

The royal clemency was extended to Mr. M. I saw his pardon, beautifully engrossed within a decorative border and framed on the wall of his descen- dant's study. It is fair to add that practically the whole county of Ross and the Earl of Sutherland petitioned for the life of the courteous Mr. M.—Andrew Lang in Longman's.

How to Grow Short.

If you climb a mountain, your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exception- ally, by a full inch.

This is a fact known to all expe- rienced mountain and Alpine climbers. On reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of hol- iday makers in the Alpine districts the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already men- tioned.

Doctors think that the attitude as- sumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution. Some per- sons believe that the pressure of the at- mosphere produces this shrinking. In favor of the medical theory there is the ever unquestionable fact that the de- crease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb.

When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

King of Virginia.

Appropos of the British royal titles a reference to colonial possessions ap- peared in an English sovereign's designation so long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The poet Spenser dedicated his "Faerie Queene" to Elizabeth, and then he described her as "Queen of England, France and Ireland, sole sovereign of the Dominion of Virginia." It may also be remembered that the Virginians refused to acknowl- edge Oliver Cromwell's protectorate until he sent a fleet to compel them to do so. Charles II., in return expression of the colonists' loyalty, had himself proclaimed in Virginia on his restora- tion as "king of Great Britain, Ireland and Virginia." The further statement has been made that Charles caused the arms of Virginia to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scot- land. Certain it is and they appear so on English coins struck as late as 1773 by order of George III.—Liverpool Post.

A Turkish Bank Note.

The bill is an imperial green paper, a color held sacred in Turkey, which the government alone is permitted to use. On the top and sides are the following words in Turkish, "To be paid to the bearer, without interest, 20 plasters." At the top of the note is the sultan's toghra, surrounding which is a quo- tation from the Koran. Underneath are the words, "Twenty plasters, paper money, to be used in the place of gold at the Bank of Constantinople." At the base of the note is the seal of the mint and on the back the seal of the minister of the treasury. The note is considered sacred and is guarded by the three highest officials of the mint, whose sole duty is to watch it.

Getting at a Fact.

The colored witness, being asked his age, said to the court:

"Well, suh, I was a young man w'en freedom broke out."

"What year was that?"

"Hit wuz de year de Yankees come in, suh."

"You do not seem to have a very ac- curate sense of time."

"Oh, yez, suh! Hit wuz 'long 'bout hog killin' time."—Atlanta Constitu- tion.

Hot Poods.

Nearly all nuts contain large per- centages of nitrogenous constituents and fats. In the nut kernel there is very little waste—in fact, the nonre- sistant is in a concentrated form, and for least reason nuts are best combined or taken with other foods. They are especially valued for their fine, meaty flavor, which is found in no other veg- etable food product.

Turks and Coffee.

Coffee reached Constantinople in 1554 and was of universal use in Mo- hammedan countries before the close of the sixteenth century. So essential was it deemed to domestic happiness that a Turkish law reorganized a man's refusal to supply his wife with coffee as sufficient ground for her claiming a divorce.

Worse Still.

Nodd—I can't ask you to dinner, old man, because we have no cook.

Todd—And I can't ask you because we have none.—Detroit Free Press.

You can find almost any kind of boy except the one whose sympathies is a fight between a cat and dog with the cat.—Atchison Globe.

Territorial Expansion Abroad

Do not meet with a unanimous approval, but there are none who disap- prove of Commercial expansion at home.

The LEVI BROTHERS of Sumter, in order to meet the demands of our growing and expanding business, were forced to seek more commodious quarters. Accordingly we contracted for and leased the old J. T. Solomon store next to the court house, and after an expenditure of considerable 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.

The Sumter cotton market is one of the best in the State and we reckon ourselves among the heaviest buyers; this we could not do if we did not pay full market price, and having the very best facilities for handling cotton we can guarantee prices to those favoring us with their patronage.

Dry Goods this season is advancing, but we have a magnificently selected stock; con- tracted for early and ahead of any ad- vance, that we think will be of in- terest to the people to examine before buying elsewhere.

are our favorite stock, and we believe that we have as large and as complete line, from the best factories in the United States as any house away from wholesale trade; in fact we do a large jobbing trade in Dry Goods and Shoes.

can only be properly selected by ex- perts and we have had the advantage of an expert who makes a thorough study of the styles to select the stock, and we want everybody to come and see how well and cheaply we can make them out.

is a line that we defy competition in style, shape, quality and prices. No matter who you want a Hat for or what price you want to pay for it, we can suit you in every respect. We have a full line of Boys' Hats also.

bought altogether in car load lots and with a view of competing with job- bers. A farmer can secure from us anything in the Grocery line, either Fancy or Heavy goods, at prices that can only produce profits by the vol- ume 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- 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 competi- tion.

Bring Your Cotton.

LEVI BROTHERS, SUMTER, S. C.

PAINTS OILS SAFES AND Scales.

Write Us for Prices or any Information.

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