Watches and Jewelry.

I want my friends and the public generally to know that when in need of a

Wedding, Birthday or Christmas Present,

That in the future, as well as the past, I am prepared to supply them. My line of

Watches Clocks Sterling Silver Diamonds Jewelry Cut Glass
Fine China Wedgewood Spectacles and Eye Glasses

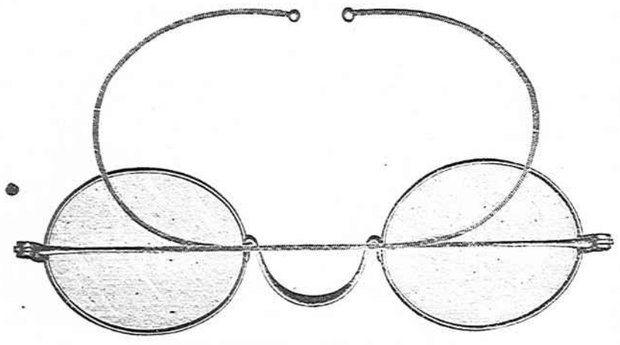
Is complete, and it will afford me pleasure to show them.

Special and prompt attention given to all Repairing at prices to suit the times.

Atlantic Coast Line Watch Inspector. **L. W. FOLSOM,** SUMTER, S. C.

Look to Your Interest.

Here we are, still in the lead, and why suffer with your eyes when you can be suited with a pair of Spectacles with so little trouble? We carry the



Celebrated HAWKES Spectacles and Glasses,

Which we are offering very cheap, from 25c to $2.50 and Gold Frames at $3 to $6. Call and be suited.

W. M. BROCKINTON.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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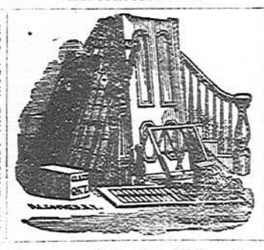

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Give me a trial and I will give you the best work for little money.

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

Buggies, Wagons, Road Carts and Carriages
REPAIRED
With Neatness and Despatch
—AT—
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 repainting 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.

ORIGINAL JUDGE LYNCH.

He Was a Brave and Useful Member of One Early Society.

Tradition sometimes plays strange pranks with dead men's reputations. It would make an interesting half hour for the eavesdropper beyond the Styx if he could hear the exchange of amenities between Duns Scotus and Judge Lynch, the one a shrewd, clear reasoner, whose name now signifies a fool; the other a simple Quaker gentleman, whose name has come to stand for organized savagery.

Charles Lynch was a man whose services to his country as a brave pioneer and righteous judge, as a soldier and a statesman, are by no means deserving of oblivion, still less of obloquy. It seems indeed one of the iniquities of fate that his name should now be universally applied to proceedings that no one would condemn more heartily than he. The records of the court of Bedford county, in Virginia, and those of various Quaker meetings, the journals of the Virginia house of burgesses and of the first constitutional convention, taken together with family documents and traditions, show him to have been an upright and useful member of society and a wise and energetic leader at the most important crisis of American history.—Atlantic.

Volunteers In South America.

There is a gentleman in Boston who spent a number of years among the various little South American republics and who gives an interesting account of the methods of one of these small states when it comes to a question of making war. The "navy" of the particular power referred to consists of a single old fashioned side wheel steamer, armed with one gun. In time of peace she is engaged in hauling freight up and down the river which runs close to the capital.

At the outbreak of one of the periodical wars not so very long ago the president of the republic took charge of the steamer and started up stream on a recruiting expedition, leaving his senior general in charge of the military preparations at the capital. A couple of days later the steamer returned, and some seventy miserable looking natives, each firmly bound with a strong rope, were marched off and turned over to the general, with a note from the president which read:

Dear General—I send you herewith seventy volunteers. Please return the ropes at once.

—Boston Herald.

Didn't Recognize It.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops and in many ways showing his interest in his new possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day, a very thin crop, and had left it lying on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and, calling his man, he said:

"It seems to me you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?"

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was quizzing him. Then he replied:

"Little dribblings! Why, man, that's the crop!"

The Prayer That Hurt.

A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note to be read by the minister expressive of his thanks.

The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer, recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words:

"And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

THE NEW MANAGER.

Why He Did Not Discharge a Certain Railroad Conductor.

Among the first railroads built in the United States was a little line about twenty miles in length. In the course of time a big tunnel line was constructed through the same country. The original line became merely a branch. For many years it was run in a cheap way, with one locomotive, one engineer and two or three freight cars.

Finally a new general manager was appointed. He had been in the office but a week when he sent for the one lone conductor who had held the position ever since the road was built.

"I would like to have your resignation," said the general manager when the conductor appeared.

"My resignation?" inquired the conductor in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, yours."

"What for, pray?"

"Well, I want to make some changes and get new blood in the line," was the general manager's reply.

"I won't resign," answered the conductor.

"Then I will be compelled to discharge you, a step which for your sake I had hoped I would be saved from taking."

"Young man, you will not discharge me. I own a controlling interest in the stock of this railroad and elect the president and board of directors. I shall have you fired."

The old conductor did really own the majority of the stock and, as he said, put in his own board of directors and president.

Lion and Eagle.

An English paper notes it as a curious fact that although the eagle is the national bird of the United States and therefore deserving of peculiar honor, yet, in point of fact, the bird is nearly always ruthlessly killed when the opportunity offers.

This statement seems to be impressive until it is remembered that whenever they have a chance Englishmen ruthlessly kill the lion, which symbolizes the greatness and power of the British empire.—New York Tribune.

The Period of Danger.

During the recent trial of a suit to collect a medical fee a witness was put on the stand to prove the correctness of the physician's bill.

The man was asked by counsel for the defense whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger.

"No," was the reply. "I considered the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

THE SAFEGUARDS THAT HEDGE ABOUT ITS MANUFACTURE.

Care With Which Even the Shavings of the Peculiar Paper Used Are Handled—Counting and Recounting the Treasured Sheets.

Uncle Sam's paper money has its birth in the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington. Here a corps of engravers cut its lines into plates of steel. Five hundred men and women are in one room. It is the largest printing office in the world. Here are struck from these plates the notes which we give the butcher and the baker. Each steel plate when not in actual use is stored away in a great burglar proof vault to which only the highest officials know the combination. At the side of each printing press is a little indicator like a bicycle cyclometer, which keeps tally of every piece of paper money printed. Thus is Uncle Sam kept informed as to the exact number of paper notes of all denominations which leave his presses daily.

If there is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards, it is the process of manufacturing the fiber paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm a big price for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well nigh impossible.

The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a treasury vault and issued to the bureau of engraving and printing as wanted. Before leaving the treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped, and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. Before any employee of the division in which this paper is kept can leave for home each night he must exhibit to a watchman at the door a pass certifying that every fragment of every sheet passing through his fingers has been accounted for.

If one sheet of this precious paper be lost, the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent $4,000 worth of notes, the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time.

Twenty-four times more are the sheets containing the printed money counted after leaving the presses. Then they are sealed in packages of 1,000, placed on racks in a drying room of 130 degrees temperature, unpacked, thoroughly examined, smoothed in powerful hydraulic presses and packed in wooden cases. These cases are hauled to the treasury in an ironclad wagon. Six guards, heavily armed, accompany this wagon whenever it makes a trip.

No attempt to steal Uncle Sam's money while undergoing any of these stages of manufacture has yet been detected. As a matter of fact, the money would be practically useless, for its printing is not completed until after it makes this guarded journey to the treasury. There the finishing touch is added in the printing of the colored seal upon the face of each note. With the six sealing presses the same precautions are taken as with the two hundred and fifty big money presses in the other building. Each sheet coming from the former has a row of notes printed upon it. The sheets are put through small machines, operated by girls, who cut out the individual notes. Even the small strips, falling like shavings from their machines, must be carefully collected, sent to the bureau of engraving and printing and there boiled into pulp. An employee found with even one of these ribbons of waste paper is liable to imprisonment for fifteen years and a fine of $5,000.

Between these different processes the paper money has been counted and recounted six additional times. Finally the single notes are placed in stacks of 100, with all of the blue numbers printed on their faces in sequence. They are then wrapped in paper, labeled, sealed with red wax and stored in the great treasury vaults. Thus each piece of paper money now in circulation has been officially counted sixty-three times.

In our mints the system of accounting for the blank metal out of which the finished coins are stamped, of keeping tally on the coining machines' work, of counting the finished product, of packing it, of sealing it in cloth bags, of transporting it under guard, of counting it many times again and finally of storing it away is practically the same.

There is not a day in the year when any one of the seven great treasury vaults does not contain in coin, bullion, notes, certificates or bonds sufficient to make you or me one of the richest of the world's multimillionaires. The most capacious of these strong boxes are in the basement of the treasury. A large guard of men—mostly old soldiers, commanded by a captain and lieutenant—watches them day and night. These guardians are heavily armed, and they patrol their beats every quarter hour throughout the night.—Saturday Evening Post.

No Excuse This Time.

"It was a new gun, your honor," protested the prisoner, "and I did not know it was loaded."

"But," argued the judge, "the dealer has just told us that you did not pay for the weapon."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, if you didn't pay for it the dealer must have charged it for you."

And the judge tried to look as much like the pictures of Solomon as he could.—Baltimore American.

Wrong Presumption.

Visitor—Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you here?

Prisoner—Say, boss, I guess yer don't know dis joint. It's de last place on eart' I'd come ter if I wuz lookin' fer booze.—Judge.

Still Looking.

Aunt Hannah—When I was here two years ago, Hulda was looking for a husband. She is married now.

Uncle George—Yes, but she is still looking for him—that is to say, a good deal of the time.—Boston Transcript.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Terrible Experience of a Hunter With an Indian Band.

One of the most remarkable instances of the escape of a white man from the Indians was that of John Colter, a famous hunter and trapper. On the day in question he and his companion were surrounded by 600 savage warriors. The companion was instantly killed, and Colter was captured. His foes had no intention of saving his life, however. They wanted the sport of putting him to the torture or at least of playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The chief asked him if he could run. He said, "Not much."

He was released and told to save his life if he could.

Colter darted away at high speed, and most of the 600 savages set off after him. There was a plain before him six miles wide, bounded on the far side by a river fringed with trees. Colter had always been famous as a runner, and his practice now stood him in good stead. He made straight across the plain for the stream, and the yells of his pursuers lent him wings. His foes had removed every shred of clothing from his body, and the plain was covered with prickly pears, so that his unprotected feet were lacerated at every stride.

Half way across the plain he glanced back and saw that only a few Indians were following him. Again he ran on and soon realized that one of his pursuers was nearing him. He redoubled his efforts, and blood gushed from his nostrils and flowed down over his breast.

The fringe of trees was near, but a hasty backward look showed him the pursuing brave close upon him with spear raised. Moved by a sudden impulse, Colter stopped, turned and faced the savage with outstretched arms.

The Indian was so taken aback at this unexpected movement that he stumbled and fell! This was Colter's opportunity. He ran back, seized the spear and, pinning his antagonist to the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than before at the death of their comrade, but Colter reached the trees, plunged into their midst and then into the river and swam to a pile of driftwood that had lodged. He dived beneath it and stuck his head up between two logs covered with smaller timbers and brush.

The Indians came up and searched for several hours, but failed to find him. Again and again they walked over the driftwood. Luckily they did not fire it, as he feared they would. At last they went away. Then Colter swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on roots and berries, with no clothing, until at last he reached a trading post on the Bighorn river. He never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible experience.—Youth's Companion.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

Making Up Beggars So That They Will Excite Public Sympathy.

"How beggars are made" might be made the subject of a singularly interesting article. And it would refer not to the unkind cuts of fortune, but to the appliances whereby a certain deft and none too scrupulous manufacturer equips men and women who, for purposes of their own, wish to be considered lame, halt or blind. That it is easier to be crippled than to work is the maxim upon which this particular trade is established.

"I'm what is called a street 'sham fakir,'" said one of these dealers in disguises recently. "I fake up most of the sham disabled mill operatives, crippled sailors, etc., and charge 'em a small fee. If it's a woman with a tale that her husband beats her, I paint her a black eye and put her arm in a sling. Say it's a man on a 'blind' lay. Well, I paint some scars on his face to imitate the marks of a lead explosion and give him a green eye shade and a 'blind' card.

"If a man's really maimed, it makes it easier. Suppose he's been run over and had his leg off. I paint a picture of a burning house and him jumping out of a top window with a child in his arms and a yarn under it. 'Kind friends, I lost my leg through rescuing my employer's child.' That's a sure take of a 'fiver' a day.

"I make all these rigs myself," he said, "and hire 'em out. It pays, but I have to keep dark, for the police are very down on my sort. This hollow wooden cap with an iron hook fits over your head, and here's a clubfoot boot and yonder a pair for bot' feet.

"A queer business? You'd say so if you knew the jobs I'm asked to do sometimes. Only yesterday a woman wanted vitriol scars made on her face and actually wanted me to use real vitriol. Didn't know what she was asking? Oh, yes! Why, bless you, some beggars'll maul themselves horribly to excite sympathy, in fact, they'd do anything rather than work."—New York World.

SPRINKLING SINGAPORE.

The Solemn Procession That Accompanies the Watering Cart.

Poultney Bigelow in his description of the marvelous progress made by the city of Singapore under English rule gave a quaint picture of the manner in which the streets are watered:

The watering cart was drawn by little white bullocks and driven by Malays with turbans. It seemed to take five Malays to do this driving. One roosted aloft on top of the barrel for the purpose of controlling the outgo of water. He seemed very proud of his appointment. Another native in a big turban roosted on the pole and controlled the little cattle.

Then there was a man in thin brown legs and much turban who walked solemnly behind enjoying a footbath. He was obviously a government functionary, although his exact sphere of usefulness I could not discover. He appeared to be something in the nature of a rear guard.

Then there was a "foreloper," or advance guard, for the purpose of clearing the way. There appeared to be an idea that the little bullocks might suddenly go mad and rush ahead. At any rate, it gave congenial employment to one more native, and that was something.

There was yet another, who bent down now and then to pick up a piece of stone or brush away some irregularity unseen by ordinary eyes.

This outfit was a treat to me. It was solemn; it was full of self consciousness; it was magnificently oriental.

I have seen men in sublime moments; I have seen the red capped station master of Germany strut up and down his platform when an imperial train was about to arrive, but even that impressed me less than the watering cart of Singapore, with its municipal hierarchy of Malay ministers, each earning perhaps 2 cents a day.

Great Britain imports one-third of her food.

DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN.

Formerly Despised, They Are Now Considered a Delicacy.

Half a century or so ago diamond back terrapin were fed to slaves and hogs. Today they are the rarest delicacy known to the epicurian world, says the Philadelphia North American.

Then they sold for $1 a barrel, and laborers, when hiring out, specified that they must not be compelled to eat terrapin more than twice a week. Today a barrel is cheap at $800, and millionaires travel hundreds of miles for a chance to feast on this most delicious of all meats.

Of course this means genuine diamond backs. There are many imitations.

Every first class restaurant in the country features "terrapin a la Maryland" on its menu, but in not one case out of a hundred is the real terrapin served. The diner regales himself on what he believes to be Maryland's choicest dish. Instead he is merely eating fresh water turtles, "sliders" or "North Carolina goldens."

The reason is simple. Restaurateurs don't serve real diamond backs because they can't get them. The world's total terrapin population does not exceed 25,000 of legal size, and these are confined to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, the only place that produces them.

Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York enjoy a monopoly. These three cities get practically the entire output, but few ever find their way across the Blue Ridge. The epicure unfortunate enough to be born in Chicago or St. Louis must either come east or forego the joys of terrapin.

To select a real diamond back amateurs should be guided by these distinguishing and characteristic markings:

It is of a greenish, dark olive color, sometimes running to spotted gray, yellow on the plate which surrounds the shell and has concentric dark stripes along the plate on both shells. The sides of the head are a dirty white, sprinkled with small black spots. The bottom shell is of whitish yellow.

The males are much larger than the females and have the concentric streaks much better defined. The female has the more delicate flesh. The male can be distinguished by his toe nails, which are much longer than those of the female.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

If you would have a noble son, be a noble father.—"144 New Epigrams."

Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.—"The Ruling Passion."

In some matrimonial waters are the kind of fish that swallow the bait, but leave the hook untouched.—"By Bread Alone."

Some people, like some shrubs, must be crushed in order to obtain the real value of their essence.—"By the Higher Law."

There are things which could never be imagined, but there is nothing which may not happen.—"China In Convulsion."

Independence is not synonymous with liberty. They are often confounded, but they are quite distinct.—"The Rights of Man."

Martyrdom, the apotheosis of resignation, comes more naturally to women than to men, more hardly to men than to women.—"Count Hannibal."

True self control is to be got in the midst of struggle. It is not mutilation in the midst of natural desires, but the subordination of each desire to the good of the whole man.—"Culture and Restraint."

The Poor Little Fellow.

The street Arab lives by his wits, if he lives at all well. Two youngsters who peddle cough drops on Chestnut street have learned this thoroughly. One of these boys is much larger than the other, and a crowd was attracted to the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets the other day to see the big boy pummeling the little boy. At the proper time the big one disappeared, leaving the little one surrounded by sympathetic onlookers. Several persons, pitying the "poor little fellow," gave him nickels and pennies.

The sequel showed that the "poor little fellow" was in league with his supposed tormentor. No sooner had the crowd dispersed than the big boy came along for his divvy. The scene was repeated several times, always with the same result.—Philadelphia Times.

Obliterating Smallpox Pittings.

Scientific treatment and much skill are required to remove smallpox pittings successfully. This treatment is given by a masseuse, but massage is not used, as it would never remove the pittings. The process requires a careful removing, little by little, of old cuticle. The new, which takes the place, is smoother than its predecessor and requires about ten days for treatment. Thus, after a couple or more treatments and in a comparatively short time, the deepest scars are replaced by a perfectly smooth skin.

Not to His Advantage.

"Huh!" grumbled Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly looking fat man. "These cars should charge by weight."

"Think so?" replied the fat man. "Why, they'd hardly think it worth while to stop for you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

But for money and the need of it there would not be half the friendship that there is in the world. It is powerful for good if divinely used.—George MacDonald.

Middle Ages Burials.

In the middle ages founders and patrons of ecclesiastical buildings began to be buried nearer and nearer to the fabric of the church or cathedral. First the porch, then the cloister, then the chapter house or chantry, came under demand; the chancel was next encroached upon, and lastly burials were allowed under the altar itself. At the other extreme of custom was the burial of malefactors and stillborn children on the north or "devil's side" of the yard, a practice concerning which chapters might be written.

Located.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?

Mrs. Minks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Minks—No; I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah! Then, it is in my husband's pocket.—New York Weekly.

Chinese Typesetting.

When a Chinese compositor sets type, he places them in a wooden frame 22 by 15 inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The types are of wood, perfectly square, and the compositor handles them with pinchers.

A Rod In Pickle.

Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon.

Johnny—Yes'm, I know.

Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be!

Johnny—Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm jest beginnin' mine.

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE
WHEELER'S
Chill and Fever Tonic
IS UNQUESTIONABLY
A Genuine Tonic
Guaranteed to Cure
CHILLS AND FEVER.
INTERMITTENT, BILIOUS AND CONTINUED FEVER.

There is no occasion to proclaim its merits from the housetops, but those 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.

Sheriff Tax Sales.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION issued by Hon. M. R. Cooper, Secretary of the State of South Carolina, and to me directed, I will sell at the Court House in Manning on Monday, 7th day of April next, it being salesday, the following real estate for delinquent taxes:

Fifty acres, more or less, situate in Fulton township, Clarendon county, bounded by lands of Santee Lumber Co., being the old bed of Santee river at the cut off.

Terms—Cash. Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
[32-4t

LAUNDRY.

Hotel Sumter STEAM LAUNDRY,

THOMAS NIMMER, Agent.

All linens kept in reasonable repairs FREE OF CHARGE.

I will call on my regular customers for their laundry.

Parties desiring laundry work done in first class style will do well to entrust their goods to me.

THOMAS NIMMER,
MANNING, S. C.

Money to Loan.

Easy Terms.
APPLY TO
WILSON & DuRANT.

The Times

DOES NEAT

Job Printing.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Contagious Blood Poison

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessels, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out; the blood becoming more contaminated, copper colored splotches and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

Ten years ago I contracted a bad case of Blood Poison. I was under treatment of a physician until I found that he could do me no good. Then began taking S. S. S. I commenced to improve at once and in a very short time all evidence of the disease disappeared. I took six bottles and today am sound and well.
R. M. Wall, Morristown, Tenn.

S. S. S. is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children, for it can be transmitted from parent to child. S. S. S. contains no mercury or potash, but is guaranteed a strictly vegetable compound.

SSS

Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about Contagious Blood Poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., JULY 15, 1902.

On and after this date the following passenger schedule will be in effect:

NORTHEASTERN RAILROAD.

South-Bound.

	*35.	*23	*53
Lv Florence,	3 00 A	7.55 P.	
Lv Kingstree,	3 56	9.07	
Lv Lanes,	4 11	9 27	7.32 P.
Ar Charleston,	5.40	11.15	9.10

North-Bound.

	*78.	*32.	*52.
Lv Charleston,	6 45 A.	4.45 P.	7.00 A
Lv Lanes,	8.16	6.10	8 35
Lv Kingstree,	8 32	6.25	
Ar Florence,	9.30	7 20	

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

No. 52 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C.

Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close connection for all points North.

Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 9.55 a m, arrive Darlington 10.28 a m, Cheraw, 11.40 a m, Wadesboro 12.35 p m. Leave Florence daily except Sunday, 8 00 p m, arrive Darlington, 8 25 p m, Hartsville 9.20 p m, Bennettsville 9.21 p m, Gibson 9.45 p m. Leave Florence Sunday only 9.55 a m, arrive Darlington 10.27, Hartsville 11.10

Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6.35 a m, Bennettsville 6.59 a m, arrive Darlington 7.50 a m. Leave Hartsville daily except Sunday 7 00 a m, arrive Darlington 7.45 a m, leave Darlington 8.55 a m, arrive Florence 9 20 a m. Leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 4 25 p m, Cheraw 5.15 p m, Darlington 6.29 p m, arrive Florence 7 p m. Leave Hartsville Sunday only 8.15 a m Darlington 9.00 a m, arrive Florence 9.2 a m.

J. R. KENLEY, General Manager. JNO. F. DIVINE, Gen'l Sup't.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent.

W. C. & A.

South-Bound.

	55	35	51.
Lv Wilmington,	*3 45 P.		†6 00 A.
Lv Marion,	6.40		8 45
Ar Florence,	7.25		9 25
Lv Florence,	*8 00	*3 30 A.	
Ar Sumter,	9.15	4.33	
		52	
Lv Sumter,	9.15	*9 25	
Ar Columbia,	10 40	11 05	

No 52 runs through from Charleston via Central R. R., leaving Charleston 6 00 a m, Lanes 7 50 a m, Manning 8 39 a m.

North-Bound.

	54.	53	50
Lv Columbia,	*6 55 A.	*4 40 P.	
Ar Sumter,	8.20	6 13	
		32	
Lv Sumter,	8 20	*6 19	
Ar Florence,	9 35	7 35	†7 40 P.
Lv Florence,	10 10		8 15
Lv Marion,	10 53		11 30
Ar Wilmington,	1 40		

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday

No 53 runs through to Charleston, S. C. via Central R. R., arriving Manning 6 53 p m, Lanes, 7.35 p m, Charleston 9.20 p m.

Train No. 53 makes close connection at Sumter with train No. 59, arriving Lanes 9 45 a m, Charleston 11 35 a m, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Chadbourn 12 01 a m, arrive Conway 2 20 p m, returning leave Conway 2 55 p m, arrive Chadbourn 5 20 p m, leave Chadbourn, 5 35 p m, arrive at Elrod 8.10 p m, returning leave Elrod 8 40 a m, arrive Chadbourn 11.25 a m Daily except Sunday.

H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

CENTRAL R. R. OF SO. CAROLINA.

North-Bound

	No. 52
Lv Charleston,	7.00 A. M.
Lv Lanes,	8.37 "
Lv Greeleyville,	8.50 "
Lv Foreston,	8.59 "
Lv Wilson's Mill,	9.07 "
Lv Manning,	9.17 "
Lv Alcolu,	9.25 "
Lv Brogdon,	9.34 "
Lv W. & S. Junct.,	9.48 "
Lv Sumter,	9.50 "
Ar Columbia,	11.10 "

South-Bound

	No. 53
Lv Columbia,	4 40 P. M.
Lv Sumter,	6 10 "
Lv W. & S. Junct.,	6.13 "
Lv Brogdon,	6.28 "
Lv Alcolu,	6.38 "
Lv Manning,	6 46 "
Lv Wilson's Mill,	6.57 "
Lv Foreston,	7 05 "
Lv Greeleyville,	7 15 "
Ar Lanes,	7.30 "
Ar Charleston,	9 10 "

MANCHESTER & AUGUSTA R. R

	No. 35.
Lv Sumter,	4 02 A M
Ar Creston,	4.51 "
Ar Orangeburg,	5.14 "
Ar Denmark,	5 48 "
Ar Augusta,	7.57 "
	No. 32
Lv Augusta,	2 20 P. M.
Lv Denmark,	4 20 "
Lv Orangeburg,	4 55 "
Lv Creston,	5 13 "
Ar Sumter,	6.09 "

Trains 32 and 35 carry through Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars between New York and Macon via Augusta.

Northwestern R. R. of S. C.

TIME TABLE No. 7,
In effect Sunday, June 15, 1902.
Between Sumter and Camden.
Mixed—Daily except Sunday.

Southbound.			Northbound.	
No 69.	No. 71		No. 70.	No. 68.
P M	A M		A M	P M
6 25	9 45	Lv... Sumter ...Ar	9 00	5 45
6 27	9 47	N. W Junctn	8 58	5 43
6 47	10 07	...Dalzell...	8 25	5 13
7 05	10 17	...Borden...	8 00	4 58
7 25	10 35	..Pembertv..	7 40	4 43
7 35	10 40	..Ellerbee..	7 30	4 38
7 50	11 05	So Ry Junctn	7 10	4 25
8 00	11 15	Ar..Camden..Lv	7 00	4 15
		(S C & G Ex Depot)		
P M	P M		A M	P M

Between Wilson's Mill and Sumter.

Southbound.			Northbound.
No. 73.	Daily except Sunday		No. 72.
P M	Stations.		P M
3 00	Lv..... Sumter.....	Ar	11 45
3 03	.....N W Junction.....		11 42
3 17	..... Tindal.....		11 10
3 30	..... Packsville		10 45
4 05	.....Silver		10 20
4 15 / 4 40 \	.....Millard		10 00 / 9 30 \
5 00	..... Summerton		9 25
5 45	..... Davis.....		9 00
6 00	..... Jordan		8 47
6 45	Ar.... Wilson's Mills	Lv	8 30
P M			A M

Between Millard and St. Paul.
Daily except Sunday.

Southbound.			Northbound.	
No 73	No 75.		No. 72.	No. 74.
P M	A M	Stations	A M	P M
4 15	9 30	Lv Millard Ar	10 00	4 40
4 20	9 40	Ar St Paul Lv	9 50	4 30
P M	A M		A M	P M

THOS. WILSON, President.

J. S. BELL,

Opp. Central Hotel, Manning, S. C

—: DEALER IN :—

Bicycles and Bicycle Supplies.

also repair wheels and guarantee my work.

MACHINERY REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention either day or night.

J. S. BELL.

Bring your Job Work to The Times office.