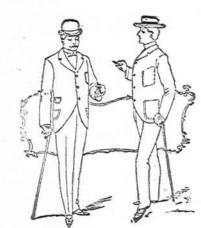
comes from the low lands and marshes of the country, or the filthy sewers and drain pipes of the cities and towns, its effect upon the human system is the same.

These atmospheric poisons are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood, and the foundation of some long, debilitating illness is laid. Chills and fever, chronic dyspepsia, torpid and enlarged liver, kidney troubles, jaundice and biliousness are frequently due to that invisible foe, Malaria. Noxious gases and unhealthy matter collect in the system because the liver and kidneys fail to act, and are poured into the blood current until it becomes so polluted and sluggish that the poisons literally break through the skin, and carbuncles, boils, abscesses, ulcers and various cruptions of an indolent character appear, depleting the system, and threatening life itself.

The germs and poisons that so oppress and weaken the body and destroy the life-giving properties of the blood, rendering it thin and watery, must be overcome and carried out of the system before the patient can hope to get rid of Malaria and its effects.

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And have added more in our other departments, so it will be in teresting and profitable to you to visit our store any time.

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BLACK ROCK

[Continued.]

said, 'a little suburb of hell.' It was was won. something too awful. And at the end

next moment I wished I had been slow- | Slavin sauntered up good naturedly, er in speech, for he swiftly faced me, making himself agreeable to Sandy

and his words came like a torrent: "God forgive you that heartless word! his team. bering for dear life out of a fearful pit them fine," said Sandy coolly. for three months past and doing good climbing, too, poor chaps. You don't feetly understood by Slavin and by all. think that some of them have wives,

the east or across the sea, for whose hoping to save enough to bring their Blaney, but by the look in his eye I families to this homeless place, the knew he was playing Br'er Rabbit and rest to make enough to go back with lying low. credit. Why, there's Nixon, miner, splendid chap, who has been here for two years and drawing the highest and Judy; but just in time for hot cofpay. Twice he has been in sight of his fee and doughnuts." heaven, for he can't speak of his wife and 'rolled' him, as the boys say. He went back to the mines broken in body the shanty men, heh, Sandy?" said the and in heart. He says this is his third little Frenchman dolefully. and last chance. If Slavin gets him, dy and the rest too. And," he added in couragingly.

day the Saviour came to the world." He paused, and then with a little, sad smile, "But I don't want to abuse you."

blazing earnestness made me feel uncomfortably small. "What have we to offer?" I demand-

"I don't like trusting my china to the hands of a tenderfoot." "Quite right, though your china would

long range." It was delft a quarter of an inch

thick, so I smoked while he washed up, swept, dusted and arranged the room. After the room was ordered to his sic. "We can fill in time for two hours, are not gone yet?" but," he added gloomily, "we can't beat the dance and the high kickers." "Have you nothing new or startling?"

He shook his head. "No kind of show-dog show, snake charmer'

"Slavin has a monopoly of the snakes." Then he added hesitatingly: "There

was an old Punch and Judy chap here last year, but he died. Whisky again." "What happened to his show?"

"The Black Rock hotel man took it for board and whisky bill. He has it still. I suppose." I did not much relish the business

but I hated to see him beaten, so I ventured, "I have run a Punch and Judy in an amateur way at the var-

He sprang to his feet with a yell. "You have! You mean to say it? We've got them! We've beaten them!" He had an extraordinary way of taking your help for granted. "The miner chaps, mostly English and Welsh, went joy. mad over the poor old showman and made him so wealthy that in sheer gratitude he drank himself to death." He walked up and down in high excitement and in such evident delight

"Well," I said, "first the poster. We must heat them in that." He brought me large sheets of brown paper, and after two hours' hard work

that I felt pledged to my best effort.

had half a dozen pictorial showbills designs. They were good, if I do say it myself.

Punch and Judy show, were all there, the last with a crowd before it in gaping delight. A few explanatory words were thrown in, emphasizing the high-

artistic nature of the Punch and Judy entertainment. Craig was delighted and proceeded to perfect his plans. He had some half a dozen young men, four young ladies and eight or ten matrons upon whom

ganized into a vigilance committee miners and lumbermen from getting away to Slavin's. "The critical moments will be imme- I didn't quite like.

diately before and after dinner and then again after the show is over," he ed so." explained. "The first two crises must be left to the care of Punch and Judy. and as for the last. I am not vet sure what shall be done." But I saw he had something in his head, for he added, "I Don't be shocked. He says it is Scripshall see Mrs. Mayor." "Who is Mrs. Mayor?" I asked.

But he made no reply. He was a born fighter, and he put the fighting abashed.

The sports were to begin at 2 o'clock. By lunchtime everything was in readiness. After lunch I was having a quiet said nothing. smoke in Craig's shack when in he rushed, saying:

"The battle will be lost before it is fought. If we lose Quatre Bras, we shall never get to Waterloo."

"What's up?" "Slavin, just now. The miners are tow in half an hour."

He looked at me appealingly. I knew what he wanted. "All right. I suppose I must, but it

is an awful bore that a man can't have a quiet smoke." "You're not half a bad fellow." he

replied, smiling. "I shall get the la-dies to furnish coffee inside the booth. You furnish them intellectual nourishment in front with dear old Punch and Judy. He sent a boy with a bell round the

village, announcing, "Punch and Judy in front of the Christmas booth beside the church," and for three-quarters of an hour I shricked and sweated in that awful little pen. But it was almost worth it to hear the shouts of approval and laughter that greeted my performance. It was cold work standing about so that the crowd was oute

ready to respond when Punch, after being duly hanged, came forward and invited all into the booth for the hot coffee which Judy had ordered.

in they trooped, and Quatre Bras

No sooner were the miners safely enof it all one young fellow was found gaged with their coffee than I heard a dead in his shack, and twenty or more great noise of bells and of men shoutcrawled back to the camps, leaving ing, and on reaching the street I saw their three months' pay with Slavin that the men from the lumber camp and his suckers. I won't stand it, I were coming in. Two immense sleighs, say!" He turned fiercely on me. "What's decorated with ribbons and spruce boughs, each drawn by a four horse This rather took me aback, for I had team gayly adorned, filled with some troubled myself with nothing of this tifty men, singing and shouting with sort in my life before, being fully oc- all their might, were coming down the cupied in keeping myself out of diffi- hill road at full gallop. Round the corculty and allowing others the same ner they swung, dashed at full speed privilege. So I ventured the consola- across the bridge and down the street tion that he had done his part and that and pulled up after they had made the a spree more or less would not make circuit of a block, to the great admiramuch difference to these men. But the tion of the onlookers. Among others, and those who were helping to unhitch

Do you know- But, no; you don't "Oh, you need not take trouble with know what you are saying. You don't me or my team, Mike Slavin. Batchknow that these men have been clam- ees and me and the boys can look after This rejecting of hospitality was per-

"Dat's too bad, heh?" said Baptiste most of them mothers and sisters, in wickedly. "And, Sandy, he's got good money on his pocket for sure too." The boys laughed, and Slavin, joinsake they are slaving here, the miners ing in, turned away with Keefe and

> Mr. Craig just then came up. "Hello, boys! Too late for Punch

"Bon! Dat's fuss rate," said Bapand babies without breaking up, and tiste heartily. "Where you keep him?" On receipt of your letter we will send you swatches of Suits, if you are inter-"Ah! Dat's so? Dat's bad news for

"There were a clothesbasket full of for you to select your Suit or extra his wife and babies will never see him doughnuts and a boiler of coffee left on earth or in heaven. There are San- as I passed just now," said Craig ena lower tone and with the curious little

"Allons, mes garcons. Vite! Never thrill of pathos in his voice, "this is the say keel!" cried Baptiste excitedly, stripping off the harness.

But Sandy would not leave the horses till they were carefully rubbed down, "Do. I enjoy it. I'm a beast, a self- blanketed and fed, for he was entered ish beast!" For somehow his intense, for the four horse race, and it behooved him to do his best to win. Besides, he scorned to hurry himself for anything so unimportant as eating. That he considered hardly worthy even of "Wait till I have got these things Baptiste. Mr. Craig managed to get cleared away and my housekeeping a word with him before he went off, and I saw Sandy solemnly and em-I pressed my services upon him, phatically shake his head, saying: "Ah, somewhat feebly, I own, for I can't we'll beat him this day!" And I gathbear dishwater, but he rejected my ered that he was added to the vigilance committee.

Old man Nelson was busy with his own team. He turned slowly at Mr. Craig's greeting. "How is it, Nelson?" prove an excellent means of defense at | And it was with a very grave voice he answered:

"I hardly know, sir, but I am not gone yet, though it seems little to hold

"All you want for a grip is what your taste we proceeded to hold counsel. He hand can cover. What would you have? could offer dinner, magic lantern, mu- And, besides, do you know why you The old man waited, looking at the

> minister gravely. "Because he hasn't let go his grip of you."

"How do you know he's gripped me?" "Now, look here, Nelson, do you want to quit this thing and give it all up?" "No, no-for heaven's sake, no! Why, do you think I have lost it?" said Nelson almost piteously.

"Well, he's keener about it than you, and I'll bet you haven't thought it worth while to thank him." "To thank him," he repeated almost

stupidly, "for"-"For keeping you where you are over night," said Mr. Craig almost sternly. The old man gazed at the minister, a

light growing in his eyes. "You're right! Thank God, you're right!"

And then he turned quickly away and went into the stable behind his team. It was a minute before he came out. Over his face there was a trembling "Can't I do anything for you today?"

he asked humbly. "Indeed you just can," said the minister, taking his hand and shaking it very warmly, and then he told him Slavin's programme and ours.

"Sandy is all right till after his race. After that is his time of danger," said the minister. "I'll stay with him, sir," said old Nel-

son in the tone of a man taking a covedone in gorgeous colors and striking nant and immediately set off for the coffee tent. "Here comes another recruit for your

The turkey, the magic lantern, the corps," I said, pointing to Leslie Graeme, who was coming down the street at that moment in his light sleigh. "I am not so sure. Do you think

you could get him?" I laughed. "You are a good one."

"Well," he replied half defiantly, "is not this your fight too?" "You make me think so, though I am bound to say I hardly recognize

he could depend for help. These he or- myself today. But here goes." And before I knew it I was describing our charged with the duty of preventing plans to Graeme, growing more and more enthusiastic as he sat in his sleigh, listening with a quizzical smile "He's got you, too," he said. "I fear-

"Well," I laughed, "perhaps so. But I want to lick that man Slavin. I've just seen him, and he's just what Craig calls him, 'a slick son of the devil.'

"Revised version," said Graeme gravely, while Craig looked a little "What is assigned me, Mr. Craig?

For I know that this man is simply your agent." I repudiated the idea, while Mr. Craig "What's my part?"

"Well," said Mr. Craig besitatingly, steadying his team for the turn. "of course I would do nothing till I

mind presiding at the dinner. I want it to go off well."

"Did you notice that?" said Graeme to me. "Not a bad touch, eh?" "That's nothing to the way he touched me. Wait and learn," I answered, while Craig looked quite distressed. hauling the big roams after them, and said, "and any other little duty."

"Now, that's too bad of you. That is the turn. all I want, honor bright," he replied, adding as he turned away: "You are Graeme. Now I must see Mrs. Mayor." of Graeme.

We put up the horses and set off for offee. As we approached the booth Graeme caught sight of the Punch and Judy show, stood still in amazement and exclaimed:

"Can the dead live?" "Punch and Judy never die," I replied solemnly.

"But the old manipulator is dead enough, poor old beggar!" "But he left his mantle, as you see. He looked at me a moment.

"What? Do you mean you"-"Yes: that is what I do mean." "He is a great man, that Graig fellow,

truly reat man." And then he leaned up against a tree and laughed till the tears came. "I say, old boy, don't mind me," he gasped, "but do you remember the old varsity show?"

"Yes, you villain, and I remember

your part in it. I wonder how you can even at this remote date laugh at it." For I had a vivid recollection of how, after a "chaste and highly artistic performance of this mediæval play" had been given before a distinguished Toronto audience, the trapdoor by which I had entered my box was fastened and I was left to swelter in my cage and forced to listen to the suffocated laughter from the wings and the stage whispers of "Hello, Mr. Punch, where's the baby?" And for many a day after I was subjected to anxious inquiries as to the locality and health of "the baby"

and whether it was able to be out. "Oh, the dear old days?' he kept saying over and over in a tone so full of sadness that my heart grew sore for him and I forgave him, as many a time

The sports passed off in typical westrunning and leaping contests, there was rifle and pistol shooting, in both of which old Nelson stood first, with Shaw, foreman of the mines, second. The great event of the day, however, was to be the four horse race, for

which three teams were entered-one from the mines, driven by Nixon, Craig's friend; a citizens' team and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together and knew neither their driver nor one another.

In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long, rangy roans and for leaders a pair of half broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain.

They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight, there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory, but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to

Being the only nonpartisan in the

crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return. the first and last quarters being upon ice. The course after leaving the ice led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above and at the farther end curved somewhat sharply round the old fort. The only condition attaching to the race was that the

teams should start from the scratch. make the turn of the fort and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of the drivers quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the old fort and at a little ravine which led down to the

means of a long log bridge or cause-Way. From a point upon the high bank of vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps, citizens in ordinary garb, ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge belts and pistols; a few half breeds and Indians in half native, half civilized dress and, scattering through the crowd, the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats and some with knitted toques of the same colors. A very good natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of and only when Baptiste got them by each horse stood a man, but at the

pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd. Gradually all became quiet till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol shot, and the great race began. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste as he struck his

broncho with the paim of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy as it shot past. Like a flash the bronchos sprang to

the front two lengths before the other thrown up the game. teams: but, terrified by the yelling crowd, instead of bending to the left bank, up which the road wound, they his frantic crowd of yelling admirers, wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course. Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of

French and English, continued to day," I answered confidently. strike through all other sounds till they gained the top of the slope, to find the the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely, with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about and was simply

The event proved his wisdom, for in had consulted you, but I want a man the turn the leading team left the to take my place at the sports. I am track, lost a moment or two in the for the most reckless means of "slingdeep snow, and before they could re- ing their dust." I could not but ad-"That's all right," said Graeme, with gain the road the bays had swept su- mire the skill with which Mr. Craig an air of relief. "I expected something | perbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, "And then I thought you would not swiftly nearing the fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble footed bronchos round the turn, "He'll do it, Mr. Craig, never fear," I fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in

And now the struggle is for the just in time for a cup of coffee, Mr. front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best. Behind "Who is Mrs. Mayor?" I demanded them and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, "Mrs. Mayor? The miners' guardian | come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team, while opposite their driver are Mr. Punch did in the most gracious but when Llooked upon her face I for-

the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front. They run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and, besides, a broncho hates a bridge, so Sandy holds them

where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn bugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together. and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly within a few yards of the bridge Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandv's hands

and, with a quick swing, faces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth and is partially closed up by a brush beap at the farther end. But, with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! Vite! Vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond.

Regardless of bushes and brush "it is a gentleman you are, though your heaps, they tear their way through, name is against you, and I am a good but as they emerge the high bob sleigh Presbyterian, and I can give you the catches a root, and, with a crash, the commandments and reasons annexed sleigh is hurled in the air. Baptiste's to them, but yon's a thief, a papist cries ring out high and shrill as ever, thief, and I am justified in getting my encouraging his team, and never cease money out of his soul." till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush heap lying at the get it in this way." mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind and Sandy nowhere to be seen. ern style. In addition to the usual Three hundred yards of the course reto take it up," said Slavin in a low, cool main. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the

descent to the ice and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and, taking the bits in their teeth, they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his toque with the other, whirls it about his head staggered him and before he fell took and flings it with a flercer yell than a step forward and delivered a terrific ever at the bronchos. Like the burstright hand blow on his jaw. Poor Saning of a hurricane the pintos leap fordy went down in a heap amid the yells ward and with a splendid rush cross of Blaney, Keefe and some others of the scratch, winners by their own the gang.

There was a wild quarter of an hour. The shanty men had torn off their coats and were waving them wildly and tossing them high, while the ranchers added to the uproar by emptying their revolvers into the air in a way that made one nervous.

When the crowd was somewhat quieted, Sandy's stiff figure appeared, slowly making toward them. A dozen lumbermen ran to him, eagerly inquiring if he were hurt. But Sandy could only curse the little Frenchman for losing the race. "Lost! Why, man, we've won it!"

vanished, and he allowed himself to admirers.

shouted a voice, at which Sandy's rage

tion. "The bronchos are off with him. He's down at the rapids like enough." "Let me go!" shouted Sandy, setting off at a run in the track of the sleigh. He had not gone far before he met Baptiste coming back with his team foaming, the roans going quietly, but river, over which the road passed by

the bronchos dancing and eager to be "Voila! Bully boy! Tank the bon Dieu, Sandy. You not keel, eh? Ah, view. It was a scene full of life and you are one grand chevalier!" exclaimed Baptiste, hauling Sandy in and thrusting the lines into his hands. And so they came back, the sleighbox still dragging behind, the pintos executing fantastic figures on their hind legs and Sandy holding them down. The little Frenchman struck a dramatic attitude

and called out: "Voila! What's the matter wiz San-

dy, heh?" The roar that answered set the bronchos off again plunging and kicking, the heads could they be induced to stand long enough to allow Sandy to be proclaimed winner of the race. Several of the lumbermen sprang into the sleighbox with Sandy and Baptiste, among them Keefe, followed by Nelson, and the first part of the great day was over. Slavin could not understand the new order of things. That a great event like the four horse race should not be followed by drinks all round was to him at once disgusting and incomprehensible, and, realizing his defeat for the moment, he fell into the crowd and disappeared. But he left behind him his runners. He had not yet

Mr. Craig meantime came to me and, looking after Sandy in his sleigh, with

said in a gloomy voice: "Poor Sandy! He is easily caught, and Keefe has the devil's cunning."

"He won't touch Slavin's whisky to-"There'll be twenty bottles waiting him in the stable," he replied bitterly, others almost a hundred yards in front, "and I can't go following him up. He won't stand that. No man would. God

help us all!" I could hardly recognize myself, for I found in my heart an earnest echo to that prayer as I watched him go toward the crowd again, his face set in strong determination. He looked like the captain of a forlorn hope, and I was proud to be following him.

CHAPTER III.

WATERLOO-OUR FIGHT, HIS VICTORY. HE sports were over, and there remained still an hour to be filled in before dinner. It was an hour full of danger interfere now." to Craig's hopes of victory, for the men were wild with excitement and ready caught their attention.

"Gentlemen," he called out, forgotten the judge of the great race. Three cheers for Mr. Connor!" Two of the shanty men picked me up and hoisted me on to their shoulders

while the cheers were given. "Announce the Punch and Judy," he entreated me in a low voice. I did so in a little speech and was aim and had fled. I thought he was forthwith borne aloft through the street | dead, but we carried him out, and in a to the booth, followed by the whole few minutes he groaned, opened his crowd, cheering like mad. The excitement of the crowd caught

bridge over the ravine. The bays in me, and for an hour I squeaked and worked the wires of the immortal and unhappy family in a manner hitherto unapproached, by me at least. I was glad enough when Graeme came to tell me to send the men in to dinner. This mind to say some words of apology,

manner, and again with cheers for Mr. Punch's master they trooped tumultu-

at a run. There I found Mr. Craig and

Nelson holding Sandy, more than half

to the shirt, was coolly waiting with a

"Let me go, Mr. Craig," Sandy was

saying. "I am a good Presbyterian. He

and I will have it out of the soul of

"Let him go!" Keefe was shouting.

I pushed my way in. "What's up?"

"Mr. Connor," said Sandy solemnly,

"But," I remonstrated, "you won't

"He has my money," reiterated San

"He is a blank liar, and he's afraid

With a roar Sandy broke away and

rushed at him, but without moving

from his tracks Slavin met him with

a straight left hander and laid him flat.

forever!" and, seizing the iron poker,

swung it around his head, crying,

Back, or, by holy Moses, I'll kill the

first man that interferes wid the

"Give it to him!" Keefe said say

Sandy rose slowly, gazing round stu-

"He don't know what hit him,"

This roused the highlander, and, say-

ing, "I'll settle you afterward, Mr.

Again Slavin met him with his left,

I was in despair when in came Bap-

One look at Sandy, and Baptiste tore

Keefe," he rushed in again at Slavin.

game!

laughed Keefe.

tiste and Graeme.

"Hooray!" yelled Blaney. "Ireland

"Hands off!" Blaney was echoing.

ously into the tent. We had only begun when Baptiste came in quietly, but hurriedly, and whispered to me:

go mad lak one diable."

taunting smile.

mug left on to him."

"M'sieu Craig, he's gone to Slavin's and would lak you and M'sieu Graeme would follow queek. Sandy, he's take one leel drink up at de stable, and he's I sent him for Graeme, who was presiding at dinner, and set off for Slavin's

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"Let him go, preacher," sneered Sia-CHARLESTON, S. C. vin. "I'll cool him off for you. But you'd better hold him if you want his

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Imperial Brew-Pints, at \$1.10 per doz. off his coat and cap, slammed them on Kuffheiser-Pints, at.....90c per doz. Germania P. M.-Pints, at 90c per doz. the floor, danced on them and with a long drawn "Sap-r-r-rie!" rushed at TRACT. But Graeme caught him by the back of the neck, saying, "Hold on, little man," and, turning to Slavin, pointed

Nelson's care, and said, "What's this "Ask him," said Slavin insolently. "He knows."

to Sandy, who was reviving under

"What is it, Nelson?" Nelson explained that Sandy, after be carried in upon the shoulders of his drinking some at the stable and a glass at the Black Rock hotel, had come down here with Keefe and the others, bad lost his money and was accusing GERMANIA BREWING CO., Slavin of robbing him. "Did you furnish him with liquor?"

said Graeme sternly. "It is none of your business," replied Slavin, with an oath. "I shall make it my business. It is not the first time my men have lost

money in this saloon." "You lie!" said Slavin, with deliberate emphasis. "Slavin," said Graeme quietly, "it is a pity you said that, because, unless you apologize in one minute, I shall make you sorry."

"Apologize?" roared Slavin. "Apolo-

gize to you?" calling him a vile name.

Graeme grew white and said, even more slowly: "Now you'll have to take it. No apology will do." He slowly stripped off coat and vest.

Mr. Craig interposed, begging

Graeme to let the matter pass.

"Surely it is not worth it." "Mr. Craig," said Graeme, with an easy smile, "you don't understand. No man can call me that name and walk around afterward feeling well." Then, turning to Slavin, he said:

"Now, if you want a minute's rest I can wait." Slavin, with a curse, bid him come. "Blaney," said Graeme sharply, "you get back." Blaney promptly stepped back to Keefe's side. "Nelson, you and Baptiste can see that they stay there." The old man nodded and looked at

Craig, who simply said: "Do the best you can." It was a good fight. Slavin had plenty of pluck and for a time forced the fighting, Graeme guarding easily and tapping him aggravatingly about the to visit our handsome store to inspect nose and eyes, drawing blood, but not our lines of disabling him. Gradually there came a look of fear into Slavin's eyes, and the beads stood upon his face. He had met his master.

"Now, Slavin, you're beginning to be sorry, and I am going to show you what you are made of." Graeme made one or two lightning passes, struck Slavin one, two, three terrific blows and laid him quite flat

Keefe and Blaney both sprang for-

and senseless.

ward, but there was a savage kind of "Hold, there!" It was old man Nelson, looking along a pistol barrel. "You know me, Keefe," he said. "You won't

Keefe turned green and yellow and staggered back, while Slavin slowly rose to his feet. "Will you take some more?" said Graeme. "You haven't got much; but, mind, I have stopped playing with you.

Put up your gun, Nelson. No one will

do any murder this time."

Slavin hesitated, then rushed, but Graeme stepped to meet him, and we saw Slavin's heels in the air as he fell back upon his neck and shoulders and lay still, with his toes quivering. "Bon!" yelled Baptiste. "Bully boy!

Dat's de bon stuff! Dat's larn him one

good lesson!" But immediately he shrieked, "Gar-r-r-r-e a vous!" He was too late, for there was a crash of breaking glass, and Graeme fell to the floor with a long, deep cut on the side of his head. Keefe had hurled a bottle with all too sure an eyes and sank again into insensibility.

"Is there no place nearer?" "Yes; Mrs. Mavor's. I shall run on She met us at the door. I had in Geo.S. Hacker & Son

drunk, back from Slavin, who, stripped Moulding and Building is a papist thief, and he has my money, Material.

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Charleston, S. C.

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dispatch. . . . "Where can we take him?" I cried. "To my shack," said Mr. Craig.