

MALARIA An Invisible Enemy to Health

Means bad air, and whether it 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 eruptions 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.

S. S. S. does this and quickly produces an entire change in the blood, reaching every organ and stimulating them to vigorous, healthy action. S. S. S. possesses not only purifying but tonic properties, and the general health improves, and the appetite increases almost from the first dose. There is no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic or other mineral in S. S. S. It is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy.

Write us about your case, and our physicians will gladly help you by their advice to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A GRAND OPENING

Of Spring Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods.

You will find here the very newest and up-to-date Suits, Furnishing Goods and Hats.

We make a specialty of Extra Size, Stout and Slim Suits.

On receipt of your letter we will send you swatches of Suits, if you are interested in any.

In our Tailor Department we have

Over 500 Samples

for you to select your Suit or extra Pants from.

Suits made to your measure from \$1 to \$50. Pants from \$3 to \$12.

H. BROWN'S GRANITE CLOTHING HOUSE.

224 KING ST., Opp. Academy of Music, CHARLESTON, S. C.

All mail orders promptly attended to by a special salesman.

CAROLINA PORTLAND CEMENT CO.,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Sole Selling Agents

KILLIAN

Fire Brick, Fire Tile, Arch Brick, Bull-Head and All Special Tiles.

ALSO FINEST PREPARED FIRE CLAY.

Carload Lots. Less Than Carload Lots.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Realizing how anxious you are when purchasing Crocker to get the best, and what pleasure it affords you when you succeed, and what pride every woman takes in her China, we have recently imported direct from England a crate of that World Famous

Iron Stone China,

Known as ALFRED MEEKINS'. Those of you who have this well-known make in your china closets and want pieces to replace will do well to call early and get them before the stock is broken, and those who want a new store can do no better than buy this strong, durable make of Crocker, as no other will present that snowy appearance and look of absolute cleanliness as it does.

FARMERS,

Do not fail to examine the DEERING MOWERS and RAKES. You cannot afford to buy anything but the best. Those who have bought Deering Mowers and Rakes do not change for other makes. We have a full line of Renewers for them.

Let us sell you the best Corn Shelter on the market, one that is made to use and will do your work thoroughly.

We also have a nice lot of American Field Fencing in stock, on which we can offer you special inducements in quantities.

GINNERS,

Our stock of Belting and Steam Fittings is as nearly complete as it is possible to carry; and we can supply you with Oil from stock at very low prices. In quantities we can ship you direct at prices that will save you money.

Let us have your orders, we will guarantee you prices and quality on any goods we handle.

Manning Hardware Co.

Much Pleasanter.

Prosperity Has Ruined Many a Man.

No doubt. But if we are given the choice in that matter we had rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable.

We are enjoying our prosperity in our business and we are proud of the record we are making as

The Cheapest Store in Town.

Since we advertised our Special Bargains we can hardly attend to our trade with increased force. This shows that people know genuine bargains and they know the difference between sham offers and true bargain offerings.

We will continue some of our

SPECIAL BARGAINS

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

Thanking our friends and patrons for past favors and soliciting your future patronage we remain prosperous, wishing you the same.

THE NEW IDEA.

Watch our advertisement, it will be to your interest.

THE NEW IDEA.

BLACK ROCK

[Continued.]

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

In they trooped, and Quatre Bras was won.

No sooner were the miners safely engaged with their coffee than I heard a great noise of bells and of men shouting, and on reaching the street I saw that the men from the lumber camp were coming in. Two immense sleighs, decorated with ribbons and spruce boughs, each drawn by a four horse team gayly adorned, filled with some fifty men, singing and shouting with all their might, were coming down the hill road at full gallop. Round the corner they swung, dashed at full speed across the bridge and down the street and pulled up after they had made the circuit of a block, to the great admiration of the onlookers. Among others, Slavin sauntered up good naturedly, making himself agreeable to Sandy and those who were helping to unhibit his team.

"Oh, you need not take trouble with me or my team, Mike Slavin. Batches and me and the boys can look after them fine," said Sandy coolly.

"This rejecting of hospitality was perfectly understood by Slavin and by all. 'Dat's too bad, heh?' said Baptiste wickedly. 'And, Sandy, he's got good money on his pocket for sure too.'

The boys laughed, and Slavin, joining in, turned away with Keefe and Blaney, but by the look in his eye I knew he was playing Br'er Rabbit and lying low.

Mr. Craig just then came up.

"Hello, boys! Too late for Punch and Judy, but just in time for hot coffee and doughnuts."

"Dat's fast rate," said Baptiste heartily. "Where you keep him?"

"Up in the tent next the church there. The miners are all in."

"Ah! Dat's so. Dat's bad news for the shanty men, heh, Sandy?" said the little Frenchman clotheshat.

"There were a dolebasket full of doughnuts and a boiler of coffee left as I passed just now," said Craig encouragingly.

"Allons, mes garcons. Vite! Never say keel!" cried Baptiste excitedly, stripping off the harness.

"But Sandy would not leave the horses till they were carefully rubbed down, blanketed and fed, for he was entered 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 Baptiste. Mr. Craig managed to get a word with him before he went off, and I saw Sandy solemnly and emphatically shake his head, saying, 'Ah, we'll beat him this day!' And I gathered 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?" 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 to."

"All you want for a grip is what your hand can cover. What would you have? And, besides, do you know why you are not gone yet?"

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—far 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 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 joy.

"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 program and plans.

"After that is his time of danger," said the minister.

"I'll stay with him, sir," said old Nelson in the tone of a man making a covenant and immediately set off for the coffee tent.

"Here comes another recruit for your 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 myself today. But here goes." And before I knew it I was describing our plans to Graeme, growing more and more enthusiastic as he sat in his sleigh, listening with a quizzical smile I didn't quite like.

"He's got you, too," he said. "I feared so."

"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 a devil.' Don't be shocked. He says it is Scripture."

"Revised version," said Graeme gravely, while Craig looked a little abashed.

"What is assigned me, Mr. Craig? For I know that this man is simply your agent?"

I repeated the idea, while Mr. Craig said nothing.

"What's my part?" demanded Graeme.

"Well," said Mr. Craig hesitatingly, "of course I would do nothing till I had consulted you, but I want a man to take my place at the sports. I am referee."

"That's all right," said Graeme, with an air of relief. "I expected something hard."

"And then I thought you would not 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's touched me. Wait and learn," I answered, while Craig looked quite distressed.

"He'll do it, Mr. Craig, never fear," I said, "and any other little duty."

"Now, that's too bad of you. That is all I want, honor bright," he replied, adding as he turned away: "You are just in time for a cup of coffee. Mr. Graeme. Now I must see Mr. Mavor."

"Who is Mrs. Mavor?" I asked.

But he made no reply. He was a born fighter, and he put the fighting spirit into us all. We were bound to win.

The sports were to begin at 2 o'clock. By luncheon time everything was in readiness. After lunch I was having a quiet smoke in Craig's shack when 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 coming in, and he will have them in town in 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 ladies 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 shrieked 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 the crowd was quite

We put up the horses and set off for coffee. 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 fellow."

"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."

"It is a great man, that Craig fellow, a truly great 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 'chaste and highly artistic performance of this medieval 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 sweeter in my cage and forced to listen to the suffocated laughter from the wings and the stage whippers 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 to be sent out, "Oh, the dear old day!" 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 before.

The sports passed off in typical western style. In addition to the usual running 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.

"I'll be friends," said Nelson, Craig, a friend of 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 tride heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained and perfectly handled by their driver, Sandy had his long, rangy roans and sorrels 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 pieces.

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 gone yet, though it seems little to hold to."

"All you want for a grip is what your hand can cover. What would you have? And, besides, do you know why you are not gone yet?"

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—far 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 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 joy.

"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 program and plans.

"After that is his time of danger," said the minister.

"I'll stay with him, sir," said old Nelson in the tone of a man making a covenant and immediately set off for the coffee tent.

"Here comes another recruit for your 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 myself today. But here goes." And before I knew it I was describing our plans to Graeme, growing more and more enthusiastic as he sat in his sleigh, listening with a quizzical smile I didn't quite like.

"He's got you, too," he said. "I feared so."

"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 a devil.' Don't be shocked. He says it is Scripture."

"Revised version," said Graeme gravely, while Craig looked a little abashed.

"What is assigned me, Mr. Craig? For I know that this man is simply your agent?"

I repeated the idea, while Mr. Craig said nothing.

"What's my part?" demanded Graeme.

"Well," said Mr. Craig hesitatingly, "of course I would do nothing till I had consulted you, but I want a man to take my place at the sports. I am referee."

"That's all right," said Graeme, with an air of relief. "I expected something hard."

"And then I thought you would not 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's touched me. Wait and learn," I answered, while Craig looked quite distressed.

"He'll do it, Mr. Craig, never fear," I said, "and any other little duty."

"Now, that's too bad of you. That is all I want, honor bright," he replied, adding as he turned away: "You are just in time for a cup of coffee. Mr. Graeme. Now I must see Mr. Mavor."

"Who is Mrs. Mavor?" I asked.

But he made no reply. He was a born fighter, and he put the fighting spirit into us all. We were bound to win.

The sports were to begin at 2 o'clock. By luncheon time everything was in readiness. After lunch I was having a quiet smoke in Craig's shack when 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 coming in, and he will have them in town in 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 ladies 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 shrieked 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 the crowd was quite

the pinto, 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 creeps up upon the flank of the bays, with the pinto in turn lugging 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, a few yards from the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands and, with a quick swing, faces the pinto 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 heap at the farther end. But, with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "Hoza, mes garcons! Courage! Vite! Vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pinto respond.

Regardless of bushes and brush heaps, they tear their way through, but as they emerge the high bog sleigh catches a root, and, with a crash, the sleigh is hurled in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front box trailing behind and Sandy nowhere to be seen. Three hundred yards of the course remain. 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 pinto. 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 and flings it with a fierce yell over the top of the bronchos.

The pinto, caught the broncho forward and with splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own length.

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 men ran to the river by his side, including if he were hurt. But Sandy could only curse the little Frenchman for losing the race.

"Lost! Why, man, we've won it!" shouted a voice, at which Sandy's rage vanished, and he allowed himself to be carried in upon the shoulders of his admirers.

"Where's the lad?" was his first question.

"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 the bronchos dancing and eager to be at it again.

manner, and again with cheers for Mr. Punch's master they trooped tumultuously into the tent.

We had only begun when Baptiste came in quietly, but hurriedly, and whispered to me:

"M'sieu Craig, he's gone to Slavin's and would look you up. M'sieu Graeme would follow quick. Sandy, he's taking good care of his horse, and he's got good milk on a diable."

I sent him for Graeme, who was presiding at dinner, and set off for Slavin's at a run. There I found Mr. Craig and Nelson holding Sandy, more than half drunk, back from Slavin, who, stripped to the shirt, was coolly waiting with a taunting smile.

"Let me go, Mr. Craig," Sandy was saying. "I am a good Presbyterian. He is a papist thief, and he has my money, and I'll have it out of the soul of him."

"Let him go, preacher," sneered Slavin. "I'll cool him off for you. But you'd better hold him if you want his mug left on to him."

"Let him go!" Keefe was shouting.

"Hands off!" Blaney was echoing.

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

"Mr. Connor," said Sandy solemnly, "it is a gentleman you are, though your name is against you, and I am a good Presbyterian, and I can give you the commandments and reasons annexed to them, but you're a thief, a papist thief, and I am justified in getting my money out of his soul."

"But," I remonstrated, "you won't get it in this way."

"He has my money," reiterated Sandy.

"He is a blank lar, and he's afraid to take it up," said Slavin in a low, cool tone.

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.

"Hoora!" yelled Blaney. "Ireland forever!" and seized the iron poker, swung it around his head, crying, "Back, or, by holy Moses, I'll kill the first man that interferes wid the game!"

"Give it to him!" Keefe said savagely.

Sandy rose slowly, gazing round stupidly.

"He don't know what hit him," laughed Keefe.

"This roused the highlander, and, saying, 'I'll settle you afterward, Mr. Keefe,' he rushed in again at Slavin. Again Slavin met him with his left, staggered him and before he fell took a step forward and delivered a terrific right hand blow on his jaw. Poor Sandy went down in a heap amid the yells of Blaney, Keefe and some others of the gang.

I was in despair when in came Baptiste and Graeme.

One look at Sandy, and Baptiste tore off his coat and cap, slammed them on the floor, danced on them and with a long drawn "Sap-r-r-rie!" rushed at Slavin.

But Graeme caught him by the back of the neck, saying, "Hold on, little man," and, turning to Slavin, pointed to Sandy, who was reviving under Nelson's care, and said, "What's this for?"

"Ask him," said Slavin insolently.

"He knows."

"What is it, Nelson?"

Nelson explained that Sandy, after drinking some at the stable and a glass down here with Keefe and the others, had lost his money and was accusing 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. "Apologize 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 see the nang 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 nose and eyes, drawing blood, but not looking 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 and senseless.

Keefe and Blaney both sprang forward, but there was a savage kind of growl.

"Hold, there!" It was old man Nelson, looking along a pistol barrel. "You know me, Keefe," he said. "You won't do any murder this time."

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 interfere now."

Slavin hesitated, then rushed, but Graeme stepped to meet him, and he 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 best stuff! Dat's larn him one good lesson!" But immediately he shrieked, "Gar-r-r-a-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 such force and accuracy that it had struck Slavin on the forehead, but we carried him out, and in a few minutes he groaned, opened his eyes and sank again into insensibility.

"Where can we take him?" I cried.

"To my shack," said Mr. Craig.

"Is there no place nearer?"

"Yes; Mrs. Mavor's. I shall run on to tell her."

She met us at the door. I had in mind to say some words of apology, but when I looked upon her face I forgot

CHAPTER III.

THE sports were over, and there remained still an hour to be filled in before dinner. It was an hour full of danger to Craig's hopes of victory, for the men were wild with excitement and ready for the most reckless means of "slinging their dust." I could not but admire the skill with which Mr. Craig caught their attention.

"Gentlemen," he called out, "we've 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, and I did so in a little speech and was forthwith borne aloft through the street to the booth, followed by the whole crowd, cheering like mad.

The excitement of the crowd caught 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 to dinner. This Mr. Punch did in the most anxious

Every attention will be shown visitors and we especially invite the people to visit our handsome store to inspect our lines of

Gent's Furnishings Clothing, and Hats.

We handle no goods but those which we can guarantee.

Our Tailoring Department is perhaps the largest in the State and our tailors are experienced workmen.

A Suit made by us is sufficient warrant to it. Come to see us.

J. L. DAVID & BRO.,

Cor. King and Wentworth Sts., CHARLESTON, S. C.

WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN CALL AT

WELLS' SHAVING SALOON

Which is fitted up with an eye to the comfort of his customers.

HAIR CUTTING IN ALL STYLES. SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING Done with neatness and dispatch.

A cordial invitation is extended.

J. L. WELLS.

Manning Times Block.

Geo. S. Hacker & Son

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding and Building Material, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Sash Weights and Cords, Hardware and Paints.

Window and Fancy Glass a Specialty.

ADORN YOUR PERSON ADORN YOUR HOME.

Fine Jewelry, Fine Silverware, Cut Glass, China, Bric-a-Brac, Pictures, Mirrors, LAMPS AND ELEGANT NOVELTIES.

Watches of the Best Manufacturers.

All goods handled are sold with a guarantee. I do not handle any plated ware, therefore everything bought from me can be relied upon as being of the best. All goods bought from me will be Engraved.

FREE OF CHARGE.

My repairing department is under my personal supervision and I guarantee all work entrusted to me. Come to see me.

Ernest A. Bultman, SUTHER, S. C.

TO CONSUMERS OF Lager Beer.

We are now in position to ship our Beer all over the State at the following prices:

EXPORT.

Imperial Brew—Pints, at \$1.10 per doz. Kuffneiser—Pints, at .90c per doz. Germania P. M.—Pints, at 90c per doz.

GERMAN MALT EXTRACT.

A Liquid Tonic and Food for Nursing Mothers and Invalids. Brewed from the highest grade of Barley Malt and Imported Hops, at . . . \$1.10 per doz.

For sale by all Dispensaries, or send in your orders direct.

All orders shall have our prompt and careful attention.

Cash must accompany all orders.

THE GERMANIA BREWING CO.,

Charleston, S. C.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it Filariar Germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chilly, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC

will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you, or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents.

THE R. B. LORRY DRUG STORE.

Come TO Exposition.

Every attention will be shown visitors and we especially invite the people to visit our handsome store to inspect our lines of

Gent's Furnishings Clothing, and Hats.

We handle no goods but those which we can guarantee.

Our Tailoring Department is perhaps the largest in the State and our tailors are experienced workmen.

A Suit made by us is sufficient warrant to it. Come to see us.