

Parents' Responsibility Great

It is the right of every child to be well born, and to the parents it must look for health and happiness. How inconceivably great is the parents' responsibility, and how important that no taint of disease is left in the blood to be transmitted to the helpless child, entailing the most pitiable suffering, and marking its little body with offensive sores and eruptions, catarrh of the nose and throat, weak eyes, glandular swellings, brittle bones, white swelling and deformity.

How can parents look upon such little sufferers, and not reproach themselves for bringing so much misery into the world? If you have any disease lurking in your system, how can you expect well developed, healthy children? Cleanse your own blood and build up your health, and you have not only enlarged your capacity for the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, but have discharged a duty all parents owe to posterity, and made mankind healthier and happier.

There is no remedy that so surely reaches deep-seated, stubborn blood troubles as S. S. S. It searches out even hereditary poisons, and removes every taint from the blood, and builds up the general health. If weaklings are growing up around you, right the wrong by putting them on a course of S. S. S. at once. It is a purely vegetable medicine, harmless in its effects, and can be taken by both old and young without fear of any bad results.

Write us about your case, and let our physicians advise and help you. This will cost you nothing, and we will also send our book on blood and skin diseases.

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 \$80. Pants from \$3 to \$12.

H. BROWN'S 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 none 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 Repairs for them.

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

W. L. DOUGLAS'

\$3 and \$3.50 Shoes

THE NEW IDEA.

We have just received a full line of these well-known Shoes in all the last and latest styles.

Douglas Shoes need no recommendation. It is the largest factory in the world of its kind. Their merits is proven by the enormous quantity that is sold all over the world.

Douglas Shoes are better and prettier made than ever before. Come and examine the line and you cannot help yourself from buying them.

THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.

Black Rock

By Ralph Connor.

CHAPTER VI.
BLACK ROCK RELIGION.

WHEN I grow weary with the conventions of religion and sick in my soul from feeding upon husks that the churches too often offer me in the shape of elaborate service and eloquent discourses, so that in my sickness I doubt and doubt, then I go back to the communion in Black Rock and the days preceding it, and the fever and the weariness leave me, and I grow humble and strong. The simplicity and rugged grandeur of the faith, the humble gratitude of the rough men I see about the table and the calm radiance of one saintly face rest and recall me.

Not its most enthusiastic apostle would call Black Rock a religious community, but it possessed in a marked degree that eminent Christian virtue of tolerance. All creeds, all shades of religious opinion, were allowed, and it was generally conceded that one was as good as another. It is fair to say, however, that Black Rock's catholicity was a negative rather than positive. The only religion objectionable was that insisted upon as a necessity. It never occurred to any one to consider religion other than as a respectable if not ornamental addition to life in other lands.

During the weeks following the making of the league, however, this negative attitude toward things religious gave place to one of keen investigation and criticism. The indifference passed away and with it in a large measure the tolerance. Mr. Craig was responsible for the former of these changes, but hardly in fairness could he be held responsible for the latter. If any one more than another was to be blamed for the rise of intolerance in the village, that man was Georgie Crawford. He had his "lines" from the Established Kirk of Scotland, and when Mr. Craig announced his intention of having the sacrament of the Lord's supper observed Georgie produced his lines and handed them in. As no other man in the village was equipped with like spiritual credentials, Georgie constituted himself a kind of kirk session, charged with the double duty of guarding the entrance to the Lord's table and of keeping an eye upon the theological opinions of the community and more particularly upon such members of it as gave evidence of possessing any opinions definite enough for statement.

It came to be Mr. Craig's habit to drop into the laageroom and toward the close of the evening to have a short Scripture lesson from the gospels. Georgie's opportunity came after the meeting was over and Mr. Craig had gone away. The men would hang about and talk the lesson over, expressing opinions favorable or unfavorable, as appeared to them good. Then it was that all sorts of views, religious and otherwise, were aired and examined. The originality of the ideas, the absolute disregard of the authority of church or creed, the frankness with which opinions were stated and the forcefulness of the language in which they were expressed combined to make the discussions altogether marvelous. The passage between Abe Baker, the stage driver, and Georgie was particularly rich. It followed upon a very telling lesson on the parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

The chief actors in that wonderful story were transferred to the Black Rock stage and were presented in miner's costume. Abe was particularly well pleased with the scoring of the "blanked old rooster who crowed so blanked quiet" and somewhat incensed at the quiet remark interjected by Georgie that "it was nae credit till a man be a sinner," and when Georgie went on to urge the importance of right conduct and respectability Abe was led to pour forth vitriol of contemptuous wrath upon the Pharisees and hypocrites who thought themselves better than other people. But Georgie was quite unruffled and lamented the ignorance of men who brought up in the "Epeescopawlyun or Metho" church, could hardly be expected to detect the Antinomian or Arminian heresies.

"Aunt Nomyun or Uncle Nomyun," replied Abe, boiling hot, "my murther was a Methodist, and I'll back any blanked blank faced, lantern jawed, skinfint Presbyterian." And this he was eager to maintain to any man's satisfaction to the world's step aside.

Georgie was quite unmoved, but hastened to assure Abe that he meant no disrespect to his mother, who, he had "nae doot, was a clever enough budy, the judge by her son." Abe was speedily appeased and offered to set up the drinks all round, but Georgie, with evident reluctance, had to decline, saying, "Na, na, lad; I'm a league man, ye ken." And I was sure that Georgie at that moment felt that membership in the league had its drawbacks.

Not was Georgie too sure of Craig's orthodoxy, while, as to Mrs. Mavor, whose slave he was, he was in the habit of lamenting her doctrinal condition.

As he stood there waving his farewell I glanced at his face and saw for a moment what I had not seen or felt, a faint flush on Graeme's cheek and a light of simple, earnest faith in his eyes. It reminded me of my first look of him when he had come up to his matriculation to the varsity. He stood on the campus looking up at the noble old pile, and there was the same bright, trustful, earnest look on his boyish face.

I know not what spirit possessed me—it may have been the pain of the memory working in me—but I said coarsely enough:

"It's nae use, Graeme, my boy. I would fall in love with her myself, but there would be no chance even for me."

The flush slowly darkened as he turned and said deliberately:

"It's not like you, Connor, to be an ass of that peculiar kind. Love! Not exactly! She won't fall in love unless—"

And he stopped abruptly, with his eyes upon Craig.

But Craig met him with unshrinking gaze, quietly remarking, "Her heart is under the pines." And we moved on, each thinking his own thoughts and guessing at the thoughts of the others.

We were on our way to Craig's shack, and as we passed the saloon Slaviv stepped from the door with a salutation. Graeme paused.

"Hello, Slaviv! I got rather the

worst of it, didn't I?"

Slaviv came near and said earnestly: "It was a dirty trick altogether. You'll not think it was mine, Mr. Graeme."

"No, no, Slaviv. You stood up like a man," said Graeme cheerfully.

"And you beat me fair, and, beaded, it was a neat one that laid me out, and there's no grudge in my heart till you."

"All right, Slaviv. We'll perhaps understand each other better after this. And that's true for you, sir, and I'll see that your boys don't get any more than they ask for," replied Slaviv, backing away.

"And I hope that won't be much," put in Mr. Craig, but Slaviv only grinned.

When we came back to Craig's shack, Graeme was glad to rest in the big chair.

Craig made him a cup of tea, while I smoked, admiring much the deftness of the miner's housekeeping and the neat, almost motherly, way he had with Graeme.

In our talk we drifted into the future, and Craig let us see what were his ambitions. The railway was soon to come. The resources were as yet unexplored, but enough was known to assure a great future for British Columbia. As he talked his enthusiasm grew and carried us away. With the eye of a general he surveyed the country, fixed the strategic points which the church must seize upon. Eight good men would hold the country from Fort Steele to the coast and from Kootenai to Caribou.

"The church must be in with the railway. She must have a hand in the shaping of the country. If society crystallizes without her influence, the country is lost, and British Columbia will be another trapdoor to the bottomless pit."

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"Organizing a little congregation here in Black Rock."

"How many will you get?"

"Don't know."

"Pretty hopeless business," I said.

"Hopeless! Hopeless!" he cried.

"There were only twelve of us at the first, but he braced them up, and they conquered the world."

"But surely things are different," said Graeme.

"Things? Yes, yes, but he is the same!"

His face had an exalted look, and his eyes were gazing into faraway places.

"A dozen men in Black Rock, with some real grip of him, would make things go. We'll get them, too," he went on in growing excitement. "I believe in my soul we'll get them."

"Look here, Craig. If you organize, I'd like to join," said Graeme impulsively. "I don't believe much in your creed or your church, but I'll be blown if I don't believe in you."

Craig looked at him with wistful eyes and shook his head.

"It won't do, old chap, you know. I can't hold you. You've got to have a grip of some one better than I am, and then, besides, I hardly like asking you to leave home for an indefinite period, and this step must be taken not for my sake or for any man's sake, and I fancy that perhaps you feel like I do."

"That I do, old fellow," said Graeme, putting out his hand. "I'll be hanged if I won't do anything you say."

"That's why I won't say," replied Craig. Then reverently he added: "The organization is not mine. It is my Master's."

"When are you going to begin?" asked Graeme.

"We shall have our communion service in two weeks, and that will be our real start."

"How many will answer?" I asked doubtfully.

"I know of three," he said quietly.

"Three! There are 200 miners and 150 lumbermen. Three!" And Graeme looked at him in amazement. "You think it worth while to organize three?"

"Well," replied Craig, smiling for the first time, "the organization won't be elaborate, but it will be effective, and, besides, loyalty demands obedience."

We sat long that afternoon talking, shaking from the breaking up, for we knew that we were about to turn down a chapter in our lives which we should delight to linger over in after days, and in my life there is but one brighter. At last we said goodby and drove away, and, though many farewells have come in between that day and this, none is so vividly present to me as that between us three men. Craig's manner with me was loveliness enough.

"He that loveth his life—goodby. Don't fool with this! It was what I said to me when he turned to go. He took his whole face lighted up. He took him by the shoulders and gave him a little shake, looking into his eyes and saying over and over in a low, sweet tone:

"You'll come, old chap, you'll come, you'll come. Tell me, you'll come."

And Graeme could say nothing in reply, but only looked at him. Then he silently shook hands, and we drove off, but long after we had got over the mountain and into the winding forest road on the way to the lumber camp the voice kept vibrating in my heart, "You'll come, you'll come, you'll come."

We said little during the drive to the camp. Graeme was thinking hard and made no answer when I spoke to him two or three times till we came to the deep shadows of the pine forest, when, with a little shiver, he said:

"It is all a tangle, a hopeless tangle."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"This business of religion. What quaint varieties—Nelson's, Georgie's, Billy Breen's—if he has any. Then Mrs. Mavor's—she is a saint, of course—and that fellow Craig! What a trump! And without his religion he'd be pretty much like the rest of us. It is too much for me."

His mystery was not mine. Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling, but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all, and that discovery I felt to be a distinct gain.

CHAPTER VII.
THE FIRST BLACK ROCK COMMUNION.

THE gleam of the great fire through the windows of the great camp gave a kindly welcome as we drove into the clearing in which the shanties stood. Graeme was greatly touched at his enthusiastic welcome by the men. At the supper table he made a little speech of thanks for their faithfulness during his absence, specially commending the care and efficiency of Mr. Nelson, who had cheerfully, with a shrill voice leading all. Nelson, being called upon, expressed in a few words his pleasure at seeing the boys back and thanked the men for their support while he had been in charge.

The men were for making a night of it; but, fearing the effect upon Graeme, I spoke to Nelson, who passed the word, and in a short time the camp was quiet. As we saw

tered from the grub camp to the office, where was our bed, we paused to take in a moment of the night. The moon rode high over the peaks of the mountains, douding the narrow valley with mellow light. Under her magic the rugged peaks softened their harsh lines and seemed to lean lovingly toward us. The dark pine masses stood silent, as in breathless adoration. The dazzling snow lay like a garment over all the open spaces in soft, waving folds and crowded every stump with a quaintly shaped nightcap. Above the camps the smoke curled up from the campfires, standing like pillars of cloud that kept watch while men slept, and high over all the deep blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from its range to range, covering us in its kindly shelter. How homelike and safe seemed the valley, with its mountain sides, its sentinel trees and arching roof of jeweled sky! Even the night seemed kindly, and friendly the stars, and the lone cry of the wolf from the deep forest seemed like the voice of a comrade.

"How beautiful! Too beautiful!" said Graeme, stretching out his arms. "A night like this takes the heart out of me."

I stood silent, drinking in at every sense the night, with its wealth of loveliness.

"What is it I want?" he went on. "Why does the night make my heart ache? There are things to see and things to hear just beyond me. I cannot get to them."

The gray, careless light was gone from his face. His dark eyes were wistful with yearning.

"I often wonder if life has nothing better for me," he continued with his heartache voice.

"I said no word, but put my arm within his. A light appeared in the stable. Glad of a diversion, I said:

"What is the light? Let us go and see."

"Sandy, taking a last look at his team, like enough."

We walked slowly toward the stable, speaking no word. As we neared the door we heard the sound of a voice in the monotone of one reading. I stepped forward and looked through a chink between the logs. Graeme was about to open the door, but I held up my hand and beckoned him to me. In a vacant stall, where was a pile of straw, a number of men were grouped. Sandy, leaning against the tying post, upon which the stable lantern hung, was reading; Nelson was kneeling in front of him and gazing into the gloom beyond; Baptiste lay upon his stomach, his chin in his hands and his upturned eyes fastened upon Sandy's face; Lachlan Campbell sat with his hands clasped about his knees, and two other men sat near him. Sandy was reading the undying story of the prodigal, Nelson was and then stopping him to make a remark. It was a scene I have never been able to forget. Today I pause in my tale and see it as clearly as when I looked through the chink upon its years ago—the long, low stable, with its log walls and upright hitching poles; the dim outlines of the horses in the gloom of the background and the group of men, with faces wondering and reverent, lighted by the misty light of the stable lantern.

After the reading Sandy handed the book to Nelson, who put it in his pocket, saying:

"That's for us, boys, ain't it?"

"Aye," said Lachlan. "It is often that has been read in my hearing, but I am afraid it will not be for me what ever." And he swayed himself slightly as he spoke, and his voice was full of pain.

"The minister said I might come," said old Nelson earnestly and hopefully.

"Aye, but you are not Lachlan Campbell, and you have not had his privileges. My father was a godly elder in the Free Church of Scotland, and never a night or morning but we took the books."

"Yes, but he said 'any man,'" persisted Nelson, putting his hand on Lachlan's knee, but Lachlan shook his head.

"Dat young feller," said Baptiste—"what's his name, heh?"

"He has no name. It is just a parable," explained Sandy.

"He's got no name? He's just a parable! Das no young feller!" asked Baptiste anxiously. "Das mean not-ting?"

Then Nelson took him in hand and explained to him the meaning, while Baptiste listened ever more eagerly, ejaculating softly: "Ah, volles! Bon! By-gone!"

When Nelson had finished, he broke out: "Dat young feller—his name Baptiste, heh? And de old Fadder—he's de bon Diew? Bon! Das good story to de pries!"

"The book doesn't say priest or any one else," said Nelson. "You go back in yourself, you see?"

"Non; das so, sure nuff. Ah!" As if a light broke in upon him. "You go in your own self. You make one leetle prayer. You say, 'Le bon Fadder, oh, I want come back, I s'ore, so hongree, so s'ore!' He say, 'Come right long! Ah, das fuss rater! Nelson, you make one leetle prayer for Sand and me!'"

Nelson lifted up his face and said: "Father, we've all gone far away; we have s'pent all; we are poor; we are tired of it all; we want to feel different; to be different; we want to come back. Jesus came to save us from our sins, and he said if we came he wouldn't cast us out, no matter how bad we were, if we only came to him. O Jesus Christ, and his old face began to work, and two big tears slow came from under his eyelids. "We are a poor lot, and I'm the worst of the lot, and we are trying to find the way. Show us how to get back. Amen."

"Bon!" said Baptiste. "Das fether him sure!"

Graeme pulled me away, and with-out a word we went into the office and drew up to the little stove. Graeme was greatly annoyed.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" he asked—"old Nelson, the hardest, savagest, toughest old sinner in the camp, on his knees before a lot of men!"

"Before God," I could not help saying, for the thing seemed very real to me. The old man evidently felt himself talking to some one.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said Graeme doubtfully, "but there's a lot of stuff I can't swallow."

"When you take medicine, you don't swallow the bottle," I replied, for his trouble was not mine.

"If I were sure of the medicine, I wouldn't mind the bottle, and yet it acts well enough," he went on. "I don't mind Lachlan. He's a highland mytic and has visions. And Sandy's almost as bad, and Baptiste is an impulsive fellow. Those don't count much. But old man Nelson is a cool blooded, level headed old fellow; has seen a lot of life too. And then there's Craig. He has a better head than I have and is as hot blooded, and yet he is living and slaying away in that hole and really

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Tax Notice.

County Treasurer's Office,
Clarendon County,
Manning, S. C., Oct. 8, 1902.

The tax books will be open for the collection of taxes for the fiscal year commencing January 1st, 1903, on the 15th day of October, 1902, and will remain open until the 31st day of December, following, after which time a penalty of 10 per cent attaches to unpaid taxes. The following is the tax levy:

For State purposes, five (5) mills. For Ordinary County Tax, three (3) mills. Constitutional School Tax, three (3) mills. Total, eleven (11) mills. (Exclusive of Special School Tax.) Special one (1) mill School Tax, School District No. "24." Total, twelve (12) mills. Special two (2) mills School Tax, School Districts No. 16 and 17. Total, thirteen (13) mills. Special three (3) mills School Tax, School District No. "21." Total, fourteen (14) mills. Special four (4) mills School Tax, School Districts No. "7," "9," "19," "20" and "22." Total, fifteen (15) mills.

Every male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, except those incapable of earning a support from being married or from other causes, and except those who are now exempt by law, shall be deemed taxable, and shall be liable to pay taxes.

Any person liable to road duty may exempt himself by paying annually hereafter before March 1st a commutation tax of one dollar to the County Treasurer.

S. J. BOWMAN,
Treasurer Clarendon County.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

The Union Mortgage, Banking and Trust Company, Limited, Plaintiff, against

Sarah E. Dingle and H. P. Spear and H. Silcox, as Administrators, with the will annexed, of the Estate of F. A. Silcox, deceased, Defendants.

Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of May 7, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 30 day of November, 1902, being salesday, the following described real estate:

All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Clarendon, in the State aforesaid to wit: Eight hundred and twelve and 50/100 acres, bounded on the North by lands of Millet and Caldwell; on the east by lands of Horton and Nixon; on the South by lands of Pack on the West by lands of McKnight and others, as will appear per the plat of R. K. Rutledge, D. S. made for the purposes of division January 21st, 1890.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County,
Manning, S. C., October 8, 1902. [10-4]

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Julia Pierson, in her own right and as Administratrix of the Estate of Toney McDonald, deceased, Marietta Cooper and Lelia Dukes, Plaintiffs, against

Emma McDonald, otherwise called Amy McDonald, Richard McDonald, B. A. Johnson and Julian E. Mellette, copartners as Julian E. Mellette & Co., Defendants.

Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of March 29, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 30 day of November, 1902, being salesday, the following described real estate:

All that tract or parcel of land, lying and being and situate in County and State aforesaid containing thirty three acres, more or less, and bounded on the North by lands of Estate of M. Levi and lands of J. W. McLeod, East by lands of Mose Dingle and lands of Abraham House, South by lands of Estate of M. Levi and West by lands of Aaron Weinberg and lands of Joe Dingle.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County,
Manning, S. C., October 8, 1902. [10-4]

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Marion Moise, Plaintiff, against

Daniel Billups, Samuel Wright and Mitchell Levi and Ferdinand Levi, copartners as Levi Brothers, Defendants.

Decree Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of March 28, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 30 day of November, 1902, being salesday, the following described real estate, on the following terms: Enough cash to pay the judgment hereinbefore ordered to be entered in favor of the Plaintiff, together with all the costs and disbursements of this action, and the balance upon a credit of three years, due and payable in three equal annual installments with interest from the date of sale at the rate of eight per cent per annum, payable annually. The said money to be secured by a mortgage of said premises so sold:

All that tract land situate in said County and State, containing Five hundred and twenty or less and adjoining lands now or formerly of Walton Billups, B. W. Cutter, A. D. Witherspoon and others, and the public Road leading from Sumter to Summerton."

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County,
Manning, S. C., October 8, 1902. [10-4]

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

THE R. B. LORVEA DRUG STORE.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it Malarial Germ. It can be seen changing red blood globules 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. 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. LORVEA DRUG STORE.

Come TO THE Exposition.

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

Gen'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.

Suit made by us is sufficient warrant to fit. 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 Engaged.

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

Earnest A. Bultman,
SUNTHER, 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. Kettlebrew—Pints, at90c 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.

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