

# Have You Thought About It?

Last week was a reminder of the approaching crisp and snappy weather. Wonder how many women and men it hurried into a hitherto deferred purchase of winter goods. It takes frost to shake down chestnuts, and it also takes actual cold weather to make some people lay in their winter supply for themselves and their little ones. Here is special food for the thoughts of those who have not made their winter purchases yet:

**Have You Thought of Shoes**  
Our great line of H. C. Godman Black Bottom Shoes for Ladies and Children is the best on earth for the money.  
Every pair warranted. A new pair given or the money refunded if every pair don't give sat. faction.

**Have You Thought of Shoes**  
For yourself and little ones? Well, if you haven't you can't do better than to see our great line of Shoes. The largest line of Shoes in the county and the best line of all leather Shoes that can be found in the markets.  
Shoes of all sizes, to suit all ages and classes. The largest values in Shoes at the smallest prices.  
Everybody in the county knows of the great wearing quality of our line of H. C. Godman Shoes for Ladies and Children; they give satisfaction.

**Have You Thought of Winter Dry Goods?**  
There is no house in this county that can offer you such a large and varied line of all classes of Dry Goods as we can show you, and there is no house that will sell you as high grade merchandise as cheap as we will sell you.  
Call and see our great line of Dry Goods and be convinced that we can and will do better for you than anybody else.

**Have You Thought of Winter Jackets, Cloaks & Furs?**  
We offer you a large and complete line of Ladies' Jackets and Furs, including a line of the famous Monte Carlo Jackets for Ladies. Also a large line of Children's Reefer Jackets, from \$1 to \$7.50 each.  
Also a large line of Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits at very attractive prices, from \$7.50 up to \$15 per Suit.

**Have You Thought of Blankets and Comforts?**  
We have an immense line of Blankets and Comforts to show you at matchless prices.  
All we ask you to do is to call and see our line and we will do the balance.

**Have You Thought of That Splendid Line of Winter Underwear?**  
Our matchless values in all classes of Wool and Cotton Underwear is the wonder of all who see our line.  
The greatest line of Men's Fleece-Lined Underwear to be found in the State at 75c PER SUIT, Shirt and Drawers.  
Men's Wool and Cotton Underwear, Ladies' Wool and Cotton Underwear, Children's Wool and Cotton Underwear in every size and quality.

**Have You Thought of Your Winter Millinery?**  
Our great line of fine Millinery is replete in every detail and if you only could visit other cities and see what you would have to pay for the same class of hats as we are selling, you would be certainly be astonished at the low prices we are selling.  
There is no millinery department in the State that carries finer goods than we carry and there is none that sells fine goods as cheap. Cheap, shoddy millinery has no place in our store.

**HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF CLOTHING?**  
We offer our matchless line of Gent's, Youths' and Children's Clothing at matchless prices. Our large Clothing stock is replete in every detail.  
A large line of Children's Suits and Knee Pants.  
A large line of Men's Overcoats at special prices.  
A large line of Men's Pants from 50c to \$7.50 per pair.  
Call and see us when you want to see the largest, cheapest and best line of Ready-Made Clothing in Manning.

**Have You Thought of Hats & Gent's Furnishings?**  
Call and see our immense line of Hats for Gent's, Boys and Children. Hats to fit everybody and fit everybody's pocketbook.  
Just think of this, 25 dozen Gent's Heavy Canton Flannel, Elastic Seam, Scriven's Patent Drawers, only 50c per pair.  
Our great line of H. C. Godman Black Bottom Shoes for Ladies and Children is the best on earth for the money.  
Every pair warranted. A new pair given or the money refunded if every pair don't give satisfaction.

**Have You Thought of Trunks?**  
We carry the most complete line of Trunks, Suit Cases and Hand Satchels to be found in this town. Call and see us when you want a nice cheap trunk.

A large line of Suit Cases from \$1.75 to \$10.  
A large line of Ladies' High School and College Roller Tray Trunks, from \$6.50 to \$15.  
A large line of Flat Top Canvas Railroad Trunks at \$2.50 to \$5. When you want to see the largest line of Trunks in the county come to our store.

**Have You Thought of Floor Coverings?**  
There is no house in the county that carries such a line of Floor Coverings as you will find displayed here at our store—Mats, Carpets, Rugs, Crumb-Cloths, Art Squares and Linoleums, and a large and complete line of Spring Roller Shades. Curtain Poles of every description. Window Draperies, Scrims and Curtinets in large variety.

**Have You Ever Thought**  
That The Jenkinson Dry Goods Store carries the largest line of Fine Dress Goods, Silks and Dress Trimmings of any house in the county. There are but few houses in large cities that carry a larger stock of Fine Dress Goods than is carried by this house.  
If a lady wishes a nice Silk Dress of any kind she can get it here and have it made right here and trimmed up in the latest Paris styles and all this done for a third less than you can have it done in large cities. When you want the latest styles in fine Dress Goods, here is the place to come.

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Every pair warranted. A new pair given or the money refunded if every pair don't give satisfaction.

# JENKINSON'S DRY GOODS STORE, Clarendon's Greatest Dry Goods House.

### POULTRY POINTERS.

Supply plenty of gravel to fowls that are being fattened in confinement.  
Chickens should never be allowed to go on the roosts until ten or twelve weeks old.  
Lime is a purifier and should be used as a wash on the coops, perches and nest boxes.  
If a hen lays soft shelled eggs, give her plenty of gravel, oyster shells and crushed bone.  
Ducks should be allowed as much liberty as possible. They are not partial to confinement.  
Flat eggs, eggs within eggs, double yolked eggs and other unnatural formations are due to the hens being over-fat.  
Geese may be fattened on any kind of grain if fed all that they will eat for about ten days before sending them to market. Corn, peas and barley are best.  
Young chicks of fancy breeding should not be permitted to roost on perches until after they are eight months old, as it often causes crooked breast bones.  
Accumulating filth is a prolific source of disease, especially gapes. After the poultry yard is cleaned up sprinkle it well with diluted carbolic acid and a little copperas.

### MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

**Pity: the Driving Wheel of Christian Charity.**  
The following very excellent and interesting paper on "Mission Work in India" was delivered by Mrs. Wm. F. Lee, recently, at Greenwood, S. C., before the South Carolina branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Union.  
Setting our eyes on far India, 15,000 miles from Christian America, with its eternal flowers, its perfumed atmosphere, its enchanting shades and vales, and its mountain peaks nearly three miles high, we see before us a race sacred to civilization before the building of the pyramids.  
They are a peculiar people locked so fast in the dogmas of an idolatry comprising 380,000,000 gods and goddesses, beside men, animals, and almost everything within the limit of visible creation, that England, with her standing army there of 280,000 men, has found it necessary, in order to maintain government not to interfere with the religion of their almost prehistoric fathers.  
They are a gentle people, abstaining from animal food, as inciting to the passions; they are respectful, and patient, and enduring to the end of many of their pitiable lives; and they need the true God—that great unknown God, whom Paul from Mars' hill, preached to the fanatical Athenians.  
Their women are in reality the only sufferers—the greatest grief in a family being the birth of a female child, who from her birth is considered less holy than a cow. Many of them are drowned now at birth. They are considered incapable of education or advancement; and are allowed no souls, only as through extreme faithfulness and attention to their husbands they may in a succeeding existence be re-born as men and thus win heaven.  
Mid all the Gods that infest their heavens, earth, air, these women really have but one God whom they fear and worship—their husbands! They fear them because no law protects them from any cruelty a man may inflict, and they worship them, because through them alone they expect happiness in a future State. The women, to avert penalties of their forefathers upon the present generation are compelled to marry when little children—thus, under chastisement of a husband the demons within the little ones are unable to torment the race, and, should the child be yet so young as under age, to live in her mother-in-law's house, and the betrothed husband dies, her sins of this or a preceding life are held guilty of the death, and she is punished all her life. Formerly, until

England forbade this as murder, according to the English law, she was compelled to cast her living body into the fire to be burned with the dead body of her husband.  
Of these widows there are now 21,000,000 in India, who, according to our code of morals, are, we might say, sinless; they are suffering starvation, abuse, condemnation indescribable—and we almost fear—unbearable by women of Christian lands.  
These, indeed, are the women whose state calls for missionaries; but these widows, to whatever number of millions, include all the wretched women of India for all must be married, and if a husband have any affliction of body the wife's utter worthlessness and sinfulness are the cause and she must suffer.  
Let us consider: to a population of 285,000,000 people in India, there are only eight or nine hundred ordained missionaries, dividing thus to each missionary the care of about 160,000 souls. Well may we ask with surprise: Can one modern missionary with his environment of a more refined civilization and organization, in that climate, of scorching sun and poisonous reptiles wrest each, these 160,000 souls from the grinding teeth of 380,000,000 gods, and the superstition of 40 centuries?  
We know how it is in our own land; how utterly helpless some time seems the minister of the gospel to wrest, to his own satisfaction, one soul from one god—the "God of this world," in a population of 78,000,000 Christian worshippers, and surrounded by a civilization of 1900 years of Christian era.  
But, we think the little women, with their little children, who, as girls, must bear from their birth the same almost unbearable punishment, and as boys, inflicting that punishment.  
In women's names, in the compassion of women's hearts, they, with their kind husbands and adoring fathers, should set free these little brown hued creatures of a sister clime. These women were the original thought, and to bring them before our pitying eyes this paper found it necessary to rehearse statements and figures perhaps well known to us all.  
Our men, indeed, are our earthly gods: they would be miserable to see us return to the barbarism from which we have come. As half heathen themselves, at the time they were not aware of our barbarity; but now both rescued, let us together from our mutual height of Christian civilization, lift to the same height the children who sit in darkness in a foreign land.  
Were women's hearts not tender they would not be compass-

ionate. They possess yet, somewhere, stored away in the subconscious brain, a memory of the fires through which they have passed, and these memories throb and vibrate with the occurrence of the present, making women soft, and plastic to the touch of pity, and downpour of hot tears.  
The cries of these little children, imprisoned within vile-smelling walls, higher to them than the 20-foot walls of China—for these are spiked with men—men's eyes, which, should a woman's head appear above her enclosure, would fasten her to her ground floor forever with deepest degradation—these cries pierce us as the jealous iniquities of the men pierce these little women.  
Not long ago one of the youngest of these women, blest by God with poverty and "low caste," either of which ostracism permitted her to appear—although muffled—in the streets, met with the woman missionary, who was also a physician. For the blindness which this domestic imprisonment produces the child laid bare a part of her story, and asked for treatment. The missionary meanwhile failed not to tell her of Jesus, who, while on earth, opened the eyes of the blind. A mystified expression crept over the sightless face as with longing anxiety she raised it to the missionary and begged: "When will Jesus come back? Then I could ask him to open my eyes!"  
Poor, pitiable, blinded little girl, with her darkened eyes almost opening into the mysteries of godliness; surely our hearts ache for her, and our spirits triumph with the hopes of the blessed missionary who is leading her into the true Light.  
We have many driving wheels in our nature; we have duty, which falls when obstacles are great; we have pride, which fails when privations gnaw our vitals; we have ambition, which fails with the setting of its own sun; we have Christian charity, which is enormously powerful, but requires constant sustenance from the Spirit, and when this insufficiency fails, Christian charity fails, we have, in fact, but one great and sure driving wheel in our nature—human pity!  
This pity is the controlling power when in the heart of infidel or at least all fine sentiments of religious ecstasy are wanting. It is more powerful than love, for love usually is a selfish sentiment seeking blessings where-with to bless its own. Pity has no creed or dogma. It shrinks from suffering, its speeds to the afflicted. It was that tender emotion that had compassion on the multitude; indeed Pity was

the divine love that caused the Saviour to leave His home on high and redeem the wretched here.  
Let us take pattern from that first great Missionary to the afflicted and imprisoned of earth. Save the sorrow-stricken in India. When the tender chord of human emotion vibrates, and causes us to feel another's woe, let us not turn our backs to those little weeping women and their 21,000,000 wretched and desolate little widows. God is with us when we are with pity, and God never fails when pity faileth not. Were the life-veins of our bodies sometimes called upon to bleed for the afflicted we would open them; we may do less than this and save a people—open our pocket books, open our hearts, and go right in and save India.  
MRS. WM. F. LEE,  
The Pensions.  
The appropriations for pensions in South Carolina have reached high water mark and in all probability future appropriations for this purpose will be less than in the past. For the reasons:  
First—The tax levy is heavy, and will have to be increased, unless the pensions are reduced.  
Second—The political reasons for continuing the appropriation no longer exists. The Confederate Soldiers have been so reduced in numbers that they are scarcely a factor in politics. This was proved in the last election.  
Third—The distribution of the pensions is so unavoidably unequal that dissatisfaction has arisen. The conditions imposed are very humiliating in many cases, and it is a common remark that underserving men draw pensions while it has often been accepted as a fact that deserving men do not get the pension.  
The Press and Banner does not believe that any Confederate is undeserving. We believe that every soldier is deserving of consideration at the hands of the State, and further believe that pensions should be given to all alike. The pensions should be, as now, too often a reward for the lack of thrift. Better cut the whole thing short than to demoralize men who are able and otherwise willing to work. Almost anybody would quit work if the State would give a sufficient pension to enable him to live on the shady side of Easy street.  
If a man can earn from one to two dollars a day, why should he be excused from work and put on the pension roll?  
Give a pension to those soldiers who lost a limb, and give a pension to needy widows whose husbands were killed in the war. Stop pensions to others. Why

should the State given a pension to a man who is able to work, or who has squandered his estate, or who has children that ought to care for him?  
Soldiers being no longer factors the political reasons for giving bounty at public expense no longer exists. Reform is needed in the pension business, and it is needed badly.—Press and Banner.  
The Piano Tuner.  
A lady stepped into a piano wareroom recently to engage a tuner, but before doing so insisted upon the strongest assurance that the tuner was responsible, says the Philadelphia Musician. She was so determined that the manager became curious to know the reason for her disbelief in the reliability of tuners. She gave her experience with the last tuner she had, and this is the story as she told it:  
He had about finished tuning the piano, when he looked up and said:  
"Your instrument was in awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."  
"It was tuned only three months ago."  
"Then the man who did it certainly didn't know his business."  
"No."  
"No, ma'am. He had better be doing street cleaning than tuning pianos. Why, my dear madam, a delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, combined with an ear for unerring accuracy. The individual who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently possessed neither of these. In fact, I am free to say he did it more harm than good."  
"Indeed?"  
"Indeed he did. May I ask who it was who so abused your instrument?"  
"It was yourself!"  
"Madam, you are wrong. I never tuned a piano in this house before."  
"Probably not; but you tuned that instrument, nevertheless, or made a botch of it in attempting to do so. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here while she is out of town. She told me you always tuned it, and to send for you when—"  
But the unhappy man fled with such haste as to make his coat-tails a good substitute for a card table.  
Luck is Thirteen.  
By sending 13 miles Wm. Spry of Walton Furnace, Va., got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, that wholly cured a horrible fever sore on his leg. Nothing else could. Positively cures boils, felons, ulcers, eruptions, boils, burns, corns and piles. Only 25c. Guaranteed by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

An Alaska Solomon.  
"There's an old judge up in Alaska where I spent a few weeks recently," said Assistant District Attorney Train, the other day, "who interested me greatly by his excellent rulings."  
"While I was there he had a case before him in which two brothers were litigants concerning some land left by their father. They were so bitter toward each other that they wanted an inventory practically of every stone on the place and a perfectly equal division made.  
"When the judge had heard both sides of the story, he came to a quick decision.  
"John," he said, 'you go out and divide the property into what you think to be equal parts and William, you take your choice after John has made the division.'  
"It was before this same judge that a fly prisoner had been convicted and now stood up to receive sentence. The judge began:  
"I fine you 50—"  
"All right, judge, I've got the \$50 in my trousers pocket," said the jaunty convict, reaching for his money.  
"And two years and three months in prison; have you got that in your trousers pocket?" continued the judge.  
"It was a downcast-rogue that heard the end of the sentence."  
—Exchange.  
Cared of Piles After 40 Years.  
Mr. C. Haney of Geneva, Ohio, had the piles for forty years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.  
"Thirty-four years ago," says Mr. Bryan in The Commoner, "President Andrew Johnson recommended an amendment to the constitution providing for the popular election of Senators; twenty years ago James B. Weaver introduced in Congress a resolution submitting such an amendment; ten years ago a Democratic House of Representatives passed such a resolution for the first time, and since then the House of Representatives in three other Congresses has sent a similar amendment to the Senate, but in each instance the Senate has killed the measure. Why? Because the corporations control the Senate and do not intend to surrender the advantage which they now enjoy. The Senate refuses to be reformed—what can be done?" Mr. Bryan suggests as the remedy that the State Legislatures proceed to

call a convention to amend the Constitution of the United States, but it requires three-fourths of the States to call such a convention, and in the present condition of affairs it would be difficult to make the demand effective for the election of Senators by popular vote, the issue should be made in the Democratic platform of the several States instead of generalizing the demand in the national platform—Mountaineer.  
"If every one knew what a grand medicine Dr. King's New Life Pills is," writes D. H. Turner, Dempseytown, Pa., "you'd sell all you have in a day. Two weeks' use has made a new man of me." Infallible for constipation, stomach and liver troubles. 25c at The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.  
Giving It A Start.  
"I had a funny experience with a drunken man in a telegraph office up the country," said a man, "and it shows how demoralized a fellows' reason becomes when he steeps it well in alcohol. I had rushed into the office and was really in a very great hurry, as I had some ladies waiting on the outside for me.  
"A long, gaunt fellow was leaning up against the receiver's window, and he did not seem inclined to get away. He was uttering something to the man behind the screen, but I could not hear what it was. I finally pushed right up to the window and showed my telegram to the clerk. At the same time the tall man threw down a telegram which was addressed to some man in San Francisco.  
"After fumbling in his pocket for some time he pulled out sixty cents and shoved them at the receiving clerk. He started to swagger out of the office when the clerk called to him. 'Hold on there, old man,' said the clerk, 'sixty cents is not money enough. This message will cost \$1.50.'  
"The fellow braced up and blinked at the man through the screen. 'S' all right, old man—hic—just shend as far as you can,' and he staggered out of the office."  
—New Orleans Times Democrat.  
A Startling Surprise.  
Very few could believe in looking at A. T. Hoadley, a healthy, robust blacksmith of Tilden, Ind., that for ten years he suffered such tortures from rheumatism a few could endure and live. But a wonderful change followed his taking Electric Bitters. "Two bottles wholly cured me," he writes, "and I have not felt a twinge in over a year." They regulate the kidneys, purify the blood and cure rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, improve digestion and give perfect health. Try them. Only 50c each. The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.