astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. True, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus. Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it

checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and

vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the circulation all offensive matter, and when rich, pure

blood is again coursing through the body the mucous membranes become healthy and the skin mucous membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected. S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable blood purifier does not derange the Stomach and digestion, but the appetite and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical sovice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Realizing how anxious you are when purchasing Crockery 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

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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 Crockery, as none other will present that snowy appearance. and look of absolute cleanliness as it does.

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

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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

Let us have your orders, we will guarantee you prices and quality

Manning Hardware Co.

THE NEW IDEA

We have just received a ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR stock of Shoes. We bought out a concern at

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and as we have no room for so much additional goods, having a full stock on hand, we will sell them at

First Wholesale Cost Price

Until the goods are entirely disposed of.

All these Shoes are new, fresh and clean goods, all in the latest desirable styles, and it is a rare and good chance for all who want to save money in this line.

Now, step lively! Come at once, before it is picked

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TO THE TIMES OFFICE

Black Ralph Con-

CHAPTER XII. LOVE IS NOT ALL.

IOSE days when we were waiting Craig's return we spent in the woods or on the mountain sides or down in danced down to meet the Black Rock river, I talking and sketching and reading and she listening and dreaming, with often a happy smile upon her face. But there were moments when a cloud of shuddering fear would sweep the smile away, and then I would talk of Craig till the smile came back again.

and the river were her best, her wisest, friends during those days. How sweet the ministry of the woods to her! The trees were in their new summer' leaves, fresh and full of life. They swayed and rustled above us, flinging their interlacing shadows upon us, and their swaying and their rustling soothed and comforted like the voice and touch of a mother. And the mountains, too, in all the glory of their stood calmly, solemnly, about us, uplifting our souls into regions of rest. The changing lights and shadows flitted swiftly over their rugged fronts, but left them ever as before in their steadfast majesty. "God's in his heaven." What would you have? And ever the little river sang its cheerful cour- God will give you work to do." age, fearing not the great mountains that threatened to bar its passage to the sea. Mrs. Mayor heard the song, and her courage rose. "We, too, shall find our way," she

said, and I believed her. But through these days I could not make her out, and I found myself studying her as I might a new acquaintance. Years had fallen from her. She was a girl again, full of young, warm life. She was as sweet as before, but there was a soft shyness over her, a half shamed, half frank consciousness in her face, a glad light in her eyes that made her all new to me. Her perfect trust in Craig was touching to see.

"He will tell me what to do," she would say till I began to realize how Impossible it would be for him to betrue to the best.

So much did I dread Craig's homecoming that I sent for Graeme and old man Nelson, who was more and more Graeme's trusted counselor and friend. story I had to tell, for I thought it best | Then he said quietly: to tell them all, but I was not a little surprised and disgusted that they did | not quite a traitor." not see the matter in my light. In vain I protested against the madness of allowing anything to send these two from | But it's tough." each other. Graeme summed up the discussion in his own emphatic way, but with an earnestness in his words not usual with him.

"Craig will know better than any of us what is right to do, and he will do up at the mountains. She was dressed that, and no man can turn him from it, and," he added, "I should be sorry to

Then my wrath rose, and I cried: "It's a tremendous shame! They love each other. You are talking sentimental humbug and nonsense."

"He must do the right," said Nelson in his deep, quiet voice. "Right! Nonsense! By what right does he send from him the woman he

"'He pleased not himself," quoted

Nelson reverently.

"Nelson is right," said Graeme. should not like to see him weaken." "Look here," I stormed. "I didn't bring you men to back him up in his nonsense. I thought you could keep

your heads level." "Now, Connor," said Graeme, "don't rage. Leave that for the heathen. It's bad form and useless besides. Craig will walk his way where his light falls, and, by all that's holy, I should hate to see him fail, for if he weakens like the rest of us my North star will have dropped from my sky."

"Nice selfish spirit," I muttered. "Entirely so. I'm not a saint, but I feel like steering by one when I see

When, after a week had gone, Craig rode up one early morning to his shack door, his face told me that he had fought his fight and had not been beaten. He had ridden all night and was ready to drop with weariness.

"Connor, old boy," he said, putting out his band, "I'm rather played. There was a bad row at the Landing. I have just closed poor Colley's eyes. It was awful. I must get sleep. Look after Dandy, will you, like a good chap."

"Oh, Dandy be hanged!" I said, for I knew it was not the fight nor the watching nor the long ride that had shaken his iron nerve and given him that face. "Go in and lie down. I'll bring you something."

"Wake me in the afternoon," he said. "She is waiting. Perhaps you will go to her." His lips quivered. "My nerve is rather gone." Then, with a very wan smile, he added, "I am giving you

a lot of trouble." "You go to thunder!" I burst out, for my throat was hot and sore with grief for him.

"I think I'd rather go to sleep," he replied, still smiling. I could not speak and was glad of the

chance of being alone with Dandy. When I came in, I found him sitting with his head in his arms upon the table fast asleep. I made him tea, forced him to take a warm bath and sent him to bed, while I went to Mrs. Mavor. I went with a fearful heart, but that was because I had forgotten the kind of

woman she was. She was standing in the light of the as he played for her. window waiting for me. Her face was pale, but steady; there was a proud light in her fathomless eyes, a slight smile parted her lips, and she carried

her head like a queen. "Come in," she said. "You need not fear to tell me. I saw him ride home. He has not failed, thank God! I am | men Craig's head went down over the breath sharply, and a faint color tinged her cheek-"but he knows love is not voice that soared high over their own all-ah, love is not all! Oh, I am glad and proud!"

"Glad!" I gasped, amazed. "You would not have him prove faithless!" she said, with proud de-

"Oh, it is high sentimental nonsense!" I could not help saying. "You should not say so." she replied.

At last they were all gone, all but Winton, Geordie, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig and myself. This was the real farewell, for,

faith and duty are sentiments, but last touch they had of her hand. Her hand, tried to speak, but failed to make done the same for him.' they are not nonsense." place was up on the driver's seat be- words come. In spite of my rage I was lost in amazed admiration of the high spirit tween Abe and Mr. Craig, who held of the woman who stood up so straight little Marjorie on his knee. The rest him into my chair, "and take your before me, but as I told how worn of the guard of honor were to follow time." canyon beside the stream that and broken he was she listened with with Graeme's team. It was Winton's He obeyed, looking up at me with start in his dry, burning eyes. changing color and swelling bosom, her proud courage all gone and only lowing them close. "Let her go out sore for his misery, and I said: "Don't the country, that he might lie by the love, anxious and pitying, in her eyes. "Shall I go to him?" she asked, with and watched her go. timid engerness and deepening color. "He is sleeping. He said he would

come to you," I replied. "I shall wait for him," she said softly, and the tenderness in her tone went head was bare, her lips parted in a it. When did you land here? Where quaint old wooden church, black with But the woods and the mountains straight to my heart, and it seemed to smile, her eyes glowing with their own is Nelson? Why didn't you bring him the rains and snows of many years, me a man might suffer much to be loved with love such as this. In the early afternoon Graeme came

to her. She met him with both hands outstretched, saying in a low voice: "I am very happy."

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, yes," she said, but her voice was like a sob, "quite, quite sure!" They talked long together till I saw, varying robes of blues and purples, called Graeme away. He held her hands, looking steadily into her eyes, and said:

> "You are better even than I thought I'm going to be a better man." Her eyes filled with tears, but her smile did not fade as she answered: "Yes, you will be a good man, and

He bent his head over her hands and stepped back from her as from a queen, but he spoke no word till we came to Craig's door. Then he said, with humility that seemed strange in "Connor, that is great-to conquer

oneself. It is worth while. I am go-

ing to try." I would not have missed his meeting with Craig. Nelson was busy with ten. Craig was writing near the window. He looked up as Graeme came in and nodded an easy good evening, but Graeme strode to him and, putting one hand on his shoulder, held out his other for Craig to take.

After a moment's surprise Craig rose to his feet and, facing him squarely, took the offered hand in both of his tray such trust and be anything but and held it fast without a word. Graeme was the first to speak, and his voice was deep with emotion. "You are a great man, a good man.

I'd give something to have your grit." Poor Craig stood looking at him, not They were both highly excited by the daring to speak for some moments.

"Not good or great, but, thank God, "Good man!" went on Graeme, patting him on the shoulder. "Good man!

Craig sat down quickly, saying. "Don't do that, old chap!"

I went up with Craig to Mrs. Mavor's door. She did not hear us coming, but stood near the window gazing in some rich soft stuff and wore at her breast a bunch of wild flowers. I had never seen her so beautiful. I did not wonder that Craig paused with his foot upon the threshold to look at her. She turned and saw us. With a glad cry, "Oh, my darling, you have come to me?" she came with outstretched arms. I turned and fled, but the cry and the vision were long with me. It was decided that night that Mrs. Mayor should go the next week. A

miner and his wife were going east, and I, too, would join the party. The camp went into mourning at the news, but it was understood that any display of grief before Mrs. Mavor

was bad form. She was not to be annoved. But when I suggested that she should leave quietly and avoid the pain of say-

ing goodby she flatly refused. "I must say goodby to every

They love me, and I love them." It was decided, too, at first, that there should be nothing in the way of a testimonial, but when Craig found out that the men were coming to her with all sorts of extraordinary gifts he agreed that it would be better that they should unite in one gift. So it was agreed that I should buy a ring for upon the committee. There were no often gentle as a woman's, will no speeches at the supper except one by myself in reply on Mrs. Mavor's behalf. should not have got through. I began

in the usual way: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Mavor is"-

But I got no further, for at the mention of her name the men stood on the chairs and yelled until they could yell no more. There were over 250 of them, and the effect was overpowering. But I got through my speech. I remember t well. It began:

"Mrs. Mayor is greatly touched by this mark of your love, and she will wear your ring always with pride." And it ended with:

"She has one request to make-that you stand close about the man who did shes Black Rock, not without loss and thing happened. I don't know what, most to make it. She wishes me to say much deep cursing on the part of the but they both knew." that, however far away she may have | men brought some hundreds of miles to go, she is leaving her heart in Black to aid the company in its extraordina-Rock and she can think of no greater | ry and wholly inexplicable game. joy than to come back to you again." Then they had "The Sweet By and By," but the men would not join in the refrain, unwilling to lose a note of the glorious voice they loved to hear. Be-

fore the last verse she beckoned to me. I went to her standing by Craig's side "Ask them to sing," she entreated. cannot bear it." "Mrs. Mayor wishes you to sing in

the refrain," I said, and at once the men sat up and cleared their throats. The singing was not good, but at the first sound of the hoarse notes of the proud of him. I knew he would be organ, for he was thinking, I suppose, true. He loves me"-she drew in her of the days before them when they would long in vain for that thrilling hourse tones. And after the voices died away he kept on playing till, half turning toward him, she sang alone once more the refrain in a voice low and sweet and tender, as if for him alone, and so he took it, for he smiled up at her his old smile, full of courage

and full of love. Then for one whole hour she stood sion slumbered in the dark gray eyes.

saying goodby to those rough, gentle She was not beautiful, but she carried huskily. hearted men whose inspiration to good- herself well, and one would always ness she had been for five years. It look at her twice. It would be worth was understood that there was to be no father and daughter. nonsense, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would "throw out any joined them to remember that her arm wasn't a pump handle.

fine sense that kept Graeme from fol- burning, sleepless eyes. My heart was We carried him to the old home in alone," he said, and so we held back mind, old chap. It can't be so awfully side of the wife he had loved and plunging four horse team and, steady- him time, but he shuddered and looked procession along the country road that ing herself with one hand on Abe's round and groaned. shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her

deep light, and so, facing us, erect and up?" smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into he answered slowly. the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the ful pictures all vanishing. "How was and meadowland that wandered off crowd, and, with a sob in his voice, it?" Winton said, "God help us all!" I close my eyes and see it all again-

the waving crowd of dark faced men, the plunging horses, and, high up bethat Craig must soon be coming, and I side the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the mountains, framing the picture with their dark sides and white peaks tipped with the gold of the rising sun. It is a picture I love to look upon, albeit it calls up another that I can never see but through tears.

I look across a strip of ever widening water at a group of men upon the wharf, standing with heads uncovered, every man a hero, though not a man of them suspects it, least of all the man who stands in front, strong, resolute, self conquered, and, gazing long, I think I see him turn again to his was killed. The three-Craig, Graeme words of gentle sympathy; the brother place among the men of the mountains, and Nelson-had come as far as Victo- and sister, with lingering looks at the not forgetting, but every day remem- ria together. There they left Craig two graves side by side, the old and bering, the great love that came to him and remembering, too, that love is not all. It is then the tears come.

But for that picture two of us at least are better men today.

> CHAPTER XIII. HOW NELSON CAME HOME.

HROUGH the long summer the mountains and the pines were with me, and through the winter, too, busy as I was filling in my Black Rock sketches for the railway people who would still persist in ordering them by the dozen, the memory of that stirring life would come over me, and once more I would be among the silent pines and the mighty snow peaked mountains, and before me would appear the red shirted shanty men or dark faced miners, great, free, bold fellows, driving me almost mad with the desire to seize and fix those swiftly changing groups of picturesque figures. At such times I and that is how my studio comes to be filled with the men of Black Rock. the men from the woods, Sandy, Baptiste, the Campbells and, in many atti-

tudes and groups, old man Nelson; Craig, too, and his miners, Shaw, Geordie, Nixon, poor old Billy and the keeper of the league saloon. It seemed as if I lived among them, and the illusion was greatly helped by the vivid letters Graeme sent me from time to time. Brief notes came now and then from Craig, too, to whom I had sent a faithful account of how I had brought Mrs. Mayor to her ship and of how I had watched her sail away with none too brave a face as she held no her hand that bore the the voice and, looking upon the girl, miners' ring and smiled with that deep saw her eyes blazing with a terrible

light in her eyes. Ah, those eyes have driven me to despair and made me fear that I am no great painter after all, in spite of what my friends tell me who come in to smoke my good cigars and praise my brush! I can get the brow and hair and mouth and pose, but the eyes-the eyes elude me. And the faces of Mrs. Mayor on my wall, that the men praise and rave over, are not such as I could show to any of the men from the mountains.

Graeme's letters tell me chiefly about Craig and his doings and about old man Nelson, while from Craig I hear about Graeme and how he and Nelson her. And were it not that the contribu- are standing at his back and doing tions were strictly limited to \$1 the what they can to fill the gap that nevpurse that Slavin handed her when er can be filled. The three are much Shaw read the address at the farewell together, I can see, and I am glad for to see! There was no pain at last and supper would have been many times them all, but chiefly for Craig, whose no fear. He would not allow me to refilled with the gold that was pressed face, grief stricken, but resolute and proach myself, saying over and over, leave me or let me rest in peace.

and I was thoroughly prepared, else I heroics, much less pining or self pity. boys.' And he kept looking at me till It was simple and manly, not ignoring the pain, but making much of the joy. And then they had their work to do. That note, so clear, so manly, so nobly veins, assays and prospects and having

> Personally it grieved me to think that my plan of returning to Black Rock could never be carried out. It was a great compensation, however, that the three men most representative to me of that life were soon to visit me actually in my own home and den. they might be expected to appear. At

The son was a well made young fellow,

handsome enough, thoughtful and solid

least he and Nelson were soon to come, and Craig would soon follow. On receiving the great news I at once looked up young Nelson and his sister, and we proceeded to celebrate the joyful prospect with a specially good dinner. I found the greatest delight in picturing the joy and pride of the old man in his children, whom he had not through his streaming tears into the net," as it were, and the members of seen for fifteen or sixteen years. The dim eyes so brightly till they could see the blanket club almost cried when mother had died some five years be- no more. Thank him for that! He helpfore. Then the farm was sold, and the ed the old man through, and he helped brother and sister came into the city, me, too, that night, thank God!" and any father might be proud of them.

He had forgotten us and was back looking. The girl reminded me of her beside his passing friend, and all his father. The same resolution was seen | self control could not keep back the in mouth and jaw, and the same pas- | flowing tears. "It was his life for mine," he said

takes little count of the careful draw- ence upon the men of Black Rock. cotton backed fool" who couldn't hold ing and the bright coloring of our fan- They listened eagerly enough, but still himself down, and, further, he had en- cy's pictures, but with rude hand de- without speaking. There seemed nothranges all and with one swift sweep ing to say till I suggested to Graeme paints out the bright and paints in the that he must get some rest. Then the dark, and this trick he served me when girl turned to him and, impulsively puther guard of honor-Shaw, Vernon one June night, after long and anxious ting out her hand, said: waiting for some word from the west, my door suddenly opened and Graeme ever thank you?" walked in upon me like a specter, gray though in the early light of the next and voiceless. My shout of welcome you forgive me? I brought him to his morning 200 men stood silent about the was choked back by the look in his death." and her voice rang clear. "Honor, stage and as it moved out waved their face, and I could only gaze at him and "No, no! You must not say so!" she hats and yelled madly, this was the wait for his word. He gripped my answered hurriedly. "You would have

She stood with her back toward Abe's any rate." And so I went on to give wayside station and followed in sad

"He is at the station in his coffin. "In his cotfin?" I echoed, my beauti- far on every side, the fields of grain

"Through my cursed folly," he groan- maple woods at the horizon, dark, ed bitterly.

"What happened?" I asked. But, ignoring my question, he said: near, looked out from clustering or-"I must see his children. I have not chards. slept for four nights. I hardly know I see his children. I promised him. Get them for me."

"Tomorrow will do. Go to sleep now, and we shall arrange everything tomorrow," I urged.

"No." he said fiercely; "tonight, now!" pale and grief stricken, to the story of echo; the mound is heaped and shaped their father's death.

self condemnation as he told how, are laid over and patted into place; the through his "cursed folly," old Nelson old minister takes farewell in a few and came on to San Francisco. In an the new, step into the farmer's carevil hour Graeme met a companion of riage and drive away; the sexton locks other and evil days, and it was not the gate and goes home, and we are long till the old fever came upon him. In vain Nelson warned and pleaded.

The reaction from the monotony and Nelson's grave. poverty of camp life to the excitement and luxury of the San Francisco gamkeep watch.

"And there he would sit," said Graeme in a hard, bitter voice, "wait- erently: ing and watching often till the gray morning light, while my madness held me fast to the table. One night"- man," looking down upon the grave, here he paused a moment, put his face in his hands and shuddered, but quick- to the calm sky, "God help me to be ly he was master of himself again and went on in the same hard voice-"one night my partner and I were playing two men who had done us up before. I knew they were cheating, but could not detect them. Game after game they won till I was furious at my have still to fight. would drop my sketch and with eager stupidity in not being able to catch brush seize a group, a face, a figure, them. Happening to glance at Nelson son came home. in the corner. I caught a meaning look and looking again, he threw me There they are about me-Graeme and a signal. I knew at once what the fraud was and next game charged the fellow with it. He gave me the lie. I struck his mouth, but before I could draw my gun his partner had me by the arms. What followed I hardly know. While I was struggling to get free I saw him reach for his weapon. but as he drew it Nelson sprang across the table and bore him down. When the row was over, three men lay on the floor. One was Nelson. He took

the shot meant for me." Again the story paused.

"And the man that shot him?" I started at the intense fierceness in

"He is dead," answered Graeme in differently.

"You killed him?" she asked eagerly. Graeme looked at her curiously and things. answered slowly:

"I did not mean to. He came at me. I struck him harder than I knew. He

never moved. She drew a sigh of satisfaction and waited "I got him to a private ward, had

the best doctor in the city and sent for while I strode into life's highway, Craig to Victoria. For three days we manfully putting the past behind me thought he would live-he was keen to in order to become great, and, instead get home-but by the time Craig came of going to theaters, spend my evenwe had given up hope. Oh, but I was ings sitting by the fire, waiting her thankful to see Craig come in, and the footstep on the stair. Miranda would joy in the old man's eyes was beautiful | always get quite worked up by this pa-You would have done the same for tention of turning the house into a me,' as I would, fast enough, 'and it is storage company for the furniture of better me than you. I am old and done. others. So the trouble generally blew entirely characteristic. There were no You will do much good yet for the over. But this time it went as far as The note of thanks he sent me was

I could only promise to do my best. "But I am glad I told him how much good he had done me during the last | brink of an awful precipice, and it year, for he seemed to think that too | made her shiver. So it did me, be sensible, stiffens my back yet at times. good to be true, and when Craig told In the spring came the startling news him how he had helped the boys in ish lion (from Japan) in my "den" that Black Rock would soon be no the camp and how Sandy and Baptiste more. The mines were to close down and the Campbells would always be on April 1. The company, having al- better men for his life among them lured the confiding public with enticthe old man's face actually shone as if you're such a dear!" pats my brow and ing descriptions of marvelous drifts, light were coming through, and with surprise and joy he kept on saying: expended vast sums of the public's 'Do you think so? Do you think so? money in developing the mines till the Perhaps so, perhaps so.' At the last he assurance of their reliability was ablatked of Christmas night at the camp. solutely final, calmly shut down and You were there, you remember. Craig you will be true to the league and that vanished. With their vanishing van- had been holding a service, and some-

> "I know," I said, and I saw again the upon his knees in the snow, with his

face turned up to the stars. "Whatever it was, it was in his mind at the very last, and I can never forget his face as he turned it to Craig. One had never put much faith in them. But were in his face as he said, his breath coming short:

"You said-he wouldn't-fail me-you were right-not once-not once-he stuck to me-I'm glad he told me-thank God-for you-you showed-me-I'll And Graeme's voice, hard till now, broke in a scb.

The brother and sister were quietly weeping, but spoke no word, though I

was very wonderful and very quiet. It something to see the meeting between knew Graeme was waiting for them. I took up the word and told of what But fate, the greatest artist of us all, I had known of Nelson and his influ-

> "Oh, it is all so sad, but how can we "Thank me?" gasped Graeme. "Can

"God knows I would," said Graeme

"Sit down, old man," I said, pushing earnestly, "and God bless you for your words!" And I was thankful to see the tears

bad. You're here safe and sound at wronged. A few friends met us at the wound past farms and through woods "Now, look here, Graeme, let's have and at last up to the ascent where the stood among its silent graves. The little graveyard sloped gently toward the setting sun, and from it one could see,

over softly undulating hills to meet the

green and cool. Here and there white

farmhouses, with great barns standing

Up the grass grown walk and what I am doing, but I can't rest till through the crowding mounds, over which waves uncut the long, tangling grass, we bear our friend and let him gently down into the kindly bosom of Mother Earth, dark, moist and warm. The sound of a distant cowbell mingles with the voice of the last prayer; the In half an hour they were listening, clods drop heavily with heart startling by kindly friends, sharing with one Poor Graeme was relentless in his another the task; the long, rough sods

> left outside alone. Then we went back and stood by

After a long silence Graeme spoke. "Connor, he did not grudge his life to ing palaces swung Graeme quite off me, and I think," and here the words his feet, and all that Nelson could do came slowly, "I understand now what was to follow from place to place and that means, 'Who loved me and gave himself for me." Then, taking off bis hat, he said rev-

> "By God's help, Nelson's life shall not end, but shall go on. Yes, old "I'm with you," and, lifting up his face Then he turned and walked briskly away, as one might who had pressing

business or as soldiers march from a comrade's grave to a merry tune, not that they have forgotten, but they And this was the way old man Nel-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINGPONG

T is all over; finished; done with; exhausted! So am I! So is Miranda! But little Noel Hartley is as fresh as a rose and wonders why the Rev. Arthur Greatorex thinks so much of her. The Rev. Arthur also wonders - many

In crises like these Miranda and I have sometimes hinted desperately to one another of an eternal Separation, with a capital S. We have drawn pathetic pictures of how we would divide everything between us, and she should go and live with her mother, thetic picture until she remembered that it was useless taking half the things, because her mother had no inmy making out a list of the things in my "den" before we were reconciled Miranda saw then that she was on the cause there's a beautiful bronze Britwhich she has set her heart upon having, and I know we should have squabbled over that. When she says, "Dicky with the other hand takes the very thing I don't want her to have, the pathos of the situation degenerates into farce, and-and-oh, you know what young wives are like! The next time I marry I shall choose a solid, estimable lady of mature age, with a false front and without what little Noel

calls "parlor tricks." As soon as Miranda told the Rev. Arthur Greatorex about her projected picture of the old man under the pine, pingpong tournament he smiled in a pleased way and said that he himself would be the first to take a two shilling ticket. He also threw out dark hints that Miss Jarvis would like to be asked. They're not really engaged, behears of such things. I had often, but cause the Rev. Arthur hasn't enough money to marry, but he calls Miss Jar-Graeme's letter said that in one month for, rapture, triumph—these are what vis "dear sister" and looks at her, if he thinks he is unobserved, in the same way that Sir Lancelot did at Guinevere when King Arthur was out. Of course Miranda knew all about this "ge-hilty passion," as she calls it, and that was why she told Miss Jarvis that the Rev. see him-and-tell him'- And Craig, Arthur was going to play and then inkneeling beside him so steady-I was formed him that Miss Jarvis would behaving like a fool-smiled down also be there. So she had them "in the told they were too old to play. To please them, Miranda made a special rule that if they liked to take tickets they could get some one else to play for them, and, as the old men were fond of excitement, they pawned their remaining blankets and bought twelve tickets for the tournament. "It do my old 'eart good to got a little normiskus

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about that mining stock you once

"I got cheated out of it."

owned?

A Missouri editor apologizes to his readers for the lack of news as follows, which shows the trials to which a country editor is often subject: "We expected to have a marriage and a death notice this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both items."

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