

# CATARRH

The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and 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 cod 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 active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected.

S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical advice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**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's, 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 Shelter 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.

# Grand Bargains in Shoes

## THE NEW IDEA.

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

**50c. on the Dollar**

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 over.

## THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.

## BRING YOUR

# Job Work

TO THE TIMES OFFICE.

# Black Rock

By Ralph Connor.

**CHAPTER XII.**  
LOVE IS NOT ALL.

**T**HOSE days when we were waiting Craig's return we spent in the woods or on the mountain sides or down in the canyon beside the stream that 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.

But the woods and the mountains and the river were her best, her nearest, friends during those days. How sweet the ministry of the woods to her! The trees were in their 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 varying robes of blues and purples, stood calmly, solemnly, about us, lifting our souls into regions of rest. The changing lights of those days filtered through 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 courage, fearing not the great mountains that threatened to bar its passage to the sea. Mrs. Mavor 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 youth, 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 betray such trust and be anything but true 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. They were both highly excited by the story I had to tell, for I thought it little to tell them all, but I was not a little surprised and disgusted that they did not see the matter in my light. In vain I protested against the madness of allowing anything to send these two from 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 that, and no man can turn him from it," he added, "I should be sorry to try."

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 loves?"

"He pleased not himself," quoted Nelson reverently.

"Nelson is right," said Graeme. "I 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 him."

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 on his hat, "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," he added, with a very wan smile, "when, if 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 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 proud of him. I knew he would be true. He loves me"—she drew in her breath sharply, and a faint color tinged her cheeks—"but he knows love is not all—oh, 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 defiance.

"Oh, it is high sentimental nonsense!" I could not help saying.

"You should not say so," she replied.

and her voice rang clear. "Honor, faith and duty are sentiments, but they are not nonsense."

In spite of my rage I was lost in an amazed admiration of the high spirit of the woman who stood up so straight before me, but as I told her worn and broken he was she listened with changing color and swelling bosom, her proud courage all gone and only love, anxious and pitying, in her eyes.

"Shall I go to him?" she asked, with timid eagerness 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 straight to my heart, and it seemed to 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 that Craig must soon be coming, and I called Graeme away. He held her hands, looking steadily into her eyes, and said:

"You are better even than I thought. I'm glad 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 God will give you work to do."

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 him:

"Connor, that is great—to conquer oneself. It is worth while. I am going to try."

I would not have missed his meeting with Craig. Nelson was busy with his own work, but he looked up at Graeme 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 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 daring to speak for some moments. He said quietly:

"Not good or great, but, thank God, not quite a traitor."

"Good man!" went on Graeme, patting him on the shoulder. "Good man! But it's tough."

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 up at the mountains. She was dressed 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. Mavor 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 annoyed.

But when I suggested that she should leave quietly and avoid the pain of saying goodbye she flatly refused.

"I must say goodbye to every man. 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 her. And were it not that the contributions were strictly limited to \$1 the purse that Slavin handed her when Shaw read the address at the farewell supper would have been many times filled with the gold that was pressed upon the committee. There were no speeches at the supper except one by myself in reply to Mrs. Mavor's behalf. She had given me the words to say, and I was thoroughly prepared, else I 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 230 of them, and the effect was overpowering. But I got through my speech. I remember it well. It began:

"Mrs. Mavor greatly touched by this man's voice of love, and she will wear your ring always with pride."

And it ended with:

"She has one request to make—that you will be true to the league and that you stand close about the man who did most to make it. She wishes me to say that, however far away she may have to go, she is leaving her heart in Black Rock and she can think of no greater 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. Before the last verse she beckoned to me. I went to her standing by Craig's side as he played for her.

"Ask them to sing," she entreated. "I cannot bear it."

"Mrs. Mavor 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 men Craig's head went down over the organ, for he was thinking, I suppose, of the days before them, when they would long in vain for that thrilling voice that soared high over their own hoarse 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

saying goodbye to those rough, gentle hearted men whose inspiration to goodness she had been for five years. It was wonderful and very quiet. It was understood that there was to be no display, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would "throw out any cotton backed fool" who couldn't hold himself down, and further, he had enjoined them to remember that her arm wasn't a pump handle.

At last they were all gone, all but her guard of honor—Shaw, Vernon Winton, George, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig and myself.

This was the real farewell, for, though in the early light of the next morning 200 men stood silent about the stage and as it moved out waved their hats and yelled madly, this was the last touch they had of her hand. Her place was up on the driver's seat between Abe and Mr. Craig, who held little Marjorie on his knee. The rest of the guard of honor were to follow with Graeme's team. It was Winton's fine sense that kept Graeme from following them close. "Let her go out alone," he said, and so we held back and watched her go.

She stood with her back toward Abe's plunging four horse team and, steadying herself with one hand on Abe's shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her head was bare, her lips parted in a smile, her eyes glowing with their own deep light, and, facing us, erect and smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the crowd, and, with a sob in his voice, 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 beside the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the mountains, framing the picture with their own deep light, 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 place among the men of the mountains, not forgetting, but not remembering, that he is a man of the mountains, that he is a man of the mountains, that he is a man of the mountains, that he is a man of the mountains.

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

CHAPTER XIII.  
HOW NELSON CAME HOME.

**T**HROUGH the long summer the mountains and the plain were white with snow, 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 a time would drop my sketches with eager hands, and, with a pencil, a figure, and that is how my studio comes to be filled with the men of Black Rock. There they are about me—Graeme and the men from the woods, Sandy, Baptiste, the Campbells and, in many attitudes and groups, old man Nelson; Craig, too, and his miners, Shaw, George, 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, and when I had brought Mrs. Mavor to her ship and of how I had watched her sail away with none too brave a face as she held her hand that bore the miners' ring and smiled with that deep 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 as I get the brow and hair and nose and ear and the faces of Mrs. Mavor 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 are standing at his back and doing what they can to fill the gap that never can be filled. The three are much together, I can see, and I am glad to hear of them, but they are not so close as they used to be. The three are much together, I can see, and I am glad to hear of them, but they are not so close as they used to be. The three are much together, I can see, and I am glad to hear of them, but they are not so close as they used to be.

"No, no! You must not say so!" she answered hurriedly. "You would have done the same for him."

"God knows I would," said Graeme earnestly, "and God bless you for your words!"

And I was thankful to see the tears start in his dry, burning eyes.

We carried him to the old home in the country, that he might lie by the side of the wife he had loved and wronged. A few friends met us at the way station and followed in sad procession along the country road that wound past farms and through woods and at last up to the ascent where the quaint old wooden church, black with the rains and the snows of many years, stood among its silent graves. The little graveyard sloped gently toward the setting sun, and from it one could see, far on every side, the fields of grain and meadowland that wandered off over softly undulating hills to meet the maple woods at the horizon, dark, green and cool. Here and there white farmhouses, with great barns standing near, looked out from clustering orchards.

Up the grass grown walk and through the crowd of mourning people, 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 covey mingles with the voice of the last prayer; the clouds drop heavily with heart-startling echo; the mound is heaped and shaped by kindly fingers, sharing with one another the task; the long, rough sods are laid over and patted into place; the words of gentle sympathy; the brother and sister, with lingering looks at the two graves side by side, the old and the new, step into the farmer's carriage and drive away; the sexton locks the gate and goes home, and we are left outside alone.

Then we went back and stood by Nelson's grave.

After a long silence Graeme spoke. "Connor, he did not grudge his life to me, and I think," and here the words came slowly, "I understand now what that means. 'Who loved me and gave himself for me.'"

Then, taking off his hat, he said reverently:

"By God's help, Nelson's life shall not end, but shall go on. Yes, old man," looking down upon the grave, "I'm with you, and, lifting up his face to the calm sky, "God help me to be true!"

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, but that they have forgotten, but they have still to fight.

And this was the way old man Nelson came home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MIRANDA'S PINGPONG

By G. B. BURGIN

IT 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 Greator thinks so much of her. The Rev. Arthur also wonders—many things.

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, while I strode into life's highway, manfully putting the past behind me in order to become greater, and instead of going to my mother's, I might even go sitting by the fire, waiting her footsteps on the stair. Miranda would always get quite worked up by this pathetic picture until she remembered that it was useless taking half the things, because her mother had no intention of turning the house into a storage company for the furniture of others. So the trouble generally blew over. But this time it went as far as my making out a list of the things in my "den" before we were reconciled. Miranda saw then that she was on the brink of an awful precipice, and it made her shiver. So it did me, because there's a beautiful bronze British lion (from Japan) in my "den" which she has set her heart upon having, and I know we should have squabbled over that. When she says, "Dickie, you're such a dear!" pats my brow and with the other hand takes the very thing I don't want her to have, the pathos of the situation deepens. I have to face, 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 Greator about her projected 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 because the Rev. Arthur hasn't enough money to marry, but he calls Miss Jarvis '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 'gehlily passion,' as she calls it, and that was why she told Miss Jarvis that the Rev. Arthur was going to play and then informed him that Miss Jarvis would also be there. So she had them 'in the net,' as it were, and the members of the blanket club almost cried when 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 best good to take a little nervousness"

[Continued on next page.]

Turned Out To Be A Scoundrel.

"What have you ever done about that mining stock you once owned?"

"I got cheated out of it."

"How? I thought it was worthless and jumped at a chance to unload it on a greenhorn. It turned out to be immensely valuable, and the scoundrel who bought it from me knew it all the time."—Washington Evening Star.

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 subjected: "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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**EXPORT.**  
Imperial Brew—Pints, at \$1.10 per doz.  
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in your blood? Physicians call it Malarial 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 strip 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.

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